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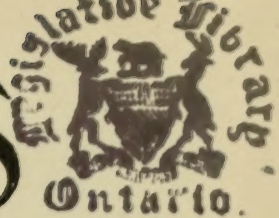


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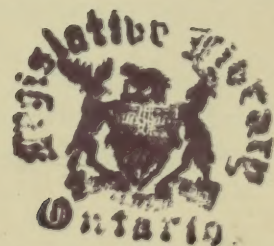
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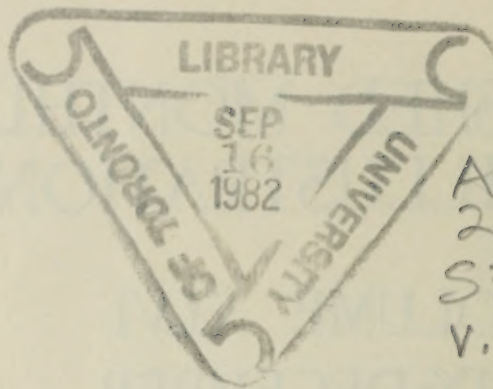


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GEORGE MEREDITH

FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1897 FOR J. M. BARRIE
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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVI

JULY, 1909

NO. 1

IRELAND

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

I

FIRE in her ashes Ireland feels
And in her veins a glow of heat.
To her the lost old time appeals
For resurrection, good to greet:
Not as a shape with spectral eyes,
But humanly maternal, young
In all that quickens pride, and wise
To speak the best her bards have sung.

II

You read her as a land distraught,
Where bitterest rebel passions seethe.
Look with a core of heart in thought,
For so is known the truth beneath.
She came to you a loathing bride,
And it has been no happy bed.
Believe in her as friend, allied
By bonds as close as those who wed.

III

Her speech is held for hatred's cry;
Her silence tells of treason hid:
Were it her aim to burst the tie,
She sees what iron laws forbid.
Excess of heart obscures from view
A head as keen as yours to count.
Trust her, that she may prove her true
In links whereof is love the fount.

Ireland

IV

May she not call herself her own?
That is her cry, and thence her spits
Of fury, thence her graceless tone
At justice given in bits and bits.
The limbs once raw with gnawing chains,
Will fret at silken when God's beams
Of Freedom beckon o'er the plains
From mounts that show it more than dreams.

V

She, generous, craves your generous dole;
That will not rouse the crack of doom.
It ends the blundering past control
Simply to give her elbow-room.
Her offspring feel they are a race,
To be a nation is their claim;
Yet stronger bound in your embrace
Than when the tie was but a name.

VI

A nation she, and formed to charm,
With heart for heart and hands all round.
No longer England's broken arm,
Would England know where strength is found.
And strength to-day is England's need;
To-morrow it may be for both
Salvation: heed the portents, heed
The warnings; free the mind from sloth.

VII

Too long the pair have danced in mud,
With no advance from sun to sun.
Ah, what a bounding course of blood
Has England with an Ireland one!
Behold yon shadow cross the downs,
And off away to yeasty seas.
Lightly will fly old rancor's frown
When solid with high heart stand these.



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

Oil-clad figures, . . . knee-deep in a quicksilver sea of herring.—Page 6.



The Harbor.

THE LOBSTERMAN'S ISLAND

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

SEARCH a large map of the Maine coast, and you will find opposite one of its busy seaports a little group of islands—the largest a mile wide by two miles long, with a population of some two hundred people. If you miss them, I shall not blame myself, for I will say frankly that I do not mean to tell you their real name. They are quite unknown to the thousands of summer visitors who throng the coast of Maine. Many down-easters; even, have never heard of them. An old sea captain, who had once put in there, told me of *the* Island and its lobster fishermen; and I resolved to see for myself this isolated settlement, untouched by the annual blight of the summer invasion, though in the very track of it.

Somewhere among the shipping of a certain seaport town I found a diminutive steamboat, which, summer and winter, three times a week, carried the mail to my Island of lobster fishermen.

After some inquiry I located the Captain. He was comfortably smoking on the wharf with two old sea dogs. "Yes, he cal'lated to go next mornin'." "Could I get lodging on the Island?" "Well," he said, doubtfully, "they don't gen'ally have many strangers come there, but you might find somebody to take you in."

Next morning, not long after sunrise, I boarded the little steamer. As I dropped from the wharf upon her upper deck, I found I was the only passenger! After a time two women and a little girl came aboard. At length, the Captain, after a final look shoreward, joined us. The whistle blew, our big hawser splashed, the white water churned astern, and we were off.

Past the harbor light, the steamer turned her nose straight out to sea, but even with my glass, I could make out no hint of land. Only when the Captain directed my gaze, could I imagine a tiny bit of blue on the



Setting the seine.

horizon denser than the surrounding haze. "That's Lobster Island," said he.

We passed fishermen hauling trawls—one luxuriously at work under a big advertising umbrella. We had gotten under way about seven and it was after ten when the blue shape of the Island took clear outline. It seemed cleared land, little wooded, and I made out only a handful of houses. Presently we passed close under Smoky Head, to the south of Barren Rock, with its thousands of scolding gulls. Then the harbor opened out with its busy tangle of masts and jumble of fish houses and wharves, rambling in disarray over the gray rocks. Once more our whistle sounded—a needless form, for all the world of Lobster Island was on the wharf.

The next morning when I emerged from my feather bed in my snug lodgings to see the sun rise over the harbor, I began to feel that I belonged. After breakfast I made for the water, and climbed over wharves piled high with lobster pots. A half-dozen fishermen in wet oil clothes were dipping

little silver herring out of their dories, and others were lugging them up to the fish houses. Occasionally one stopped to light his pipe, or dash the sweat out of his eyes. Then the work went on. All around rose the evil smell of herring rotting in the sun. I sat down on a broken lobster car beside a grizzled old fisherman. His pipe lighted, he turned and regarded me with kindly curiosity.

"Stranger t' th' Island, ain't ye?" he said. "Come in on the bo't yestiddy?"

I admitted it.

"Them's herrin'," he said. "Pooty leetle fellers, ain't they? What do we do with 'em? Salt 'em daown fer lobster bait, 'n' use 'em all winter. 'Lije and Dave Eaton was over t' the no'the o' Mosquito last night, seinin'. Sartin—seine all night an' salt 'em daown 'n the mornin'. Wall, 'tis tol'able hard work while 't lasts. Takes clost to a week, ef herrin's plenty. Yeou want t' go? Wall, naow! They was a feller from Freedom Caounty went one night, 'n' he said 'twas the pootiest sight he ever see! I dunno but what Eben 'd

take ye. Eben, here's a young man wants to go seinin'."

A tall, blonde man, all muscle and whipcord under his gray flannel shirt, straightened up slowly, and nodded to me.

"Wall, we was goin' t'night ef the wind don't haul into the no'the-east. Guess you could go along. Ain't never been seinin'? 'Tis some excitin'. We cal'late t' be out all night, 'n' ye won't ketch much sleep."

Promptly on time, with borrowed oil

clothes and sea-boots, I tumbled aboard the "pea-pod" (which the fishermen call a small double-ended rowboat, much in vogue at Lobster Island) and was set aboard the sloop. With much creaking of tackle we hoisted the big mains'l, and, under sail and motor, left our moorings. Aboard our sloop were "Eben" and his cousin, a husky young fellow of twenty. Towing astern was the seine boat with the big seine. In a moment three other



"I s'pose 't would be tew some folks," he said.—Page 7.





The winter lobstermen.

mains'ls had run up, and three sloops, each towing a dory, filled away in our wake.

"Yes," admitted Eben, "it's nice t' th' Island in summer, but it gets some cold and lonesome in winter time. 'Taint no harbor to speak of, opens t' the no'the-east, an' when we git a gale o' wind I've seed seven lines of breakers t' once reachin' clean acrosst the harbor. See thet shed on the steambo't wharf? Wall, we got a no'ther last winter thet carried half of it plum away. When a sloop breaks her moorin's in a blow like thet, 'taint nothin' left of her but kindlin'."

Once past the low rocky points that form the only protection agairst the north-east storms, the wind freshened and the low seas began to slap our bows. To leeward of Barren Rock we caught the clamor of thousands of gulls—some nesting in the tops of the scrubby spruces, and others wheeling about against the sky. And then we were fairly outside with the other sloops flashing abeam in the warm afternoon sunlight.

"Quite a little chop outside," remarked Eben's cousin, "but 'twon't be blowin' none 't sundown."

"Herrin' is cur'ous," observed Eben. "They're marster thick 't Mosquito. Nary one 't home this year." He yawned. "Guess I'll git a mite o' sleep," he said.

"Didn't git none last night, an' dum little night before." He dropped into the roomy cabin and in a moment he was snoring.

After a time Eben's cousin pointed to an island ahead. "Lobsterin' here," he said, as some buoys bobbed past us. "We don't do none 't home this time o' year—git our bait an' gear ready."

Presently we rounded a spruce clad island, and ran into the calm water of a little cove, its quiet waters reflecting the dark, wooded hills above. The sun was getting low as our four sloops let go their anchors.

"'Most supper time," said Eben, suddenly sticking his tousled head out of the companionway, and rubbing his eyes.

I heard him busy below, and before long savory smells came to us from the little cabin cook-stove, telling us that the fried eggs and bacon, piping hot and still sizzling, were ready, with biscuit, fresh doughnuts, and coffee. We needed no second invitation.

After a time Eben tossed his coffee-cup into the cabin, seized his pipe, and dropped over side into the seine boat. In the growing dusk dories slipped across from the other sloops, and the men began overhauling the great seine. Evening quiet settled down on the loneliness of the cove. Only the rattle of gear and an occasional remark came to me across the silence; and there

was no light but the glow of the pipes against the darkening sky.

The seine ready, tense silence followed. Over beyond the eastern hills it grew a little light. Jared, Eben's brother, who

erel, what a school! Lay to it, boys, 'n' give her hell!" And things began to happen.

The seine boat leaped from the water under the powerful strokes of the oars; the keg buoy on one end of the net splashed



Drying fresh-painted lobster buoys.

had come aboard our sloop, puffed his pipe and swore softly.

"Gosh, Eb, look at 'em playin'!—thick enough to git down an' walk on 'em everywhar ye look!" Tiny, almost undiscernible, ripples were all about us. The men had hurried into oil clothes. Now four tumbled into the seine boat. Two took oars. Jared and Eben stood aft by the big seine. The latter surveyed the water on all sides. The rowers awaited his signal.

"There they be t' starb'd—Holy Mack-

overboard, followed by great armfuls of seine as Jared hove it out; a long curve of floats followed the foaming wake; then, the boat, after describing a broad, circular sweep, shot past the keg again. Eben pulled it aboard. Spreading out from the seine boat lay a wide circle of dipping floats. Then, peering curiously over the dark sky line at the unusual sight, came the rim of the harvest moon.

The school surrounded, the seiners jumped to "purse up" the net. It was quick

work. Men hauled desperately and the bottom of the seine came together, catching the fish in a huge bag. Not until the gap was closed did the seiners draw breath.

"Guess we ketched all the herrin' in Black Cove," grunted Jared, wiping his

sands of herring beat their lives out on the deck planks. Scoop after scoop of molten silver followed, lifted by tugging, wet, oil-clad figures, plastered white with fish scales, and knee-deep in a quicksilver sea of herring

Four sets were made that night. In the



"Cool weather makes 'em lively," he said.—Page 8.

wet face with a wetter hand. "Look out for them floats!"

Foiled at the bottom, the herring struck upward to the surface and drove at the floats in silver streaks of light. Here and there floats went under, and men in dories were busy holding them above water. Baffled above and below the fish made the water boil. Quickly a sloop was brought up, and the seine made fast. Then the seiners "shortened in" until the fish were thrashing in a deep bag between seine boat and sloop.

Eben thrust a long-handled scoop-net from the deck of the sloop down into the seething fish, and with two men helping, landed the load of flashing silver fair on deck. Then came a muffled drumming, as thou-

second the net fouled on bottom, and through the rent the herring got away. The deep, fervent, full-souled cursing that followed was wonderful to hear! Repairs were quickly made, however, and by half-past two in the morning the last corner of the last sloop was dripping herring. Then came the two hours sail home over tossing gray seas between the waning moonlight and the growing dawn.

The following afternoon I felt like a discoverer as I took the grass-grown lane that led into the interior of the Island. Not toward the main settlement—because there isn't any. The little snug, painted houses seem to have been shaken out of some big



"Thar's Uncle Dan'l haulin' his string."—Page 8.

toy box, and then set upright exactly where they happened to fall. The haphazard character of the settlement is increased by the several grassy cart tracks, which meander over the Island, and end doubtfully in rocky pastures. Stone walls with great swinging gates cross these roadways separating one farm from the next. On every hand were rich vegetable gardens, and the front yards were gay with sweet peas. Seated on a stone wall, looking out to sea, I found my old friend of the herring beach. He was watching a bark under full sail just passing the Island.

"What does 'Kenahgook' mean?" I asked him, presently, referring to the Indian name of the Island.

"I ain't jest sartain," he answered, "but I've heered my father say that som'rs in an old guv'ment report he see that it come from two Injun words meanin' 'Fish-taown.' That wouldn't be fur wrong, naow, would it?" he chuckled.

"What sort of a government do you have out here?" I said.

"Wall," he replied, meditatively, "its cur'ous 'baout that. We didn't use to hev no reg'lar guv'ment. Some say we got along jest as well, tew. But others warn't satisfied, and 'long, back 'most a hunderd

years, they made us what they call a 'Plantation.' Means, near 's I can see, that we pay taxes t' the State an' git 'em back agin to run our own Island."

"Isn't it pretty lonely here in winter?" I asked him.

He had risen to his feet, and stood looking thoughtfully after the bark.

"I s'pose 't would be tew some folks," he said, after a moment, "but most of us was born an' brought up here. We git the mails pooty reg'lar, an' we c'n go t' the Main when we *hev* tew. Wust is 'f any one takes sick. Two year ago last Febooary little Myry Phelps took pneumony o' the lungs, an' 'Bije hed t' go to Deep Harbor fer a doctor. 'Twas blowin' a livin' gale, with snow 'n' a nasty sea runnin'. Twicet goin' over 'Bije thought he was hove daown fer good. The doctor, he didn't say nothin'—jes' come aboard, quiet. Comin' back 'twas wuss. Didn't seem 's though nothin' could live in them seas. 'Bije never knowed haow he made the harbor, an' got the doctor thar 'n time. Cal'lated he jest *hed* tew."

His faded blue eyes softened and he passed his great brown hand over his grizzled beard.

"'Tis bad sometimes," he said, slowly,

"but this is our home, an' we've kind o' got to like it."

In the following days that I spent about the wharves the fishermen were busy. The bait salted down, there were the lobster-pots to mend, the buoys to repaint, each man in his own colors, new gear to make, and a hundred things to do.

"You goin' to stay into next month, ain't ye?" asked True Barker, lobsterman, one day. "Fust of the month law's off on lobsters, an' its a sight t' see when all them sloops load solid o' lobster-pots, and start out to set 'em. 'F ye do," he went on, "I'll take ye out some mornin' an' let ye haul a few lobsters t' see how it's done."

It was not many days later, when, one morning, the crimson flush of sunrise found us out in True's double-ender, True standing at the oars, and me in the stern. It was a wonderful Indian Summer morning, with a long lazy ground swell that hardly splashed on the wet rocks along shore. Outside lay a sloop, her sails slack, while the "put-put" of her motor came faintly across to us.

"Them's my buoys," said True, as he deftly slid the boat alongside a red and white float and dropped it aboard. Catching the line attached to it, he hauled steadily until a dripping lobster-pot rose suddenly beside the boat. True swung it aboard, and two lobsters snapped for his hand as he flung the lath door open. He tossed them carelessly into the tub forward. "Cool weather makes 'em lively," he said. From the bait tub he took a net bag stuffed with

herring, stuck it on the iron spear in the lobster-pot, and closed the door. Splash, it went overboard, line and buoy following.

"Lobsters climb int' the pot through that hole in the nettin' 't the end," explained True. "Eat the bait, 'n' then, bein' more'n common stupid, can't find the hole t' git out agin." The method was simple, after all.

True said the lobster fishermen at the Island averaged to have one hundred and sixty traps each, and of these they hauled half every day. Double-enders and sloops are generally used, for the flat-bottomed dory slides out of position too easily. The traps are often hauled over trawl rollers set in the boat's gunwale.

"Thar's Uncle Dan'l haulin' his string," said True, suddenly, pointing to an old-timer working away steadily in the morning mist. "He's the luckiest man thet ever ketched a fish. I mind the fust time he went marster of a vessel—his father

fitted him out complete when he was eighteen year old with a bran' new vessel. Shipped a crew o' boys 'n' started in a sou'-easter—smart lot they was!—bound fer Cape Sable. Then come a ca'm easterly, thick o' fog, an' he beat an' beat, he said, tell it seemed 's if he'd beat fur enough to go clean acrosst the hull Atlantic. Last he sounded an' got right water, with fine cod an' haddick jest solid. When he was lo'ded, he didn't have no room on deck fer a cord o' wood all sawed, an' hed to heave it overboard! Then the fog riz, an' whar do you think he was? Right off Thunder Island! Right to hum, with as fine a fare o' fish as you ever see! When the others



The lobster smack.



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

Stooping over, he tossed them, two at a time, upon the "culling-board."—Page 10.

come back frum Cape Sable they didn't hev no fish 't all, scurcely. Thet's what comes to some fer not knowin' nothin'—'tarnal fool luck!"

I laughed at the story of Uncle Daniel and his luck, and meantime True had finished his string with a good average of lobsters in the tub. He debated a moment.

"Might haul t'other string off Gooseberry Island," he said. "No," he decided, "le's go home. Done enough fer to-day. Can't do everything tew once."

The summer had lengthened into fall, and my days at Lobster Island were numbered. Regretfully I bade good-bye to "Uncle Asy," the gull warden of the Island. We sat on the front step of the old house where he lives alone, and he showed me the tansy that his "ancient grandmother" brought from Marshfield.

"Sho, now, thet's too bad!" he said. "Comin' daown next year, ain't ye? When ye goin'? Wall, naow, my nephew's skipper of a lobster smack, 'n' he's due here day after termorrer. He'll git his lobsters 'n' then he kin take ye right straight t' the Main. Do it jest 's well 's not."

Two days later, just as Eben knocked the ashes from his after-dinner pipe, a trim little schooner rounded Smoky Head and made for the harbor entrance. She came in prettily, sails drawing, and the "bone in her teeth" emphasizing her speedy lines. Then in one breath she swung into the wind with shaking sails, and her anchor rattled down. Jibs and fores'l followed.

She anchored among lobster cars—oblong wooden pens, seven by twelve feet, moored in position, their tops floating level with the water. The planks of the cars are separated, and the water circulating between, and frequent feeding, keeps the several hundred lobsters inside alive. Immediately the harbor became a busy scene.

On all sides lobstermen dropped into boats and paddled out to the smack, Eben and I with the others. As we came alongside Eben nodded to the skipper.

"What ye payin' fer lobsters now, Lon?"

"Twenty-three," returned Lon. "Market's fell off some lately."

"Twenty-three cents for a lobster?" I said to Eben. "Why we pay more than that a pound at home!"

"Wall," he answered slowly, "us fishermen does the hard, cold work, 'n' the fellers ashore gits the profits. Don't seem right to me, some way."

While we talked, Jared's car, which lay alongside, was hoisted out of water by the schooner's tackle level with her rail. Jared unlocked the heavy cover, and jumped into the car, kicking the snapping lobsters away with his leather boots. Stooping over, he tossed them, two at a time, upon the "culling-board," a short board slanting from the gunwale to the deck. Lon, measuring-gauge in hand, pitched them through the hatchway into the "well." Now and then he measured a doubtful one, and threw the little lobster back to Jared, who accepted it with good grace.

Lon explained that the lobster smack was divided into three parts: two watertight bulkheads fore and aft, and the centre one filled with water (which circulates through holes in the planking) and is called the "well." This holds hundreds of live lobsters till they are transferred to the large cars of the mainland shippers, whence they are packed in ice and re-shipped to market alive.

"I see Cap'n Obed over t' Deep Harbor t'other day," said Lon to the group of lobstermen on deck. "'Hello, Obed,' says I. 'Ain't seed the old *Mary* 'n' *Lucy* over t' the Port fer quite a spell.' 'No, Lon,' says he, kind o' solemn, 'I've giv up fishin'. I'm plannin' to take a few summer boarders,' he says."

"Yeou don't say!" said Uncle Daniel. "Obed Dwyer runnin' a dum 'sylum fer rusticators! He allus was a leetle tetched. 'Taint so long sence him an' me was trawlin' t' the Banks. I rec'lect the fust time he come aboard. Didn't weigh no more 'n a thole pin, green es grass, an' kerried a carpet-bag! I've knowed a carpet-bag to spile the luck on the best vessel afloat. When Obed was below our Skipper lashed the bag ont' the main hal'yards, and yeou'd oughter seed Obed's face when he come on deck an' see his new carpet-bag swingin' aloft from the main truck!"

"How 'bout that time you an' Obed was dory mates t' 'Quero'?" said Eben, with a wink at Lon.

Uncle Daniel scratched his nose reminiscently.

"Thet time me an' Obed was 'high line,'

d'ye mean?" he asked. "Thet *was* fishin'! I never see nothin' like it afore nor sence! Our dory was solid full an' settlin'. Obed kep' a-sayin' 'She'll hold 'em, Dan'l, she'll hold 'em!' He was haulin' trawl 'n the boaw, an' I was coilin' of it in. He was plum crazy, an' when a big cod—must a been all o' forty paound—tore aout the hook, Obed jumps overboard an' grabs him, an' yells, 'Dan'l, git the gaft!' Thet cod was 'poke-blown,' an' couldn't sink easy, so we got him. When he was aboard, aour gun'ls was awash. I see a little comber comin', an' I hove aout the trawl tubs, an' a almighty big halibut we hed in th' starn, but it was tew late! 'She's goin', Obed!' I yells. 'N' daown she went, an' turned over complete. The vessel warn't fur to wind'ard, but a little wisp o' fog hed blowed in, an' we lost sight of her. There was quite a sea heavin' up, an', bein' fall o' the year, 'twas some cold. Me an' Obed was hangin' ont' the dory's plug straps. 'Thar, ye dum fool,' I says, consid'able riled, 'ye done it now!' 'I know it,' says Obed, 'I hate like all git aout tew lose them fine fish.' We hung on, an' bum'by the fog riz, an' thar was our vessel half a mile t' looward. They sighted us an' bore daown, all hands t' the rail. 'N' thar was us, lookin' like two turtles, our dory bottom up, with gear an' big fish gone complete."

So the stories went while boat after boat

with lobsters from the different cars came up and discharged their cargoes. Presently the last car was emptied. Painters were loosed, and one after another, dories made off from the smack. Only Eben and True were left.

"Wall, good luck to ye," they said to me. "Come daown next year, 'f ye can," and casting off their line they dropped into their double-ender, and with Eben standing at the oars and True stolidly smoking, the boat slipped away toward shore.

While I stood looking after them, our anchor chain rattled in. Jibs were hauled to windward. Then the creaking fores'l rose jerkily upward, wooden hoops scraping the mast. Slowly the afternoon breeze swelled the canvas, and little ripples widened out in our wake. The shores of the Island began to slip past us. Then the deep blue ocean opened out beyond the rocky points that made the harbor entrance. Almost before I knew it we were outside, past Silver Island and Barren Rock, with the fresh wind fair on our quarter heeling the smack down to meet the swash of water along her leeward rail.

Sitting on the cabin roof, with Lon at the wheel, I took a long look back. There, far astern lay the Island, a purple outline in the blue afternoon haze. And while I watched, it faded, and then disappeared into the mystery of the horizon, whence it had come, leaving me only a memory of content.



Setting lobster pots



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

She had already looked in vague wonder, her eyes wide open.—Page 19.

JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXII

WOLFFERT'S MISSION



WOLFFERT naturally was somewhat surprised to see me come sallying forth from Mrs. Argand's; for he knew what I had not known when I called there, that she was the real owner of "The Argand Estate."

I gave him an account of my interview with the lady.

"I was wondering," he said, laughing, "what you were doing in there after having beaten her in that suit. I thought you had taken your nerve with you. I was afraid you had fallen a victim to her blandishments."

"To whose?"

"Mrs. Argand's. She is the true Circe of the time, and her enchantment is one that only the strong can resist. She reaches men through their bellies."

"Oh!" I was thinking of quite another person, who alone could beguile me, and I was glad that he was not looking at me.

He was, however, too full of another subject to notice me, and as we walked along, I told him of the old lady's views about John Marvel. He suddenly launched out against her with a passion which I was scarcely prepared for, as much as I knew he loved John Marvel. Turning, he pointed fiercely back at the great prison-like mansion.

"Do you see that big house?"

"Yes."

"Every stone in it is laid in mortar cemented with the tears of widows and orphans, and the blood of countless victims of greed and oppression."

"Oh! nonsense! I have no brief for that old woman. I think she is an ignorant, arrogant, purse-proud, ill-bred old creature, spoiled by her wealth and the adulation that it has brought her from a society of sycophants and parasites; but I do not believe that at heart she is bad." She had had a

good advocate defend her to me and I was quoting her. Wolffert was unappeased.

"That is it. She sets up to be the paragon of Generosity, the patron of Charity, the example of Kindness for all to follow. She never gave a cent in her life—but only a portion—a small portion of the money wrung from the hearts of others. Her fortune was laid in corruption. Her old husband—I knew him!—he robbed everyone, even his partners. He defrauded his benefactor, Colonel Tibbs, who made him, and robbed his heirs of their inheritance.

"How?" For I was much interested now.

"By buying up their counsel, and inducing him to sell them out and making him his counsel. And now that old woman keeps him as her counsel and adviser, though he is the worst man in this city, guilty of every crime on the statute-books, sacred and profane."

"But she does not know that?"

"Not know it? Why doesn't she know it? Because she shuts her doors to the men who do know it, and her ears to the cries of his victims. Doesn't everyone who cares to look into the crimes in this city know that Coll McSheen is the protector of Vice—the owner of the vilest houses in this city—the vilest because they are not so openly vile as some others?"

We had turned toward John Marvel's. He appeared a sort of landmark to which to turn as we were dealing with serious subjects, and Wolffert was on his way there when I encountered him. He had a case for John. As we walked along, he disclosed a system of vice so wide-spread, so horrible and so repulsive that I hesitate to set it down. He declared that it extended over not only all the great cities of the country, but over all the great cities of all countries, and that it was not only protected but fostered indirectly, by men in the governments of both cities and countries.

I related the story the poor girl I had met that night on the street had told me, but I frankly asserted that I did not believe that it could be as general as he claimed.

"What became of her?" he demanded.

"Why, I don't know. I turned her over to the Salvationists—and—and I—rather left her to them."

I was beginning to feel somewhat meek under his scornful expression.

"That is always the way," he said. "We look after them for an hour and then drop them back into perdition."

"But I placed her in good hands. That is their business."

"Their business! It is everyone's business. Listen!" He began to give me many surprising facts. He had been recently to southern Russia, where, he said, the system of scoundrelism he described had one of its prolific sources, and he gave figures of the numbers of victims—girls of his own race—gathered up throughout the provinces and shipped from Odessa and other ports, to other countries, including America, to startle one.

"Time was when not a Jewess was to be found on the streets; but now!" He threw out his hand with a gesture of rage, and went on. He averred that many steamship officials and government officials—subordinate officials, it was true, he admitted—all combined to connive at the traffic, and that the criminals were shielded by powerful friends who were paid for their protection.

"Why, there are in this city to-night," he declared, "literally thousands of women who have, without any fault of theirs, but ignorance, vanity, and credulity, been drawn into and condemned to a life of vice and misery such as the mind staggers to believe."

"At least, if they are, they are in the main willing victims," I argued. "There may be a few instances like the girl I saw, but for the most part they have done it of their own volition."

Wolffert turned on me with fire flaming in his deep eyes. "Of their own volition! What is their volition! In fact, most of them are not voluntary accomplices. But if they were—it is simple ignorance on their part and is that any reason for their undergoing the tortures of the damned in this world, not to mention what your Church teaches of the next world? Who brought them there—the man who deceived and betrayed them? Who acted on their weakness and drew them in?—their seducers?—the wretches who lure them to their destruction?

—Not at all! Jail-birds and scoundrels as they are, deserving the gallows if anyone does, which I do not think anyone does—but you do—the ultimate miscreant is not even the Coll McSheens who protect it; but Society which permits it to go on unchecked when, by the least serious and sensible effort, it could prevent it."

"How?" I demanded.

"How! By determining to prevent it and then organizing to do so. By simply being honest. Has it not broken up the institution of slavery—highway robbery, organized murder—except by itself and its members? Of course, it could prevent it if it set itself to do it. But it is so steeped in selfishness and hypocrisy that it has no mind to anything that interferes with its pleasures."

We had now reached John Marvel's, where we found John, just back from a visit to a poor girl who was ill, and his account only added fuel to Wolffert's flaming wrath. He was pacing up and down the floor, as small as it was, his face working, his eyes flashing, and suddenly he let a light in on his ultimate motive.

"There was never so selfish and hypocritical a society on earth," he exclaimed, "as this which now exists. In times past, under the feudal system, there was apparently some reason for the existence of the so-called upper classes—the first castle built made necessary all the others—the chief, at least, protected the subjects from the rapine of others, and he was always ready to imperil his life; but now—this! When they all claim to know, and do know much, they sit quiet in their own smug content like fatted swine, and let rapine, debauchery and murder go on as it never has gone on in the last three hundred years."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded impressed by his vehemence, but mystified by his furious indictment. He cooled down for a moment, and wiped his hand across his eyes.

"I am fresh from the scene of as brutal a butchery," he said, "as has taken place within a thousand years. Israel is undergoing to-day the most extensive and complete persecution that has existed since the close of the crusades. No wonder the young women fall victims to the scoundrels who offer them an asylum in a new land and lure them to their destruction with

gifts of gold and words of peace. And this is what Society does—the virtue-boasting Society of the twentieth century! They speak of anarchy!—What they mean is a condition which disturbs the repose of the rich and powerful. There is anarchy now—the anarchy that consists of want of equal government for rich and poor alike. Look at John Marvel, here, preaching a gospel of universal love and acting it, too.”

“Wolffert,” said Marvel, softly, “don’t. Leave me out—you know I do not—you are simply blinded by your affection for me——”

But Wolffert swept on. “Yes, he does—if any man ever does—he lives for others—and what does he get? Shunted off by a fat, sleek, hypocritical priest, who speaks smooth things to a people who will have nothing else.”

“Wolffert, you must not,” protested John; “I cannot allow you.”

But Wolffert was in full tide. With a gesture he put John’s protest by. “To preach and teach the poor how to be patient—how to suffer in silence——”

“Now, Leo,” said John, taking him by the shoulders. “I must stop you—you are just tired, excited—overworked. If they suffer patiently they are so much the better off—their lot will be all the happier in the next world.”

Wolffert sat down on the bed with a smile. “What are you going to do with such a man?” he said to me, with a despairing shrug. “And you know the curious thing is he believes it.”

I went to my own room feeling still like the prodigal, and that I had somehow gotten back home. But I had a deeper and more novel feeling. A new light had come to me, faintly, but still a light. What had I ever done except for myself? Here were two men equally as poor as I, living the life of self-denial—one actually by choice, the other as willingly and uncomplainingly as though it were by choice, and both not only content, but happy. Why should not I enter the brotherhood? Here was something far higher and nobler than anything I had ever contemplated taking part in. What was it that withheld me? Was it, I questioned myself, that I, with no association whatever in the town except the poor, yet belonged to the class that Wolffert crusaded against? Was there something

fundamentally wrong with society? I could not enter freely into Wolffert’s rhapsody of hate for the oppressors, nor yet into John Marvel’s quiet, deep and unreasoning love of Mankind.

The association with my old friends made life a wholly different thing for me, and I made through them many new friends. They were very poor and did not count for much in the world; but they were real people, and their life, simple and insignificant as it was, was real and without sham. I found, indeed, that one got much nearer to the poor than to the better class—their life was more natural; small things matter so much more to them. In fact, the smallest thing may be a great thing to a poor man. Also I found a kindness and generosity quite out of proportion to that of the well-to-do. However poor a man or a family might be there was always someone poorer, and they gave with a generosity that was liberality, indeed. For they gave of their penury what was their living. Whatever the organized charities may do, and they do much, the poor support the poor, and they rely on each other to an extent unknown among their more fortunate fellow-citizens. As the Egyptian always stops to lift another’s load, so here I found men always turning in to lend their aid.

Thus, gradually in the association of my friends who were working among the poor and helping to carry their burdens, I began to find a new field and to reap in it a content to which I had long been a stranger. Also life began to take on for me a wholly new significance; as a field of work in which a man might escape from the slavery of a selfish convention which cramped the soul, into a larger life where service to mankind was the same with service to God, a life where forms were of small import and where the Christian and the Jew worked shoulder to shoulder and walked hand in hand.

XXIII

FATE LEADS

ONE evening I called at Mrs. Kale’s to see my two old ladies of the bundles and also Mrs. Kale, for whom I had conceived a high regard on account of her kindness to the former as well as to myself, and in the course of my visit Miss Pansy gave me,

for not the first time, an account of the way in which they had been reduced from what they thought affluence to what she very tritely called "straitened circumstances." I confess that I was rather bored by her relation, which was given with much circumlocution until she mentioned casually that Miss Leigh had tried to interest her father in their case, but he had said it was too late to do anything. The mention of her name instantly made me alert. If she was interested, I was interested also. I began to ask questions, and soon had their whole story as well as she could give it.

"Why, it may or may not be too late," I said. "It is certainly very long ago, and the chances of being able to do anything now are very remote; but if there was a fraud, and it could be proved, it would not be too late—or, at least, might not be."

"Oh! Do you think that you could recover anything for us? Mr. McSheen said nothing could be gotten out of it, and we paid him—a great deal," she sighed, "—everything we had in the world, almost."

"I do not say that, but if there was a fraud, and it could be proved, it might not be too late."

The name of McSheen had given me a suspicion that all might not be straight. I recalled what Wolffert had told me of McSheen's selling out. Moreover, her story had unconsciously been a moving one. They had evidently been hardly used and, I believed, defrauded. So, when she pressed me, and promised if she were ever able to do so she "would reward me generously," as if, poor soul, she could ever reward anyone save with her prayers, I undertook to look into the matter for them, and I began next day.

I will not go into the steps I took to reach my ends, nor the difficulties I encountered, which grew as I progressed in my investigation until they appeared almost insurmountable; but finally I struck a lead which at last led me to a conviction that if I could but secure the evidence I could establish such a case of fraud for my two old clients as would give promise of a fair chance to recover for them, at least, a part of their patrimony. The difficulty, or one of them—for they were innumerable—was that to establish their case it was necessary to prove that several men who had stood high in the public esteem, had been guilty of

such disregard of the rights of those to whom they stood in the relation of trustees that it would be held a fraud. I was satisfied that had McSheen taken proper steps to secure his clients' rights, he might have succeeded, and further that he had been bought off, but the difficulty was to prove it.

However, I determined to make the effort to get the proof and my zeal was suddenly quickened.

I had now begun to watch for my young lady wherever I went, and it was astonishing how my quickened senses enabled me to find her in the most crowded thoroughfare, or in strange and out-of-the-way places. It was almost as if there were some secret power which drew us together. And when I was blessed to meet her the day was always one of sunshine for me, however heavy lowered the dim clouds.

The next afternoon our meeting was so unexpected that I could not but set it down to the ruling of a higher power. I had gone out to see how my McNeil clients were coming on, having doubtless some latent hope that I might find her there; but she had not been there for several days; and after taking note of the wretched poverty of the family, and promising that I would try to get the mother some sort of work, I strolled on. I had not gone far when I suddenly came on her face to face. The smile that came into her eyes must have brought my soul into my face.

Love is the true miracle-worker. It can change the most prosaic region into a scene of romance. At sight of Eleanor Leigh's slim figure the dull street suddenly became an enchanted land.

"Well, we appear fated to meet," she said with a smile and intonation that my heart feasted on for days. She little knew how assiduously I had played Fate during these past weeks, haunting the streets near her home or those places which she blessed with her presence. This meeting, however, was purely accidental, unless it be true, as I sometimes almost incline to think, that some occult power which we cannot understand rules all our actions and guides our footsteps toward those we love supremely. John Marvel always called it Providence.

"Well, may I not see you home?" I asked, and without waiting for her consent, I took it for granted and turned back with her, though she protested against

taking me out of my way. I had indeed some difficulty in not saying then and there, "My way is where you are."

She had been to see one of her scholars who was sick, "the little cripple, whom you know," she said. She gave me, as we strolled along, an account of her first acquaintance with her and her mother; and of how John Marvel had found out their condition and helped them. Then she had tried to help them a little, and had gotten the mother to let her have the little girl at her school.

"Now they are doing a little better," she said, "but you never saw such wretchedness. The woman had given up everything in the world to try to save her husband, and such a wretched hole as they lived in, you couldn't imagine. They did not have a single article of furniture in their room when I—when Mr. Marvel first found them. They were starving."

"But you don't go into such places by yourself? Why, it might cost you your life."

"Oh, no! No one is going to trouble me. I am not afraid."

"Well, it is not safe," I protested. "I wish you wouldn't do it." It was the first time I had ever ventured to assume such an attitude toward her. "I don't care how brave you are, it is not safe."

"Oh! I am not brave at all. In fact, I am an awful coward. I am afraid of mice and all such ferocious beasts—and as to a spider—why, little Miss Muffet was a heroine to me."

"I know," I nodded, watching the play of expression in her eyes with secret delight.

"But I am not afraid of people. They are about the only things I am not afraid of. They appear to me so pitiful in their efforts. Why should one fear them? Besides, I don't think about myself when I am doing anything—only about what I am doing."

"What is the name of your little protégée's father—the criminal?" I asked.

"Talman—they call him 'Red Talman.' He's quite noted, I believe."

"'Red Talman!' Why, he is one of the most noted criminals in the country. I remember reading of his escape some time ago. It was said no prison could hold him."

"Yes, he has escaped," she said demurely.

I once more began to protest against her going about such places by herself as she

had described, but she only laughed at me for my earnestness. She had also been to see the Miss Tibbsses, she said, and she gave an amusing and at the same time, a pathetic account of Miss Pansy's brave attempt to cover up their poverty.

"It is hard to do anything for them. One can help the Talmans; but it is almost impossible to help the decayed gentlefolk. One has to be so careful not to appear to know her pathetic little deceits, and I find myself bowing and accepting all her little devices and transparent deceptions of how comfortable they are, when I know that maybe she may be faint with hunger at that very time."

I wondered if she knew their story. But she suddenly said:

"Tell me about their case. I do trust you can win it."

It was the first time I was aware that she knew anything about it. So, as we walked along I told her all I knew or nearly all.

"Oh! you must win it! To think that such robbery can be committed! There must be some redress! Who were the wretches who robbed them? They ought to be shown up if they were in their graves! I hate to know things and not know the person who committed them." As she turned to me with flashing eyes, I felt a great desire to tell her, but how could I do so?

"Tell me. Do you know them?"

"Yes—some of them."

"Well, tell me their names."

"Why do you wish to know?" I hesitated.

"Because I do. Isn't that sufficient?"

I wanted to say yes, but still I hesitated.

"Was it anybody—I know?"

"Why——"

"I must know." Her eyes were on my face and I yielded.

"Mr. Argand was one of the Directors—in fact, was the president of the road—but I have no direct proof—yet."

"Do you mean my aunt's husband?"

I nodded.

She heaved a sigh.

"I ought not to have told you," I added.

"Oh! yes, you ought. I would have wanted to know if it had been my father. I have the dearest father in the world. You do not know how good and kind he is, and how generous to everyone. He has almost ruined himself working for others."

I said I had no doubt he was all she said; but my heart sank as I recalled my part in the paper I had written about him. I began to talk about myself, a subject I am rather fond of talking of, but on this occasion I had possibly more excuse than usual.

"My mother also died when I was a child," she said, sighing, as I related the loss of mine and said that I was just beginning to realize what it was. It appeared to draw us nearer together. I was conscious of her sympathy, and under its influence I went on and told her the wretched story of my life, my folly and my failure, and my final resolve to begin anew and be something worth while. I did not spare myself and I made no concealments. I felt her sympathy and it was as sweet to me as ever was grace to a famished soul. I had been so long alone that it seemed to unlock Heaven.

"I believe you will succeed," she said, turning and looking me in the face.

A sudden fire sprang into my brain and throbbed in my heart. "If you will say that to me and mean it, I will."

"I do believe it. Of course, I mean it." She stopped and looked me full in the face and her eyes seemed to me to hold the depths of Heaven: deep, calm and untroubled as a child's. They stirred me deeply. Why should I not declare myself! She was, since her father's embarrassment, of which I had read, no longer beyond my reach. Why might not I win her?

For some time we drifted along, talking about nothing of moment, skirting the shore of the charmed unknown, deep within which lay the mystery of that which we both possibly meant, however indefinitely, to explore. Then we struck a little further in; and began to exchange experiences—first our early impressions of John Marvel and Wolfert. It was then that she told me of her coming to know John Marvel in the country that night during the epidemic. She did not tell of her part in the relief of the sick; but it was unnecessary. John Marvel had already told me that. It was John himself, with his wonderful unselfishness and gift of self-abnegation, of whom she spoke, and Wolfert with his ideal ever kept in sight.

"You know," she said, after a pause in which she was reflecting and I was watching the play of expression in her face and dwelling in delicious reverie on the charm-

ing contour of her soft cheek, "You know, if I ever amount to anything in this world, it will be due to that man." This might have meant either.

I thought I knew of a better artificer than even John Marvel or Leo Wolfert, to whom was due all the light that was shed from her life, but I did not wish to question anything she said of old John. I was beginning to feel at peace with all the world.

We were dawdling along now and I remember we stopped for a moment in front of a place somewhat more striking looking and better lighted than those about it, something between a pawnbroker's shop and a loan-office. The sign over the door was of a Guaranty Loan Company, and added the word "Home" to Guaranty. It caught my eye and hers at the same moment. The name was that of the robber-company in which my poor client, McNeil, in his futile effort to pay his rent, had secured a small loan by a chattel-mortgage on his pitiful little furniture at something like three hundred per cent. The entire block belonged, as I had learned at the time, to the Argand Estate, and I had made it one of the points in my arraignment of that eleemosynary institution that the estate harbored such vampires as the two men who conducted this scoundrelly business in the very teeth of the law. On the windows were painted legends suggesting that within all money needed by any one might be gotten, one might have supposed, for nothing. I said, "With such a sign as that we might imagine that the poor need never want for money."

She suddenly flamed: "I know them. They are the greatest robbers on earth. They grind the face of the Poor until one wonders that the earth does not open and swallow them up quick. They are the thieves who ought to be in jail instead of such criminals as even that poor wretch, Talman, as great a criminal as he is. Why, they robbed his poor wife of every stick of furniture she had on earth, under guise of a loan, and turned her out in the snow with her crippled child. She was afraid to apply to any one for redress, and they knew it. And if it had not been for John Marvel, they would have starved or have frozen to death."

"For John Marvel and you," I interjected.

"No—only him. What I did was nothing—less than nothing. He found them, with that wonderful sixth sense of his. It is his heart. And he gets no credit for anything—even from you. Oh! sometimes I cannot bear it. I would like to go to him once and just tell him what I truly think of him."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Because—I cannot. But if I were you, I would. He would not—want me to do it! But some day I am going to Dr. Capon and tell him—tell him the truth."

She stood with clenched hands, uplifted face and flashing eyes—breasting the wind, which, at the moment blew her skirts behind her, and as she poured forth her challenge, she appeared to me almost like some animate statue of victory.

"Do you know—I think Mr. Marvel and Mr. Wolffert are almost the most Christian men I ever saw; and their life is the strongest argument in favor of Christianity, I ever knew."

"Why, Wolffert is a Jew—he is not a Christian, at all."

"He is—I only wish I were half as good a one," she said. "I do not care what he calls himself, he is. Why, think of him beside Doctor—beside some of those who set up to be burning and shining lights!"

"Well, I will agree to that." In fact, I agreed with everything she had said, though I confess to a pang of jealousy at such unstinted praise, as just as I thought it. And I began in my selfishness to wish I were more like either of her two models. As we stood in the waning light—for we were almost standing, we moved so slowly—my resolution took form.

It was not a propitious place for what I suddenly resolved to do. It was certainly not a romantic spot. For it was in the centre, the very heart, of a mean shopping district, a region of small shops and poor houses, and the autumn wind had risen with an edge on it and laden with dust, which made the thinly-clad poor quicken their steps as they passed along and try to shrink closer within their threadbare raiment. The lights which were beginning to appear only added to the appearance of squalor about us. But like the soft Gallius I cared for none of these things. I saw only the girl beside me, whose soul seemed to me even more beautiful than her beautiful frame.

And so far as I was concerned, we might have been in Paradise or in a desert.

"Come here," I took her arm and drew her a few steps beyond to where there was a vacant house. "Sit down here a moment." I spread my handkerchief on the dusty steps, and she sat down, smiling after her little outbreak.

I recall the scene as if it were yesterday, the very softness in her face, the delicacy of her contour; the movement of her soft hair on her blue-veined white temple and her round neck as a gentle breath of air stirred it; the dreamy depths of her eyes as the smile faded in them and she relapsed into a reverie. An impulse seized me and I cast prudence, wisdom, reason, all to the winds and gave the rein to my heart.

Leaning over her, I took hold of her hand and lifted it to my heart, clasping it very tight.

"Look at me—" She had already looked in vague wonder, her eyes wide open, beginning the question which her lips were parting to frame. "Don't say that to me—that about your belief in me—unless you mean it all—all. I love you and I mean to succeed for you—with you. I mean to marry you—some day."

The look in her eyes changed, but for a second they did not leave my face. My eyes were holding them.

"Oh!—What?" she gasped, while her hand went up to her throat.

Then she firmly, but as I afterward recalled, slowly withdrew her hand from my grasp, which made no attempt to detain it.

"Are you crazy?" she gasped. And I truly believe she thought I was.

"Yes—no—I don't know. If I am, my insanity begins and ends only in you. I know only one thing—that I love you and that some day—some day, I am going to marry you, though the whole world and yourself oppose me."

She stood up.

"But, oh! why did you say that?"

"Because it is true."

"We were such good friends."

"We never were—I never was—for a moment."

"You were."

"Never."

"We were just beginning to understand each other, to be such good friends, and now you have ended it all."

"That cannot be ended which never had a beginning. I don't want your friendship, I want your love and I will have it."

"No, I cannot. Oh! why did you? I must be going."

"Why? Sit down."

"No, I cannot. Good-by."

"Good-by."

She hesitated, and then without looking, held out her hand. "Good-by."

I took her hand and this time kissed it, as I remember, almost fiercely. She tried to stop me, but I held it firmly.

"You must not do that; you have no right." She was standing very straight now.

"I took the right."

"Promise me you will never say that again."

"What?"

"What you said at first."

"I don't know what you mean. I have been saying the same thing all the time—ever since I knew you—ever since I was born—that I love you."

"You must never say that again—promise me before I go."

"I promise you," I said slowly, "that I will say it as long as I live."

She appeared to let herself drift for a half second, then she gave a little catch at herself.

"No, really, you must not—I cannot allow you. I have no right to let you. I must go and if you are a friend of mine, you will never——"

"Listen to me," I interrupted firmly. "I have not asked you for anything; I have not asked your permission; I am not a friend of yours and I shall never be that. I don't want to be your friend. I love you, and I am going to win your love. Now you can go. Come on."

We walked on and I saw her safely home. We talked about everything and I told her much of myself. But she was plainly thinking not about what I was saying then, but what I had said on the dusty steps. When we reached her home, I saved her embarrassment. I held out my hand and said, "Good-by, I love you."

I went home feeling somewhat as a man might who, after shipwreck, had reached an unknown shore. I was in a new land and knew not where I stood or how; or whether the issue would be life or death. I only knew that I had passed a crisis in

my life and whatever came I must meet it. I was strangely happy, yet I had had no word of encouragement.

To have declared one's love has this in it, that thenceforth the one you love can never be wholly indifferent to you. I went home feeling that I had acquired a new relation to Eleanor Leigh and that somehow I had a right to her whether she consented or not. My love for her, as ardent as it had been before, had suddenly deepened. It had, in a way, also become purer. I went over and over and dwelt on every word she had ever uttered to me, every gentle look I had ever seen her give, every tender expression that had illumined her face or softened her eyes and I found myself thinking of her character as I had never done before. I planned how I should meet her next and tried to fancy how she would look and what she would say. I wondered vaguely what she would think of me when she reached her room and thought over what I had said. But I soon left this realm of vague conjecture for the clearly defined elysium of my own love. Had I known what I learned only a long time afterward—how she acted and what she thought of on reaching home, I might have been somewhat consoled though still mystified.

XXIV

COLL MCSHEEN'S INSTRUMENTS

WHEN I applied at the offices of the P. D. and B. D. and asked to be shown the books of the old company which had been reorganized and absorbed, I was met first by the polite assurance that there never was such a road as I mentioned, then that it had been wound up long ago and reorganized. Next, as I appeared somewhat firm, I was informed that the books had been burned up in a great fire spoken of as Caleb Balderstone used to speak of the Ravenswood fire as "the fire." This would have been an irremediable loss, but for the fact that I knew that there had been no fire since the reorganization of the company. I stated this fact with more positiveness than was usually employed in those offices and announced that unless those books were produced without further delay or misrepresentation, I would file a bill at once which would open the eyes of

a number of persons. This procured for me an interview with an official of the vice-presidential rank—my first real advance. This proved to be my old acquaintance, Mr. Gillis, the agent of the Argand Estate. When I entered he wore an expression of sweet content as of a cat about to swallow a mouse. After stating my object in calling with so much circumstantiality that there could be no mistake about it, I was informed by Mr. Gillis briefly, but firmly, that those books were not accessible, that they were private property and not open to the public.

Stillman Gillis was a wiry, clear-eyed, firm-mouthed, middle-sized man of about middle age as older men regard it. He had a pleasant address; perfect self-assurance and a certain cool impudence in his manner which I have often observed in the high officials of large corporations. He had, I knew, been the private secretary and confidential man of Mr. David Argand.

"I am aware that the books are private property," I said, "but it happens that I am myself one of the owners—I represent two very considerable owners of the stock of the old company."

He shook his head pleasantly. "That makes no difference."

I could not help thinking of the turnkey at the jail. It was insolence, but only of a different sort.

"You mean to say that it makes no difference whether or not I am a stockholder when I demand to see the books of the company in which I hold my interest?"

"Not the slightest," he admitted.

"I suppose you have consulted counsel as to this?"

"Oh! yes; but it was not necessary."

"Well! you have the books?"

"Oh! yes."

"Because some of your people told me that they had been burnt up in a fire."

"Did they tell you that?" he smilingly asked. "They did that to save you trouble."

"Considerate in them."

"Of course, we have the books—in our vaults."

"Buried?" I hazarded.

He nodded. "Beyond the hope of resurrection." He gave me a nod and took up his pen to show that the interview was ended; and I took up my hat.

"Do you mind telling me who your coun-

sel is that you consulted in these matters? I might prevail on him to change his mind."

"Oh! no. Mr. Collis McSheen is our counsel—one of them."

"Has he specifically given you this advice?"

"He has." He turned to his stenographer. "Take this letter."

"So—o." I reflected a moment and then tilted back my chair.

"Mr. Gillis—one moment more of your valuable time, and I will relieve you."

"Well?" He turned back to me with a sudden spark in his gray eye. "Really, I have no more time to give you."

"Just a moment. You are mistaken in thinking you are giving me time. I have been giving you time. The next time we meet, you will be a witness in court under subpoena and I will examine you."

"Examine me? As to what, pray?" His face had grown suddenly dark and his insolence had turned to anger.

"As to what you know of the fraud that was perpetrated on the heirs of a certain Colonel Tibbs who built and once largely owned the road I have spoken of."

"Fraud, sir! What do you mean?"

"As to what you know—if anything—of the arrangement by which a certain Collis McSheen sold out his clients, the said heirs of the said Colonel Tibbs, to a certain Mr. Argand, whose private secretary you then were; and whose retained counsel he then became."

"What!"

His affected coolness was all gone. His countenance was black with a storm of passion, where wonder, astonishment, rage, all played their part, and I thought I saw a trace of dismay as well.

"What do you mean, sir! What do I know of the—the fraud—the arrangements, if there ever were any such arrangements as those you speak of?"

I was the insolent one now. I bowed.

"That is what I am going to ask you to tell in court. You have the books, and you will bring them with you when you come under the *subpœna duces tecum*. Good-day." I walked out.

As I approached my office, I saw Collis McSheen bolting out of the door and down the street, his face as black as a thundercloud. He was in such a hurry that he did not see me, though he nearly ran

over me. He had evidently been summoned by telephone.

I was working on my bill a few days later when to my surprise Peck walked into my office. He looked unusually smug. He had just arrived that morning, he said. Mr. Poole had some important interests in a railway property which required looking after, and he had come on to see about them. There was not much to do, as the road was being capitally managed; but they thought best to have someone on the ground to keep an eye on the property, and remembering our old friendship, he had suggested that I be retained to represent Mr. Poole, if anything should at any time arise, and Mr. Poole had, of course, acted on his advice. Mr. Poole had in fact, always been such a friend of mine, etc. The trouble with Peck was that he always played a trump even when it was not necessary.

I expressed my sense of obligation to both him and Mr. Poole, but in my heart could not help recalling the chances Mr. Poole had thrown away to help me in the past.

"What sort of interests are they?" I inquired.

"Railway interests. He has both stocks and bonds—second mortgage bonds. But they are as good as gold—pay dividends straight along. The railway has never failed to increase its net earnings every year for ten years, and is a very important link in a transcontinental line."

"What railway did you say it was?" I inquired, for I had observed that he had not mentioned the line.

"Oh! ah! the P. D. & B. D."

"Oh!" I confess that for a moment I was almost sorry that I had not been retained earlier, but it was only for a moment.

"Well, the fact is, Peck, I don't know that I could represent Mr. Poole in any litigation connected with that road."

"Oh! it is not litigation, my dear fellow. You'd as well talk about litigation over the Bank of England. It is to represent him as a sort of regular——"

"I know," I cut him short, "but I think there will be some litigation. The fact is, I have a claim against that road."

"A claim against the P. D. & B. D.! For damages, I suppose?"

"No. To upset the reorganization that took place——"

Peck burst out laughing. "To upset the reorganization of that road which took place ten—twenty—How many years ago was it? You'd better try to upset the government of the United States."

"Oh! No——"

"Come now. Don't be Quixotic. I've come here to give you a good case that may be the beginning of a great practice for you. Why you may become general counsel."

"I thought Mr. McSheen was general counsel? You said so, I remember, when you were here before."

"Why, ah! yes. He is in a way. You would, of course, be—in a way, his—ah——"

"Peck," I said, and I kept my eye on him blandly. "Have you seen Mr. McSheen since your arrival?"

"Why, yes, I have. I had to see him, of course, because he is, as I told you, the general counsel——"

"In a way?" I interpolated.

"Yes. And of course I had to see him. It would not have been quite professional if I had not."

"And he assents to your proposition?"

"Oh! yes, entirely. In fact, he——" He paused and then added, "is entirely satisfied. He says you are an excellent lawyer."

"Much obliged to him. I beat him in the only case I ever had against him."

"What was that?"

"Oh, a small case against the Argand estate."

"Oh! Well now, Glave, don't be Quixotic. Here is the chance of your life. All the big people—the Argand Estate, Mr. Leigh, Mr. McSheen, Mr. Canter. Why, it may lead you—no one can tell where!"

"That is true," I said, quietly. Then quite as quietly I asked: "Did Mr. McSheen send for you to come on here?"

"Did Mr. McSheen send for me to come on here? Why, no. Of course, he did not. I came on to look after Mr. Poole's interest."

"And to employ me to represent him?"

"Yes."

"And to give up my clients as McSheen did?"

"What!"

"Peck, tell Mr. McSheen that neither my dog nor myself is for sale."

"What! I—I don't understand," stammered Peck.

"Well, maybe so. But you give McSheen the message. He will understand it. And

now I will explain it to you, so you may understand." I explained briefly to him my connection with the matter and my proposed line of action; and he naturally endeavored to satisfy me as to the absolute futility of such a course as I proposed.

"Why, consider," he said, "the people you will have to contend with—the idea that you can prove fraud against such persons as Mr. Leigh, the Argands, Mr. McSheen."

"I don't expect to prove fraud on Mr. Leigh," I quickly interposed.

"You will have to sue him. He is a director."

"I know it. But he came in after the transaction was completed and I believe knew nothing about it. But why are you so interested in Mr. Leigh? His interests in the street-car lines are directly opposed to Mr. Poole's."

"I am not interested in Mr. Leigh, but in you. Why, do you imagine any judge in this city would even consider a bill charging fraud against such persons as those I have mentioned? For I tell you they will not. You will just make a lot of enemies and have your trouble for your pains."

"Perhaps so—but Peck you have not mentioned all the people I shall have to sue."

"Who do you mean? I have only mentioned one or two."

"Mr. Poole."

Peck's countenance fell.

"Mr. Poole! What did he have to do with it?"

"He was one of them—one of those who engineered the reorganization—and swin—engineered the heirs of Colonel Tibbs and some others out of their interest. Well, give my message to Mr. McSheen," I said rising, for Peck's duplicity came over me like a wave. "You may understand it better now. Neither my dog nor I is for sale. Peck, you ought to know me better."

Peck left with that look on his face that used to annoy me so at college—something that I can best describe as a mechanical simper. It had no warmth in it and was the twilight between indifference and hate.

Not long after I was walking along the street on my way home from my office late one night when I was struck by Dix's conduct. It was very strange. Instead of trotting along zigzag going from corner to corner and inspecting alleyways for chance cats to enliven life as he usually did at

night when the streets were fairly empty, he kept close at my heels, now and then actually rubbing against my knee as he walked, as he did in the crowded section when I took him along. And once or twice he stopped and half turning his head, gave a low, deep growl, a sure signal of his rising anger. I turned and gazed around, but seeing no cause for his wrath, concluded that a dog was somewhere in the neighborhood, whom he detected though I could not see him. I was aware afterward that I had seen two men pass on the other side of the street and that they crossed over to my side near the corner ahead of me; but I took no notice of them. I had a pleasanter subject of thought as I strolled along. I was thinking of Eleanor Leigh and building air castles in which she was always the chatelaine.

Dix's low growl fell on my ear, but I paid no heed. The next second—it was always a little confused in my mind, the blow came so quickly—I was conscious of a man—or two men, they seemed, springing from behind something just at my side and of Dix's launching himself at them with a burst of rage, and at the same moment, something happened to me—I did not know what. A myriad stars darted before my eyes and I felt a violent pain in my shoulder. I staggered and fell to my knees; but sprang up again under a feeling that I must help Dix, who seemed to have been seized by one of the men in his arms, a stout, stumpy fellow, while the other was attempting to kill him with a bludgeon which he carried. I flung myself on the latter, and seizing him by the throat bore him back against the wall, when he suddenly twisted loose and took to his heels. Then I turned on the other who, I thought, was trying to carry Dix off. I found, however, that instead he was making a fight for his life. At the moment he dropped a pistol which he was drawing and I sprang for it and got it. Dix had leaped straight for his throat and, having made good his hold, had hung on and the man was already nearly strangled. "For God's sake, take him off. Kill him. I'm choking," he gasped as with weakening hands he tore at the dog's massive shoulders. "I'm choking." And at that moment he staggered, stumbled and sank to his knees with a groan.

Fearing that he would be killed on the spot, though I was sick and dizzy from the

blow, I seized Dix by the throat and with a strong wrench of his windpipe at the same time that I gave him an order, I broke his hold.

The wretch staggered to his feet with an oath and supported himself against the wall while I pacified Dix, who was licking his chops, his eyes still on his enemy.

"Are you hurt?" I asked, for, though still dizzy, the need to act had brought my senses back.

"What business is that of yours?" he demanded brutally. "Wait a minute. I'll kill that d——d dog."

The reply to my inquiry was so brutal that my anger rose.

"You drunken beast! Say a word and I'll give you to him again and let him worry you like a rat. You see him! Keep back, Dix!" for the dog recognizing my anger, had advanced a little and flattened himself to spring on the least provocation.

"I didn't mean no offence," the fellow growled. "But I don't like a d——d dog to be jumpin' at me."

"You don't! What did you mean by trying to murder me?"

"I didn't try to murder you."

"You did. I have no money—not a cent. I'm as poor as you are."

"I wa'n't after no money."

"What then? What had I ever done to you that you should be after me?"

"I wa'n't after you."

"You were. You tried to kill me. You've cut my head open and no thanks to you that you didn't kill me."

"'T wa'n't me. 'Twas that other fellow, the skunk that runned away and left me."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know. I never seen him before."

"What are you lying to me for? What's his name and why was he after me? Tell me and I'll let you go—otherwise—I'll give you to the police."

"I'll tell you this—he's a friend of a man you know."

"Of a man I know? Who?"

"He's a big man, too."

"A big man! Do you mean— You don't mean Coll McSheen?"

"I didn't tell you, did I? You can swear to that. Now give me \$5.00 and let me go."

"I haven't any money at all, but I'll take you to a doctor and get your wound dressed I have to go to one, too."

"I don't want no doctor—I'm all right."

"No, I won't give you up," I said, "if you'll tell me the truth. I'm not after you. If I'd wanted to give you up, I'd have fired this pistol and brought the police. Come on. But don't try to run off or I'll let you have it."

He came along, at first surlily enough; but presently he appeared to get in a better temper, at least with me, and turned his abuse on his pal for deserting him. He declared that he had not meant to do me any harm, in fact, that he had only met the other man accidentally and did not know what he was going to do, etc.

I was so fortunate as to find my friend Dr. Traumer at home, and he looked after the wound in the scoundrel's throat and then took a look at my hurt.

"You had a close graze," he said, "but I don't think it is anything more serious than a bad scrape on your head, and a laceration and bruise on the shoulder."

While he was working on the footpad I telephoned Langton, got hold of him and asked him to come there, which he said he would do at once. Just as the doctor was through with me, Langton walked in. I never saw so surprised an expression on his face as that when his eyes fell on my thug. I saw at once that he knew him. But as usual he said nothing. The thug, too, evidently knew he was an officer; for he gave me one swift glance of fear. I, however, allayed his suspicion.

"It's all right," I said, "if you tell me the truth. 'Who is he?' I asked Langton. He smiled.

"Red Talman. What've you been up to?" he asked.

"Nothin'."

"I brought him here to have his wound dressed, and he's going directly. I have promised him."

He nodded.

"Coll McSheen put him on to a little job and he bungled it, that's all."

Langton actually looked pleased; but I could not tell whether it was because his warning had been verified or because I had escaped.

"'T was that other skunk," muttered Talman sullenly.

"Who? Dutch?"

The footpad coughed. "Don't know who 't was."

"You don't? You don't know who I am either?"

The man gave him a keen look of inspection, but he evidently did not know him. Langton leaned over and dropped his voice "Did you ever know —?" I could not catch the name. But the thug's eyes popped and he turned white under his dirt.

"I didn't have nothin' 't all to do with it. I was in Canady," he faltered.

Langton's eyes suddenly snapped. "I know where you were. This gentleman's a friend of mine," he said. "He saved my life once, and if you ever touch him, I'll have you—" He made a gesture with his hand to his throat. "Understand? And not all the bosses in the city will save you. Understand?"

"I ain't goin' to touch him. I got nothin' against him."

"You'd better not have," said Langton, implacably. "Come here." He took him out into the doctor's front office and talked to him for some little time while I told the doctor of my adventure.

"Who is Langton when he is at home?" I asked him.

He chuckled. "He is the best man for you to have in this city if Coll McSheen is your enemy. He is a retainer of Mr. Leigh's."

Just then Langton and the thug came in.

"Say, I'm sorry I took a hand in that job," said the latter. "But that skunk that runned away, he put 't up, and he said 's another friend of his got him to do it."

"Coll McSheen?"

"I don't know who 't was," he persisted.

I glanced at Langton, and he just nodded.

"Good-by. If ever you wants a job done——"

"Get out," said Langton.

"Don't you give 't to that other skunk. I didn't know. Good-by. Obligated to you." And he passed through the door which Langton held open for him.

"It's all right," said the latter as he closed the door. "You had a close graze—that's one of the worst criminals in the country. He don't generally bungle a job. But he's all right now. But there are others."

"My dog saved my life—he got his throat."

"Better keep him close to you for a while."

XXV

THE FACTORY

A GREAT factory with the machinery all working and revolving with absolute and rhythmic regularity and with the men all driven by one impulse and moving in unison as though a constituent part of the mighty machine, is one of the most inspiring examples of directed force that the world shows. I have rarely seen the face of a mechanic in the act of creation which was not fine, never one which was not earnest and impressive.

Such were the men, some hundreds of them, whom I used to gaze at and admire and envy through the open windows of several great factories and mills along the street through which lay my way to my office. I chose this street for the pleasure of seeing them of a morning, as with bared and brawny arms and chests and shining brows, eager and earnest and bold, they bent over glowing fires and flaming furnaces and rolled massive red-hot irons hither and yon, tossing them about, guiding them in their rush and swing and whirl, as though they were very sons of Vulcan, and ever with a catch of song or a jest, though a swerve of the fraction of an inch might mean death itself.

I had come to know some of them well, and numbers of them I began to know in a sort, as day after day I fell in beside them on their way to or from their work; for, lawyer and gentleman as I was, they, I think, felt in me the universal touch of brotherhood. We used to talk together, and I found them human to the core and most intelligent. Wolffert was an idol among them. They looked to him as to a champion.

"He has learned," said one of them to me once, "the secret of getting at us. He takes us man for man and don't herd us like cattle. He speaks to me on a level, man to man, and don't patronize me."

He was a strong-visaged, clear-eyed man with a foreign accent.

"We haf our own home," he said with pride, "and the building company is 'most off my back. If we can but keep at vork we'll soon be safe, and the young ones are all at school. The sun shines bright after the storm," he added with a shake of his strong head.

"Ah, well, we are having good times now. The sun is shining for many of us. Let us pray that it may keep shining." I was thinking of Miss Eleanor Leigh and the way she had smiled the last time Heaven had favored me with a sight of her. That was sunshine enough for me.

"God grant it," he said, solemnly.

The good times, however, of which my mill-friends and I talked were rapidly passing.

Within a day or two I began to observe in the press ominous notices of an approaching strike. All the signs, it was declared, pointed to it. Meetings were being held, and the men were rapidly getting out of hand of their conservative leaders, who, it being on the verge of winter, were averse to their undertaking the strike at this time, notwithstanding what they admitted were their undoubted and long-standing grievances. As I ran over the accounts in many of the papers I was surprised to find that among these "conservatives" was mentioned the name of Wringman. It was evident, however, that the efforts of the conservative element were meeting with success; for in the workingmen's section through which I passed every day there was not as yet the least sign of excitement of any kind, or, indeed, of any dissatisfaction. The railway men all appeared quiet and contented, and the force in the several large factories along my route whom I mingled with in my tramp back and forth from my office were not only free from moroseness, but were easy and happy. The only strikes going on in the city were those on the lines in which the Argand interests were, and they were frequently spoken of as "chronic."

The mills were all running as usual; work was going on; but a shadow was deepening over the community of the operatives. The strike which the newspapers had been prophesying for some time was decreed—not yet, indeed, by the proper authorities; but it was determined on by the leaders, and its shadow was darkening the entire section. The first knowledge I had of it was the gloom that appeared on the countenances of the men I saw in the morning. And when I met Wolffert he was more downcast than I had seen him in a long time. "The poor fools!" was all he could say. "They are the victims of their ignorance."

From my earliest arrival in the city I had

been aware of something about the laboring element—something connected with the union, yet different from what I had been accustomed to elsewhere. I had ever been an advocate of the union of workingmen to protect themselves against the tyranny and insolence of those who, possibly by fortuitous circumstances, were their employers. I had seen the evil of the uncurbed insolence added to the unlimited power of the boss to take on or to fling off whom he pleased and while the occupation lasted, to give or reduce wages as he pleased. And I had seen the tyrannous exercise of this power—had seen men turned off for nothing but the whim of a superior; had seen them hacked about; ordered around as if they had been beasts of burden and if they ever murmured, told to go elsewhere, as though a poor man with a family of children could "go elsewhere" at an hour's notice; hundreds of men, thousands of men "laid off," because, it was said, "times were dull," though the returns from their work in good times had made their employers rich beyond anything their fathers had ever dreamed of. And I had witnessed with that joy that a man feels in seeing justice meted out, the rise of a power able to exact, if not complete, at least, measurable justice for the down-trodden.

But here was something different. It was still the union; but bore a new complexion and a different relation alike to the workingman, the employer and the public. It was a strange power and its manifestation was different. It was not in active exercise when I first went among the workingmen. Yet it was ever present. A cloud appeared to hang over the population; there was a feeling that a volcano, as yet quiet, might burst forth at any time and no man could tell what the end might be. It was ever in men's minds, not only the workingmen's, but the tradesmen's, the middlemen's. It appeared to keep on edge a keen antagonism between all laboring men as such and all other men. It was nearer and more important than politics or religion. It had entered into their lives and created a power which they feared and obeyed. To a considerable extent it had taken away their liberties, and their lives were regulated by their relation to it. I saw the growth of the system and was mystified by it, for I saw individuality and personal liberty pass-

ing away—saw men deliberately abandoning their most cherished privileges to submit to a yoke that was being put on them. I noted the decline of excellence in the individual's work and of ambition for excellence in himself—the decay of the standard of good workmanship. I marked the mere commercial question of wages—higher wages irrespective of better work—take the place of the old standard of improved workmanship and witnessed the commercialism which in large figures had swept over the employer class, now creep over and engulf the laboring class to the destruction of all fine ambition and the reduction of excellence to a dead level of indifferent mediocrity. They deliberately surrendered individual liberty and all its possibilities and became the bondmen of a tyrannous dictator which they set up.

I was familiar with the loafer and the shirker. He is incident to humanity. He exists in every calling and rank of life. But it was novel to me to find an entire class deliberately loafing and shirking and slurring on principle. I saw gangs of workmen waiting around, shivering in the wind, for the hour to come when they might take up the tools which lay at hand with which they might have warmed themselves. I saw them on the stroke, drop those tools as

though the wave of sound had paralyzed their arms. I saw them leave the stone half set, the rivet half driven, the bar half turned; the work, whatever it was, half done. I saw bright, alert, intelligent men, whose bodies were twice and their brains ten times as active as their fellows', do double work in the same time as the latter and then dawdle and loaf and yawn empty-handed beside the unfinished work with which they might readily have doubled their income. I asked some of my friends why it was and the answer was always the same: "the Union."

A strike was going on on the other side of the town, but the direct results were not yet felt among us, and as the enterprizes there where the trouble existed were in conflict with those on our side, and therefore our rivals, it did not appear likely that we should be affected except possibly to our advantage. The population of our section, therefore, looked on and discussed the troubles with the placid satisfaction of men who, secure on land, discuss and commiserate those tossed by storms far off, whose existence is known only by the long surges that with spent force roll against their shore. They enjoyed their own good fortune, rejoiced in the good times and to a considerable extent spent their earnings like children, almost indifferent as to the future.

(To be continued.)

COR CORDIUM

By George Cabot Lodge

BREATHLESS and unforeseen, it comes!—the hour
 When, on the breast of the Beloved, we feel
 Almost the secret sense of life reveal
 Its meaning, and the source of life its power;—
 When, as in some vast sunrise, like a flower,
 Our soul stands open and our eyes unseal,
 While all that fear and ignorance conceal
 Seems in perfection life's predestined dower.
 Then, as it were against the inward ear,
 We hold, in silence, like a chambered shell,
 The dazed one human heart—and seem to hear
 Forever and forever rise and swell
 And fail and fall on Death's eventual shore,
 Tragic and vast, Life's inarticulate roar! . . .

AMERICAN PAGEANTS AND THEIR PROMISE

By Percy MacKaye

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC PAPE



ON the fourth of next August the seaport city of Gloucester, Mass., will hold an outdoor fête unique in the annals of New England. At night, overlooking the harbor from a natural amphitheatre seating fifteen thousand people, a combined masque and pageant of the fourteenth century will be performed.

The descendants of the Pilgrims of Gloucester will give welcome to the Pilgrims of Canterbury. For the first time in more than five hundred years, Chaucer himself will ride in pilgrimage—surrounded by the motley characters of his imagination—not in the vellum of William Morris, nor between the covers of a text-book, but on solid ground, under the stars. Moored within a few hundred yards, twentieth-century war-ships will blend their search-lights with the many-colored fires of the pageant. From across the bay—when the pealing of chimes gives cue from imaginary spires in the masque—the bells of Puritan steeples in the town will—for the first time in their history—ring for mass—at the ancient shrine of Becket! Among the thousands of spectators, as chief guest of honor, the President of the United States has accepted the city's invitation to be present.

In view of so unusual a celebration by a city so distinctively American, it seems worth while to consider the local significance of this pageant-masque, and to correlate it with some of the larger meanings of pageantry and drama for our time and country.

The first settlement of Gloucester was in 1623, at Stage Fort. There, in the same year, was erected the house of Roger Conant, first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—a quaint, gabled structure now no longer standing. In March of the present year, through the Gloucester Committee, the city authorities unanimously decided to take steps to reproduce this ancient

landmark on the original site, as a permanent historic museum.

To this end they authorized the Coburn Players, in conjunction with the city, to organize the production, at Stage Fort, of an out-door dramatic pageant, or masque, depicting scenes from "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a play by the writer, all receipts, above expenses, going to the city for the purpose stated. In co-operation with the Chaucerian players, hundreds of school children, college students, and citizens will take part in the pageant.*

The Pageant-Masque itself will be performed at the base of Stage Fort Rock, a colossal, boulder-like outcrop, rising some sixty feet in height and two hundred in width, like the rough skênê of a primitive Greek theatre. This rock was anciently a ritual stone of the Indians.

The three episodes of the masque chosen from "The Canterbury Pilgrims" will comprise portions of the published play, which emphasize the elements of peasant comedy, poetic vision, and scenic ritual.

Heralded by men's voices singing, the oft-wedded Wife of Bath, accoutred in wide hat, gaudy wimple, scarlet hose and spurs, enters the scene astride of a milk-white ass, panoplied like a fairy creature, accompanied by the Pardoner, Summoner, and Manciple in chorus. Reining up with a "Whoa-oop!" she flings a tankard at the head of Bob the Miller, whose bagpipe is emitting wry music, to which the more revellous pilgrims join in round-dance and song. Eglantine, the shy Prioress, rescues her "little hound" from the midst of a door-ramming contest, through the intervention of Chaucer, who moves quietly among the

* Associated with the players, as artistic director, and with Gloucester as one of its permanent citizens, Mr. Eric Pape will have entire charge of the artistic features of the occasion. The music will be composed and arranged by Mr. Walter Damrosch, as musical director for the players. In this, Mr. Charles L. Safford, his assistant, will be conductor. The Coburn Shakspearian Players, led by Mr. Charles Douville Coburn in the rôle of Chaucer, have this season produced "The Canterbury Pilgrims," as a play, at Harvard, Yale, and most of the Eastern universities.



Drawn by Eric Pape.

Masque given at Cornish, New Hampshire, in honor of Saint-Gaudens.

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So onward to
The Gloucester

world's pilgrims, "at heart a bird of every feather"—England's laureate poet, *incognito*. Bailey, the Host, summons all to "meat," and, seated at the Tabard board, the pilgrimage to Canterbury is proposed and acclaimed. The curtain of night falls. In the honeysuckle garden at Bob-up-and-down, the Squire woos his lady the Marchioness under the moon; the Prioress, in the reverie of her innocent love for Chaucer, beholds in vision the spirit of their love fulfilled in "some other star"; and the wily woman of Bath, in guise of the Knight, outwitting the Prioress, wins her bet with Goodman Geoffrey [Chaucer], whom she claims for betrothed husband. So onward to the cathedral doors at Canterbury, where vendors hawk, flower-girls dance, priests intone Gregorian chants, King Richard and John of Gaunt ride with retainers, the Man-of-law announces that "No woman

may be married but five times—save to a Miller," Bob the bag-piper wins the Wife of Bath, and Chaucer parts with the Prioress and his pilgrim friends, to peal of chimes and processional.

Thus a distinctive feature of the Gloucester pageant is its close alliance with dramatic form. Therein lies one of its chief significances. Within the last ten or fifteen years rural and local festivals have widely increased in America. During the outdoor season, at Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., at Bar Harbor, Me., at Onteora in the Catskills, at East Hampton, Long Island, at Pasadena and Santa Barbara, Cal., and at very numerous other places, local pageants and fêtes have been informally contrived, with great effectiveness, but with no other motive than the pleasure and beauty of the passing occasion. They have been sporadic, un-



Canterbury.
Pageant.

correlated, and unconstructive of any organized type of festival art.*

On the other hand, quickened largely by the inspiration of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison's out-door acting, a few years ago, in "Everyman" and the plays of Shakespeare, an impulse to produce outdoor plays has grown with extraordinary vitality, especially among the universities.

The correlation of these two movements, however, and their reconciliation in a splendid community type of dramatic art have yet to be achieved. The opportunity is practical and inspiring, and possesses—so far as the writer's actual experience can testify—at least two American precedents

* Exceptional to this, as possessing dialogue and dramatic scheme, were the Pageant of the Renaissance at Chicago, in 1908, and—less ambitious but well conceived—the Colonial Pageant at Springfield, Mass., last March. The remarkable pageant at Boston, illustrating the history of education, was not allied with any dramatic scheme. The famous Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans, is, of course, a carnival type of fête, not a masque.

to work upon, the one unique, the other annually recurrent. These are the Saint-Gaudens Masque at Cornish, N. H., in June, 1905, and the midsummer Redwood Play (better known as the "High Jinks") of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco—an established custom of thirty years' standing.

In 1905, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Cornish colony by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, an out-door masque was performed by his neighbors in a pine grove at Aspet, his estate.

The masque, written by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, the dramatist, with a prologue by myself, was produced under the direction of Mr. John Blair, the actor. More than seventy persons took part, among whom were some forty artists and writers of craftsmanly repute, who had spent many weeks in careful preparation.

About twilight, on the longest day of the

year, the sculptor, with his family and some hundreds of guests, were seated in front of a green-gray curtain, suspended between two pines, on which hung great gilded masks (executed by Mr. Maxfield Parrish). Close by, secreted artfully behind evergreens, members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra awaited the *baton* signal of Mr. Arthur Whiting, conductor and composer of the music.

First, then, in the softened light, there emerged from between the curtains the tall, maidenly figure of Iris, in many-hued diaphanous veils, holding in one hand a staff of living fleur-de-lis.

"Fresh from the courts of dewy-colored eve,
Jove summons me before you."

With these words, she began the prologue—a brief tribute in verse to Saint-Gaudens, as artist and neighbor—at the close of which commenced the first strains of the hidden wind-instruments, and the curtains parted. Visionary as some Keatsian glade, the natural stage disclosed at its farther end a sculptured altar, beneath a little temple of Ionic columns, from whose capitals suspended laurel-ropes and flowers stretched to a nearer column on either hand. Still nearer, on both sides, stood classic benches. Behind the temple, from a precipitate ravine among the pines, rose faintly the murmurous roar of a stream.

Enter, then, with staff and crown and snaky caduceus, Juno, Jupiter, and Mercury. The motive of the masque, composed in a spirit of chaffing comedy and local allusion, was to compass—with pictorial effectiveness and practical groupings—the presentation to Saint-Gaudens of a golden bowl of ancient Greek design—a token from the Cornish colony. To this end, Jupiter, declaring that he has an important communication to make, despatches Mercury to summon all greater and lesser divinities to hear it. Mercury departs, and the interval till his return passes in a brief scene of local banter between Jupiter and Juno and a Rural Native, who strolls by. Mercury returns and announces the various groups of deities. From the only contemporary record of this fête, written by Mr. Kenyon Cox in *The Nation* for July 1, 1905, I quote the following color-schemes:

"First came sombre Pluto and his court, in black and gold and purple; then Nep-

tune and Amphitrite, with their attendant Nereids in sea-green and blue; Venus and her body-guard in varying shades of tender rose; Diana and her nymphs, in white and silver and pale blue; the Wood-gods, in green and dun and yellow; Apollo and the Muses, all in white and gold, grouping themselves about the altar; Ceres, all in yellow, crowned with corn; Pan, gilded all over and exactly imitating an archaic Greek statue; Mars, a gigantic figure, in blood-red draperies and armor; last, Chiron, the Centaur—the one frankly comic figure in the masque—at the head of a rout of children."

All being assembled, they are informed by Jupiter that he has decided to abdicate; Pluto and Neptune dispute the succession; Minerva, calling upon Fame to decide,* makes invocation, and strikes the altar with her spear. Immediately smoke and vari-colored fire transfigure the temple and the irradiated pines, and out of the altar rises a Sibyl of burning gold, maidenly Olympian, holding aloft in both hands the golden bowl. This Minerva takes and draws from it the name of—Saint-Gaudens.

The cry is taken up by all voices, the bowl is delivered to the master-artist, and group by group the divinities are presented before him. Then, as these form in procession, a chariot, embellished with a medallion of the sculptor, is dragged from its covert by fauns, nymphs, and satyrs, Saint-Gaudens and his wife enter it, and are dragged across the long, golf-turfed slope to the pergola of the studio, where a banquet is spread under twinkling Japanese lamps.

As Mercury, it was my prerogative to head the procession just behind the chariot, in which the sculptor stood looking back with emotion upon the astonishing beauty of the scene. In the afterglow of sunset, that edged with gold the blue, volcanoesque summit of Ascutney, the pied procession of those ephemeral gods swayed and then broke into glorified groups of frolic over the vivid sward: Apollo skipped flower-robe for the laughing Muses. Swart Pluto gambolled among the sea-nymphs. Semi-nude faun children twitched the hind legs of the Centaur. Graces locked arms with the dun-hued Fates. Cupid, with little wings, danced with the statued Pan. And still,

* Here a dance of invocation by Terpsichore was to have occurred, but was omitted through the unavoidable absence of the *danseuse*.



Drawn by Eric Pape.

The Prioress beholds in vision the spirit of their love fulfilled.
The Gloucester Pageant.

while a lump rose in the throat of each, and revelry spread glamour over all, there echoed, rhythmical, from the New Hampshire hillside, the long, spontaneous shout of "Saint-Gaudens!"

The masque at Aspet, then, is differentiated from the unconstructive type of rural pageant by having been focussed in a dramatic scheme, executed by craftsmen in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, under the direction of craftsmen in the drama, and in being the organized expression of community spirit.

The Midsummer High Jinks, in California, presents a kindred type of pageant-masque. The name "Jinks," which gives no conception of its present nature, derives from its informal origins nearly half a century ago. An official history of its development, fascinating in the descriptions of its forest stage, its artistic and community spirit, and its annual Grove Plays, has been written by Mr. Porter Garnett, of the University of California. It is safe to say that no other book deals with material of so distinctive, sustained, and noble a contribution to American art as these forest festivals present.

For a comprehensive idea of their dignity and creativeness, I must refer the reader to Mr. Garnett's book. In this article I can give only a brief personal impression.

About the full moon of August, 1908, it was my privilege to be invited, with my friend Charles Rann Kennedy, as a guest of the Bohemian Club, to spend some days in the club's redwood grove, and witness "The Sons of Baldur," by Mr. Hermann Scheffauer—the Grove Play of that season.

After three magical dawns, mysterious noons, divine midnights, spent in fellowship with the nobly pagan brotherhood of that natural monastery, steeped in the sylvan seclusion of three thousand years, I found myself, by moonlight, seated between Kennedy and Scheffauer on one of the giant logs that form the seats of the forest auditorium, facing the canyon hillside which forms the stage. Above us, interminable tree boles touched the stars. Around us, robed and cowed like ourselves in red and black, huddled the unbelievable audience. Before us, from the glowworm lights of a pit, rose the prelusive magic of violins. Slowly then, as the overture

waned, out of the moon-flecked darkness waxed an imaginary world. Of plot, or theme, or episode, I was only half aware—held by a grandeur that gripped the throat and stung the spirit by its keen beauty. At times, almost intolerably, I felt an impulse to put my brow to the earth, like an aboriginal. I remember that, for an instant—some two hundred feet in mid-air—between the giant tree trunks, a Spirit of rose-hued fire appeared suddenly, and as a spirit spoke to those on the stage beneath. I remember again—descending as on viewless rounds of a ladder let down from some heaven of William Blake—little children, fluttering white, in rhythmic chant and choir. And again, the death of a warrior—his soul as it flashed skyward, tingeing the sequoia tops with silver flame. How to convey a sense of it! Impossible!

The drama being ended, and the colossal grove illumined from end to end with preternatural light, actors and audience filed in fantastic procession to a farther glade, where the traditional pyre stood piled for the Cremation of Care. And as the eloquent wit and poetry of the white-robed orator flowed on in the mystical night, I whispered to my neighbor: "Are we in ancient Delphos, or California?" "Both," he answered; "the rites of Pan and Apollo can never be quelled."

Probably the most technically distinctive Grove Plays yet evolved have been "The Hamadryads," by Mr. Will Irwin, 1904, and "The Triumph of Bohemia," by Mr. George Sterling, 1907. The Bohemian Club (which numbers, by the way, nearly a thousand of San Francisco's most gifted citizens), being an association composed exclusively of men, has thereby been enabled—as in both the plays named—to utilize the impressive effect of the naked actor, in a natural setting of supreme grandeur. The accompanying illustration by Mr. Eric Pape, represents the dramatic moment in "The Hamadryads," where Apollo, suddenly appearing on the forest hillside, slays with a shaft of light Meledon—the Spirit of Care—in the darkness below.

Comparing, then, these three American pageant-masques—the Gloucester Pageant, the Masque at Aspet, and the California Redwood Festival—we find, in all three, the expression of a community spirit focussed by co-operating artists in dramatic form.

We find, in short, the elements—and the promise—of a constructive art of pageantry.

How does such an art concern the American people at large?

Pageantry is poetry for the masses. The parades of Election and Saint Patrick's Day, the processions of Antics and Horribles, the clanging brigades of firemen, the May-queen rituals of children, the marching of drum-corps and regiments—these make an elemental appeal to every man in the street, as to every woman who throws open her shutters to look and listen. And as long as the music lasts and the uniforms still glitter, something of the mystery and meaning of life has been revealed.

What is this elemental appeal? Is it not the appeal of symbolism, the expression of life's meanings in sensuous form?

Crude though it often be, then, pageantry satisfies an elemental instinct for art, a popular demand for poetry. This instinct and this demand, like other human instincts and demands, are capable of being educated, refined, developed into a mighty agency of civilization. Refinement of this deep popular instinct will result from a rational selection and correlation of the elements of pageantry.

Now Painting, Dancing, Music, Sculpture (the latter as applied to plastic groupings) are appropriately the special arts for selecting those elements; Drama is the special art for correlating them.

Craftsmen in the former arts, then, are appropriately the selective experts in the art of pageantry; craftsmen in the drama its constructive directors. Unfortunately, however, as yet, such craftsmen are very seldom active leaders of the people. It behooves, therefore, our leading citizens to realize the educative possibilities of pageantry in providing a fine art for the people. This raises the vital question of the function of art in the democracy. Space does not admit of that discussion here; yet I may fittingly close this article by submitting the following suggestive propositions to the mayors, leading citizens, and civic committees of our American cities:

No advertisement of a community is more legitimate and effectual than a splendidly organized pageant. Compare, for instance,

the late magnificent pageants at Oxford and Quebec.*

Effectual pageants can only be organized by efficient artists. Artistic competition in pageantry between cities would stimulate industry, trade, and education. To this end, a Master of Pageants should regularly be appointed to public service in each city. Such appointment would necessarily associate civic leaders with leaders in the fine arts, an association which would enlarge the horizon of both.

The form of pageantry most popular and impressive in appeal as a fine art is that of the dramatic pageant, or masque. It should be capable, for instance, of combining the popular appeal of an Isadora Duncan-Damrosch concert, a Sorolla exhibition, and a Maude Adams-Barrie play.

The masque is not limited to historic themes of the past. All vital modern forces and institutions of our nation—the press, the law, the railroads, the public-school system, athletics, the universities, the trades unions in all their variety, the vast industries of steel and copper and wheat and fisheries and agriculture, and hundreds more—might appropriately find symbolic expression in majestic masques, educative and entertaining to all the people.

By such means, artistic gifts, which are now individualized and dispersed, would be organized to express the labors and aspirations of communities, reviving—for the nobler humanism of our own time—the traditions of Leonardo, Ben Jonson, and Inigo Jones. By so doing, the development of the art of public masques, dedicated to civic education, would do more than any other agency to provide popular symbolic form and tradition for the stuff of a noble national drama. The present theatres cannot develop such a public art, since they are dedicated to a private speculative business.

The association of artists and civic leaders in the organization of public masques would thus tend gradually to establish a civic theatre, owned by the people and conducted by artists, in every city of the nation.

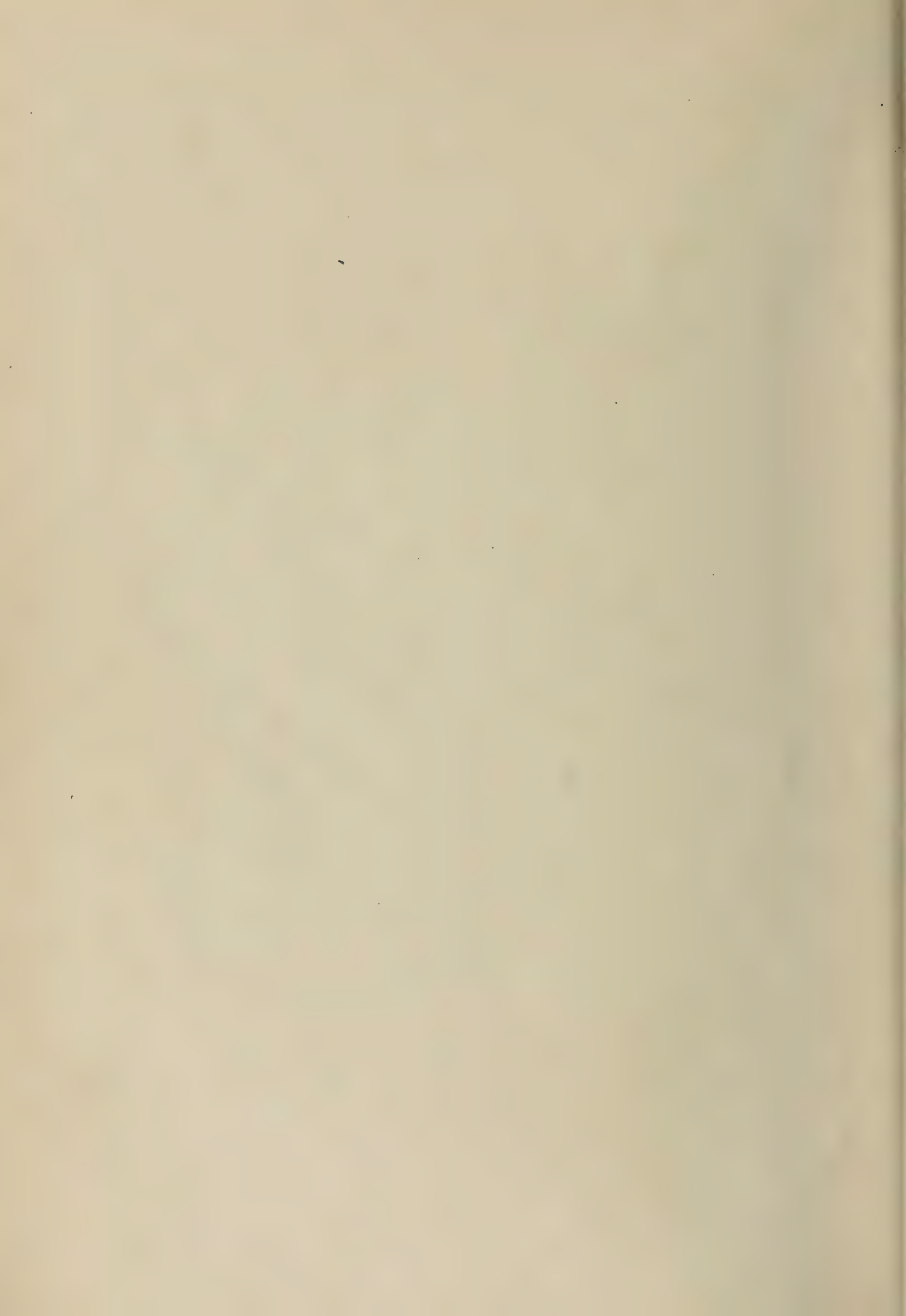
* I quote from "The Quebec Tercentenary Commemorative History" (page 15): "Visitors were continually flocking to the city from all parts of the world. Hotel accommodation was not sufficient to meet the demands. To house the numerous thousands a tented city was erected, in which was a post-office, a baggage-office, hotel parlors, and all other conveniences. Nothing was lacking."



Drawn by Eric Pape.

"Apollo" of "The Hamadryads."


Presentation given by the members of the Bohemian Club in the great red-woods grove in California.



THE DAUNT DIANA

By Edith Wharton

I

“HAT'S become of the Daunt Diana? You mean to say you never heard the sequel?”

Ringham Finney threw himself back into his chair with the smile of the collector who has a good thing to show. He knew he had a good listener, at any rate. I don't think much of Ringham's snuff-boxes, but his anecdotes are usually worth while. He's a psychologist astray among *bibelots*, and the best bits he brings back from his raids on Christie's and the Hôtel Drouot are the fragments of human nature he picks up on those historic battle-fields. If his *flair* in enamel had been half as good we should have heard of the Finney collection by this time.

He really has—queer fatuous investigator!—an unusually sensitive touch for the human texture, and the specimens he gathers into his museum of heterogeneous memories have almost always some mark of the rare and chosen. I felt, therefore, that I was really to be congratulated on the fact that I didn't know what had become of the Daunt Diana, and on having before me a long evening in which to learn. I had just led my friend back, after an excellent dinner at Foyot's, to the shabby pleasant sitting-room of my *rive-gauche* hotel; and I knew that, once I had settled him in a good arm-chair, and put a box of cigars at his elbow, I could trust him not to budge till I had the story.

II

You remember old Neave, of course? Little Humphrey Neave, I mean. We used to see him pottering about Rome years ago. He lived in two tiny rooms over a wine shop, on polenta and lentils, and prowled among the refuse of the Ripetta whenever he had a few *soldi* to spend. But you've been out of the collector's world for so long that you may not know what happened to him afterward. . .

He was always a queer chap, Neave;

years older than you and me, of course—and even when I first knew him, in my raw Roman days, he gave me an extraordinary sense of age and experience. I don't think I've ever known any one who was at once so intelligent and so simple. It's the precise combination that results in romance; and poor little Neave was romantic.

He told me once how he'd come to Rome. He was *originaire* of Mystic, Connecticut—and he wanted to get as far away from it as possible. Rome seemed as far as anything on the same planet could be; and after he'd worried his way through Harvard—with shifts and shavings that you and I can't imagine—he contrived to get sent to Switzerland as tutor to a chap who'd failed in his examinations. With only the Alps between, he wasn't likely to turn back; and he got another fellow to take his pupil home, and struck out on foot for the seven hills.

I'm telling you these early details merely to give you a notion of the man's idealism. There was a cool persistency and a headlong courage in his dash for Rome that one wouldn't have guessed in the little pottering chap we used to know. Once on the spot, he got more tutoring, managed to make himself a name for coaxing balky youths to take their fences, and was finally able to take up the more congenial task of expounding “the antiquities” to cultured travellers. I call it more congenial—but how it must have seared his soul! Fancy unveiling the sacred scars of Time to ladies who murmur: “Was this *actually* the spot—?” while they absently feel for their hatpins! He used to say that nothing kept him at it but the exquisite thought of accumulating the *lire* for his collection. For the Neave collection, my dear fellow, began early, began almost with his Roman life, began in a series of little nameless odds and ends, broken trinkets, torn embroideries, the amputated extremities of maimed marbles: things that even the rag-picker had pitched away when he sifted his haul. But they weren't nameless or meaningless to Neave; his strength lay in his instinct for identifying, putting together, seeing sig-

nificant relations. He was a regular Cuvier of bric-a-brac. And during those early years, when he had time to brood over trifles and note imperceptible differences, he gradually sharpened his instinct, and made it into the delicate and redoubtable instrument it is. Before he had a thousand francs' worth of *anticaglie* to his name he began to be known as an expert, and the big dealers were glad to consult him. But we're getting no nearer the Daunt Diana. . .

Well, some fifteen years ago, in London, I ran across Neave at Christie's. He was the same little man we'd known, effaced, bleached, indistinct, like a poor "impression"—as unnoticeable as one of his own early finds, yet, like them, with a *quality*, if one had an eye for it. He told me he still lived in Rome, and had contrived, by fierce self-denial, to get a few decent bits together—"piecemeal, little by little, with fasting and prayer; and I mean the fasting literally!" he said.

He had run over to London for his annual "look-round"—I fancy one or another of the big collectors usually paid his journey—and when we met he was on his way to see the Daunt collection. You know old Daunt was a surly brute, and the things weren't easily seen; but he had heard Neave was in London, and had sent—yes, actually sent!—for him to come and give his opinion on a few bits, including the Diana. The little man bore himself discreetly, but you can imagine his pride. In his exultation he asked me to come with him—"Oh, I've the *grandes et petites entrées*, my dear fellow: I've made my conditions—" and so it happened that I saw the first meeting between Humphrey Neave and his fate.

For that collection *was* his fate: or, one may say, it was embodied in the Diana who was queen and goddess of the realm. Yes—I shall always be glad I was with Neave when he had his first look at the Diana. I see him now, blinking at her through his white lashes, and stroking his seedy wisp of a moustache to hide a twitch of the muscles. It was all very quiet, but it was the *coup de foudre*. I could see that by the way his hands trembled when he turned away and began to examine the other things. You remember Neave's hands—thin, sal-low, dry, with long inquisitive fingers thrown out like antennæ? Whatever they hold—bronze or lace, hard enamel or brit-

tle glass—they have an air of conforming themselves to the texture of the thing, and sucking out of it, by every finger-tip, the mysterious essence it has secreted. Well, that day, as he moved about among Daunt's treasures, the Diana followed him everywhere. He didn't look back at her—he gave himself to the business he was there for—but whatever he touched, he felt her. And on the threshold he turned and gave her his first free look—the kind of look that says: "*You're mine.*"

It amused me at the time—the idea of little Neave making eyes at any of Daunt's belongings. He might as well have coquetted with the Kohinoor. And the same idea seemed to strike him; for as we turned away from the big house in Belgravia he glanced up at it and said, with a bitterness I'd never heard in him: "Good Lord! To think of that lumpy fool having those things to handle! Did you notice his stupid stumps of fingers? I suppose he blunted them gouging nuggets out of the gold fields. And in exchange for the nuggets he gets all that in a year—only has to hold out his callous palm to have that great ripe sphere of beauty drop into it! That's my idea of heaven—to have a great collection drop into one's hand, as success, or love, or any of the big shining things, drop suddenly on some men. And I've had to worry along for nearly fifty years, saving and paring, and haggling and intriguing, to get here a bit and there a bit—and not one perfection in the lot! It's enough to poison a man's life."

The outbreak was so unlike Neave that I remember every word of it: remember, too, saying in answer: "But, look here, Neave, you wouldn't take Daunt's hands for yours, I imagine?"

He stared a moment and smiled. "Have all that, and grope my way through it like a blind cave fish? What a question! But the sense that it's always the blind fish that live in that kind of aquarium is what makes anarchists, sir!" He looked back from the corner of the square, where we had paused while he delivered himself of this remarkable metaphor. "God, I'd like to throw a bomb at that place, and be in at the looting!"

And with that, on the way home, he unpacked his grievance—pulled the bandage off the wound, and showed me the ugly mark it had made on his little white soul.

It wasn't the struggling, stinting, self-denying that galled him—it was the inadequacy of the result. It was, in short, the old tragedy of the discrepancy between a man's wants and his power to gratify them. Neave's taste was too exquisite for his means—was like some strange, delicate, capricious animal, that he cherished and pampered and couldn't satisfy.

"Don't you know those little glittering lizards that die if they're not fed on some wonderful tropical fly? Well, my taste's like that, with one important difference—if it doesn't get its fly, it simply turns and feeds on me. Oh, it doesn't die, my taste—worse luck! It gets larger and stronger and more fastidious, and takes a bigger bite of me—that's all."

That was all. Year by year, day by day, he had made himself into this delicate register of perceptions and sensations—as far above the ordinary human faculty of appreciation as some scientific registering instrument is beyond the rough human senses—only to find that the beauty which alone could satisfy him was unattainable—that he was never to know the last deep identification which only possession can give. He had trained himself in short, to feel, in the rare great thing—such an utterance of beauty as the Daunt Diana, say—a hundred elements of perfection, a hundred *reasons why*, imperceptible, inexplicable even, to the average "artistic" sense; he had reached this point by a long austere process of discrimination and rejection, the renewed great refusals of the intelligence which perpetually asks more, which will make no pact with its self of yesterday, and is never to be beguiled from its purpose by the wiles of the next-best-thing. Oh, it's a poignant case, but not a common one; for the next-best-thing usually wins. . .

You see, the worst of Neave's state was the fact of his not being a mere collector, even the collector raised to his highest pitch of efficiency. The whole thing was blent in him with poetry—his imagination had romanticized the acquisitive instinct, as the religious feeling of the Middle Ages turned passion into love. And yet his could never be the abstract enjoyment of the philosopher who says: "This or that object is really mine because I'm capable of appreciating it." Neave *wanted* what he appre-

ciated—wanted it with his touch and his sight as well as with his imagination.

It was hardly a year afterward that, coming back from a long tour in India, I picked up a London paper and read the amazing headline: "Mr. Humphrey Neave buys the Daunt collection". . . I rubbed my eyes and read again. Yes, it could only be our old friend Humphrey. "An American living in Rome . . . one of our most discerning collectors"; there was no mistaking the description. I clapped on my hat and bolted out to see the first dealer I could find; and there I had the incredible details. Neave had come into a fortune—two or three million dollars, amassed by an uncle who had a corset-factory, and who had attained wealth as the creator of the Mystic Super-straight. (Corset-factory sounds odd, by the way, doesn't it? One had fancied that the corset was a personal, a highly specialized garment, more or less shaped on the form it was to modify; but, after all, the Tanagras were all made from two or three moulds—and so, I suppose, are the ladies who wear the Mystic Super-straight.)

The uncle had a son, and Neave had never dreamed of seeing a penny of the money; but the son died suddenly, and the father followed, leaving a codicil that gave everything to our friend. Humphrey had to go out to "realize" on the corset-factory; and his description of *that* . . . Well, he came back with his money in his pocket, and the day he landed old Daunt went to smash. It all fitted in like a Chinese puzzle. I believe Neave drove straight from Euston to Daunt House: at any rate, within two months the collection was his, and at a price that made the trade sit up. Trust old Daunt for that!

I was in Rome the following spring, and you'd better believe I looked him up. A big porter glared at me from the door of the Palazzo Neave: I had almost to produce my passport to get in. But that wasn't Neave's fault—the poor fellow was so beset by people clamouring to see his collection that he had to barricade himself, literally. When I had mounted the state *Scalone*, and come on him, at the end of half a dozen echoing saloons, in the farthest, smallest *réduit* of the vast suite, I received the same welcome that he used to give us in his little den over the wine shop.

"Well—so you've got her?" I said. For I'd caught sight of the Diana in passing, against the bluish blur of an old *verdure*—just the background for her poised loveliness. Only I rather wondered why she wasn't in the room where he sat.

He smiled. "Yes, I've got her," he returned, more calmly than I had expected.

"And all the rest of the loot?"

"Yes. I had to buy the lump."

"Had to? But you wanted to, didn't you? You used to say it was your idea of heaven—to stretch out your hand and have a great ripe sphere of beauty drop into it. I'm quoting your own words, by the way."

Neave blinked and stroked his seedy moustache. "Oh, yes. I remember the phrase. It's true—it *is* the last luxury." He paused, as if seeking a pretext for his lack of warmth. "The thing that bothered me was having to move. I couldn't cram all the stuff into my old quarters."

"Well, I should say not! This is rather a better setting."

He got up. "Come and take a look round. I want to show you two or three things—new attributions I've made. I'm doing the catalogue over."

The interest of showing me the things seemed to dispel the vague apathy I had felt in him. He grew keen again in detailing his redistribution of values, and above all in convicting old Daunt and his advisers of their repeated aberrations of judgment. "The miracle is that he should have got such things, knowing as little as he did what he was getting. And the egregious asses who bought for him were no better, were worse in fact, since they had all sorts of humbugging wrong reasons for admiring what old Daunt simply coveted because it belonged to some other rich man."

Never had Neave had so wondrous a field for the exercise of his perfected faculty; and I saw then how in the real, the great collector's appreciations the keenest scientific perception is suffused with imaginative sensibility, and how it's to the latter undefinable quality that in the last resort he trusts himself.

Nevertheless, I still felt the shadow of that hovering apathy, and he knew I felt it, and was always breaking off to give me reasons for it. For one thing, he wasn't used to his new quarters—hated their bigness and formality; then the requests to

show his things drove him mad. "The women—oh, the women!" he wailed, and interrupted himself to describe a heavy-footed German Princess who had marched past his treasures as if she were inspecting a cavalry regiment, applying an unmodulated *Mugneeficent* to everything from the engraved gems to the Hercules torso.

"Not that she was half as bad as the other kind," he added, as if with a last effort at optimism. "The kind who discriminate and say: 'I'm not sure if it's Botticelli or Cellini I mean, but *one of that school*, at any rate.' And the worst of all are the ones who know—up to a certain point: have the schools, and the dates and the jargon pat, and yet wouldn't know a Phidias if it stood where they hadn't expected it."

He had all my sympathy, poor Neave; yet these were trials inseparable from the collector's lot, and not always without their secret compensations. Certainly they did not wholly explain my friend's attitude; and for a moment I wondered if it were due to some strange disillusionment as to the quality of his treasures. But no! the Daunt collection was almost above criticism; and as we passed from one object to another I saw there was no mistaking the genuineness of Neave's pride in his possessions. The ripe sphere of beauty was his, and he had found no flaw in it as yet. . .

A year later came the amazing announcement—the Daunt collection was for sale. At first we all supposed it was a case of weeding out (though how old Daunt would have raged at the thought of anybody's weeding *his* collection!) But no—the catalogue corrected that idea.. Every stick and stone was to go under the hammer. The news ran like wildfire from Rome to Berlin, from Paris to London and New York. Was Neave ruined, then? Wrong again—the dealers nosed that out in no time. He was simply selling because he chose to sell; and in due time the things came up at Christie's.

But you may be sure the trade had found an answer to the riddle; and the answer was that, on close inspection, Neave had found the collection less impeccable than he had supposed. It was a preposterous answer—but then there was no other. Neave, by this time, was pretty generally recognized as having the subtlest *flair* of any collector in Europe, and if he didn't choose to keep

the Daunt collection it could be only because he had reason to think he could do better.

In a flash this report had gone the rounds and the buyers were on their guard. I had run over to London to see the thing through, and it was the queerest sale I ever was at. Some of the things held their own, but a lot—and a few of the best among them—went for half their value. You see, they'd been locked up in old Daunt's house for nearly twenty years, and hardly shown to any one, so that the whole younger generation of dealers and collectors knew of them only by hearsay. Then you know the effect of suggestion in such cases. The undefinable sense we were speaking of is a ticklish instrument, easily thrown out of gear by a sudden fall of temperature; and the sharpest experts grow shy and self-distrustful when the cold current of depreciation touches them. The sale was a slaughter—and when I saw the Daunt Diana fall at the wink of a little third-rate *brocanteur* from Vienna I turned sick at the folly of my kind.

For my part, I had never believed that Neave had sold the collection because he'd "found it out"; and within a year my incredulity was justified. As soon as the things were put in circulation they were known for the marvels they are. There was hardly a poor bit in the lot; and my wonder grew at Neave's madness. All over Europe, dealers began to be fighting for the spoils; and all kinds of stuff were palmed off on the unsuspecting as fragments of the Daunt collection!

Meanwhile, what was Neave doing? For a long time I didn't hear, and chance kept me from returning to Rome. But one day, in Paris, I ran across a dealer who had captured for a song one of the best Florentine bronzes in the Daunt collection—a marvellous *plaquette* of Donatello's. I asked him what had become of it, and he said with a grin: "I sold it the other day," naming a price that staggered me.

"Ye gods! Who paid you that for it?"

His grin broadened, and he answered: "Neave."

"Neave? Humphrey Neave?"

"Didn't you know he was buying back his things?"

"Nonsense!"

"He is, though. Not in his own name—but he's doing it."

And he *was*, do you know—and at prices that would have made a sane man shudder! A few weeks later I ran across his tracks in London, where he was trying to get hold of a Penicaud enamel—another of his scattered treasures. Then I hunted him down at his hotel, and had it out with him.

"Look here, Neave, what are you up to?"

He wouldn't tell me at first: stared and laughed and denied. But I took him off to dine, and after dinner, while we smoked, I happened to mention casually that I had a pull over the man who had the Penicaud—and at that he broke down and confessed.

"Yes, I'm buying them back, Finney—it's true." He laughed nervously, twitching his moustache. And then he let me have the story.

"You know how I'd hungered and thirsted for the *real thing*—you quoted my own phrase to me once, about the 'ripe sphere of beauty.' So when I got my money, and Daunt lost his, almost at the same moment, I saw the hand of Providence in it. I knew that, even if I'd been younger, and had more time; I could never hope, nowadays, to form such a collection as *that*. There was the ripe sphere, within reach; and I took it. But when I got it, and began to live with it, I found out my mistake. It was a *mariage de convenance*—there'd been no wooing, no winning. Each of my little old bits—the rubbish I chucked out to make room for Daunt's glories—had its own personal history, the drama of my relation to it, of the discovery, the struggle, the capture, the first divine moment of possession. ~~There~~ There was a romantic secret between us. And then I had absorbed its beauties one by one, they had become a part of my imagination, they held me by a hundred threads of far-reaching association. And suddenly I had expected to create this kind of intense personal tie between myself and a roomful of new cold alien presences—things staring at me vacantly from the depths of unknown pasts! Can you fancy a more preposterous hope? Why, my other things, my *own* things, had wooed me as passionately as I wooed them: there was a certain little bronze, a little Venus Callipyge, who had drawn me, drawn me, drawn me, imploring me to rescue her from her unspeakable surroundings in a vulgar bric-a-brac shop at Biarritz, where she shrank out of sight among

sham Sèvres and Dutch silver, as one has seen certain women—rare, shy, exquisite—made almost invisible by the vulgar splendours surrounding them. Well! that little Venus, who was just a specious seventeenth century attempt at the ‘antique,’ but who had penetrated me with her pleading grace, touched me by the easily guessed story of her obscure, anonymous origin, was more to me imaginatively—yes! more than the cold bought beauty of the Daunt Diana. . . .”

“The Daunt Diana!” I broke in. “Hold up, Neave—the *Daunt Diana*?”

He smiled contemptuously. “A professional beauty, my dear fellow—expected every head to be turned when she came into a room.”

“Oh, Neave,” I groaned.

“Yes, I know. You’re thinking of what we felt that day we first saw her in London. Many a poor devil has sold his soul as the result of such a first sight! Well, I sold *her* instead. Do you want the truth about her? *Elle était bête à pleurer.*”

He laughed, and stood up with a little shrug of disenchantment.

“And so you’re impenitent?” I paused. “And yet you’re buying some of the things back?”

Neave laughed again, ironically. “I knew you’d find me out and call me to account. Well, yes: I’m buying back.” He stood before me half sheepish, half defiant. “I’m buying back because there’s nothing else as good in the market. And because I’ve a queer feeling that, this time, they’ll be *mine*. But I’m ruining myself at the game!” he confessed.

It was true: Neave was ruining himself. And he’s gone on ruining himself ever since, till now the job’s nearly done. Bit by bit, year by year, he has gathered in his scattered treasures, at higher prices than the dealers ever dreamed of getting. There are fabulous details in the story of his quest. Now and then I ran across him, and was able to help him recover a fragment; and it was wonderful to see his delight in the moment of reunion. Finally, about two years ago, we met in Paris, and he told me he had got back all the important pieces except the Diana.

“The Diana? But you told me you didn’t care for her.”

“Didn’t care?” He leaned across the restaurant table that divided us. “Well, no, in a sense I didn’t. I wanted her to want me, you see; and she didn’t then! Whereas now she’s crying to me to come to her. You know where she is?” he broke off.

Yes, I knew: in the centre of Mrs. Willy P. Goldmark’s yellow and gold drawing-room, under a thousand-candle-power chandelier, with reflectors aimed at her from every point of the compass. I had seen her wincing and shivering there in her outraged nudity at one of the Goldmark “crushes.”

“But you can’t get her, Neave,” I objected.

“No, I can’t get her,” he said.

Well, last month I was in Rome, for the first time in six or seven years, and of course I looked about for Neave. The Palazzo Neave was let to some rich Russians, and the splendid new porter didn’t know where the proprietor lived. But I got on his trail easily enough, and it led me to a strange old place in the Trastevere, an ancient crevassed black palace turned tenement house, and fluttering with pauper clothes-lines. I found Neave under the leads, in two or three cold rooms that smelt of the *cuisine* of all his neighbours: a poor shrunken little figure, seedier and shabbier than ever, yet more alive than when we had made the tour of his collection in the Palazzo Neave.

The collection was around him again, not displayed in tall cabinets and on marble tables, but huddled on shelves, perched on chairs, crammed in corners, putting the gleam of bronze, the opalescence of old glass, the pale lustre of marble, into all the angles of his low dim rooms. There they were, the proud presences that had stared at him down the vistas of Daunt House, and shone in cold transplanted beauty under his own painted cornices: there they were, gathered in humble promiscuity about his bent shabby figure, like superb wild creatures tamed to become the familiars of some harmless old wizard.

As we went from bit to bit, as he lifted one piece after another, and held it to the light of his low windows, I saw in his hands the same tremor of sensation that I had noticed when he first examined the same objects at Daunt House. All his life was in his finger-tips, and it seemed to communi-

cate life to the exquisite things he touched. But you'll think me infected by his mysticism if I tell you they gained new beauty while he held them. . .

We went the rounds slowly and reverently; and then, when I supposed our inspection was over, and was turning to take my leave, he opened a door I had not noticed, and showed me into a slit of a room beyond. It was a mere monastic cell, scarcely large enough for his narrow iron bed and the chest which probably held his few clothes; but there, in a niche of the bare wall, facing the foot of the bed—there stood the Daunt Diana.

I gasped at the sight and turned to him; and he looked back at me without speaking.

"In the name of magic, Neave, how did you do it?"

He smiled as if from the depths of some secret rapture. "Call it magic, if you like; but I ruined myself doing it," he said.

I stared at him in silence, breathless with the madness and the wonder of it; and sud-

denly, red to the ears, he flung out his boyish confession. "I lied to you that day in London—the day I said I didn't care for her. I always cared—always worshipped—always wanted her. But she wasn't mine then, and I knew it, and she knew it . . . and now at last we understand each other." He looked at me shyly, and then glanced about the bare cold cell. "The setting isn't worthy of her, I know; she was meant for glories I can't give her; but beautiful things, my dear Finney, like beautiful spirits, live in houses not made with hands. . ."

His face shone with extraordinary sweetness as he spoke; and I saw he'd got hold of the secret we're all after. No, the setting isn't worthy of her, if you like. The rooms are as shabby and mean as those we used to see him in years ago over the wine shop. I'm not sure they're not shabbier and meaner. But she rules there at last, she shines and hovers there above him, and there at night, I doubt not, steals down from her cloud to give him the Latmian kiss. . .

UNFREQUENTED CHÂTEAUX NEAR FONTAINEBLEAU

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



MELUN is but a short hour southward from Paris and the first stop of the fast trains for the Riviera. It is on the northern confines of the Forest of Fontainebleau, and the stags, pursued by the pack of bay- ing hounds, often make their last stand in the Bois de la Rochette which adjoins Melun to the south.

. Should you alight from the train in autumn at about four o'clock, you would surely wonder, as you glanced at the long provincial street with its single trolley track, why so goodly an array of handsome traps and motor-cars were drawn up before the station, and why so smart a crowd of footmen stood anxiously scanning the crowd

for the master's familiar face. Presently the carriages would whisk off in different directions, some down under the railroad bridge toward Vives-Eaux and Fortoiseau; some up the long street and out over the plains to the north toward Vaux-Praslin, others to follow along the banks of the Seine to La Rochette on one side or Vaux-le-Pénil on the other.

Did you take one of these carriages sent six miles across country by some kind host to meet you, you would now follow the clear white road up over the plateau, skirting broad fields of stubble where pheasants would occasionally run out from under the hedges or a rabbit scamper across the road. You would note, too, the *abris* where the guns take cover during the shoot, when the

"beaters" drive up the game. Great straw-stacks — *bonhommes de paille*, thatched with that deft nicety so characteristic of everything that the French farmer does — swell their comfortable rounded masses in colonies of six or eight against the setting sun, and presently you whirl through the pretty little town of Dammarie-les-Lys with its rose-embowered walls and ivy-clad gate-posts, topped with vases of geraniums, only to find yourself once more out upon the broad plain which now sweeps downward toward a bend of the Seine.

A turn, and you enter a double avenue of lofty trees, a century or two old, and at its end see a high wrought-iron grill, one gate of which stands invitingly open. Great stone retaining-walls, topped with ivy extend far on either hand, while beyond the grill, a *tapis vert* stretches up to the château, gleaming cream-white among the clipped trees. The roadway describes a broad circle, and as you draw up under the glass marquise a tall footman runs down the carpeted steps to open the carriage door. A great wood fire greets you in the big drawing-room, whose windows cheerily face on the one hand the *tapis vert*, and on the other the broad expanses of the formal garden.

With what pleasure I recall the dinners in the hospitable dining-room; the evenings

in the library with its dim array of aged volumes, its rare lithographs and sanguines by Boucher and his school glowing down from the walls, and Holbein's portrait of Erasmus peeping from a corner as we sat about the glow of the great chimney piece. And the alcove-beds upstairs with their faded chintz hangings, and the old wall panellings of Trianon gray, enlivened with oval old-time paintings over the doors and mantel shelves! . . .

But it is not alone on account of this charming hospitality that one would wish to visit the châteaux near Fontainebleau. They offer many another attraction.

To me they were an old story, for I had lived long in their vicinity. Therefore it was a constant surprise that so few of our friends had even heard of them.

In fact so little are they known that, instead of calling them unfrequented châteaux, I might almost allude to them as unknown châteaux.

I

VAUX-LE-VICOMTE

OF these châteaux about Melun the most important historically as well as artistically is Vaux-le-Vicomte. While Louis



The entrance gates, Vaux.



Vaux-le-Vicomte—from the parterres.

XIV was still contenting himself with the comparative luxury of his palaces at St. Germain and Fontainebleau as they then existed, his chancellor, Fouquet, having carefully administered the affairs of state largely to his own profit, determined to build for himself a château that would eclipse anything his royal master then possessed. He appointed Le Vau his architect and Le Brun his artist-in-chief, and with their help perfected a magnificent set of plans which cost sixteen million francs (an enormous sum for those days) to complete. When Le Vau's work was finished, Le Brun's began. He assembled at Vaux a veritable army of artisans and artists, and established himself there with his wife like a grand seigneur in an entire apartment on the first floor. A tapestry factory was established nearby at Maincy, where the

elaborate hangings for the rooms and for the furniture were woven.

Le Nôtre, then at the beginning of his career, was next called in to plan the gardens, and they were his first great opportunity. Posterity has united in saying that he made the most of it. Hundreds of workmen changed this barren plain to a garden of enchantment, replete with every device that Le Nôtre's imagination gave to the French school of landscape architects.

If we consider the amount of artistic effort expended in the construction and decoration of Vaux, in the architecture of its gardens and the making of its furnishings; if we stop to consider that Fouquet was a renowned collector of pictures, tapestries, statues and rare prints; that his numerous portraits were graven in steel by twenty different engravers; that he collected coins and had nu-

merous medals struck for himself—we can understand why he was called the Mæcenas of his day and why he merited the title.

But alas, his "fool's paradise," as it was called, proved his undoing!

When the château was finished he invited a great party, including Monsieur and his bride Henrietta of England, and a series of brilliant fêtes was inaugurated. But Fouquet's ambition stopped at nothing short of entertaining the King himself, and of showing his sovereign what the combined genius of such a galaxy of stars as Le Vau, Le Brun, Le Nôtre, and Vatel, his ever-to-be-remembered chef, could accomplish.

His ambition was finally gratified, for the King consented to come. Such extravagant fêtes as those then organized had never before been known. In the bosquets of the garden the guests found booths where dainties and rare perfumes and gifts were distributed; men whose propensity for gambling was well known, on awakening in the morning, found purses filled with gold upon their dressing-tables. The King was disgusted at this vulgar show of wealth, and jealous, too, if the truth be told, and while he exclaimed, "What foolish extravagance!" he noted, with all too evident irritation, Fouquet's device carved everywhere about the house: a squirrel running up a tree with the motto, "Quo non ascendam?"

The crowning glory of these fêtes was the performance by Molière and his troupe of "Le Fâcheux," especially written for the occasion. It was given in the gardens by star-light. When the guests were seated, Molière appeared without make-up or costume, and apparently was dumbfounded at seeing the King. He apologized for neither having his players with him nor a play to give. Just then there rose from the waters of a fountain nearby a nymph in a shell. She gracefully stated that she had come from her home in the water's depths to behold the greatest monarch the world had ever seen.

Started in this flattering key, this dainty conceit of a play went on to praise Louis at the expense of his courtiers, satirizing them as *les fâcheux*—the bores—with their hobbies, their sycophancy and foibles, and pleasing the King so extravagantly that he called up and congratulated the author, even suggesting a new character to be introduced—the *grand veneur* and his interminable stories of the hunt.

From that evening Molière was assured of the lasting favor of his King, and it marked the turning-point of his career from troubles and petty jealousies to fame and favor. La Fontaine, also one of Fouquet's pensioners, was among the spectators that evening, and his "*Songe de Vaux*" was written in memory of the occasion:

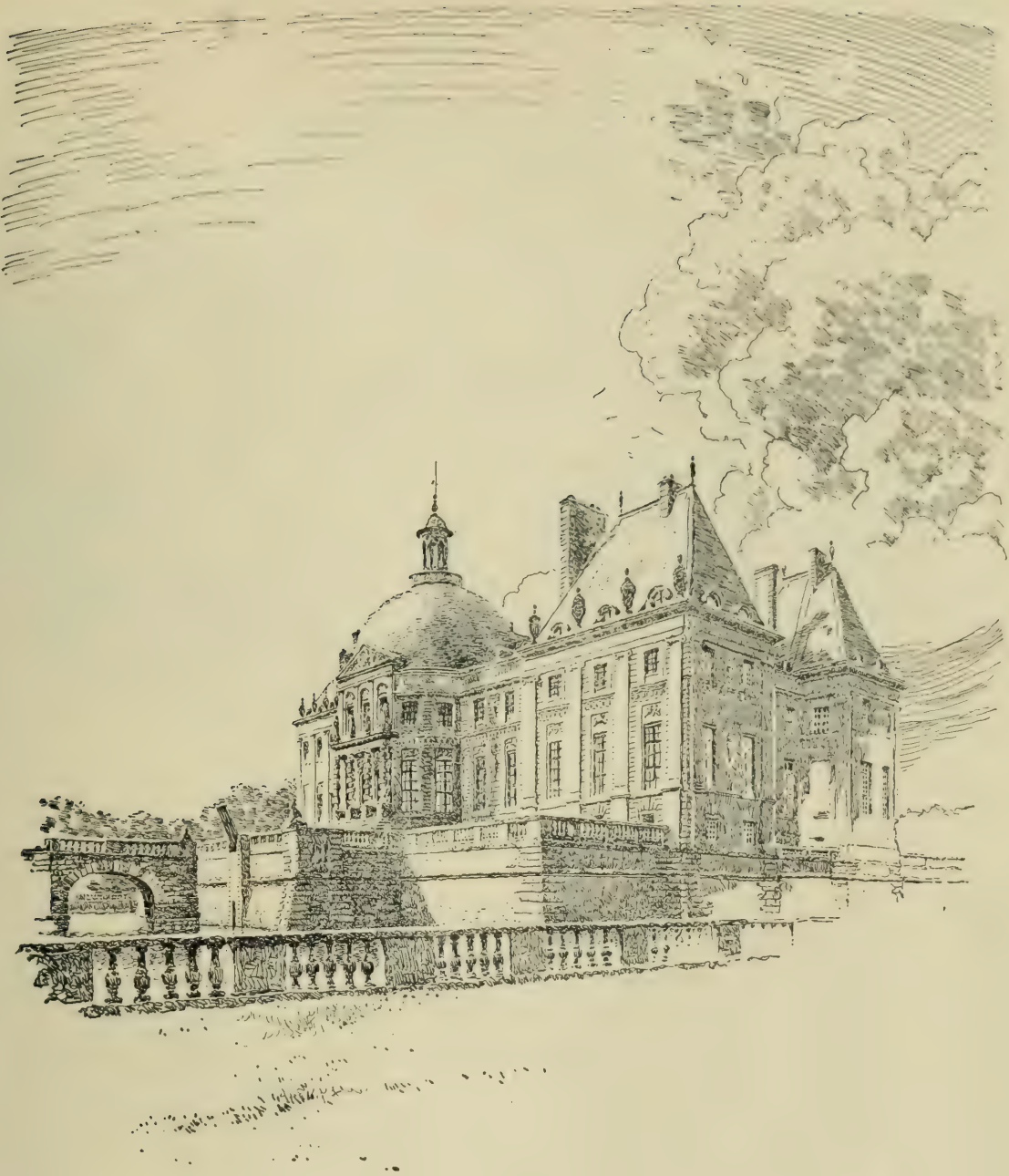
Tout combattit à Vaux pour le plaisir du roi:
La musique, les leaux, les lustres, les étoiles.

But the King amid his pleasures could not forget his jealousy, which reached its culmination when he heard that Fouquet had dared raise his eyes to the royal favorite, Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Eighteen days later the chancellor was arrested by the King's command and sent to prison for life.

Vaux passed into the hands of the Duc de Praslin, and still is often called by his name, Vaux-Praslin.

Unlike the châteaux that have become the property of the state to be made into museums, cold, uninhabited and uninhabitable, Vaux retains to the utmost degree its pristine magnificence. Owned until very recently by a man of great wealth, who had the respect of its traditions, it has lost none of its beauty. Its incomparable gardens stretch green in the sunlight spreading their parterres and *boulingrins*; their fountains, statues and great *pièces d'eau* almost to the limits of the horizon. Armies of gardeners trim the pleached hedges, plant the elaborate borders, and remove every stray leaf from the gravel walks. It is the acme of formal French gardening.

The estate is separated from the county road by an imposing grill, with stone posts in the form of Hermes some thirty feet high. From this the main avenue, flanked by orange trees in tubs, slopes down between the *basse cour* and conservatories on one hand, and the carriage-houses and garages on the other to the drawbridge. The whole château stands nobly raised on a great stone terrace reflecting itself on all sides in the waters of a broad moat. One mounts a wide rise of steps to the vast stone vestibule, with its full equipment of liveried footmen in silk stockings and gold lace. From this vestibule the main *salons* lead off on either hand, with the beautiful paintings by Mignard and the two Le Bruns still glowing in alcove and lunette and in the coffer of the ceilings. The hangings, the furniture,



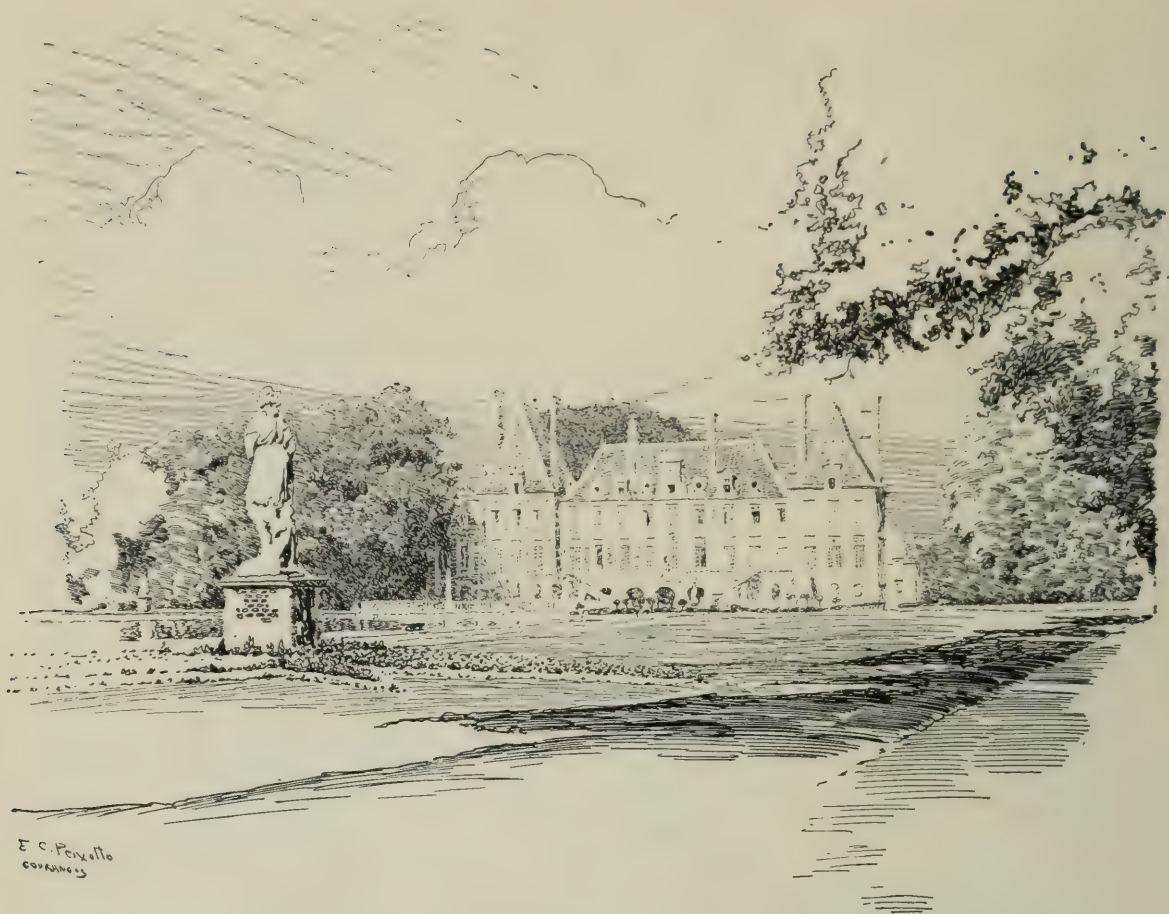
Vaux-le-Vicomte.

wood-work and panelling—much of it of the original period—are still fairly perfect in style, showing the faults, the pomposity, if you will, but the grave dignity of that courtly epoch of Le Grand Monarque.

The great feature of the interior is a vast stone rotunda capped with the dome that forms so conspicuous a part of the garden façade. This *salle* serves as connecting link between the house and garden, for it is half imbedded in the château and half of it projects out of doors. Its circumference is equally divided by doors and windows, the doors

leading into various adjoining drawing-rooms, the windows opening to the ground and affording beautiful vistas of the garden.

It is only on stepping from this rotunda out upon the terrace, from which a long flight of steps leads down, that the splendor and spread of Le Nôtre's garden architecture count for their full value. The planting is, of course, denser and richer than in Fouquet's day. The broad parterres, wider even than at Versailles, stretch away to the little river confined by rustic cascades, beyond which a broad upland rises,



Courances from the gardens.

framed by a hemicycle of trees and decorated with an enormous gilded Farnese Hercules. The gardens are enriched with all the devices of Le Nôtre's art: fountains, great urns and vases, gilt statues, *rocailles* and *treillages*. Some of the sunken gardens, notably that of the Bassin de la Couronne, still simulate the old *parterres de broderie*—designs carried out in clipped box-borders, whose compartments are filled with colored stone and bits of glass. As a contrast to these vast sunlit spaces, the whole garden is surrounded by a *tonnelle* of clipped hornbeam, whose dense shade entices one in from the summer's sun and leads to shady boscages, cool seats, and niches where ghostly statues gleam in the shadows.

To many critics, though these gardens were Le Nôtre's first important work, they remain his greatest achievement.

II

COURANCES

ON the route d'Arbonne the beeches were beginning to yellow; the cool depths of the forest near Franchard held a refreshing

suggestion of chill—refreshing after the long summer warmth—and farther on, in the open spaces, the pines cast long bluish shadows over the drying heather that October morning. But the drive through the forest was none the less perfect and our horses sniffed the brisk morning air with very evident pleasure.

And when we reached the confines of the woods, broad meadows lay before us and the air grew warmer. We passed a little village, then turned out into the fields until we came again to small patches of woodland grown with youngish trees. A faint crepitation in the woods to the left—a sound I knew very well—made Felix crack his whip and declare, "*On chasse chez Monsieur le Marquis aujourd'hui.*" Now and then a stray pheasant or a brace of partridges, escaping the beaters, would hum over our heads to the highlands on the right. But except for a white flag or two on the edge of the wood, we saw never a sign of the guns whose volleys we could still hear from time to time.

Not long after a village came into sight, and we drew up in front of the single little

inn of which the town of Courances boasts. We knew it of old, and after the usual words of greeting the proprietor and his buxom wife bestirred themselves to prepare something befitting our arrival. And it was good when served, as it always is in these primitive French inns.

Afterward we wandered down the road to where the château lies, in a hollow far from the "beaten track," unsought, unknown to the tourist, unchronicled by Baedeker. We had driven there frequently before, but no matter how often seen, one can never escape an *impression* at the first glimpse of the great avenue that acts as approach.

This royal *allée*—a hundred yards in width and thrice as long, bordered on each side by wide canals, behind which double curtains of sycamores, centuries old, whose branches trimmed up high, droop down, down into the very water itself—leads from

the entrance gate up to the square island where stands the château, whose peaked roofs and tall chimneys close the vista.

It is quite a walk up this avenue, and then you find yourself before the stone drawbridge. The château stands with its feet in the water, so to speak, mirroring itself in the silent waters of a broad moat to which groups of stately swans add life. The building, preceded by an immense stone forecourt, stands well back from the drawbridge and its four flanking pavilions. An exterior horse-shoe staircase, evidently inspired by, and at all events very reminiscent of, its neighbor at the Palace of Fontainebleau (in both cases a late excrescence and a disfigurement rather than an ornament), ascends to the main floor and entrance.

The château itself is a rarely perfect design of the time of Henry II, solid gray stone on its north or court side, brick and stone on its south or garden side, and the contrast be-



Courances.

tween the sombre dignity of the one and the gay sunlit quality of the other is singularly effective.

Behind the château the axis of the great avenue is again taken up by the central line of the beautiful gardens embellished with statues, fountains, *corbeilles* and cascades—all very formal in arrangement and quite in accord with the dignified old pile that they frame. The gardens are surrounded on all

manship of the time of Louis XV, completely covering all the wall spaces.

III

FLEURY-EN-BIÈRE

WE picked up our carriage again in the town, and were off across the Marquis's broad acres toward his other château, Fleury-en-Bière.



The Forecourt, Fleury.

sides by dense woods, damp, moss-grown and ivy-clad.

The interior of the château has been somewhat modernized, but the main floor retains all its old characteristics: rooms in sequence occupying the entire width without halls, their windows affording garden vistas to the south and views down the great *allée* to the north. They are furnished with taste and magnificence.

On the floor above a corridor skirts the north side of the building, and opposite each of its windows a door opens into a bedroom. Between these doors hang a series of rare Gobelin tapestries of exquisite work-

The landscape is beautifully undulating: hill slopes topped with woods and pastures adjoining fields of grain, and numerous clumps of coppice, ideal shelter for game with rich feeding-ground all about. The shooting that we had heard in the morning was again audible off to the right, and constantly grew nearer and nearer. Soon *rabatteurs* in white, carrying white flags, appeared coming toward us at a bend in the road, and presently a happy accident brought us into the very thick of the shoot.

It made a brave show indeed, stretching across the fields a quarter-mile or so—seven guns only, spaced well apart, each followed



Fleury and its church.

by two men, one to reload and the other to pick up game while on the flanks, and behind trudged quite a little army, nearly seventy in all. Bringing up the rear was a commodious covered wagon, with extra guns and laden with game. As the long line approached each thicket where the birds had taken cover, the "beaters" advanced, and pheasants and partridges whirled out in clouds to be saluted with volleys from the rapid-fire guns.

We may all have our own ideas of how sportsmanlike a proceeding this is, and how much real pleasure is derived from the mere killing of quantities of game; but in the sunlight of this bright October afternoon it made a very pleasant picture and one to be remembered.

As I have said, Fleury was our objective point, and soon its long retaining wall of gray stone with angle watch-towers came into sight.



Fleury-en-Bière.

The estate stands in open fields except for a tiny vassal town adjoining the château. This latter was built in the time of Francis I, and, in spite of its ruinous condition, remains an exceptionally fine type of the seigniorial residence of that period.

A high stone wall beautifully panelled in brick, with a fine gate-house in the middle, shuts off from the road a vast forecourt bordered on two sides by servants' quarters and stables panelled like the wall in brick, and at the back by the big château.

This is a simple stately building of gray stone with round corner-towers. At one end a wing projects, terminated by a very picturesque tower or group of towers, with high pitched roofs, and the whole group of buildings is moated.

The château has not been occupied for years and the interior has fallen into woeful

disrepair, though the mantels and much of the old wood panelling still remain. Its present owner, the Marquis de G——, who lives at Courances, uses Fleury only as his farm. So one does not wonder to find the *basse cour* the real feature of the estate. It is a truly princely farmyard—the best that I remember to have seen—expect perhaps the one belonging to the Chapter of Notre Dame, near Larchant. It adjoins the fore-court to the south and is surrounded on all sides by stone barns and wagon-houses, whose walls are also divided into these same brick panels that form so characteristic a feature of Fleury's architecture.

Great doors capable of swallowing entire hay-wains and topped with gables, give access to the various granaries and hay-lofts. I can give no better idea of the size

of these buildings than by saying that I have actually seen half a regiment of artillery encamped within their walls. Shepherds come in from the moist fields below the château with their flocks of sheep; at milking time the cows wander in from rich pastures; turkeys strut in the sunshine and spread their tails; troops of fat geese and ducks hiss and cackle at the wayfarer, and sleek pigeons preen themselves on the gables.

It all takes one back to the days of his childhood and the story of "Puss-in-Boots": "To whom do these broad acres belong?" "To the Marquis of Carabas."

"To whom do these fat flocks belong?"
"To the Marquis of Carabas."

There are other châteaux in this same vicinity well worth a visit. Vaux-le-Pénit, on the banks of the Seine, is an imposing piece of eighteenth-century masonry; La Rochette, perched in the high woods across the river, dates from an earlier period; Fortoiseau is a happily preserved example of a summer home of the time of Louis XVI, Le Bréau is remarkable for its ample park; and the superb *boiseries* of its *salons*, where oval family portraits are framed in the upper panels.

HEART'S DESIRE

By Julia C. R. Dorr

"GOD give you your heart's desire,
Whatever it be," she said;
Then down the gallery's shining length
Like a thing of light she sped.

Her face was a stranger's face;
Her name I shall never know;
But softly her benediction fell
As the night-winds breathing low.

Who knoweth the heart's desire?
Its innermost secret dream?
Its holiest shrine where the altar lights
Forever and ever gleam?

Who guesseseth the heart's desire?
Ah, neither you nor I!
It hideth away in darkling space
From the gaze of the passer-by.

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the child that cries for the moon?
Or the samite robe and the Holy Grail
To the soul that was born too soon?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the lover whose love lies dead?
Or the priest who faces the silence
With the living word unsaid?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the poet with harp unstrung,
When he droppeth the trembling lyre
With his noblest song unsung?



"I will make her happy," she cried softly.—Page 53.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE MOTHER

By Emerson Taylor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE O'NEILL WILSON

"I CAN'T make her out. Can you?"
 "Well, she's certainly very different."

"She's awfully pretty."

"Oh, do you think so! Not but what she's perfectly all right, you know. I didn't mean *that*, for a minute."

For a year or more after young and exquisite Mrs. Forsyth came back to the old Seymour place—her grandfather's—to live, the talk about her flickered up and down Burchester, bright and hot. You would have thought she must have felt the scorch of it; but as a matter of fact she walked through the fire so serenely that surely she could not have even dreamed how busy people were with her name and her way of living in and out of the house she had made so beautiful. Not but what the ladies had grounds for a *little* gossiping!

Her simply fashioned clothes, somehow so impossible to copy, suggested shyly in the spring the changes which the Burchester ladies found in the fashion books the following autumn—and she had millions of them. Somebody had heard that she had been obliged to separate from the brute of a man to whom she had been married sixteen months—or was it six?—after the wedding. A look of sorrow almost tragical stole into her lovely face at times; and Burchester felt nervous in the presence of those emotions which let souls still on earth know for a flash of time the meaning of heaven or hell. She had been known to laugh elfishly when other people were very much in earnest. All this! And furthermore, what by itself was more than enough to insure her being talked of wonderingly—with either envy or mistrust, as one talks

of those who are said to possess occult powers—her two maid servants worshipped her very shadow. One of them—think of it!—Mrs. Forsyth had transformed from the usual “general houseworker” into the deftest and smartest of Anglo-Franco parlor maids; the other she had lifted bodily, as it were, from the primary grade of cookery, from croquettes and lemon jelly, to a mastery of the very mysteries, to *canard en chemise* and *pêches cardinales*. They worshipped her, though she preferred to dine at seven instead of at the usual one or six o’clock, though she used china which would crack if you looked at it. Children worshipped her, too, all of them from six to sixty. Some few people like Dr. Cameron, the rector, the head of the girls’ school, or Mrs. Green the grocer’s wife, thought her the most wonderful woman in the world.

“But you cannot deny, my dear,” said the good sense of the little city, which was as infallible as always, “that Mrs. Forsyth, however charming, is a ve-ry cu-ri-ous young woman. In every sense of the word.”

That is how they judged her, being both open-minded and lenient. And so, when one day there appeared in her company little Margery Sloane, a shy and silent child with the shape of a statuette, whom Mrs. Forsyth casually announced as a distant cousin she had legally adopted, society first asked itself if anything so queer had ever happened in town before, shook its collective head over the chances of any child’s making a fair start in life under such circumstances, and finished by inquiring why in the world Mrs. Forsyth had taken all the trouble of raising a child on her graceful shoulders anyhow.

That is the question which old Dr. Cameron asked her one evening point blank. They were dining together.

“Why did I do it?” she repeated after him, idly twisting the stem of her glass.

“I’m tremendously interested—personally.”

“Really? But you asked me why I have adopted Margery exactly like a newspaper reporter,” she answered, but with a consoling smile at his confusion across the great silver bowl of white roses. “I presume that your interview will be given to the public?”

He rallied gamely. “Of course. If I didn’t love gossip—discreetly, I’d lose half my practice.”

“It was Jane who suggested it,” said Mrs. Forsyth, indifferently, with a slight shrug of her white shoulders. Her delicate eyebrows lifted a trifle.

“Jane——?”

“A doll,” she explained, as if that accounted for everything. “A doll I bought last year at the church fair. I’ve grown very fond of her now that she has outgrown her early associations. She is really charming now. But I felt that she needed a child to play with. And so——” Her gesture finished her speech. The look she sent the doctor had a hint of defiance in it.

But he was very patient with her. “That will do for all of your acquaintances but one, dear lady.”

She studied him. “Such a one as——”

“Your very real friend,” said Dr. Cameron quietly.

“Forgive me!” she asked contritely. “Will you?”

“On one condition.”

“You’ll think me very ungracious,” she warned him. “But friends, even a good one, with whom one can talk for hours, aren’t quite enough—are they?—when one asks of life something more than friendship.”

“You wanted an occupation,” he hazarded.

“I wanted a child,” she replied simply. “I never had one of my own. Thank Heaven!” she added. “Under the circumstances.” She raised her dark eyes to his, then looked away wistfully to the velvety summer night beyond the open windows. “But one is very lonely sometimes. And one feels a bit defrauded, I think, without——”

“What will you do with her?” he interrupted gently.

Her reply came like a flash of flame.

“I will make her happy,” she cried softly, yet with the passionate eagerness of one taking up a challenge. The color had flooded her cheeks. “She shall know all I didn’t know, doctor. I will make her into the woman I might have been—into what we women all have the right to hope to be, but which most of us fail to become because we have to learn for ourselves, too late sometimes. She shall be mine—the daughter of my dreams and hopes. I shall give the world one good gift at least. After——after all, doctor.”

“Fine!” he applauded. “But you’ve

another reason for adopting Margery. You've almost told it to me."

"Well——!"

"Besides finding a companion for Jane," he went on.

She rose from her chair; but he continued seated, studying her lovely face, where the eager confidence of a moment before had given place to a tender, almost girlish confusion. She lowered her eyes for a second, then raised them tranquilly.

"I shall love being a mother," she whispered. "I have wanted to be that. And I'm *going* to be one," she smiled, bending to draw out one of the roses from the silver bowl, "even if it's only a make-believe mother after all. If you try very hard, can't you make your play seem real?" she asked. "Say 'Yes.'"

"Yes!" he replied heartily. He raised his glass with a little bow. "My best wishes, my dear!"

She was cooling her cheek against the fresh white blossom.

"For make-believes?"

"For you and your daughter," he corrected. "I mean it, Donna Quixote."

In the months that followed he liked to recall, like a miser happy in a secret treasure, her every word, every shade of her elusive phrase, the tone of her voice, the sorrow and the shy hope in her dark eyes, as he had sensed them all that summer evening. He was so sure of her. He had been so proud to have had confidence where Burchester had only doubt and vague mistrust. He believed in her. And that is why, one morning, he stumped down the broad stairs from the beautiful room where little Margery was lying listless and white, as though tired from play, with a feeling of bewilderment and disappointment. On this critical day of her darling's sudden and sharp illness, Mrs. Forsyth was not on hand to hear his verdict. He had had to share his satisfaction over the child's improvement with a nurse whom he knew to be efficient, but whom he disliked most heartily.

"Most mothers," he grumbled aloud, struggling into his overcoat, "even make-believe mothers, would have——"

"Well, doctor——?"

Her voice came from the upper end of the hall, very low, but so clear as almost to convey a suggestion of threat or of defiance.

"Ho, there you are!"

The make-believe mother was sitting in a high Venetian chair, her round elbows propped on its arms, her fingers knit together under her chin. The pale violet of the soft house-gown she wore combined with the ivory color of the wall behind her to make her small head strangely vivid. Her eyes had the strangest of sombre lights in them. Oh, very beautiful, all of her! But the old gentleman's vexation was deepened by that very fact. On that morning, at this moment, to be posed like a pretty actress before the camera!

"I was wondering where you were," growled the doctor.

"Yes——?" Her voice was dry and tense. She did not stir. She only looked at him.

"We've won!" he said unsteadily, going up to her with outstretched hands. You would think he was pleading with her. "*Won!*"

"Are you sure?"

"So far as one can tell," he replied, utterly baffled. She had remained quite without expression, save that her beauty, usually so warm and glowing, was now the beauty of marble and jewels in moonlight. "And a hard case it's been, too!" he added, a bit heatedly.

"She'll live!" murmured Mrs. Forsyth.

"Margery's going to live!"

And then, before he knew it, she was out of her chair in one supple motion. A pair of white arms were twisted about his neck and she was crying, just like a real mother at last, on the rough shoulder of his overcoat.

"Thank God!" she sobbed passionately. "Oh, thank God!"

He somehow felt immensely relieved.

"Cry away! That's the ticket. I'd cry myself if I didn't feel more like chucking up my hat and shouting for joy. We've won!" he said again, and in his heart was a double thanksgiving.

"You had to win!" she retorted almost fiercely, releasing him. "God can't let—let things happen to Margery yet a while." She turned away for a moment. Her hands were clenched tightly at her side. But when she faced him again, she was smiling. "It wouldn't have done at all for you to lose the fight, doctor, dear. There's too much happiness in store for Margery and for me both, to let an old meddler like Death interfere with our plans."

"Go upstairs and see her," he ordered.

"May I? I—I was afraid to before. I couldn't. I could only *wait*."

"Do you know," he asked, when she had finished, "that I believe I owe you an apology of some sort?"

"I only know that you've made me very happy, old friend," she returned, going with him to the door.

"My conversation is always exhilarating. How much more fortunate you are than your small friend upstairs! During the five minutes in which you have had the pleasure of listening to me, she, poor soul, has been forced to content herself with the company of——"

"Miss Elliott?" she rippled.

The doctor looked up the staircase. "Worse!" he whispered traitorously. "An old party, very ill favored. Jane!"

"Jane?" Her smile kindled radiantly. "Really? Did she ask for her? Oh, I am so glad!"

He surveyed her curiously, his hand on the door-knob.

"Why Jane, you most extraordinary of women?"

"Reasons! No, you shall not know them, because you'd never say again that I was anything but foolish."

He was gone. She watched him drive away; and then, very slowly, as if to savor in advance the joy that was in store for her, she ascended the broad stairs and entered the room where little Margery was lying. A pair of thin little arms reached out to her silently. Her gesture asked permission of the nurse, icily correct and professional in her blue-and-white uniform.

"May I stay?"

"For a minute or two. She's been asking for you. But she said that Jane would do until you came."

"The darling! To think—!" And Mrs. Forsyth went to her knees at the white bedside, treasuring the hands for which she felt a little blindly. "Mine again!" she whispered brokenly. "Mine—for a little longer!"

"I've been telling Jane all the good times we're going to have when I get well," Margery was saying when the nurse came back into the room. "We're going to New York, an' we're going——"

"Where *is* Jane, dearest? Just a second more, Miss Elliott."

"Here," said Margery, pushing down the

bedclothes a little. "I thought she ought to know for herself what it means to lie on a bed of pain."

And there was revealed, disconsolate and dingy, yet somehow debonair, the face and person of an old-fashioned linen doll.

"She says she loves you, just the same as I do," the youngster explained.

"Dear Jane——!"

"It takes a 'ceptional being—what's that, Aunt Elsie?—to love you. Dr. Cameron says so. And he knows everything."

"Everything!" she agreed; and her happy laughter bubbled up, clear and sweet as a spring. "Jane's a person of remarkable insight, Miss Elliott. And you, Penny Whistle," she added, stooping to kiss the forehead under the silky tangle of hair, "are the darlingest of geese."

She stooped for a second to leave a light caress with the placid, friendly doll too.

"Help her to get well, Jane, won't you, dear?"

"It seemed *so* good to have her again!" sighed Margery happily. . . .

She went to her own room, an affair of palest gray and most delicate shell pink, that suited her like a becoming dress. There, before the great oval mirror on her dressing table, she stopped for a bit of talk with the beautiful woman who smiled at her from the glass's depths. Her most intimate confidant, the lady in the mirror! A friend she was, not an idol to be flattered, nor a somebody hard to look straight in the eye. Slim and young and supple, she leaned toward her friend as if to tell a secret, but kissed her instead, once, twice, on the smiling mouth.

"So happy!" whispered the make-believe mother. "This is the heart of the mother-happiness, I'm sure! Last night—all the nights, when I feared lest Margery might die—ah! Then this last minute, when I found her with Jane, old Jane. My first present! That was what she wanted—the present I gave her when she was a little girl. . . . Which is sweetest, friend in the mirror, the worry our children give us, or the affection we try to earn or bribe from them? I have sensed the meaning of it," she exulted softly. "Not maternity—ah, no, more's the pity!—but motherhood, something of what mothers feel. Most of it?" . . . A pale doubt, like a cloud

on the burnished glass, stole between her and her friend. . . . "A little of it?" she pleaded.

Such an admirable life as they all led together in the big old house! It seemed to Jane that no toy since toys first came into the world could have been so happy as she. Here were no boys, whose nature, as is well known, is such that they are sure to frighten and possibly injure a doll out of sheer malice. Such terrible times as some dolls have! Here were only the lovely Violet Lady, as Jane called her, with her gentle voice and her quick passions of tears that only the toys knew about, and Margery, whom to see for five minutes was to love for always. It is one thing for a toy to be played with, you know, but quite another to be ranked as a friend to the wonderful beings who control the toys' destinies. And for Jane, the old-fashioned doll, was reserved those precious hours when her silent little mistress had a secret to confide or an unspoken sorrow to mourn—hours in the dark, when the house was very still, or rainy twilights, when, cuddled up together on the window seat, the two, and sometimes the Violet Lady with them, watched the dreary world and felt sorry for the poor boy who had to light the street-lamps in the rain.

"Jane's such a comfort!" Margery would explain, painfully embarrassed.

"I'm so glad you love her, honey. Good old Jane! I'm fond of her myself," said the Violet Lady, touching the doll with the light caress which had so much love in it.

"For—several reasons."

Three years of happiness. . . .

"It has paid—?" asked Dr. Cameron.

"Yes."

"They are always worth what they cost," he went on comfortably, "these children of ours."

"What is the cost?" she asked abruptly.

"Haven't you had any bill to pay yet?"

"Do you mean——"

"No, no!" he interrupted. "Not that kind!"

She glanced up at him curiously. "Tell me," she asked, "for you know I'm still only an amateur. One gives and gives—not presents and clothes and schooling, but other things. Like love, and—and

all that is in your heart. And—do they simply go on accepting and accepting as a matter of course, without——"

"A sign? Well, they behave themselves and grow sleek at least, just as we want them to."

"But nothing else?"

"They remember us a long time after they, or we, have gone away," the old man responded gravely. "I know. Gratefully. Even Napoleon did that."

"And *that's* all?"

"Usually. I wonder if we are supposed to expect any more."

"Doesn't it all seem rather one-sided?"

He laughed. "Amateur!"

"It is a difficult game," she mused, her chin in the heel of her hand. "You can never tell whether you have won or lost. . . . Isn't there *some* way of finding out whether they give back the love you give to them—definitely?"

"I wonder," was all the help he could give her, and he with three or four children at home. But perhaps he had a secret treasured in his heart, however, too precious even to tell to her whom he loved to help.

Christmas time! The big house was busy from morning till night. The tables in the living room were heaped high with boxes and parcels tied up with scarlet ribbon, and on the floor before the leaping fire the Violet Lady was filling a good big packing-box from the miscellaneous pile of clothes, blankets, and goodies heaped at her side. There were some toys, too, brave, as they always are in the face of change, comforted, as always, by the thought that they can bring happiness to one child as well as to another.

"I thought we'd put Jane in, too," said the Violet Lady, stooping low over the box, perhaps to hide the color in her cheeks. She did not see how suddenly white Margery's became, nor did she hear the child's quick gasp. "You know," she continued, packing with great energy but rather aimlessly, "you've rather outgrown dolls dear. You *know* you have."

"Yes, Aunt Elsie."

"Even Jane."

No answer. Margery moved away irresolutely.

"You don't mind my giving her away, dear?" asked the Violet Lady, looking



Drawn by Rose O'Neill Wilson.

"Mine—for a little longer!"—Page 55



"There—there wasn't anything broken?"—Page 59.

after her. The child's back was turned. She was fingering some of the Christmassy-looking bundles on the table.

All unseen, Mrs. Forsyth caught up the little old doll to her heart.

"Good-by!" she whispered. "*Tout lasse, tout casse, tout—passe*, dear old Jane. I thought I was so sure of her. Never test what you are sure of, dollie, dear."

"I hope," said Margery without turn-

ing round, "that at least Jane will have a good home."

And her careless tone was exactly the tone with which the Violet Lady had puzzled the doctor that morning he had come down from the little girl's sick room.

Did Jane understand? At any rate she was smiling still when the box cover closed inexorably over her. . . .

A week later, Mrs. Galligan was inter-

rupted in her washing by a knock at the door of her tenement in the big block near the shoe factory; and, opening, she perceived in the darkness of the hallway the slim figure of a little girl.

"Is it ye intirely!" she cried heartily. "An' may God bliss the swate face av ye for comin'. But here's me washin' all over iverything, an' wan or more childher undher fut, an'——"

"I only wanted to stop for a minute, Mrs. Galligan."

"Is it yer auntie that's afther sendin' ye, I wondher?"

"I—no, I came by myself." Margery stepped daintily into the dingy room, where the steam of the wash-boiler joined with that of a kettle of cabbage to fog everything, and glanced about her, quickly and bright eyed like a wood bird. "I—I just wanted to know if everything was—all right in the box."

"Sure now, yes, an' 'twas fine; an' 'tis soon I'll be up to thank Mrs. Forsyth for't. *Fine* ut was," repeated Mrs. Galligan dubiously, yet firmly. "On'y——"

"I hope everything came safely. There—there wasn't anything broken?"





"Take us with you, Margie—all of us."—Page 62.

"Oh, no." The good woman laughed then, blushing hotly. "The blankets and the bit o' money an' th' turkey was all that illegant, darlint. On'y—" And she stopped again. "You, Patsy an' Terry, be off now an' find yer two brothers, like the good lads ye do be." And as the two boys clattered out from an inner room and out the door, "'tis three more o' thim lads I do be havin', Miss Margie, darlint.

An' sorra a girl among thim. But thank yer auntie for the purty little dresses an' the ribbons, just the same, my dear. An' —an' the lads have had their fun wit' th' dollie, too, makin' believe they was girls, the rashkills."

"Boys—!" cried Margery.

"Five, swateheart, an' th' box full o' little pinnyfores! An' a dollie!"

"But—boys couldn't play with her right.

They wouldn't know how. They'd only laugh at her!" She got to her feet, vaguely unquiet, a little droop to her tender mouth. "They—they didn't hurt Jane, did they, Mrs. Galligan?"

"Be aisy," came the answer over Mrs. Galligan's shoulder. She had turned to look out of the window into the court below whence arose mingled yells and laughter. "Th' dollie's—well, she's every bit as good as when ye sent her. An'— *Terry!*" she hurled down to the scuffling crowd below, "wait for me, love. Hold him till I come. 'Tis that Polander lad, bad cess to him," she hastily explained, making for the door. "If I catch him *this* time—" And Mrs. Galligan was gone, in a fury of words and with a slam to the door that made the windows rattle.

"Jane!" whispered the little girl. "Jane, where are you?"

She looked about her with a shudder. Then suddenly the corners of her mouth tightened. In another second the door was locked; and quick and light as a cat, she began her search. In the neglected corners of the kitchen; into the best room where awful crayon portraits of long-lipped women and a colored print of the white-clad Pope fascinated her for a frightened second; into the dark bedrooms, two of them, where the air gripped her by the throat. And at last, under a bed, amid a clutter of muddy boots and clothes, she saw a limp figure lying, whose tiny arms were stretched out to meet her.

"It's stealing!" gasped Margery. "She's not mine any more. But—she *is* mine! Darling!" she whispered. "Darling Jane!"

Under her loose coat, held tightly against her heart, the little doll would ride safely. And down the creaking stairs of the tenement, out into the street and round the corner the fugitive sped, while good Mrs. Galligan, dauntless and cool, fought Terry's battle over again with the Polander's mother, in language both ready and vigorous. . . .

"But I thought we gave Jane away to some poor people—to Mrs. Galligan's children," said Mrs. Forsyth the next day. She had come on the two of them, as of old, curled up in the window seat, watching the world.

Margery lowered her bright head.

"Perhaps she came back," faltered a very small voice. "I—I——"

"Margery!"

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"There were boys there," she sobbed, as the dear arms went round her. Oh, such a hug! "I told you I didn't want her. But I did. And you didn't know. And—oh, I *don't* want to be noble and generous again, Aunt Elsie!"

The make-believe mother's face was radiant in the winter sunset.

"How *could* I be happier?" she murmured. The sun was gone. Twilight came like a rush of wind. . . . "Can I?" she asked tremulously.

A June moonlight joined the breeze in the lilacs and syringas to cast about the house a spell of velvety, perfumed shadows, of quiet, and of mystery. A slim figure in white and another in black and white, close together at the top of the porch steps, listened to the silence silently. Just within doors, quite alone, a woman to whom each year had granted a new tinge of beauty, whose charm of youth lingered about her like a fragrance, was weaving together the thoughts and experiences of the last ten years, from the day that the shy and silent child had glided into her lonely life up to the noon of the morrow. Happiness of every color, some darker threads, like those of grief's or worry's dye—the pattern seemed nearly complete. Nearly, but not quite complete, even now. The texture, the finish of her life, though infinitely richer than it had been before, seemed still to lack—what was it?

"If only I could feel the fulness of it all, the whole of it!" she murmured again, as for a thousand times before. The make-believe mother! She lay back in her chair, a little tired after the day and the evening. The voices of the two young people out on the porch came to her; and she listened because she could not help it.

"Next time we watch the moon will be—where? a man's voice asked.

"You tell *me*," ordered Margery.

"I think it'll be on the water. The sea will be all black and silvery-gold. It'll be all quiet except for the hiss of the water along the steamer's side. Sounds like wind in the trees a good deal."

"And the next time?" She nestled closer in the fold of his arm, her face upturned to the calm light.

"Paris! We've stopped in the middle of the Pont Royal. There are about a mil-

lion lights all around us, and all the noise of the city. And then all of a sudden we'll remember to look up to where the steady, silent old moon's looking down with a smile because people take themselves so seriously."

"No, no!" said the girl quickly, half to herself. "That would be cruel. It will be the same moon that we're watching here to-night. Promise that it will be the same, dearest, will you?"

"Afraid—?" he asked very gently.

"With you?"

"Let her be happy! Happy as I was not!" prayed the woman within doors. Her eyelids were wet.)

"Your aunt will hate to lose you," the man was saying.

("What will her answer be? What —?")

Margery laughed, as gayly as a bird in the sunshine.

"She couldn't even hope to keep me after you came along. Doesn't she know that you're everything in the world to me?"

Silence in the house. Then there stole to the woman there, whose lovely face was full of tragedy, a little wind. It came from old Asia, perhaps, where the sum of the world's experiences was written before the dawn.

"In sacrifice is fulness of happiness," it whispered. "Not to lose is not to love."

It was gone again. And the woman awoke after a little, to find that she had begun to live anew. A ripple of laughter, whole hearted and serene, drifted in from the porch.

"So long as *she* is happy—" smiled Margery's mother. . . .

In her quiet retreat in the bottom drawer of the bureau, where she had lain for many nights and days, a long lifetime as toys count it, Jane was aware that something of importance was happening upstairs and down, all over the house. It was not house-cleaning. The noise was different from what it had been that night when the choking smoke and the yellow flame crept up through the walls, though there came to her the sound of many voices. It was not exactly a party either, she should judge, though Margery seemed to be concerned in it—her little mistress whom she had not seen for so very long a time. Perhaps she

heard a snatch of the talk going on in the room. Perhaps, which is more likely, word of Margery was borne to the old doll's little cell by that strange power toys have of sensing even at a distance whatever happens of importance to their friends.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" she asked of the darkness.

"Look at her!" came from outside, in the shrillest of holiday voices.

"You darling thing! Isn't she too sweet——?"

"Just look at that exquisite veil, and——"

"Is it time to go?" asked Margery, low and quickly.

"Are you really going round the world? Take us with you, Margie—all of us."

"We love being gooseberries!" cried another voice, and the girls' laughter ran around like a crackle of fire in dry grass. And then there came a quick knock at the door, and Dr. Cameron's voice calling away the chattering bridesmaids. Jane heard a tiny sob from somebody left there alone. But, whoever it was, she laughed again as the doctor entered, and moved away to the door with a soft ripple of satin about her.

"All ready, dear?" Jane heard him ask.

"Are *you*?" Margery's voice returned. It was the same that Jane used to love so, ever so long ago.

"Ready for a mighty happy duty, my dear. To give you away to one of the finest young fellows I know——"

"Shall we be going down?" she interrupted nervously. . . .

A long silence followed. The house seemed perfectly empty, save for the heavy scent of flowers that crept even into the darkness where the little old doll lay forgotten.

"Where has she gone?" asked Jane fearfully. "What are they going to do with her? I—shan't I see her again? Soon?"

Then, suddenly, the house sprang into life again—a babble of voices, the fugitive strains of music, a come-and-go of people on the stairs. Carriages and motor cars drove up, and rolled away.

"But where is *she*?" the little old doll kept wondering, fearful of she knew not what. . . .

With a crash the drawer was thrown wide open. It was Margery—such a grown-up Margery now—in the smartest of travelling dresses, the most tasteful of

hats. There was a glint of plain, new gold on her left ring finger.

"Jane!" she whispered hurriedly. "Ah, there you are. The trunks—I thought—I just couldn't—where's that paper?" Somebody called her impatiently. "In just a second!" she answered. . . .

The bride stole downstairs, flushed and bright eyed. Half a dozen kisses to right and left. Another and a long hug to the woman who was quite silent, save for the eloquence in her magical eyes. A smile to the man waiting for her beside the automobile. A volley of flowers after her, and

then a roar of laughter, for as the little bride escaped into the car, the paper slipped from the queer package she had caught up under one arm; and every one saw that the little bride was carrying away with her on her honey-moon a dingy but debonair old-fashioned linen doll.

"Well?" asked Dr. Cameron. They had waved the automobile out of sight.

Mrs. Forsyth's smile was never so radiant. Her eyes were like stars on a frosty night.

"Let us sing the *Nunc Dimittis*," she answered, with a tiny tremble of her lips.

THE NEW ARMY SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP

By Major T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A.



GREAT many people have doubtless wondered why President Roosevelt decided it was advisable to require field-officers of the army to take a test ride every year.

The conditions of the test—thirty miles a day for three days—are most moderate for any man supposed to be in condition to stand a campaign, and were our press, which commented so freely upon this order, well acquainted with military affairs, or did it address itself to a public in any way educated in the military art, most of the criticism would probably have been directed at the mildness of the test prescribed or at the condition of training in the mounted arms which made such an order from so high a source necessary at all.

Yet necessary it was and most useful in its effects, as most everybody in the army now agrees.

The fact is, the United States have long since ceased to be a nation of horsemen whose boys learn to ride as a matter of course, just as they learn to walk; and yet, with considerable blindness, the public and the press have continued to assume that for military purposes all Americans are born with a knowledge of horsemanship and, for that matter, with a ready-made ability to shoot the military rifle as well.

Now, of course, the time was when this

condition of affairs did exist in large portions of our territory, and a school for riding was as little needed as a school for walking. A thirty-mile ride to attend court, see a patient, or visit a sweetheart was too trifling a matter for our grandfathers to brag about or record.

But these conditions have slowly changed, and if one should walk into a political meeting, pick out a hundred men at random and start them off on a three-day ride, perhaps very few of them would get to the end of it.

No body of men are more representative of the people and of the times than are our army officers, and the same causes which made riding disappear in the country at large also tended to lessen the interest which they, as a class, took in that form of exercise, so that when the President issued his famous order requiring every field-officer * to prove once a year that he could go ninety miles in three days, very many of these officers were found who habitually did not ride that many miles a month. Moreover, it has been noted with surprise that the American army has never been represented at any of the international contests in horsemanship so frequently held all over Europe, when even such distant and supposedly backward countries as Japan,

* Majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels are called field-officers.

Switzerland, and the Argentine Republic have sent officers who made a creditable showing.

The marked superiority of the Southern cavalry during the early years of the Civil War has frequently been ascribed to the fact that recruits for that arm of the Confederate service were all composed of men accustomed from infancy to the saddle, while Northern cavalymen, at least in the Army of the Potomac, were obliged, for the most part, to learn to ride after joining the colors.

Soon after that war the cavalry arm was reduced to ten small regiments, all posted on the Indian frontier. Enough men who were already pretty good riders could usually be had to keep this small force recruited to its maximum, especially as the term of service was long and many men reenlisted. Moreover, both officers and men spent much of their lives in the saddle. Indian wars, scouting expeditions, and long marches across the plains or into mountain strongholds lent the stimulus of excitement and adventure to army life and kept the cavalry active and expert.

These conditions have gradually changed. There is no longer an Indian frontier, the term of service has been shortened, and the number of men needed for the mounted arms has trebled, while the sources from which well-instructed mounted men were drawn have virtually dried up.

Before the early eighties, in many parts of our country, men still rode to market or to court; now the buggy has gradually replaced the saddle, and the farmers raise and use driving horses rather than saddlers. More recently the automobile has grown to be, even in remote country districts, a successful rival of the horse. Nothing is now too good for the American farmer, and the traveller in Kansas, the Dakotas, Iowa, or Texas will see a string of automobiles drawn up at the most out-of-the-way stations.

In a lot of two hundred and twenty recruits sent last year to the writer's battalion (field artillery) only about ten men knew how to ride, and similar conditions are reported from most of the mounted service.

Under these circumstances it was only a matter of time when there would have to be established for the army a school in which the principles and the practice of equitation would be taught to selected officers, who, on returning to their regiments

would become the instructors of other officers and of the recruits.

A question will here naturally arise as to the riding taught at West Point, enthusiastic descriptions of which fill the columns of the metropolitan press at commencement time; do not these young graduates know their horsemanship and are they not at once available to teach the recruits of their regiments? The answer is no. The same change which has affected the country at large and which has been briefly referred to has equally touched the Military Academy. When Sheridan, Grant, the Lees, and many equally good but less famous horsemen went to West Point they undoubtedly carried with them a considerable baggage of practical horsemanship; the riding at the Academy unified, polished, and applied to military ends this previous knowledge. At the present day, on the contrary, a cadet usually starts his riding-hall career with a complete ignorance of the horse, and the time allotted to riding at West Point is too small to enable his instructors to do more than teach him the mere rudiments of horsemanship.* He does learn to stick on and to be, in most cases, a daring and vigorous rough-rider, but horseman he generally is not when he graduates, and at least a year of persistent work under the best teachers for four or five hours a day is needed before the average youngster is at all ready to act as a riding-master for recruits.

Another reason why West Point is no longer sufficient as a school of equitation lies in the fact that our standards of horsemanship are now higher than they were ten or fifteen years ago, and the complacent satisfaction which then existed with our methods has been succeeded by a fearless criticism of them and a frank comparison with the superior results obtained in other armies. This has been brought about by several causes, chief among which are the numerous visits of our officers to European countries having well-trained cavalry and highly developed schools of military equitation, and the arrival early in life to positions of high rank and influence of cavalry officers who themselves are vigorous horsemen, such as General Bell, our present chief

* During his four years at West Point our cadet rides about two hundred and twenty hours; during his two years at St. Cyr and one at Saumur the French boy rides nearly two thousand hours.



Young thoroughbreds on School Remount Farm.

of staff, General Garlington, our inspector-general and General Aleshire, our quartermaster-general.

The influence of these officers in preaching a higher standard of excellence in all that concerns the horse has been of supreme importance to the army.

From the point of view of economy, also, skilful horse trainers are more necessary now than thirty years ago, when serviceable mounts were comparatively cheap, and when if a new horse did not turn out well we could afford to condemn and sell him. With the prices now prevailing and their steady rise in prospect, once a horse is bought he must be rendered suitable to the service for which he was intended, or a serious loss is entailed upon the government.

Whenever the practice of any necessary art in a country does not exist or has fallen into disuse, it can best be revived by artificial stimulation, most readily, by a school whose influence will permeate a whole class and often reach to some extent a whole

nation. This has been frequently illustrated in our commercial history.

In the matter of horse-raising and equitation, Germany, France, and Switzerland are most interesting examples of this principle. The superiority in daring and success of the German over the French cavalry in their last war stimulated the French cavalry school at Saumur into a new and useful activity, so that now that school as an institution, and, above all, as an influence upon the mounted service, is believed by most impartial observers to be quite the best in the world.

It is for this reason that our War Department has, during the past five years, sent a number of American officers to take the course at Saumur. The head riding instructors now at West Point and Fort Riley are both graduates of this school.

On the other hand, England has never had a school of equitation such as Saumur, Hannover, or Pinerolo. England and Ireland still remain par excellence the land of



Run over the Cross-Country Course.

horses and horsemen, the number of men who ride and handle horses constitute in those countries a fair proportion of the population, and the mounted services are recruited in officers and men considerably from people who have always ridden and who, to become fair soldiers, have only to be taught to use their arms and perform correctly the necessary military evolutions. Nevertheless, the British are now awakening to the fact that in the matter of army horsemanship, certainly in its refinements, they are being left behind by nations far less favored in the way of raw material. Last year at the contest held in London, open to the military horsemen of the world, the British officers

failed to take a single first prize. It was probably this fact which decided the British war office to send to France the two officers who are now taking the course at Saumur.

In the matter of raising horses for military purposes the same principle applies.

England and Ireland produce the best possible stock for military work and they export to the Continent their surplus. No government stimulation is needed to encourage the raising of saddle animals. Little Switzerland, on the other hand, buys annually about nine hundred foreign horses at nearly double the price we are allowed to pay for our mounts, while France and Germany meet the tendency of their farmers to raise only draught animals by offering substantial government rewards and a good market for saddle conformation.

In this country we are in the transition stage. The legislative powers still believe that America is a saddle-horse country

and it is not considered necessary to offer government encouragement for the raising of the saddle type. But it would seem from the trying experience of our army purchasing agents that a good saddle animal has become in America an article of



Captain Walter C. Short, 13th Cavalry.
Senior instructor in equitation, mounted on Blackbird Belle,
registered American saddle-horse.



Run over the Cross-Country Course.

luxury, and that either something must be done to stimulate the plentiful production of good types or the price the army is allowed to pay will have to be doubled.

A look at any American cavalry regiment will prove this. The majority of the horses are of the buggy type in both breeding and conformation. They are unsuited by shape to carrying a heavy load without distress to themselves, and their inherited gaits preclude much comfort on the part of the rider.

Having glanced at the influences which have made it important to establish a school of horsemanship for our army, some account of this school as it now exists may prove interesting. The institution, officially known as the Mounted Service School, is located at Fort Riley in east central Kansas. The government here owns a reservation of twenty thousand acres made up of rolling high land, steep bluffs descending to the Republican and Smoky Hill Rivers,

and immense flats as level as a billiard-table.

This place was originally an outpost on the old Oregon Trail with a garrison intended to protect the early pioneers in their westward march. The beautiful, fertile

prairie land has never been touched by the plough, and in the spring as one gallops through the high rich grass, bright with innumerable prairie flowers, one's thoughts inevitably return to the emotions of school-boy days when the old stories of the boundless plains with their thundering herds of wild horses, their prairie fires and savage bands of Indian devils, were tremblingly absorbed in attic or hay-mow. It is



First Lieutenant Gordon Johnston, 3rd Cavalry.
Assistant instructor in equitation, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Branton.

all peaceful enough at present.

The garrison of the post consists of a regiment of cavalry and one of horse artillery, and, while the officers of these regiments do not necessarily take the course in equitation, the influence of the school is

readily observed in the superior mounting of these officers and the interest they take in all things concerning the horse, as compared with officers of other regiments less fortunately situated.

At present the student class consists of twenty officers, selected from the various regiments of cavalry and field artillery, but it is expected that each year a larger equipment will become available and that more officers as well as a class of non-commissioned officers will annually take the course.

The student officers are captains as well as lieutenants, since the desire at present is to get for each regiment as quickly as possible instructors competent to spread the methods of the school throughout the service, and captains are in the best position to act as riding-masters for the lieutenants and the other captains of their respective regiments.

For the purposes of instruction one hundred and eighty horses are kept at the school. These are of various breeds and classes—jumpers, trained buckers, well-schooled horses, untrained colts, and polo ponies. A troop of the Tenth Cavalry, colored soldiers, furnishes the necessary grooms. It is found that these colored men make better grooms for the high-class school horses than do the

average enlisted men of white regiments. They like their work and stay longer.

For the first two months the student is

put on a thoroughly trained horse in order that he may comprehend what such a horse is and have a model to work up to. The trained animal also shows up faults of horsemanship which the instructor and the rider can both take account of and gradually correct. During this time he also rides daily a well-trained jumper for the same reasons. This work is all done in the riding-hall, using the English saddle, mostly without stirrups, and changing horses each day.

It is of course to be understood that these officers are already fair riders. War Department orders direct that only officers of special aptitude be selected for Fort Riley, as it is a place, not where officers learn to ride, but rather where good riders are formed into accomplished horsemen and useful instructors.

At the end of two months each man

is given a colt to train, and this may be said to constitute his most important work for the year; upon the results obtained his horsemanship is largely judged and his place in the class determined; but more important to the service at large is the fact that through this instruction a correct and



First movement of the buckner and kicker.



Second movement of the buckner and kicker.

Horse commences to lash out behind while in the air. No stirrups or bridle.

uniform method of training remounts is assured to the whole army.

This colt has been handled and made gentle the preceding year but knows little beyond behaving himself comparatively well and going forward when told to. Each officer works on his colt to the end of the term, teaching him, according to the respective or combined capacities of the man and the animal, every useful trait or

nothing more. This colt will be given some man in the next class to fully educate.

Riding the jumpers, training colts, and work on the already schooled horses requires about three hours a day during the winter months, especially as the students saddle, bridle, and lead in their own mounts; but with the advent of spring and until the end of June, from five to six hours a day of mounted work is exacted.



Student officer's first ride on the trained buck.

ornamental accomplishment which a good saddle-horse may have. This requires that combination of patience, tact, and nerve which any man to be a good horseman must be born with or must acquire. The best models are set before him, and competent instructors are on hand to aid, advise, and help him over difficulties.

At the end of the year, if this colt has been worked up into a well-trained young horse, he is assigned to the squad which will be given to the next year's class to ride at the outset of their instruction. If for any reason his education is backward, it will be continued another year before he joins the squad of graduates. Any surplus of trained horses at the end of the year is readily got rid of by sale to officers seeking superior mounts.

In April (the class of officers having begun work in October) each student is given a totally unbroken colt to make gentle. He teaches him to let himself be mounted and to move forward freely, but

The training of the young horse progresses very slowly and no forcing is permitted. Occasionally the enthusiasm of the young officers in this direction has to be repressed. Captain Short treats his colts as a mother would her babies, and students soon learn that his gentle methods are based on a profound experience.

With the buckers and kickers, balkers and vicious horses brought in to be trained, severer methods are employed, but even here the uninitiated are surprised to note the kindness and patience which are brought to bear where they are only too used to seeing the whip alone employed. Officers are taught at Fort Riley that an ounce of kindness and firmness accomplishes more with a horse than a pound of pain, especially as the brute always knows what the one means and generally doesn't understand the other at all.

The bucking lessons are always most interesting to visitors, especially the women,

as they can see and understand exactly what is going on; and then the female nature seems constituted to receive a poignant enjoyment from the sight of a man in danger. Sometimes the subject is a genuine, unbroken bronco, but generally trained buckers, such as those seen in Buffalo Bill's show, are used to teach an officer

horse hospital. They also pass through a thoroughly practical course in horseshoeing. It is rather amusing to see a squad of officers in the blacksmith shop, hammer and tongs in hands, making shoes, preparing the hoof, and nailing the shoe in place. All of this work is done under the supervision of competent veterinarians, who in-



Interior of School Riding-Hall.

how to meet this form of attack and to assure him in his seat. He is taught how to approach, saddle, and mount such a horse, and this is a most delicate and dangerous operation—far more difficult than actually staying on when once in the saddle. As a preparation for these lessons in bucking, the student is mounted (without stirrups) on a horse trained to jump and kick out fiercely with both hind feet at a signal from the riding-master. As the rider does not know when the horse is going to jump and kick he gets a good lesson in quickly meeting the movement and so strengthens his seat.

Besides the practical lessons in horsemanship, all students are carefully taught the theory and practice of hippology. They study, recite, and listen to lectures on the structure and diseases of the horse, watch operations, examine animals for age, soundness, and conformation, and actually treat cases in the beautifully equipped

struct, criticise, and rate the students according to the excellence of their work.

There are likewise courses in military topography, in pioneer duties, in handling and packing mules, in cooking the soldier's ration, and in harness and wagon transportation.

Most of the autumn and winter are spent in the riding-hall and on work in the horse hospital and shoeing shop, but with the arrival of spring, which is very early at Fort Riley, out-door riding begins over every kind of obstacle. This practice is intended to form confident horsemen, ready for the exigencies of a perilous ride. A good steeple-chase course and difficult cross-country courses have been built for this instruction, and it goes without saying that this is the happiest time for all, students and instructors alike.

The quality of the horses maintained at Fort Riley is superior to that found in the



Student officers at polo.

service at large, even amongst officers' mounts, but our service, it must be remembered, is notoriously ill mounted. The school horses do not compare in breeding, quality, or variety with those kept for similar purposes by other nations, but there is every reason to hope for a more liberal treatment in this matter as time goes on and the value of the school to the whole service is recognized. It is doubtful if more than two hundred dollars has often been paid for a horse for the Fort Riley School, whereas unbroken horses bought for the French and German

schools cost anywhere from two hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars.

Polo is taught practically on a very good field, but unfortunately the ponies are anything but first-class. This game is pre-eminently suited to the cavalryman, as it requires bold riding and quick head-work while going at speed. At present, however, the horses allowed for this purpose are neither good polo ponies nor passable troop horses; it results that neither the captains, who want good horses, nor the polo players, who want good ponies, are satisfied.



Going over the Steeple-Chase Course.



Division of student officers riding trained school horses.

The thoroughbred horse has never been much used in our army, and whatever the reasons may be, the military value of this wonderful stock is not generally understood in the service and, it would seem, has never been fairly tested. At present horses of pure or nearly pure blood are being used more and more at the School of Equitation, and it is expected that results of real value to the service will follow from these experiments.

The training, care, and management of cold-blooded horses, which now constitute the great majority of our mounts, is quite a different matter from the methods required for horses of purer blood; the studies now being made at Fort Riley represent another of the many benefits derived from a place where various breeds can be kept in quantity and their military value critically compared.

It is a surprising fact that such elementary questions as whether curb and snaffle bits in combination are necessary or useful in military equitation and whether rising to the trot is easier on man and horse than the close seat, are still undecided in our mounted service. The double bridle is not issued to the army except "for experimental purposes," the stirrup has lately been set forward on the saddle, and rising to the trot is made possible and is authorized; but both of these important questions along with many others are still in the air as far as the service at large is concerned.

The value, then, of such an institution as a well-equipped school of military equitation where these things are studied and decided by a body of experts can readily be understood. The Fort Riley school has already made its influence felt and in a few years it will doubtless take its place with Fort Monroe and Fort Leavenworth as one of the necessary and recognized factors in a well-balanced scheme of army education.

The present senior instructor in equitation is an officer to whom the whole mounted service acknowledges a debt of gratitude. Most fortunately there are at present several men, graduates of the school, who could, if necessity arose, fill with distinction Captain Short's post, but it is believed that without the prestige which his extraordinary ability in every department of horsemanship brought to the office when it was first created, the great and useful advance in our ideas of military horsemanship which Fort Riley now represents could never have been effected.

Two officers act as his assistants in all the mounted work; one of them, Lieutenant Gordon Johnston, being a graduate of Hannover. Thus the best ideas of the German as well as of the French school are available for adaptation to our needs. Five other post graduates look after the stables, train difficult horses, carry out experiments, and in general, while aiding the

head instructor, perfect themselves as riding-masters. These officers are especially charged with the supervision of the school remount farm where the young, unbroken horses are cared for and put in condition for their coming work. This is a new phase of the school instruction and one which promises to be of immense advantage to the service in producing experts to take charge of the remount stations which our War Department is now establishing. These positions are eagerly sought by the graduates and they offer an incentive to extra exertion on the part of students.

It is to be hoped that some day the army school of equitation will be transferred to Washington. The only buildings needed would be stables, riding-halls, a horse hospital, and a barrack for grooms, and these could be made ornamental and placed on public land now available in several parts of the city. Such a location would be an advantage to Washington, and it would result in great benefits to the school as well as to the numerous officers on duty at the capital. Those who are already horsemen could, with little expense to themselves or to the government, keep up their riding, while others such as surgeons, infantry field-officers, officers of supply de-

partments, etc., could be given a chance to learn a necessary part of their trade while losing but little time from their desks.

Washington is par excellence the home of fine horses and good horsemen, and the models of both daily seen in Rock Creek Park would be of great value to students who are making riding for the time being their business. The horses and fox-hunting of near-by counties in Virginia offer a stimulus to bold exterior equitation unknown to other localities; the climate is perfect for this work and a "gallery" is present. This is no mean force for good, since a desire to excel in competition with others is always a powerful stimulant to horsemen.

Moreover, the veterinary school and hospital primarily intended for the students might, with the advantages afforded by such a location, eventually expand into a national veterinary college—an institution now more needed in our country than any other kind of college.

For these reasons it is thought that whenever it is decided to station another regiment of cavalry at Fort Riley, the numerous buildings now installed there for the Mounted Service School could be used for this increase of the garrison and the school itself be transferred to Washington.

THE SUNKEN CROWN

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

NOTHING will hold him longer,—let him go;
Let him go down where others have gone down;
Little he cares whether we smile or frown,
Or if we know, or if we think we know.
The call is on him for his overthrow,
Say we; so let him rise, or let him drown.
Poor fool! He plunges for the sunken crown,
And we—we wait for what the plunge may show.

Well, we are safe enough. Why linger, then?
The watery chance was his, not ours. Poor fool!
Poor truant, poor Narcissus out of school;
Poor jest of Askelon; poor king of men.—
The crown, if he be wearing it, may cool
His arrogance, and he may sleep again.

THE REVOKE

By James Barnes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK



HE visitors from the hotels, who had attended the Sunday morning church parade had stopped for the concert after the service.

The band, gathered under the pines on the slope below the dusty, foot-packed drill ground, was playing in the Ballet from "Sylvia," and the fact was just recognizable and no more. The indifference of the musicians was a confession of inability and no intended insult to the composer. But couldn't that red-tunicked band raise the heart-lifting, foot-swinging air of "Garry Owen"! And couldn't they play the "British Grenadiers" until you would walk the soles off your boots!

Kingsland Mitchell, sitting beside his wife at the foot of a pine tree, looked at his watch.

"Can't stand much more of this," he observed. "Let's be going back."

Mrs. Mitchell's reply showed an entire obliviousness to the music.

"Kingsland," she said softly, "look at those children!"

On the slope near them were playing a number of little ones, clad in cheap chintz gowns, rough stockings, and heavy thick-soled, army-looking shoes. The little Britons were charging up a short, steep hill, soft with pine needles, and hurling themselves in mad races from the summit—two small girls, dragging a chubby youngster, who submitted, unprotestingly, but half-fearful, like a puppy that had unconsciously wandered into the play of his elders. One of the little girls suddenly turned, tossing aside the Kate Greenaway hat that hung down her back by its ribbon.

"Oh, just look at *that* child!" exclaimed Mrs. Kingsland Mitchell again. "She certainly is the most beautiful thing that any one ever saw—oh! isn't she?" Mrs. Mitchell's face glowed in an expression of wonder.

And she was right. Never did the sun, that shone so constantly on this far away possession—just a dot on the "red-mapped

lands"—touch anything so lovely; never had England produced such proof of the claims of her poets and painters since verse and paint came into existence! The small face, modelled delicately and exquisitely, was full of infantile health and spirits. The parted red lips showed rows of perfect teeth. The soft hair rippled about her cheeks and shoulders—golden as the sunlight itself. Her eyes, large and blue, with long lashes, were the kind that caught and held you. Every movement was graceful; her little hands and limbs would make a sculptor mad to mould them.

Kingsland Mitchell, without turning, caught his wife's hand that lay on his arm.

"Exquisite!" he assented. "Strong as a little lioness. . . . Look at that!"

Panting and laughing, the girl had succeeded in dragging her quarry to the top of the knoll, where she proceeded to arrange his tie, pull up his stockings, and straighten his disordered apparel. The boy again submitted, puppy-like, and wondering. When he was all a-taunto, she stood up and took his hand. With a plunge they were off! The boy had had enough. Gaining his feet, he broke away and clung to the trouser leg of a tall private for refuge—the girl circling about just beyond reach of the private's beckoning fingers.

The band had straggled to the end of the masterpiece. And now they struck up a sounding military march. The effect on the children was instantaneous—they stopped their play and stood listening. The little goddess with the golden hair leaned back, half-supporting herself by a pine branch she had caught overhead; she hummed some foolish words to the tune, half to herself.

"I'm going to speak to that child," murmured Mrs. Kingsland Mitchell, rising suddenly.

But before she had time the spiriting music had ceased. Giving tongue like a pack of beagles, the children scampered down the street that led between the little

houses of the married Non-Commissioned Officer's quarters. The crowd broke up as the mess call sounded from beyond the parade ground.

As Kingsland Mitchell sat that evening, after dinner, on the hotel veranda, his wife joined him, seating herself sideways on the railing, leaning back against the pillar. She looked much younger than she really was—her figure, lithe and graceful, had all the flexibility of youth—the lines in her pathetically pretty face did not show in the half-light. Mr. Mitchell also was flattered by the shadows. Slender, but up-standing, he had the attenuated, greyhound look of good breeding, with the delicacy of health and temperament that goes with it, for he was an invalid whose one object in life was an ever-moving search, a persistent pursuit of comforting climate.

They had been married sixteen years, the Kingsland Mitchells—sixteen years of unbroken companionship. They had plenty of money—almost too much at times; it was a burden to know what to do with it. Of relatives, except most distant ones, they had none.

Mr. Mitchell looked at his wife's profile as she gazed out to the lights sparkling against the loom of the farther shore.

"What are you thinking of, Martha?" he asked. "Not homesick, are you?"

"Homesick!" she repeated, leaning her head back. "Home seems to me to be just where I am, until we both want to go some place else. . . . But I was thinking of that child we saw to-day—that beautiful, beautiful child."

Her husband paused—"And so was I," he replied, "before you came out. . . . I wonder what will become of her?"

Mrs. Mitchell's eyes closed a little. "I can't get her out of my mind," she replied. "Just think of—having a child like that!"

There followed a long silence as their thoughts ran back over the years.

Kingsland Mitchell was past forty now—his wife thirty-six. At times he appeared much older; but she did not always look her age—she had clung to her girlhood and its dreams tenaciously. He knew how she ached to expend that surplus wealth and pour it in precious anointment on some curly head that she might call her own. His heart, also, beat fast at the touch of

little fingers, and they held this secret in unspoken understanding.

"I'd better get your shawl, dear, hadn't I, if you're going to sit out here?" The mother tones in her voice seemed accentuated. She was used to waiting on him.

"We'll be going in in a minute. . . . Did you ever see such a graceful little thing in your life?—the way she pointed with that little forefinger!"

"And, Kingsland, such lips and teeth!"

"I can't get her out of my mind, Martha."

"Nor I, dear." She touched his shoulder gently—"We'll take a walk before we go in? . . . It's cold sitting here. This isn't Nassau, remember—a chill comes off the water at times."

With her slender figure nestled close to his, they went down the veranda steps to the hotel garden.

On every Thursday the officers of the regiment, with their wives and families, met the official circle, the privileged island residents, and the invited transients at the Happy Valley tennis courts.

At the bottom of a bowl-like depression in the pine-wooded hills was a bit of greensward just big enough for two courts, a little tea-house and some tables. The voices and chatter lifted to the winding road cut in the coral hills above, where the uninvited stood and caught glimpses through the pine branches of the gaiety below.

Mr. Mitchell, who had started on a walk from the hotel, arrived alone this Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Brazier-Cray, the wife of the Major of the Blankshires, who was pouring tea, promptly appropriated him.

He was the kind of man women like to have about—he seemed to have a subtle understanding of themselves—he respected moods and vapors with an instinct almost feminine. The sadness in his finely-moulded face lent to him also a touch of romance that goes farther with the gentler sex than braggart health and boisterous spirits.

"What! Going about alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Brazier-Cray. "What's happened?"

"Nothing," returned Mr. Mitchell. "But, tell the truth, I expected to find my wife here."

Mrs. Brazier-Cray smiled. "The rendezvous at Happy Valley is generally made with somebody else," she bantered. "You might have made me believe you came here

to see *me*. . . . But I'll tell you where she is, if you'd like to know."

"Where?" he asked so quickly that Mrs. Brazier-Cray responded with a little purring laugh.

"Oh, tiresome man! She was up at the cricket ground—talking to a lot of soldiers' kiddies. They *were* gathered about! . . . I'm a good one to talk—but I think army children are a mistake. . . . You two are lucky—gadding about everywhere, with no bothering little ones to hinder, aren't you?"

"Are we?" interrogated Mr. Mitchell, and said no more.

He watched the tennis listlessly—even a close set, played by two maiden lady residents of the Island, who for decades had defeated all comers, did not rouse his interest. The arrival of His Excellency, a red-faced old general on the retired list, attracted Mrs. Brazier-Cray's attention, and Mr. Mitchell found opportunity to slip away.

He took the steep path up the road toward the Cantonment and came to the cricket ground. He saw no signs of his wife, so he climbed from the plateau to the hill, and, looking over toward the N. C. O.s' quarters, he perceived her walking slowly down the path that led to the military road. Taking a short cut, he waited for her. She smiled from afar off, but held out no greeting. He asked a question as she joined him.

"Did you see her?" He spoke with the certainty of divination.

"Oh, yes." She gave a little nod. "I just left them—the whole family. Their name is Jennings, and her first name is Matilda—the soldiers and every one call her 'Peaches'. Her mother is a laundress,—the father is a corporal—a very obsequious person, who drinks, I'm sure. Mrs. Jennings was in service, at one time, and must have been quite pretty. Now, what with stitching, and washing, and ironing, and ill health, she's fit subject for a hospital and nothing less. She has lost three children; 'Peaches' is all she has left—oh, such a child! Such a voice! Like a little silver bell! Sergeant Jennings tells me that his ten years' service is up very shortly."

"And what will they do then?"

"Oh, Kingsland!" Mrs. Mitchell's voice changed suddenly. "I can't think of that little creature growing up to hard-

ship and poverty. . . . If we could only do something for them—could we?"

"I'm sure I don't know what, my dear. . . . They wouldn't part with her, would they?"

Mrs. Mitchell started, halting and speaking with disconcerting emphasis: "Heavens, no! She's the apple of their eyes—they wouldn't."

"Well, then, I don't see what we can do."

"No, but—" Mrs. Mitchell drew a long fluttering sigh. "You should see her close to! Really, Kingsland, it's marvellous! Do you remember the story of the little princess in the shoemaker's family? I wonder if it's anything like that—does she really belong to them?"

They were nearing the path that led down to Happy Valley; they could hear the band struggling manfully with a sonata. It brought them to their immediate surroundings.

The festivities were over, people were making their way up to the road where the line of carriages waited. But Mrs. Mitchell succeeded in getting hold of Mrs. Brazier-Cray for a few minutes, before that lady—who had just organized a bridge party—had left. "Oh, Corporal Jennings's family, you mean," she replied, in answer to a question Mrs. Mitchell put to her. "Don't think that you are the only one that is interested, my dear. There's some kind of a story—it's—a sad case! He's been twice reduced to the ranks—only on account of his wife, he's kept in the regiment. She, poor woman, is not long for this world; from what the doctor tells me—" She whispered something.

"But what will ever become of—of that beautiful child?" Mrs. Mitchell was accompanying her up the steep walk; Mrs. Brazier-Cray turned to her with a glance of understanding.

"If I hadn't five of my own—" She stopped and did not finish.

"But I haven't any," rejoined Mrs. Mitchell. "I lost my only one. It's seven years ago now."

"Poor little woman," murmured Mrs. Brazier-Cray, taking her hand.

The gesture and the exchange of looks had brought them into more intimate relationship than a year of social meetings.

Three or four days later Mrs. Kingsland Mitchell received a note, left by an

orderly at the hotel. It began with somewhat startling abruptness:

"DEAR MRS. MITCHELL:

"You spoke the other day of being interested in Corporal Jennings's family. Last night poor Mrs. Jennings died very suddenly. We'll miss her very much—she was the only one who could do laces nicely of all the regimental laundresses, and her needlework was quite remarkable. I don't know what *will* become of the child. Jennings's enlistment is up in a fortnight. He is almost, if not quite, worthless, and there is little hope for a time-expired man whose record is not good. It's very sad, all this, but the reason I'm writing you, is because Corporal Jennings asked your name—I was over there this morning—from his description of 'the American lady who came to see them,' I knew it must be you. These little tragedies are very distressing, but Jennings is not above going to you for assistance. You must not let him bother you—and I am sure he would."

Then Mrs. Brazier-Cray signed all of her half-dozen names.

The note struck Mrs. Mitchell as strange. She longed that instant for her husband—but he had gone off on a fishing excursion to the reefs and would not be back till nightfall. So she ordered a trap and drove directly to the N. C. O.s' quarters on the hill, and getting out, she walked to the little house, with the darkened windows, at the end of the row.

When Kingsland Mitchell returned that evening, his wife met him at the entrance to their rooms. Then she did a strange thing—she put her head down on his shoulder—and, to his surprise, he found that she was crying there softly. With the gift of intuition that was his, he felt these were not tears of sudden grief. He stood silently waiting for whatever was to come, though his heart was beating in a half-frightened and very disturbing fashion. Mrs. Mitchell had not intended to greet him thus at all—she was surprised, herself, by this sudden overflow.

"Oh, Kinney," she said at last, using the name she seldom used. "We can have her!—Won't you let me, dear?—I want her so much, oh, indeed I do."

"Go on," he said, not answering or moving. "Tell me—what's happened."

He sat down beside her, loverwise, her hand in his, and his arm about her shoulder.

"Oh, I didn't tell you all that took place the other day, when I was up there on the hill," Mrs. Mitchell confessed falteringly. "I couldn't—I couldn't, for some reason. . . . But you know, when I saw the mother on Thursday, I saw her alone. . . . I—I *begged* her for that child—I offered her everything—She wasn't angry, but she just said 'no.'—I told her what I'd do for her,—I told her that *you* wanted her, too—You did—you *do*, don't you?"

There was no reply but a pressure on her hand.

"Well, last night, this poor mother died. . . . Early in the evening she told her husband something—she told him that she wished him to give me 'Peaches,' only she couldn't remember my name—I was just the 'stranger lady.' The officers' wives are talking of putting her into a 'home' in England. But we'll never let *her* go there, will we, dear?—Mayn't I have her—mayn't I?"

"If you'll share her with me," said Kingsland Mitchell slowly. And at that his wife kissed him, with her cheek against his own.

"I never longed for anything so much in all the world before—but once," she whispered.

They sat there silently for some time, and at last he spoke.

"There are many things to be arranged," he said. "Where could I see Jennings?" he ended.

"I told him you'd be there to-night—and not to say anything to any one. . . . He'll want something, Kingsland, he's that sort, you know."

It was a long talk the two men held that evening at the corner of the steep lane that led down to the regimental golf links, and a strange bargain was concluded: Corporal Jennings was to leave at the end of his expired time, taking his motherless child with him. "Peaches", it was to be explained, was to go to relatives in Nova Scotia. Despite the possibility of difficulties, Mitchell's heart was light as, through the damp air, laden with the heavy fragrance of the lily fields, he drove back to the hotel.

That night, as Mitchell lay awake, he heard his wife sob softly. He stirred and spoke to her.

"What is it, dear?"

"Nothing—I'm so glad," was her reply, "so very happy."

Three or four days later the Kingsland Mitchells took the *Bermudian* for New York, and from there they departed very suddenly for the North.

For two months the Mitchells stopped at Halifax, and when they left, they were accompanied by a trained nurse and a wan little child. Hardly any one would have recognized "Peaches" now. Her hair was cut short and the great blue eyes gazed languidly and listlessly out of a face from which all the color had departed. Care and nursing had helped to drag her back to life; but it was her vitality that had won in the battle with the dreaded typhoid.

The legal formalities of adoption concluded, before the Mitchells' departure Jennings embarked for England with a good lump sum in his pocket and two hundred pounds a year to be paid in monthly installments through the London agent of the Halifax attorney. Within ten months he had drunk himself to death.

The Kingsland Mitchells began a new existence. They did not herald their return from their years of wandering by seeking out old friends. On the contrary, they rented a good-sized cottage near one of the harbors of Long Island Sound, and for the first time, spent two years without moving.

"Peaches" ("Mathilde" they called her now) had grown to the long-legged slimness of ten—the slimness that fits into starched frocks and silk stockings. The soft, golden hair framed her face again, and she had the old habit of tossing it aside with a shake of her head. She was very affectionate and docile. Her governess marvelled at the almost military precision of her obedience. She wondered, also, at the child's voice. It was musical and well modulated; but every now and then she fell into a trick of speech. When for any reason she became excited, she dropped her h's, and very, very seldom, put them on in the wrong place. Miss Bagby accepted the explanation of the child having caught this, when very young, from an English nurse, but never did little Miss Mitchell refer to any recollection of her early childhood. She never spoke of her own mother, or

showed the slightest remembrance of anything that had happened before her illness at Halifax. One strange characteristic she had. When she played, she played practically—she really washed her doll's dresses and ironed them neatly. She loved to be in the kitchen and really cook, she took naturally to needle and thread as some children take to puzzles or scrap-book pasting—to expensive toys—even to books, she was indifferent. Though not imaginative, she was prone at times to dreaming vivid dreams.

The following four years were spent in France and Italy. Everywhere they went people remembered them as the parents of the wonderfully beautiful child. They had come to think of her as nothing less than their own—her manners might have been inherited from generations of ancestors used to the written and unwritten laws of thought and conduct.

So we hasten over the years until a momentous departure came in the Mitchells' life: it was decided that Mathilde should go to boarding-school—this happened on a flying visit to America. A fashionable school near Baltimore was selected, but the adopted parents could not tear themselves away entirely and took apartments in the city where, at least once a week, they had her with them.

It was remarkable how the girl matured! By the time she was seventeen she looked quite twenty. A feeling of pride was now added to affection in both her parents' hearts. She had grown tall and lithesome; her wonderful hair and coloring, her delicate features were pure Anglo-Saxon. But she possessed a daintiness that was as individual as the most fragile bit of Dresden. It came partly from her natural grace of movement—the grace, usually the property of small women, instead of one of her inches, for, with her wonderfully golden hair up, she appeared half a head taller than her father, who was growing gray now, and who used to sit looking at her at times in wonderment of possessing anything so perfect.

And so we come to the time when Mathilde was eighteen, and the Mitchells wakened to the fact that they had no longer a child to deal with, but a young woman, who some day might emphatically declare herself. More than once the two

fond parents had been surprised into sudden consultation.

It was May, the most fascinating of all months to be in Paris. The avenues and gardens were thronged and gay, the air warm and bright; there was all the excitement and movement of the capitol to amuse and distract the visitor. But, apparently, it was out of key with Mathilde's mood. She took little interest in things about her, displaying a strange listlessness that was entirely new.

"I want to go where it's quiet—I want to get away from all this," she confessed to Mrs. Mitchell, late one afternoon, when they had reached their rooms after struggling through the crowded corridors of the hotel, filled with tea sipping, gossiping guests. "I want to go to some little place, all surrounded by the sea—not too far away, but quiet—unfashionable—I'm just a little bit tired, mother dear."

When this speech was repeated to her father, he acquiesced entirely.

"Just the place—I know it," he had said. "The Island of Jersey—I went there once with my tutor when I was studying in England. You know, the fact is," he resumed, "I have been looking for young Davies to turn up here any minute. I saw a letter addressed to her in his writing—he's now in London. . . . Do you think she's written him?"

"I don't know," responded Mrs. Mitchell guardedly. "But it has been in her mind, I'm sure. She's had a hard winter of it in Baltimore—you know how much she went out after she left school. It's the reaction that has set in I dare say. I will regret leaving Paris just now; but if you think Jersey will be what she might like, let us go there, by all means."

And thus the matter was settled; but, in passing, it might be said that Howard Davies—one of the reasons for those sudden consultations—had caused the Kingsland Mitchells the least uneasiness. Not because he was considered out of the running, but, all taken into account, he was the most eligible. A clean cut, clean-minded young American, three years out of college, he had an inherited position and had shown marked ability. In his companionship Mathilde had seemed to find both resource and pleasure. Into the state of her affections neither of her doting parents had inquired.

"They must settle it between themselves, my dear," said Mr. Mitchell upon one occasion as they drove through the Bois, when his wife, after some timorous finessing, had brought up the subject. "The young man is, er, well—" He paused, considering, halted by a pang of parental jealousy. "If she wants him—and if he wants her more than anything else in the world, I dare say he will get her—for that is the way of women."

"Shall we send Howard word where we have gone?" Mrs. Mitchell asked—"it would be a very fair test as to how matters stand—if he——"

Her husband gave a little lift of the eyebrows, characteristic of him in final judgments. "No, my dear Martha, leave that to her again. . . . It would be fairer yet—wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Mitchell nodded slowly in acquiescence with a smile that said plainly, "You're right—you're always right." And the rest of the drive was finished in silence.

The day after they had arrived at the antique little Isle—sanctuary from times immemorial for harassed souls, Mathilde, alone, had started for a walk before breakfast. Never before had she set foot on English soil! The oft talked of, and oft postponed, trip, to Great Britain had never taken place—the climate did not agree with her father, it was explained. But now the Blankshires—to the Colonelcy of which Major Brazier-Cray had succeeded—were in India. There was no fear of meeting disturbingly familiar faces, nor having to answer distressingly familiar questions. But of all these things Mathilde knew nothing.

As she walked up the steep, narrow street leading from the quiet and comfortable lodgings to which they had been recommended—a strange, almost exciting, sensation kept growing within her—the century-old cottages with their narrow doors and small paned windows seemed to greet her like old friends.

Suddenly she started. . . . Where had she seen those flower pots on the narrow sills? And oh! this garden with the hedge-roses and the gate—yes, the gate that swung both ways—with worn places where little hands and feet had caught the palings! She stopped, her heart beating fast—The cottage beyond! . . . What was happen-

ing? Surely she knew that cottage—! There should be a loud, strident-voiced clock on the mantel, and five little, blue-painted shelves in the corner, and a looking-glass with crossed flags and a gilt cannon at the top. . . . Why was she imagining all this? She caught her breath, and with a hand to her brow, turned slowly round, until she looked at the little house again. A bare-armed woman opened the door and began to brush the step with strong, sideways sweeps of the broom. Mathilde could see into the interior now. . . . There *was* the clock! There *were* the shelves and there was the mirror—the mirror with the crossed flags and the gilded cannon!

The bare-armed housewife looked up from her sweeping:

"Pleasant morning, Miss," she said, with a bob, "a nice, bright morning for an early walk, Miss."

The intonation of the woman's voice stirred chords in Miss Mitchell's memory—a voice like that had spoken in her dreams—and then—that odor that crept to her from the open door—the clean, sour odor of cheese making—it brought to her misty sensations that she could not name.

Whether she returned any thanks for the cheery greeting Mathilde did not know. . . . She was walking up the hill again, very slowly. The long-handled parasol, trailing by her side, almost dropped from her relaxed fingers. Her lips were parted, her eyes, wide open, looked round her from under troubled brows.

There was a bench beside some stone steps that led up to another garden, Mathilde sank down on it and leaned forward, playing with the lace of the parasol that lay across her knees. She tried to think—that was what she wished to do—*think*. She had found it impossible in Paris to get a proper perspective. She couldn't make up her mind there. Howard Davies's letter—that still unanswered letter. She knew it by heart; but now she could not recall a single word!

Her mind seemed to be groping back into some intangible past—led blindly by incoherent, calling voices, beckoned along the way by sign-posts, half recognized, yet impossible to read. . . . Now it was music! Yes, music close by! The blare of brass, the piping of flageolets, the hum of

oboes, and the thrilling palpitation of the drums! And the air they played!

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules.
Tra la, tra la, tra la, la."

(The foolish words, that her lips kept forming to the tune, failed in places, but it seemed as if her mind kept humming them on.) How the drums thundered and flammed!

"But of all the tra la, la, la,
That ever—tra, la la,
Is the boom,—! tramp, tramp, tramp
Of the British Grenadiers!"

She leaped to her feet. A fragrance that, mixed somehow, with the music, held her—Lilies, lilies—(yes, there were some in the garden beside her), but fields of them, seas of them—gleaming white—and all round them, pines, pines, dark green, and beneath endless carpets of soft brown needles. A deep road, with straight, moss-grown walls appeared to stretch before her, only to change into the steep, narrow, little street with its rows of cottages. Yet these seemed as familiar as the fleeting vision of the other things.

At the top of the hill was passing an undulating line of red and white—the music, a little fainter, still kept on.

Almost stumbling in her haste, Mathilde ran up the slope—and there she paused, trembling—her bosom lifting and falling under the soft lace blouse.

Little ant's nests of tingling nerves gathered behind her ears—thrills that made her shiver crept along her spine. There was nothing misty about this—! She had seen this sight before; she knew it—knew it all!

There was a line of red, halted and motionless, lining one side of the level stretch of greensward, worn thin by marching feet. Soon that man, stepping forward alone, would stop before the other upright figure in the red coat with the ribbons and medals—and then—There it was! the twinkling movement of the adjutants' feet as he turned on toe and heel! It always made her laugh—she laughed now. How the arms came down together, and the hands in their white gloves—! Then the crash of the rifle butts on the ground!

"Trooping the colors—pretty sight, eh?"

It was a tourist person in a cloth cap addressing another tourist person in a crum-



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

"What are you thinking of, Martha?"—Page 75.

pled panama. With a nudge he whispered something. Turning, they both favored Mathilde with the usual, rude homage of prolonged stares.

For the first time Miss Mitchell recognized that she was not alone.

When the regiment in quarter column swept past the corner of the parade ground—the band playing “Garry Owen” and the undulating line cadenced to the heart-lifting, feet-swinging air, they passed a tall young woman dressed in white, who watched them with parted lips.

Mathilde was descending the hill again—retracing her steps unconsciously. She was still under the influence of the half-dreaming, half-waking feeling that follows strong and sudden stimulation of the mental forces. The certainty with which she had viewed the military movements on the hill-top was now re-inforced by the overwhelmingly reminiscent sense of everything. . . . Here was the cottage again. Tempted by a sudden impulse, she stopped. But before she had decided, something caught her eye.

It was the figure of a tall man in a red coat with gold chevrons and crowns on his sleeves striding toward her up the hill. Never had she seen a man like this! The broad, flat shoulders and the round, full chest seemed moulded into the tight-fitting tunic; narrow of hip and long of limb, proud of tread, he seemed to her startled eyes an incarnation—Mars and Apollo rolled in one—an English sergeant major of the line! His forage cap sat jauntily on his blonde head, his long, light mustache and bronzed features were almost aristocratic in their regularity. He gave Mathilde a glance out of his deep set eyes as he passed—she felt a flush mantling to her temples. Trembling, she hastened on. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsland Mitchell had almost finished their breakfast. They had waited some time, but the maid had said that Miss Mathilde had started for a walk, leaving a message that she might be late.

“Well, darling, where *have* you been?” greeted Mrs. Mitchell extending her hand and cheek in the same movement, as Mathilde entered the little room and closed the door after her. She had not removed her hat, only pushed the veil further up on the wide brim.

“Why, Mattie, dearest, what is it?” exclaimed her father, putting down the orange

he had been preparing for her coming. “Child of mine, what’s happened?”

Mathilde was standing straight before them, looking from one to the other. Then swiftly she kissed them both and sat down at the table, just as she was, her gloved hands clasped over her empty plate. She turned to her mother first.

“Mother dear,” she faltered tremulously, “why didn’t you tell me that I’d been here before?”

Mitchell’s eyes opened widely at his wife. He answered for her.

“But you haven’t, sweetheart—ever—that I know of——”

“Oh, yes, I have.” Mathilde’s voice was coming with an effort—“I’ve lived here.”

“Now—now, my darling——” began Mrs. Mitchell in a frightened whisper. But her husband checked her with a look.

“What put such ideas in your head?” he laughed, trying to meet the strange, perplexed challenge in the steady blue eyes and feeling his own fall before them, “you never were here in all your life. How could you? Ho! Nonsense.” Hardly had he spoken when he felt the weakness of the way he made the statement. Her prompt reply disconcerted him absolutely.

“I used to live,” she reiterated slowly, “in the little house with the swinging gate, ever so long ago.”

“Well—did you ever!” Mr. Mitchell rose. “We often imagine, childie, that we’ve been to places—there are so many—and—and so much alike—you see——”

She broke in on him. “But I *know*. . . . I know the clock and the mirror with the crossed flags and the cannon—it’s so, so strange——”

Mitchell tried to keep her gaze focussed on himself, a quick glance had shown him his wife’s white, quivering lips. He clapped his hands, assuming amusement—attempting a deriding smile. “Well, well—just listen to that!” he rallied.

Bending forward, he took Mathilde’s elbows, trying to turn her to him. But she did not respond. Her eyes grew large and full of fear.

“And the other place,” she insisted, “the pines—and the lilies . . . and all the soldiers in their red coats and the band—and the ‘British Grenadiers’—! Father, father dear, what does it mean?”

Kingsland Mitchell knew that his own



She tried to think—that was what she wished to do—*think*.—Page 80.

face was pale now—words would not form in his mind, nor on his lips. The moment had come! The moment that long ago they had ceased to fear and had forgotten. Why had not Jennings told them that he had been in Jersey? What cursed fate had brought them there? He saw the lovely lips trembling, felt the slender hands tightening on his own. She went on speaking.

“Where was I born?—who—who am I?”

“Tell her, Kingsland.”

Mrs. Mitchell’s voice came faintly—but there was decision in it—surrender rather—*forlorn*, but *brave capitulation*.

Keeping the tense grasp in his, the man who was not her father lifted the girl’s

slight form to him very tenderly. The next moment she was sitting on the sofa close beside him, and the woman who was not her mother, was kneeling, clasping her hand against that loving mother’s breast.

Mathilde had not fainted, though her head was back and her strength gone, her eyes were dry.

“Please”—she said weakly—“Please don’t—don’t cry.”

A sob had come in Mitchell’s throat, despite himself.

“Years, years ago,” he began, “there were two young parents who lost a little child—a daughter—” Mrs. Mitchell’s head had lowered—her shoulders were shaking,



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

A little wailing cry caught her ear.—Page 87.

he rested his disengaged hand softly on her hair where a few gray strands shone in the mass of brown. Then he slipped his arm round her and thus, holding them both, continued: "They loved one another dearly—these two young parents—and——"

It went on to the end—never an interruption, except when his wife stirred to draw the glove off the cold fingers that she nestled against her cheek, damp with tears.

"—So you see—look at me, dearest—it's just the same—no one knows," she cooed, supplementing the finished story, "you know we love you just the same."

"But," faltered Mathilde, "I'm not yours—and all this time I never did belong." It would have been better if she had broken down. She only shivered. A pitiful, smothered wail sounded in her voice. "Why didn't you tell me? Why?" she looked from one strained face to the other.

"But we'll go on just as we did before, and we will never tell," put in Mitchell, his usual tactfulness failing him. He kissed her forehead softly.

"Please, please," replied Mathilde very slowly. "But just now—everything is so different—I—I think I'll go to my room. I'd like to be alone for a little while."

"Oh, no—come, come, we'll have some breakfast first." The affected cheerfulness drew no response. It was the wrong note at this passage.

Mathilde shook her head. "I couldn't" she said rising limply, calling plainly on her will. With Mrs. Mitchell by her side, she walked to the door.

Mitchell, left alone, seated himself by the window—signs of his suffering in face and attitude. After a while he rose and stole quietly out of the house.

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"How is she, Martha—better?"

The Kingsland Mitchells were standing together in the front room. It was long after dusk. He had just returned from another absence of an hour or two. He laid his hat and stick on the table beside the lighted lamp, and motioned toward the sofa.

"Is she better?"

"Yes," Mrs. Mitchell drew him down to her. "She's touched but the merest morsel—she won't see a doctor—she says she's tired, that's all. . . . She's tender and gentle, but changed, Kingsland, changed—

you must have noticed it. Oh, you don't think it will last!"

Mitchell shook his head. "No—but I've been thinking it all over. . . . We must leave it all to her. It was the shock. . . . God forgive us! perhaps we were wrong in not telling. But I've found out something:—Jennings's regiment left here for Aldershot—then went to Bermuda. She was born here—but she was not his child. Her mother was a widow, who had first married far above her station—a clergyman's son, named Cleeve. . . . His family would do nothing for her."

"This explains many things," mused Mrs. Mitchell slowly—"Jennings never told us—of course, he wouldn't—would he?"

"Did we ask?—I forget. He deceived us, to put it plainly. And, listen, dear—she is almost a year older than we thought. I've seen the register. Jennings married Mrs. Cleeve at the military chapel. Isn't it strange—of all places in the world, we should have pitched on this!"

Mrs. Mitchell replied nothing—she was wondering at the devious ways.

After a long pause she rose. She wished to solace her aching heart by feeling that beautiful, dearly loved head resting over it once more.

In a moment she was back on flying feet. Her husband rising, with blanched lips, caught her as she stumbled forward.

"Kingsland!" she cried. "She's gone—she is not there!"

Mathilde's mind had been a battlefield since early morning. The attack of those misty recollections, stabbing so suddenly and unexpectedly from the unreconnoitred past, had upset any line of reasoning she might have drawn up to meet them, and, as the attack became an overwhelming charge of certainties—her reserves gave way—and from the general chaos that ensued she could not summon her scattered forces to her aid at all. In the acknowledgment of her defeat she could not divert retreat or plan for further action.

As she had lain on her bed, with the sunlight sifting past the drawn curtains, the One-she-had-called—"Mother" had softly looked in more than once. Mathilde had not moved or spoken and the door had closed again. Little did she know of the temptation of the mother one to take her up and cradle her as she had done in the long

gone days before the explaining moment had disturbed the peace of all their lives. Though overthrown, wounded, beaten, the ungovernable thought-conflict was at its height—there was no hope of help from any one outside.

Things that she now saw clearly were arrayed against others she could not understand.

Why, of course—she had come naturally by her knack of needlework, why shouldn't she have loved to cook, and help clean dishes, and wash and iron? Yes, once she had been rescued scrubbing the front door step—rejoicing in the inherited habitude of work. That was her *real* mother in her. That was what she was fitted for—toil—drudgery if may be—accomplishments had irked her often.

But why had she been so proud? Proud of her ease, proud of her frocks, her clear, ivory skin, her maid-tended golden hair—and, yes, of her “name”—and her “Great-grandmother” and “Great-grandfather” in their gold-framed miniatures! Howard Davies had once said that his family and hers had known each other for four generations—and somehow it gave her pleasure to know this. But *her* family—! *She*, the daughter of a common soldier and his toiling wife, with her tubs and stew pans. Latent until now, slow stirring awakenings of early child-years came to her—a woman's figure, slender and bent—and yet always bending—over this here, and that there—and the smell of cheese making, and cooking and suds—suds—the steam of soaking linen. That's what she had been born to! There came to her mind a picture—she would have called it a “dream” before—Miss Bagby always called them “dreams”—of a man in a red coat—it was always a red coat—lying on the floor of a room—and the bending woman trying to lift him—and horrid words and lurching steps—a blow—a crash and sobs in the darkness—her own voice crying, and thin, hard-working arms gathering her to a suffering, comforting breast. And this she was called on to forget—Those were *her* mother's people—those in the little houses up the hill.

Gratitude—yes, she owed the others gratitude, and she never could repay—never. But had they not robbed her of her birthright—*work*?—and made her live a lie

—maybe all the others knew! At this, paradoxically, she hid her face again in shame—shame at the humbling of her pride! Then there came to her the brave figure in the tight-fitting red tunic. She could not imagine *him* lying on the floor—that handsome, swaggering blonde god! What if he might—she blushed—she could cook and wash and iron with the best—! She came to her decision—“No one knew”—yes, the others had said that—they were ashamed—she would not take up the lie again.

Deep down in her nature stirred unrecognized, instinctive forces—hitherto held dormant—her arms stretched out toward the indefinable, the not-yet-clearly-understood.

Mathilde rose and drew back the curtain. It was quite dark. Lights shone from cottage windows. Below in the narrow street a man and a woman walked together. The faint halation from the corner lamp lit up the passing figures—the man had his arm round the girl's waist—he had on a red coat—the brass buttons gleamed suddenly and brightly. From far off sounded the faint call of a bugle.

She drew a long breath, loosened the silk wrapper she wore and dropped it at her feet. With only the light that came through the window to aid, she dressed herself in her brown travelling gown—picked out the shoes that matched, and pinning her smallest hat on her hastily gathered hair, she tiptoed down the stairway to the door. Leaving it half-open, she hastened up the hill.

Something seemed to be leading her, drawing her on. She had no fear of anything, but being seen, before she had found some hiding-place—that was it! . . . The house with the garden.

As she halted at the swinging gate she looked over her shoulder—no one was in sight. The creak of the hinges sounded a now well remembered welcome—if she pushed the gate all the way back there would give a little groaning thump. With a whirr, the strident clock inside the cottage struck the hour as if glad to be done with it. Mathilde walked up the path—it was not so late as she had feared. She was doing nothing extraordinary. She was only Matilda Jennings, the daughter of a soldier. She had lived in that house once—perhaps they would know her people. If they would let her stay, she could work for her

keep—she would soon prove that! She had given up the position she had held. . . . Why, all she had to do was to tell the truth.

As she was about to knock, she drew back her knuckles just in time—her rings! She had forgotten them. Swiftly she drew them off, put them in her pocket, and stretched out her hand. Then she stopped. A little wailing cry caught her ear; the shade at the left was raised some inches from the sill; the window was open. If she leaned sideways she could look within. . . .

The whole room was in plain sight. At the table sat a man in a gray flannel shirt. His shoeless feet rested on a chair, a short pipe was in his mouth—a bottle and a glass beside him. A young woman, heavily, slatternly, good looking, was walking up and down with a baby in her arms. In the corner sat the middle-aged housewife who had greeted her from the doorstep; she was peeling onions and wore the same bedraggled gown she had in the morning. The baby wailed again.

"Oh, give 'im some o' this," said the man, "and close 'is blooming faice—cawn't cher?"

"'E'll be learnin' soon enough," snapped the woman, "that 'e will."

"Oh blimme," said the man, good-naturedly, "then 'eres to the brat."

"You might give us a sip, Jock," put in the woman in the corner, looking up from her onion peeling with watery eyes, "I've 'ad somethin' as sits 'eavy on me hever since mornin'."

"It's the blarsted, rotten tripe you give us larst night," said the man, still with good humor. "Serves you good and right." He turned as he finished speaking, and the light from the table lamp fell full on his face.

It was the swaggering sergeant major of the line!

The hinges of the gate gave a thumping groan. A tall figure hastened out into the street. Once more Mathilde seated herself on the bench. . . . These "her peo-

ple?" No, no, no! A sob came from her—then bursting, scalding tears. And as she wept, her brain seemed to clear. It was as if a moving picture, that had been put in backwards, had suddenly been changed and things moved rightly. How could she ever have thought of leaving those she loved so much—and those who loved her so? Another great and unexpected feeling swept over her—born of complete assurance—she stretched out her hands again. Howard Davies's clear-cut face came before her—the words of his letter—even the tones of his voice—she knew now—she knew!

She almost ran down the hill in her haste to be back before they should discover she had gone. How blindly cruel she had been—how stubbornly mistaken! . . . Here she was at the lodgings—the door was open, somebody was in the hallway.

"Mother, darling mother—! Oh, do forgive me, mother dear!"

Mathilde was kneeling by the sofa where Mrs. Mitchell sat, leaning forward, straining her close.

Seeing that they both were weeping, Mitchell left. Such moments are contagious to some temperaments. For a long time, as he stood in the next room, hoping to hear his name called, he could hear them talking in broken whispers, that grew calmer as the moments passed. She was learning all the truth; he heard the name "Cleeve," followed by low-whispering and the name repeated. Then his heart gave a bound. He caught the sound that wells from the solaced heart of womankind—the soft, half-broken laugh, with the echo in it of the relief of recent tears. . . . He could not help listening for the next few words.

"—When he comes—you must tell him all—everything——"

"Everything, dearest."

Again Mitchell felt the pang of jealousy. But, smothering it, he gave a great sigh of joy.

IN THE DOLOMITES

By Mary King Waddington

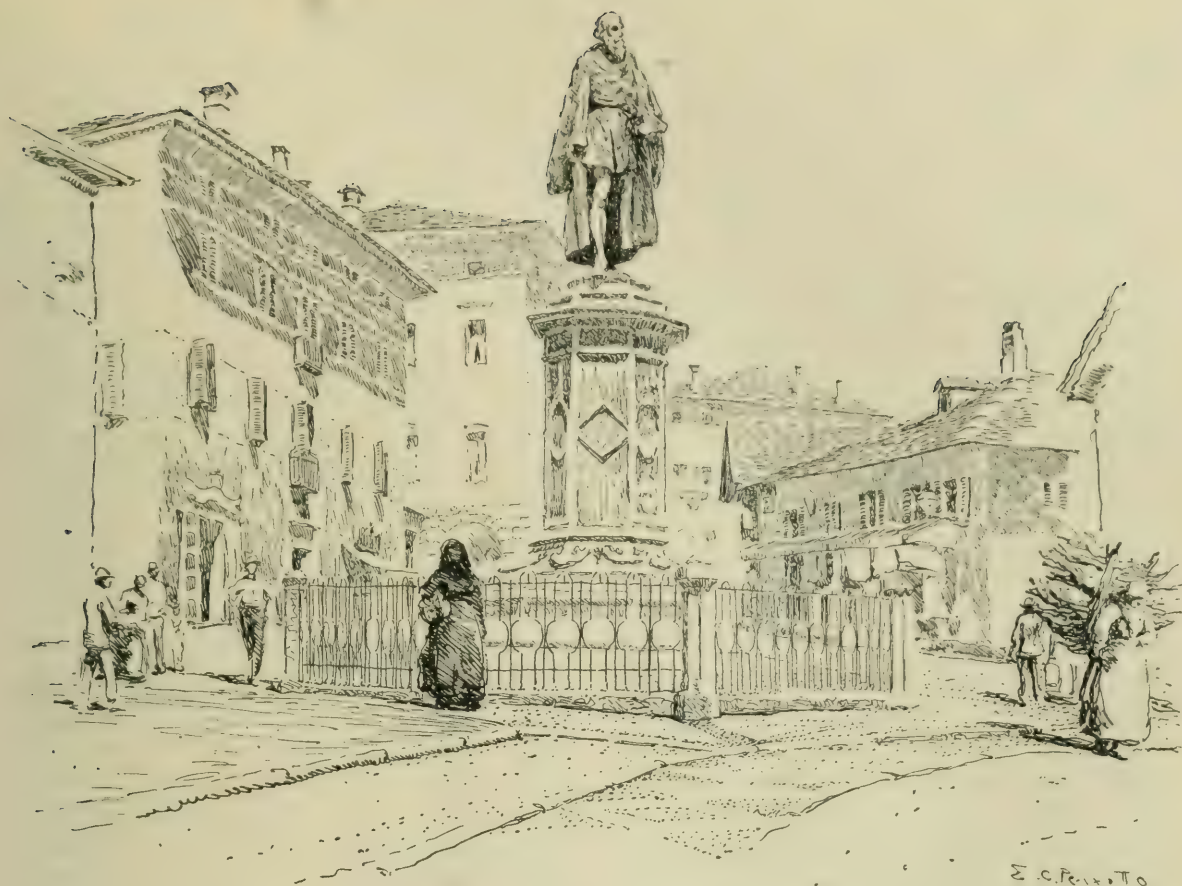
ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CORTINA IN SEPTEMBER



I HAD forgotten what an Italian summer was like. We had had beautiful weather at Igls, bright and cool, so that we could be out all day, and only once a real storm, when the mists closed around us, making a gray curtain between us and the mountains, the rain coming down in such heavy drops one could almost catch them like hailstones. It seemed another world when we started from Toblach for our long drive through the narrow Ampezzo Valley to Cortina. It was hot and crowded at Toblach—the hotel full of people. Our rooms were small and stuffy, the dining-room awful, a great many people, shut windows, very insufficient attendance, and quantities of flies—rather reminding one of bad way-stations in the West of America in my childish days. Heaps of baggage piled up in the hall. The courtyard full of carriages coming and going; guides lounging about; and the unfortunate clerks and porters going mad over people asking questions—“had letters and telegrams been received—had their baggage arrived—was their carriage ordered,” etc., etc. We felt decidedly bewildered. However, order seemed to come out of chaos, and when we finally got hold of the porter we found that our carriage was ordered, rooms also at Cortina, and we were to start the next morning at eight o'clock. We went for a short stroll after dinner. The mountains towered above us and all around the narrow strip of valley where Toblach stretches its narrow line of hotels and villas. We seemed absolutely shut in. It was rather pleasant to see the Innsbruck Express dash past with its long line of lighted carriages looking like a comet with a flaming tail. We started punctually the next morning in a light open carriage, with a pair of sturdy little horses that went along, all the way, at a steady even trot. We had the classic Tyrolian coachman

with a green felt hat (with a flower in it) cocked over one ear. Our baggage had started earlier by diligence. We had a five hours' drive to Cortina, stopping half-way to breakfast and rest the horses. The road was beautiful as soon as we left the village of Toblach. We mounted gently at first through green fields and low hills and past quite a fair-sized lake, but we soon got into a region of bare peaks, rocks, and mountains, which was very wild and beautiful. Our coachman, who was very amiable and perfectly unintelligible—speaking an extraordinary language, half Italian, half German—pointed out various peaks and high bare rocks, that looked sometimes, as the road turned, like gigantic sentinels barring the way. The heat was terrific, the sun shining straight down on the hard white road out of a perfectly bright blue sky without a trace of a cloud—no shade anywhere. We met several carriages and one or two automobiles. One does not see many automobiles here yet, but they will come in crowds later, as the roads are excellent. The valley opened out occasionally, giving us glimpses of snow mountains and glaciers in the distance. One—the coachman told us—was Monte Cristallo, where, every year, guides and tourists are lost, the ascent on this side being very dangerous. We could see quite well the glacier on the side of the mountain—long white patches close to the top, which was almost entirely covered with snow. It was a beautiful drive all the way, particularly when we got well into the mountains, which took most fantastic shapes and marvellous vivid coloring in the bright sunlight—yellow, pink, and some of the peaks a dazzling white which looked like ice. They were all terrible—masses of rock with cruel, jagged sides; I should think almost impossible to climb, but every year excursions are made. We were very glad to get to Schludersbach, one half-way place which consists of a hotel



Titian's monument. Pieve di Cadore.

built on one side of the road, with mountains before and behind, and the sun beating down on the flat roof. One or two carriages were in the courtyard, filled with wraps and rugs, cushions, books, umbrellas, luncheon-baskets—all the hundred packages English people travel with. We were shown into a nice little sitting-room, with a clean wooden floor and a piano—which opened into a dining-room with small tables. Two or three maids, in Tyrolian dress—white chemisettes, velvet bodices, and short skirts—were serving the people who were already breakfasting. There were two parties—all women. We asked what they could give us. They proposed trout, partridges, and compote, but that it would take some time to prepare the breakfast—perhaps we would like to walk about a little in the shade of the woods behind the house. “Woods” was rather an exaggeration. There were a few pines running up the side of the mountain, but they were very tall, planted very far apart, and their branches growing straight up in the air. The shade was rather fictitious. We did climb up a short distance, but soon took refuge on a bench under an overhang-

ing rock, with wonderful mountains all around us. One red-yellow round mountain, “Crode di Rossa,” was dazzling. We seemed to be looking straight into the sun, and it was a relief to turn to the bare black peaks of Dürrenstein. We were glad to get back to the dining-room, which was cool and dark. The breakfast was excellent. We asked the waitress if the trout came from one of the mountain streams. She said, “No, everything comes from Lienz,”—a small Austrian town at the Tyrolian end of the Brenner Pass. There is a curious small Gothic chapel opening out of a corridor just outside of the dining-room. No one could tell us anything about it except that it had always been there, was older than the church. We asked if it ever was used. Occasionally—they said—by a passing priest. Just outside the door a coil of rope and an axe were hanging—had belonged to a guide who had been lost some weeks ago on Monte Cristallo. The last part of the drive to Cortina was even more beautiful than the beginning—through such a wild, strange, desolate country—walls of bright-colored rocks on each side of us, and towering above

them peaks and mountains of extraordinary shapes, with torrents and waterfalls running down their sides. The heat was still very trying, but I suppose if the sun had not been so bright we should not have had all the color on the mountains; and, after all, that was what we came to see. We had been so cold the last days of August at Marienbad—shivering at the springs in the morning and always wearing woollen dresses at Igls—that we felt the heat, of course, much more, and thought regretfully of the linen dresses we had sent back to Paris. We thought short tweed skirts would be all that we should need in the mountains in September. The little town of Cortina lies in a high valley in the heart of the Dolomites, with green meadows and pine woods all around it; a beautiful clear river pouring straight down from the glacier running through it, and mountains shutting it in on all sides. The small square, with the post-office and Municipio, looked most animated as we drove up. Diligences, carriages, post-carts painted yellow with the Austrian arms in black, were coming and going. People were crowding into the post-office (we, too, like all the rest), asking for telegrams and letters, places in the diligence, etc. It is hard to believe that we are still in Austria. The whole aspect of the place, the look of the people, the names of the streets and shops are Italian, and almost every one speaks Italian. We found neither letters nor telegrams at the Poste Restante; we drove on to our Hotel Miramonti, just outside the town. It stands high, with a pine wood at the back, and is just like all the hotels in the Tyrol—a square, white house, with wooden balconies on all sides. Our luggage had arrived—was standing at the door, and the proprietor and his wife were waiting to receive us. They were a handsome couple—very good specimens of the peasants of the Italian Tyrol. He, a tall broad-shouldered man, and she, a very pretty fair woman, dressed in Tyrolian costume. Their names are Romeo and Juliet. She alluded to her husband once or twice, while showing us our rooms, as “Romeo.” So I said, “You ought to be called Juliet.” To which she replied, with a blush and a giggle, that her name was Giulietta. They had kept us nice rooms—corner ones—at one end of the corridor,

with good balconies. We brushed off a little dust, then went downstairs, had tea in the hall, and afterward sallied out for a walk in the pine woods behind the house. It was very warm and perfectly dry, so we sat down on the grassy slope of the hill and looked at the gorgeous panorama all around us. The mountains a soft gray as the afternoon light faded, and then a beautiful living pink in the last rays of the sunset. I thought I should never get dressed for dinner. I could not tear myself away from the balcony. It is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen—just what one would imagine the fairyland of our childhood. The contrast between the pink-golden peaks and the long black lines of the pines was too wonderful. Then the moon came out, and that finished the picture and completely changed the coloring. The rose light faded and the mountains looked ghastly white—cold and bare. We woke up to-day to a bright beautiful morning, the sun just coming over the top of the mountains and smiling down on pretty little Cortina, which seemed to lie in a green cup at their feet. Quite a number of villas and chalets are scattered about on the hills—some very high up. When they are lighted at night they look like stars against the dark background of pines. The high-road from Toblach to Belluno—a long white line—seems to cut the valley in two. Several carriages loaded with travellers and luggage were passing—also the diligence, a heavy, lumbering, old-fashioned vehicle, and a few peasants’ carts. We walked into Cortina about nine o’clock—such a hot walk—not a particle of shade. We had some shopping to do—post-cards, writing paper, and canes (every one told us we must get good stout canes with an iron point, if we meant to do any walking), and H. and P., of course, wanted to be weighed. It was so hot—even at that hour of the morning—that we couldn’t attempt to walk back over that glaring white road, and asked the woman at the paper shop where we could find an “Einspanner” (one-horse trap). She offered to get us one, and advised us to sit on the bench outside her door until it was ready. We settled ourselves on rather a small wooden bench under a tree (one of the few in Cortina), and were much interested looking at the people walking up and down the narrow street and lounging in the

square. Almost all were English—pretty girls with fair hair, sailor hats, short skirts, and canes, and a certain number of men—generally young, with tall, straight figures—not at all the abnormal stomachs and short fat necks we had grown accustomed to at Marienbad. A wonderful equipage appeared to take us back to Cortina—a very narrow carriage, with an enormous horse, which was harnessed so far away from the carriage that he didn't look as if the rather small boy who drove had anything to do with him. However, the paper lady assured us it was all right, and we rattled back to Miramonti in time for breakfast. We met some Florence friends—Mrs. Fuller and her daughter—in the restaurant, and we had a pleasant talk on the terrace, after breakfast—going back to old days, in that pleasure-loving city of flowers, sunshine, and happy, easy life—easy morals, too. “Amore” was an excuse for everything, and women got tired of their husbands and children and family life generally, had a “grande passion” for another man, and went off with him for years. Then when the madness was over, came back to Florence, and took their places again in society and their home circle, and nobody seemed to mind. I remember mother's perplexity the first winter we spent in Florence. Among the various people we met and who visited us were several ladies whose past seemed to have been extremely lively—as the French say—and she rather hesitated about taking her daughters to their houses. She consulted an old Florentine lady, who thought her scruples quite unnecessary. “Why should you worry over that, dear madam? These ladies all live a most exemplary life now with their husbands, bringing up their children most carefully, and attending to their households and charities. You mustn't judge Italians with their warm Southern blood by your Anglo-Saxon correctness—besides, it all happened so long ago.” I suppose time softens everything. They suggested we should walk into Cortina to have tea at Appolonia, the principal café, where we would see all the beauty and fashion of the place. We had sworn we wouldn't go back there till the great heat was over; but we did, of course, and they showed us another way, through fields and along pretty little green paths—a great improvement upon

the hard white road. We sat some time on the veranda of the Appolonia, looking at all the people—the English element always predominating, but there were some Germans and Italians—no Americans. We had very good cakes and coffee. The walk back about half-past six was enchanting—the green valley and hills in front of us; the river racing along on one side; and close around us the great jagged dolomite peaks. The colors were too beautiful in the sunset glow; I never should have believed such lights possible if I had not seen them. We sat out on the terrace a long time after dinner. It was bright moonlight, and the little village of Cortina, with its white campanile and chalets, stood out sharply in the clear light. The houses are generally white, with dark roofs and balconies, but some of them are pink and blue (like the houses at Alassio and the Italian Riviera), and have pictures painted on the outside—saints or landscapes, or a figure of some village legend; but, of course, the color is lost at night, and the white towers of the two churches seemed to dominate the town.

Sunday.—We went into mass at Cortina this morning, as Giulietta told us we should see the peasants in their costumes. They all come down from the little stations on the mountains and neighboring villages on Sunday. There was quite a crowd assembled in front of the church, but we did not find the costumes very striking. All the women wore a short black skirt of some woollen material, white chemisette, black bodice, usually of velvet, and colored apron. Very few had long earrings or gold chains. There were scarcely any pretty faces, and all, of all ages, wore the same hat—a round, low, black hat, with a little end of ribbon or cord and tassel hanging down behind. It was not at all becoming—particularly to the old, wrinkled faces. They all touch the brim of their hats, like men, when they speak to you or answer a question. They have one curious custom—they take off their hats before going into church, keep them on their laps during the service, and have them dangling on their arms when they come out. The men were dressed like all peasants of mountainous districts—dark-green suits, high leather belts, broad-brimmed hats, and gaiters. They were all very devout, and there were almost as many men as women—plenty of

In the Dolomites

young ones. We didn't stay very long, as the heat and bad air (so many country people with their thick clothes steaming) were not very agreeable. The church is modern, not particularly interesting—the carving and painting by local artists. Cortina is evidently much patronized by English. All the shopkeepers, guides, and post-office officials have a smattering of the language, and one finds tea, plum-cake, Murray's guidebook, tennis shoes, balls and racquets, and English illustrated papers everywhere. This afternoon P. and I made an excursion to Belvedere—on the other side of the narrow valley. It is very high, and there is a splendid view of mountains and glaciers. It looked a very steep, rough road, but the people of the house assured us it was perfectly practicable with a light carriage and a pair of strong little mountain horses. The carriage looked extremely light—both body and wheels—when it appeared. We are neither of us sylphs and had some misgivings, but it was evidently suited to the purpose as we drove up to the top. The driver walked all the way from the time we crossed the river and began to climb. We got out several times and walked. Once—when we were driving through a little village, the road very narrow with sharp turns and the houses with low overhanging roofs almost meeting over our heads—it did not seem possible to pass, and again when the road apparently ended and a perfectly straight hill reared itself up in front of us; however, the carriage went up triumphantly. It was frightfully hot; nothing to give any shade but the telegraph poles, and we were quite exhausted when we got up to the top. We walked a short distance through a wood, happily. I had a magnificent view when we arrived at the terrace or platform of the restaurant—all the great mountains—Cristallo, Sorapiss, and Antelao facing us. Cristallo with snow quite at the top like a white cap; and Antelao—rather curious—a ring of snow or glaciers, not quite at the top, looking like a necklace for the sharp barren peak that rose directly behind it. We saw the road to Lake Misurina and the “Tre Croci,” which looked frightfully steep—a white line going straight up the face of the mountain. Every one said we ought to make that excursion, but I wouldn't undertake it in this weather. It is a very long day over

very bad roads, and one must walk a good bit of the way when it is so steep that the carriage can just get up with no one in it. One must always climb here. There are not ten yards of level road once you leave Cortina. We found a nice clean old woman and a pretty Italian boy at the little restaurant at Belvedere. They told us all their family history—the boy wants to go to America as soon as he has finished school. They gave us very good bread and butter and coffee. We have learned now by experience never to ask for tea in these out-of-the-way places. Madame Giulietta says her tea is “proprio Chinese,” but we have an idea that it comes from somewhere nearer home. It was delightfully cool—too cool, in fact—on the terrace, so we walked about a little along the top of the plateau. About half-way down the slope there was a cross, with a very realistic picture of a young woman slipping on the grass and being carried over the precipice. I remember seeing the same thing when we were travelling in the Austrian Tyrol near Heiligenblut and the Gross Glockner. Our guide was very careful always when we were walking on the grassy slopes—said they were most dangerous. I quite realized it, for I felt how very slippery the grass was, notwithstanding my nailed mountain shoes and my stout alpenstock with an iron point, which I dug firmly into the ground wherever there was grass. I was never afraid on the glaciers—the ice is so rough and broken it did not make me nervous. I don't know that the drive down from Belvedere was any more reassuring than the ascent. We rattled down at a tremendous pace—swinging around corners in the most reckless manner. The view was lovely all the way down. Cortina looked like a little white spot underneath us, and the river a green ribbon twisting in and out of the meadows.

We lead such a regular life here—doing the same thing every day in this beautiful country—that the time slips away almost too quickly. It is perfect enjoyment to sit idly on the grass and look about us. One must sit *tight*, too—as the boys say—as it is very slippery, and an unguarded movement might send one spinning down the slope. Some peasants were mowing the grass the other day, in a field near us—both men and women. One old woman, her



Cortina. Mts. Pomagognon and Crystallo.

face nothing but wrinkles, and quite bent, was taking a long, regular sweep with her scythe—quite as well as the men. The field was decidedly slanting—running up the mountain—but they seemed quite at their ease. They all looked up, smiled, and nodded, and said something about Inglese and the sun—we couldn't quite understand. In all these mountain places where one lives out-of-doors the evenings are short. I think the whole hotel is asleep by ten o'clock. We take all our meals at a small table in the veranda—facing the mountains. It is very hot for the midday meal, even with all the doors and windows open and awnings down, but delightful at night. We are served by three or four nice-looking girls in the dress of the country. Their chemisettes always scrupulously clean—open at the throat—short sleeves, tied at the elbow with a ribbon the color of their fichu. Madame Giulietta comes in occasionally and helps, but only when there are a great many people. There are about six tables in the veranda restaurant—all people we know. They have a table d'hôte,

but we never go to it. There is a nice English family in the hotel—a father and two daughters. He is old and delicate, sits out all day under the pine trees, but the daughters are very energetic—the eldest especially. She starts out every morning early and takes long walks all over the country—finds her way everywhere, utterly disdaining the red and blue marks which we find so comforting when we are embarked on a steep mountain path (peering into the bushes for fear we should miss the familiar signs); takes short cuts which always bring her out in the right place, and as she knows Italian well, picks up all sorts of odd bits of information about this little *Austrian* town where the language and the customs and the people are Italian. One rather wonders why they remained Austrian—the frontier is only three or four miles away. However, our friends tell us, we will understand as soon as we cross into Italy. The villages, at once, are so different—dirty streets filled with an idle population; houses half tumbling down, and nothing for any one to do. I shouldn't think



The little town of Cortina lies in a high

there was much to do here, either, but the little town looks clean and prosperous, and at this season fairly busy. There is very little to buy. Their chief industry is silver filagree work; but when one has bought a certain number of hat-pins, boxes, pin-cushions, and photograph frames, there is nothing else except a little wood carving like what one finds in every Swiss village. I don't think the men can have any occupation once the winter sets in, when, of course, there are no tourists nor mountain ascensions. They all dream of America, and tell wonderful stories of comrades who have come back rich after working hard eight or ten years—with money enough to build a stone house and keep a cow and goats.

We took a last walk into Cortina this afternoon, as we are leaving to-morrow morning for Tai and Pieve di Cadore. We took still another path—rather longer, but much pleasanter—walking for some time through the meadows alongside of the river, which always sounds cool as it rushes along; the water—a beautiful clear green—rippling and dancing over the rocks. The fields were full of peasants tossing and heaping up the hay in their carts. They all stopped working to look at us—wishing

us a smiling “*buon giorno*.” It is curious *never* to hear a word of German. At the Appolonia all the Kellnerin are dressed in Tyrolian costume, but all speak Italian—hardly understand German. The walk home was enchanting. As we stepped out into the long village street we seemed shut in at each end by the mountains. They looked so near in the clear pure air that we almost felt we could walk straight up to the top. They were gray and dull when we started, but as it got toward sunset were transformed with a golden light over them. Then came the beautiful rose afterglow, which is unlike anything I have ever seen.

TAI DI CADORE

It seems impossible to realize that two days ago we were in an enchanted region of green hills, pink and yellow mountains, bright blue skies, with the sun shining down on the glistening white towers of Cortina. It is raining hard, straight down sheets of water. The mountains, quite hidden by the veil of mist which breaks occasionally, giving us glimpses of black frowning peaks. Pools of water in the middle of the road; on one side a regular flood rushing along,



valley in the heart of the Dolomites.

making havoc wherever it passes. The few peasants one sees are wrapped in thick, long, green cloaks, their broad-brimmed hats pulled down over their eyes, and as far as one can follow the long strip of road there is nothing visible. Tai can hardly be called a village. There is a good modern hotel, a few cottages and a church standing well on the hillside. We can just see it—a phantom shape which we divine in the mist. We left Cortina (foolishly) yesterday. It was a soft gray morning, clouds and mists on the mountains didn't look very promising. However Romeo assured us we would reach Tai without rain—after that—he shrugged his shoulders and would not commit himself to any opinion. The first hour was delightful—the gray sky really a relief after the blazing sun we have had ever since we have been in this most beautiful country. We drove at first through a lovely green country, with a mountain torrent on one side of the road, making little rapids and cascades whenever the rocks interfered with its course. We soon got to the frontier—a bend in the road, with black and yellow poles on the Austrian side. Just beyond the same poles, painted green and white and red, the Italian colors, and an obelisk with an inscription to commemo-

rate the battle of Chiapuzza, one of the fiercest of the sharp short struggles which eventually ended in liberating Italy from Austria's rule. The battle of Chiapuzza is graphically told by a traveller who knows the Dolomite country well. Before the battle began, the Austrian general offered the people of Cadore pardon if they would lay down their arms. This offer was spurned with scorn. The Austrians then asked why all the bells in the village were ringing. "O la nostra o la vostra agonia" (either our death agony or yours) was the answer. After a terrible battle—the Italians fighting from the mountain tops, where every volley told on the Austrians huddled together in the valley—the Austrians were obliged to retreat. It was curious to see how the whole aspect—place and people—changed as we got farther into Italy—the women perhaps more than the men. Instead of the short, sturdy fair-haired Austrians with the inevitable black felt hat on their neatly braided hair, we saw tall, slovenly Italians, their shirts generally torn and dirty, red handkerchiefs on their heads, with flashing black eyes and very white teeth. Near one of the villages we saw two fine big men striding down the mountain. They were "cacciatori" (hunters), the driver told us.



On the way from Cortina to Schluderbach. Lago Misurina and Drei Zinnen.

They were dressed, like the Austrians, in green, with thick woollen stockings and nailed mountain shoes. They had their guns and a telescope strapped on their backs, and were carrying a chamois tied to a pole between them. I could not make out at first what the telescope was—thought it was some sort of powder-horn; but the driver told us that all the chamois hunters carry one. They must sight the chamois from a long distance, and often have a rough, dangerous tramp over the mountains before they get near enough to shoot. They must know, too, exactly when to shoot, or else the animal, if only slightly touched, bounds away and falls over the precipice, where they can't get at him. All this part of the country has been fought over. At every turn of the road there are traces of struggles. The bands of hardy, determined Italian peasants fighting fiercely to keep their beloved mountain homes. The road suddenly narrowed very much between walls of overhanging rocks, and the driver told us it was the famous "Chiusa" (shut), where a small band of Italians

had kept the Austrian soldiers at bay—their women and children helping by throwing large stones and bits of rock from the top of the mountains on the enemy. It was much narrower in those days—the rocks nearly meeting, so that a few men with guns and chains across the road could easily defend the passage. Since the high-road has been made they have blasted the rocks and made a fair opening, but even now it would be a nasty place to meet a determined enemy. The mists were deepening on the mountains, and the boas stood out rather ghastly against the bare rocks closing around us, but nothing was falling yet, so we kept bravely on—the carriage open—hoping we might get ahead of the rain. The boas are a very curious feature of this part of the country. They are rivers of stones and earth which run down the side of the mountain, destroying everything as they pass, and burying whole villages under the masses of sand, stones, and uprooted trees. Just after we passed Borca we crossed one of the boas—a wide, dreary expanse of white stones. Our road was most



Cortina. Hotel Aquilla Nera.

The houses are generally white and have pictures painted on the outside . . . saints or landscapes.

interesting—half-ruined castles, little chapels high up on the mountain, and crosses with rough paintings or inscriptions, telling (the driver told us) that people had been killed on that spot, crushed by a rock falling on them, or missing their footing and slipping over the precipice. He told us the hunters rarely had accidents. They were obliged to go so carefully and noiselessly, not to startle the chamois, that it makes them prudent; whereas the guides get accustomed to the danger and are sometimes careless. The road was excellent; when it was narrow, with a wall of rock on one side and a precipice on the other, there was always a bit of solid stone wall on the side of the precipice. Still, I don't think I should like to make the journey at night. We had splendid views of the giant mountain Antelao when the mists parted occasionally, and very formidable it looked, with great patches of snow and ice on its sides. The driver pointed out Tai in the distance. Alas! big drops began to fall, and then a regular downpour set in, and every-

thing—meadows, mountains, and valleys—was blotted out. We shut the carriage and were almost stifled by the heat and decidedly damp, as we had to keep one window open in spite of the driver's vehement protestations. We heard him muttering to himself something about "forestieri" (strangers) and their singular habits. We found comfortable rooms at the hotel with a salon opening on a balcony, with probably a beautiful view when one could see anything. We had a good (Italian) breakfast—moichi and funny little rounds of beef with a sweet sauce—excellent bread. There were not many people in the dining-room—four tables—small ones—all Italians, and all grumbling and looking out of the window, where the rain was beating hard against the panes. They were not very distinguished looking. They called one lady "Signora Contessa," but she did not look as if she had much blue blood in her veins. For a wonder no English.

About two o'clock the rain stopped a

little and the clouds broke. We couldn't sit all the afternoon in one little salon reading guidebooks, so we interviewed the Padrone about going to Pieve di Cadore—a quaint little village, on the top of a hill, famous as Titian's birthplace, about two miles from Tai, by a very steep road. If it had been fine we should have walked there,

rooms. One can't imagine how the boy could have had any inspiration or visions of his splendid coloring in such surroundings—but one of the rooms, they told us, was his studio. However, he was taken to Venice, to study, when he was only ten years old, so it was only his first childish years that were spent in Pieve. Some people live

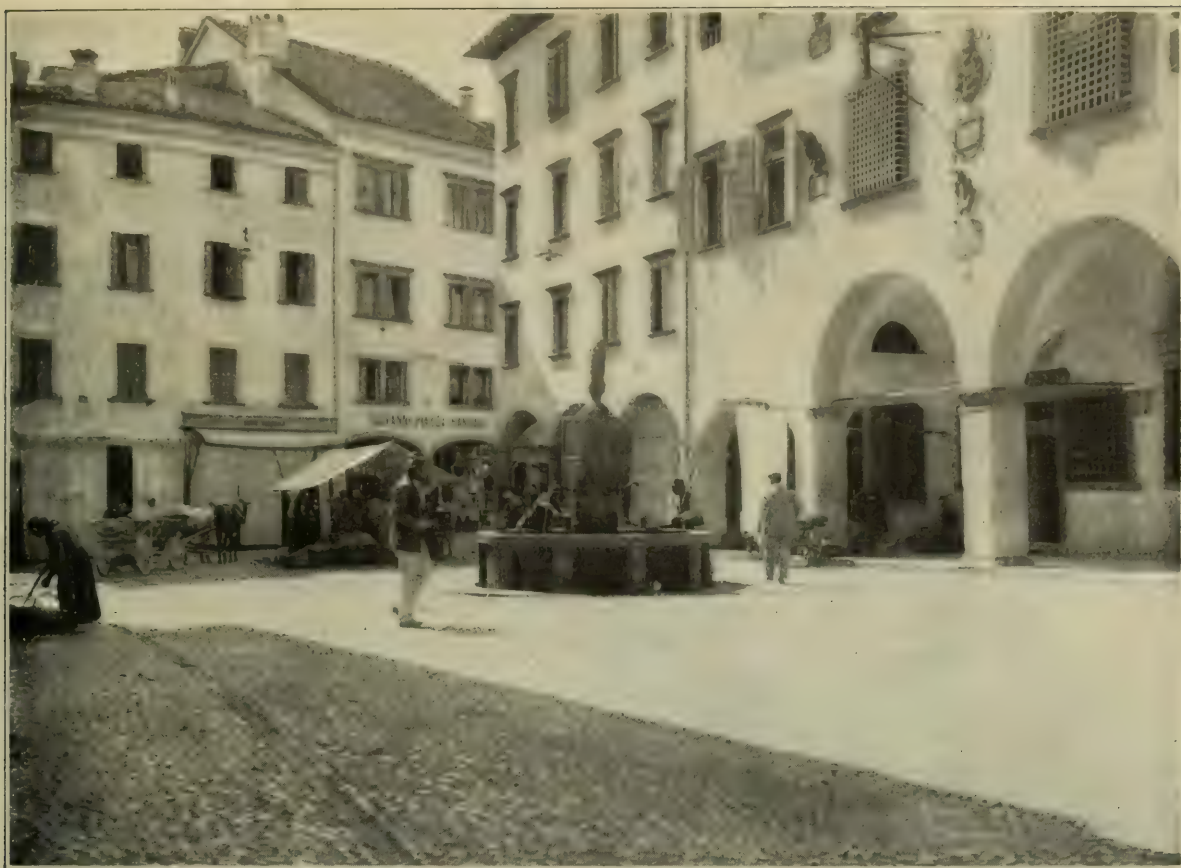
in the house—a barber, I think. They showed us all over the rooms, and said a great many people came to see them—principally English. We went on to the church—the oldest in Cadore. There were several interesting paintings—two by Titian—a Madonna and Saints—and others by members of his family the Vecellios. There are still Vecellios in the village—one sees the name quite often. The butcher, cobbler, and grocer are all Vecellios. There is, of course, too, an Albergo and a Café Tiziano. All the pictures had the gorgeous coloring of Titian and the Venetian school of that time. The museum is next to the church, with various interesting relics of Titian. Some sketches and some letters written to him by great personages—also many of his own. He always remained in touch with his native place, and came back to it very often—wanted to come home to die when he



Cortina. The church.

but the road was transformed into a running stream, and it seemed wiser to take a carriage. A drive of fifteen minutes brought us to Pieve. The carriage stopped in the middle of the "Piazza Tiziano," under Titian's statue, and the driver asked what we wanted to do. It had begun to rain again hard, but we scrambled out from under the dirty, smelly hood, and armed with umbrellas started for Titian's house, telling the driver to wait for us at the Hotel al Progresso. The village is small. Some rather large stone houses, which are dignified with the name of "palazzi." Titian's house didn't say much to us. Two small, low, dark

was ninety-nine years old and the plague was raging in Venice. He tried to get away, but no one was allowed to leave the doomed city. He was seized with the dreadful malady and died practically alone, his servants having already succumbed to the plague. There must be a magnificent view from the terrace, but that *we* shall only know from postal-cards or descriptions. We went to the Progresso for our coffee; very dull and dark it looked—not a creature to be seen, and the little Tyrolian girl who waited upon us looked quite depressed. We were very wet and rather cold, and thought the best thing to do was to get back to Tai



Belluno.

and see what the morrow would bring us. We were comfortable enough in our little rooms; electric light (which seemed curiously out of place in this very primitive little Italian village); and the rain only coming in a little from under the door that opened on the balcony. Later, as the storm increased, we had quite a little brook running down the middle of the room. The dinner was good. Just the same people in the dining-room. I talked to one of the men, in the corridor, who was most gloomy about plans for the next day.

It was an awful night—raining and blowing. We heard a carriage arriving about one o'clock in the morning, and a great deal of conversation in the corridors. Evidently the travellers had had an awful experience. At six o'clock all the bells in the village began ringing most vigorously. Soon after the whole hotel was awake and moving. We got up, too, as sleep was no longer possible. It was still pouring and the road a perfect morass. We went downstairs for our early breakfast—hoping that it would clear a little so that we might go up to the church and see the costumes. We did get out, but always in the pouring rain. We

couldn't see any costumes, as all the people—men and women—were wrapped in their long cloaks. The only color was in the umbrellas—marvellous red ones as big as tents. We had a look at the old houses which still exist—but won't much longer. The same story as at Cortina—all the men gone to America. The older ones, when they have made a little money, come back and build themselves a stone house. Their children born in America remain; don't care to come back to Italy—make themselves Americans. A man standing at the door of one of the houses spoke to us in very good English; told us he had been ten years in America, in the West; was a shoemaker; had made money and was never going back—"a beautiful country, but too cold." The old houses are very curious, built of wood on stone foundations, with balconies at each story like the houses in the Austrian Tyrol, but no windows or chimneys. A narrow door, all quite black with smoke, which naturally can't get out with neither windows nor chimneys. Some of the balconies and cornices were carved roughly with curious designs and figures—sometimes saints, sometimes animals. The effect was pict-

uresque, but didn't suggest comfort as a dwelling house. We saw some of the English party who had arrived last night, when we got back to the hotel, and heard their experiences. They came from Lake Misurina—the wind so strong and the roads so bad that the coachman would not start at first, but they insisted and got through with much difficulty—very slowly and stopping often when the coachman couldn't see

minds what to do, as staying over another night would change all our plans—but consulted our fellow-travellers and decided to wait until the mid-day breakfast. It was funny to see the men all wandering listlessly about—standing at the open door, trying to persuade themselves it was not going to rain all day. The women were more philosophical—settled down to our books and work. We all had knitting.



Chapel. Prags Wildsee.

where he was going. However, they were *not* blown over the precipice. I must say I should not like to have made the journey on such a wild night. Our landlord has just come up to advise us *not* to start—that the journey would be “*péricoloso*”—so many stones and rocks had fallen; the road carried away in some places; even the post (those beautiful yellow carts) stopped. We would certainly be stopped, too, which would be most uncomfortable for ladies alone—particularly if it should happen in a wild part of the country with no villages near. We could not quite make up our

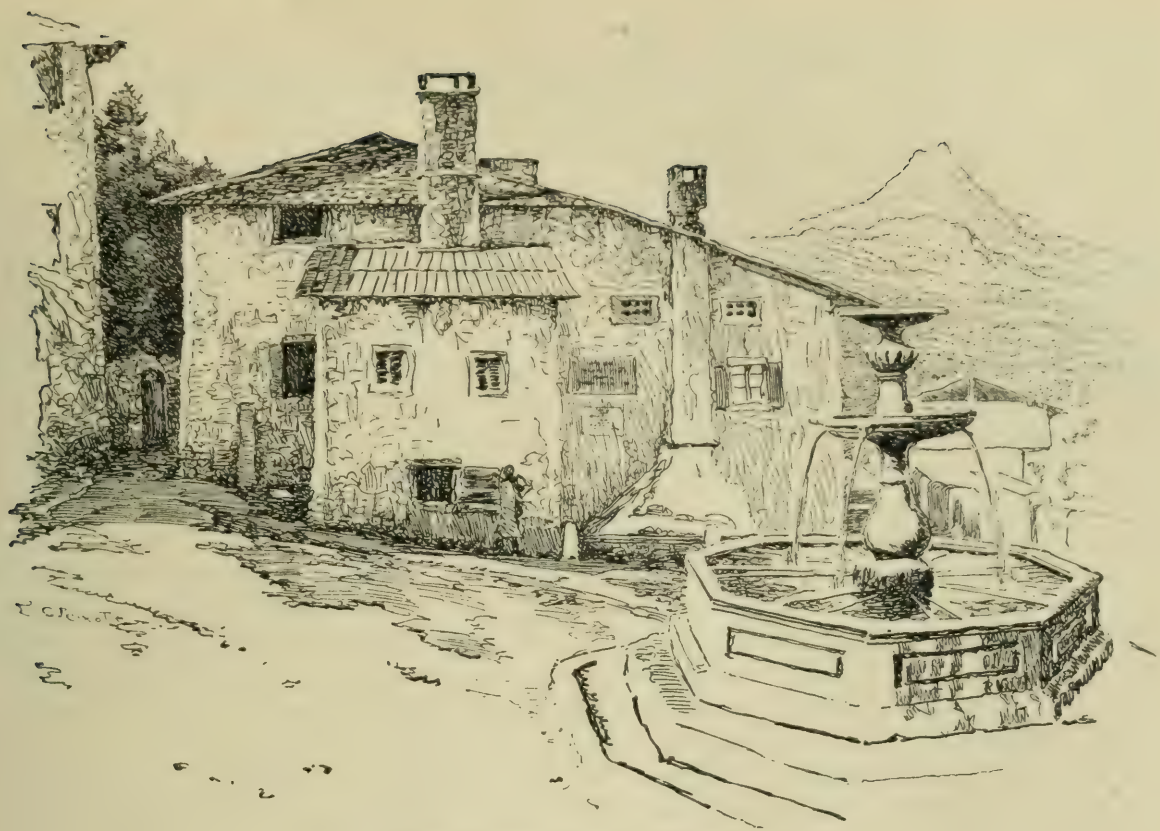
We have finally arrived at Belluno safe and sound and not too wet—but what a drive! While we were at breakfast this morning, at Tai, there was an awful thunderstorm, peal after peal crashing away in the mountains and making the little hotel shake from top to bottom; all the window-panes rattling; some broken upstairs; vivid flashes of lightning making a streak of fire through the mist and curtain of rain, just showing, for an instant, the bare black peaks of Antelao. It was really terrifying, but happily did not last very long—perhaps a quarter of an hour; then suddenly the

fury abated; clouds rolled away; a small—*very* small piece of blue sky showed itself; the rain stopped, and we all took courage and decided to start. The people of the house were very unwilling, as they said this last storm must have made the roads utterly impassable; but we thought we would try. Two other carriages were starting, the other way, to Cortina, but the Lake Misurina party were going to wait under shelter till fine weather set in. *They* were very discouraging—evidently thought us very imprudent. However, we started about half-past two; our luggage following in a light, open cart, with a thick blanket spread over the trunks. We drove through a beautiful wild country to Longarone, where we changed horses and carriage. The valley rather wide at first, with its frame of mountains in the distance, then narrowing until we found ourselves again on a strip of road with very sharp turns and a wall of rock on one side; the river—the *Pieve*—a dirty mud color, but rushing along, very full and crowded with enormous logs of wood. There were so many in some places, piled up quite high one on top of the other, that the water almost disappeared. I didn't see any rafts, nor even logs, tied together. Where they were thickest, men and boys, standing on them, with long poles, were trying to keep them in the middle of the river; but sometimes they got jammed against the bank, and it was very difficult to dislodge them; sometimes one or two would be caught by an eddy or small whirlpool, and would swirl round and round in the most fantastic manner. There were hundreds of little cascades, white with foam, running down the bare rocks and mountains, making quite large pools in the road, but we splashed through, the driver always talking to his horses. "*Coraggio*" is their great word. There were one or two cascades which were quite grand sheets of water, making a great noise as they thundered over the rocks, breaking up into hundreds of little falls before they reached the ground. The road was carried away in one or two places, making rather a deep gully; but the carriage was light, with very broad wheels, and we got through all right. We rattled through various little villages, some with old castles, now turned into saw-mills, standing high on the river bank. The villages all alike—a long straggling narrow street; almost always a fine stone gateway

and a little piazza, with the *Mairie*, post-office, and one or two old stone houses that might have been palaces in old days. Longarone is a picturesque little place, lying just at the foot of the mountain. One wonders how it has escaped destruction from landslides and boas. The inhabitants evidently realized their dangerous position, as very high solid walls are built upon the mountainside. Above them are terraces, also very solidly constructed. It was getting very dark and threatening, and we begged the people of the hotel to make the change of carriage and horses as quickly as they could, but you can't hurry Italians. There were four or five men helping in the courtyard, but they talked so much more than they worked that they didn't get on very fast. We had some coffee, walked about a little, went into the church, which is not very interesting, and then stood on the bank of the river, watching the logs being carried along; the men, with their long poles, swaying backward and forward rather like gondoliers. It began to rain just as we started, but we didn't shut the carriage at once—much to our driver's astonishment. No Italian ever goes out in the rain if he can help it. Just after leaving Longarone we met a great *boa* covering the road and running half-way up the mountain. A passage had been made through stones, heaped up on both sides. It was a most curious effect—driving through this white waste. We rattled down several hills rather uncomfortably fast, but the driver knew the storm was coming and wanted to get into a place of shelter. He was always turning to look behind him, as if some monster was pursuing him, and certainly the outlook was not pleasant. Black masses of clouds everywhere, and from time to time a wild gust of wind that shrieked through the valley. As we got near Belluno the country was much less wild; the bare mountains—rather receding—giving way to high green hills with a good many little hamlets and villas scattered about on their slopes. Some of the houses were very large—real palaces; generally white, low in the middle, with porticos and columns and a high wing on each side. They told us that many of the Venetians have villas in the hills around Belluno. There were, too, of course, many little pink and blue houses. We had not met anything until we came

near Belluno; then we crossed the post and two travelling carriages. The people looked rather anxious, as they were going straight into the teeth of the storm. For half an hour before we arrived the rain fell in torrents, and the driver had his horses at a gallop. We dashed into the little square of Belluno and drew up at the hotel "Albergo degli' Alpi," where we were delighted to find Charlie F. waiting for us. The hotel was crowded. We were afraid our rooms had not been kept, but it was all right. (As usual, people who had *not* telegraphed were much put out at seeing us conducted at once to our rooms.) We hadn't been in them five minutes—just time to look around—when a terrific storm broke over the town. Thunder, lightning, and an awful wind that roared around the house. Tiles flew from the roof, the glass lamps and marquise were broken to bits, and then the electric light went out, and the hotel was plunged in darkness. It was most uncomfortable; all the people crowded into the corridors; the children cried; the waiters and Padrone tried to give orders, but could not make themselves heard, and then the window at the top of the stairs fell in with a loud crash and a fine cascade ran down the palier and main staircase. People called for lights; the men lit matches and wandered up and down the corridors, but one could not hear anything. The thunder was one long continuous roll, and all the doors and windows that were not broken were rattling and banging. The incessant lightning lit up everything with a white glare that was ghastly. I never remember such a light. I suppose it only lasted about ten minutes, but it was really awful. We could not get any lights. Every one had lost their heads, but at last the chambermaids and sommeliers appeared with candles, and the storm wore itself out. We had nothing to put our candles in. One man stuck his in the band of his hat; another in bottles. I propped up mine in a tumbler with rolls of paper. In half an hour the storm was over, the electric light reappeared, and we all began to think about dinner. We were lucky to have got to Belluno just when we did. I don't know what would have happened to us if the storm had caught us on the road. We had a very good dinner in a private room. The dining-room looked so uncomfortable, hot, and crowded,

that we persuaded the manager to give us dinner in a funny little room with the walls panelled in mirrors. Just as we were finishing a clerk came to ask if we would give an extra *pourboire* to the man who had brought our trunks. He had just arrived and "was wet like a fish." He certainly was wet, poor fellow, but smiling. We gave him some money and asked the people of the hotel to give him something to eat and a bed for the night. We saw the trunks, very wet, too, in spite of the woollen covering; but the maid opened them and said they were quite dry inside—the rain had not penetrated. It seems the man gave a graphic description of his journey as he was caught in the storm on the road. He managed to get shelter in a hole in the rocks and hid his face that he might not see the lightning. Belluno looks beautiful this morning. The circle of green hills with their villas and palaces reminds one of Cortina. The great bare peaks which rise behind the hills don't look so formidable as they did yesterday. They are a soft gray at the bottom and quite white at the top, covered with snow—much more than there has been for several days. The rain in the valley was snow on the mountains. The little town is most animated. A fair is going on, and the streets are full of people all talking about last night's storm—a "*bufera infernale*" the Italian papers call it. There were traces everywhere of the havoc it had made—chimneys, bits of glass, tiles scattered about the streets; in the marketplace two or three big trees blown down and decidedly obstructing the traffic. We made our way, with some difficulty, to the market, getting out of the way of cows and oxen (those big gray oxen that seem to belong to this part of the country), rough mountain ponies, and donkeys. The little imps of boys, who were driving the donkeys, making them kick and strike out with their heels when they passed the "*Inglesi*." The stalls were attractive enough—heaped up with all sorts of things: vegetables, splendid fruits (the melons looked delicious, of all sizes from the small yellow ones, not much bigger than oranges, to the big green watermelons), beads, piles of the bright colored red and yellow handkerchiefs the women wear on their heads, lace, long gold and silver filagree pins, long earrings, and heavy gold chains. We saw several women with six or eight silver pins



Titian's house: Pieve di Cadore.

stuck in a row, at the back of their heads, like a crown, and a long gold chain that went twice around their necks and fell almost to their knees. These very long ones are family jewels, handed down from generation to generation, and are worth a great deal of money. Of course, one can find new ones, but the gold is not so pure and the work not so delicate. We wandered about for some time as we were in no hurry; our train for Milan only started at half-past twelve. Belluno is really almost a part of Venice—belonged for over three centuries to the “Magnificent Republic.” The palaces are quite Venetian in style, with high, narrow-pointed windows, and balconies and cornices elaborately carved. The people speak a patois—very soft, pretty Italian, like the Venetians. We walked first through the new town, where there are some handsome houses, arcades, and shops, but soon found our way to the “Piazza del Duomo” in old Belluno, which is most interesting. We passed through one of the fine old gateways (there are still some left) into a large open space surrounded by historic palaces which tell their own story of past greatness. The palace of the Bishop-princes—Prefettura—Municipio; all fine speci-

mens of Venetian architecture, with balconies, arcades, and columns, most ornate in style. In old days the whole life of Belluno was concentrated in this Piazza. Now it has all flowed to the market-place in the new town and grass grows on the stones in the old Square. The Duomo stands splendidly—very high—with a steep precipice falling straight down from the side of the terrace. We had a magnificent view of the valley of the Pieve, and saw the road we had just driven over—a long white line stretching away interminably at the foot of the mountain and finally losing itself in the clutches of the great boa with its mass of rough gray stones. The church is not interesting—rather an ugly square pile, with no very striking pictures. There were some curious little old houses on one side of the Piazza, with towers and projecting roofs not unlike the houses at Tai—only not quite so black. The man of the hotel wanted us to stay longer; said there were beautiful excursions to be made, but our wanderings were over for this year, and after breakfast we made our way to the station, bound for Milan and civilization, and saying a reluctant good-by to one of the most beautiful parts of beautiful Italy.

LINCOLN AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

By Major-General Francis V. Greene, U. S. V.



AMONG the manifold duties devolving upon Lincoln during the four years of his Presidency none exceeded in importance the exercise of his constitutional functions as Commander-in-Chief of the army; for manifestly upon the success of the armed forces in the field depended the issue of the momentous political questions at stake. It is the purpose of this article to examine the manner in which Lincoln performed these military functions, and to venture an opinion upon it; partly from the technical military stand-point, and partly from the larger, wider stand-point of political expediency; and to support this opinion by Lincoln's own words, penned by his own hand, and showing in a most interesting manner the working of his brain.

For various reasons it was not necessary for him to devote personal attention to the details of the other departments; but the operations of the army were in Lincoln's thoughts every waking hour for 1502 long days. Scarcely a day passed that he did not visit the War Department or the houses of McClellan or Halleck; and hardly, if ever, a day that Stanton or Halleck did not visit the White House. The responsibility of military success or failure was on Lincoln, and he knew it. There were the Secretary of War, the General-in-Chief, the generals in the field, the Committee on the Conduct of the War, with virile men like Ben Wade and Zach Chandler as members, but the final arbiter was Lincoln.

How, then, did he perform the duties of his military leadership, wisely or unwisely? Was his military judgment sound or defective? Let the facts, and his own words, speak for themselves.

Little need be said of his brief service in the Black Hawk War of 1832, when, at the age of twenty-three, he served first as captain of a company of mounted volunteers, and afterward, when this company was disbanded, as a private in Captain Iles's company until the close of the war. It was a hunting expedition rather than a military

campaign. Lincoln was elected captain, by a large majority, because he had "the necessary muscles and fighting pluck to whip any rough in his company." He maintained discipline by his strong right arm, and any man who could down him in a fair and square fight with his fists was welcome to the captaincy. But none could. Among the many contrasts in Lincoln's career perhaps none is more striking than that between his position as a captain and private in the motley collection of rough frontiersmen with whom he served in 1832, and his position as Commander-in-Chief of nearly 1,000,000 veteran soldiers in 1864.

He had been President less than twenty-four hours when, on the morning of March 5, he learned the precarious situation at Fort Sumter, then not publicly known. He at once called on General Scott for reports and advice, and on March 12 Scott stated in writing: "It is, therefore, my opinion and advice that Major Anderson be instructed to evacuate the fort . . . and embark with his command for New York." Scott had served with distinction in the War of 1812, had conducted a brilliant campaign resulting in the capture of the City of Mexico, was now the senior officer in the army, and the highest military authority in the land. Lincoln instantly and wisely overruled him. For various reasons, stated in his message to Congress of July 14, "this could not be allowed." Lincoln's orders were exactly the opposite, to organize an expedition for the relief of Fort Sumter; and no one worked more loyally to carry them out than General Scott. A few days later it was a question of Fort Pickens in Florida. Scott recommended that it be evacuated. Lincoln sought other advice, reached his decision that Fort Pickens should be re-enforced, and sent this order to Scott on Sunday, March 31: "Tell him that I wish this thing done, and not to let it fail unless he can show that I have refused him something he asked for as necessary." Scott, on receiving the order, said in his sententious man-

ner, "Sir, the great Frederick used to say, 'When the King commands, all things are possible.' It shall be done." It was done; and this fort never passed out of possession of the United States. The expedition to Fort Sumter failed, but through no fault of Lincoln.

In the Bull Run campaign Lincoln again exercised his full authority. On June 29 he received Scott's report, considered it, consulted with his cabinet, and made his decision. Scott advised that no forward movement be made until autumn and that the advance be then made down the Mississippi. Lincoln overruled him and directed that an advance be made immediately in Virginia. Scott, always the loyal subordinate, then submitted, with his approval, the plan which McDowell had prepared, and Lincoln ordered it to be carried out. We have General Sherman's word for it that "it was one of the best planned battles of the war, but one of the worst fought."

During the days which followed the disaster Lincoln gave his entire thought to the military problem. Scott and McClellan had both submitted large plans of campaigns, beginning on the Potomac or the Ohio and terminating on the Gulf of Mexico, but they were crude and undigested, and apparently made little impression on Lincoln's mind. By concentrated study and apparently with but little assistance from his technical advisers, he evolved these ideas and wrote them out in his own hand.

"JULY 23, 1861

"1. Let the plan for making the blockade effective be pushed forward with all possible despatch.

"2. Let the volunteer forces at Fort Monroe and vicinity, under General Butler, be constantly drilled, disciplined, and instructed without more for the present.

"3. Let Baltimore be held, as now, with a gentle but firm and certain hand.

"4. Let the force now under Patterson or Banks be strengthened and made secure in its position.

"5. Let the forces in western Virginia act till further orders, according to instructions or orders from General McClellan.

"6. General Fremont push forward his

organization and operations in the West as rapidly as possible, giving special attention to Missouri.

"7. Let the forces late before Manassas, except the three months' men, be reorganized as rapidly as possible in their camps here and about Arlington.

"8. Let the three months' forces who decline to enter the longer service be discharged as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

"9. Let the new volunteer forces be brought forward as fast as possible; and especially into the camps on the two sides of the river here.

"JULY 27, 1861

"When the foregoing shall have been substantially attended to:

"1. Let Manassas Junction (or some point on one or other of the railroads near it) and Strasburg be seized, and permanently held, with an open line from Washington to Manassas, and an open line from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg—the military men to find the way of doing these.

"2. This done, a joint movement from Cairo on Memphis; and from Cincinnati to east Tennessee."

No professional soldier or writer could state more precisely the military situation then existing or propose a sounder military plan. Lincoln had that faculty of intense application and clear insight, so rare that we call it genius; and he applied it as successfully to military affairs as to politics, notwithstanding the fact that he was, by instinct, a man of peace, and by training a lawyer, and that military problems never engaged his attention until he was fifty-two years old.

His memorandum of July 23 and 27, 1861, was the first definite and coherent plan for the prosecution of the war. It emanated from his own mind and not from that of any of his generals. The instrumentality necessary to carry it into effect—an organized, disciplined army with competent commanding officers—did not then exist. Both the army and the commanders had to be evolved as the war progressed. The plan was interrupted and delayed, now by McClellan's unsuccessful movement by the Peninsula, now by the incapacity of Halleck on the Tennessee,

and Pope in Virginia in 1862, and again in 1862 and 1863 by inability to find the competent man to command the Army of the Potomac and by the brilliant campaigns of Lee and his great lieutenant Jackson. But Lincoln never swerved from his memorandum of July 27, 1861. He yielded his own judgment at times to that of professional soldiers. But finally he found in Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan the long-sought military commanders, competent for their tasks; and then so much of his plan as remained unexecuted was carried into effect.

Immediately after Bull Run McClellan was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, Scott remaining as general-in-chief until October when he retired and McClellan succeeded him in that office. For the next year, until McClellan was finally relieved of all active military duty, there was an incessant exchange of views between Lincoln and McClellan in the form of personal interviews, letters, orders, and reports. On August 4 McClellan submitted his report calling for a main army of 275,000 men under his own command. In this he says: "I propose, with the force which I have requested, not only to drive the enemy out of Virginia and occupy Richmond, but to occupy Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans; in other words, to move into the heart of the enemy's country and crush the rebellion in its very heart." To Lincoln's more practical mind the thing to do was to attack and defeat the Confederate Army, facing them about twenty miles from Washington. Troops were coming forward at the rate of a regiment a day, and Lincoln argued that we had the greater number of men and that the enemy was at least no better organized, equipped, and drilled than we were. McClellan argued that the enemy had superior numbers (a complete error, as the records now plainly show) and that no movement could be made until his army was more fully (ever *more* fully) equipped. Autumn and early winter passed and Lincoln could get nothing done. He hesitated to impose his own views upon professional soldiers, but finally he made his decision, and on January 27 issued a formal and peremptory order that "the 22d day of February, 1862, be the day for a general

forward movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces; . . . that especially . . . the Army of the Potomac be ready to move on that day. . . ." A few days later he followed this with a specific order to McClellan to seize and occupy a point on the railroad near Manassas Junction; which, of course, involved an attack on Johnston's army. The official records show that the Army of the Potomac numbered on December 31, 1861, 183,207 officers and men "*present for duty*," and that on the same day Johnston's *aggregate present* was 63,409; and that about the time that Lincoln issued his order Johnston was called to Richmond and instructed to withdraw his army from Manassas.

But McClellan instead of obeying the order asked for its suspension, and for further argument; and in the course of the argument Lincoln wrote this letter to McClellan on February 3, "You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on the York River; mine to move directly to a point on the railroads south-west of Manassas." McClellan replied on the same day in a letter of nearly four thousand words. It made no direct answer to Lincoln's questions, but it contained these two sentences—"It is by no means certain that we can beat them at Manassas. On the other line, I regard success as certain by all the chances of war." Lincoln was not convinced, but he had no general of proved capacity to put in McClellan's place and he hesitated to impose arbitrarily on McClellan a plan which McClellan so obstinately opposed. The result was the disastrous Peninsular campaign.

Only a brief reference need be made to McClellan's insubordinate despatch of June 28, 1862, when, in the midst of defeats, he said to Stanton, "the Government has not sustained this army. . . . I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

It would have been well for the discipline of every man then in uniform, high and low, and would probably have saved many a life and shortened the war, if Lincoln had

instantly telegraphed back placing McClellan in close arrest and assigning any one of his corps commanders to command the army. But that was not Lincoln's way. Instant decision was not his habit. His mental processes were slow—though sure. And thought of personal insult never influenced him. On one occasion he went to McClellan's house and waited several hours to see him, only to have McClellan come in and go to bed without seeing the President at all. On another occasion, when McClellan failed to keep an appointment at the White House, and the others, who had come, expressed their impatience at McClellan's delay, Lincoln only remarked: "Never mind; I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us success."

Such patience, such tolerance, such sacrifice of self to anything that will help accomplish a supremely important result are the marks of a great soul, but not of a great soldier. His military perceptions were more accurate than those of any of his generals in independent command, except Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and possibly Thomas. But his self-effacement, his diffidence, his doubt whether the country would sustain him, if he peremptorily asserted his opinions against those of his professional military subordinates, left the army with two heads or three heads or no head at all until the really efficient man was found in Grant. From this confusion and lack of unity of command came the indecisive, inconclusive movements and battles of the Army of the Potomac during the interval between McClellan's defeats on the Peninsula in 1862 and Grant's victories in the Wilderness in 1864.

In the effort to find a man equal to the task of commanding the Eastern Army and of coping with Lee and Jackson, Lincoln brought from the West two generals who had had some measure of success there; and in July, 1862, Halleck was assigned as general-in-chief, in Washington, and Pope to command the Army of Virginia. Neither succeeded. Halleck was never more than an indifferent chief of staff to Lincoln, disliked and distrusted by all the generals in the field, and incapable of evolving and carrying on a definite plan of campaign. Pope was speedily driven back to Washington by the direct road and

there met McClellan's army arriving from the Peninsula. Lincoln again turned to McClellan, who, in less than three weeks of September, 1862, brought Lee's invasion to a halt and fought a desperate battle with him at Antietam—the most valuable and effective eighteen days of McClellan's entire service. But then McClellan stopped, and Lincoln began again the weary argument in favor of attack. After a personal visit to the army at the beginning of October, six weeks after the battle, he sent through Halleck a peremptory order to attack Lee, and as this produced no effect, Lincoln wrote McClellan a letter on October 13 which shows a marvellously accurate comprehension of the military situation at that time.

"Are you not overcautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim? As I understand, you telegraphed General Halleck that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great as you would have to do without the railroad last named. He now waggons from Culpeper Court House, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with wagons as you are. . . . Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to 'operate upon the enemy's communications without exposing your own.' You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply it in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond in twenty-four hours? . . . You are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is by the route you can and he must take. Why can you not reach there before him, unless you admit that he is more than your equal on a march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord. The roads are as good on yours as on his. . . . If he should move northward, I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications and move toward Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him, if a favorable

opportunity should present, and at least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say 'Try'; if we never try, we shall never succeed. . . . If we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. . . . As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. . . . It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say that they cannot do it." Unfortunately, the letter concludes with the sentence, "This letter is in no sense an order."

As in July, 1861, so now again in October, 1862, Lincoln thus elucidated the military principles applicable to the situation as it then existed in Virginia. Fifty-six days had elapsed since the battle of Antietam. It was, however, thirteen days longer before McClellan began to cross the Potomac and five days additional before he finished crossing. Lincoln then decided that "if McClellan should permit Lee to cross the Blue Ridge and place himself between Richmond and the Army of the Potomac he would remove him from command." It was a fair test of McClellan's generalship as compared with Lee's. Within four days after McClellan crossed the Potomac, Lee had come through the passes of the Blue Ridge and planted himself squarely in McClellan's path at Culpeper. McClellan was forthwith removed.

In his intercourse with McClellan between July, 1861, and November, 1862, Lincoln constantly exhibited weakness in allowing McClellan to write him insubordinate letters, and in allowing him to act on plans which Lincoln did not approve, and in allowing him to remain inactive when every consideration, military as well as political, required vigorous action—such action as was shown by Grant and Sherman and Sheridan whenever they were in independent command. Whether such weakness on Lincoln's part was justifiable or otherwise is a large question, quite apart from the purpose of this article, which is to show the accuracy of Lincoln's judgment on purely military questions.

During the short and disastrous period of Burnside's command of the Army of the Potomac, Lincoln exercised a less active control. Burnside's plans did not impress

him favorably, but he seemed to desire to give Burnside a chance to prove his capacity. When he proved the opposite Lincoln relieved him. He chose for his successor the man who had most bitterly criticised Burnside—Hooker—and he wrote Hooker a memorable letter, censuring him for his criticisms of Burnside, expressing confidence in his skill, and assuring him of his support. On the 11th of April Hooker submitted his plan. Lincoln's comment was as follows, "My opinion is that, just now, with the enemy directly ahead of us there is no eligible route for us into Richmond; and consequently a question of preference between the Rappahannock route and the James River route is a contest about nothing. Hence our prime object is the enemy's army in front of us, and is not with or about Richmond at all, unless it be incidental to the main object." He advised against "attacking him in his intrenchments," but preferred to "harass and menace him" so that he could "have no leisure nor safety in sending away detachments"; but "if he weakens himself, then pitch into him."

Hooker's plan for Chancellorsville was a good one, and up to a certain point well executed. Then Hooker failed. Had Jackson or Sheridan had the execution of it, it would probably have resulted in a brilliant success. Before Hooker could make plans for another offensive movement Lee took the offensive, in the Gettysburg campaign. Hooker proposed to attack his rear, first at Fredericksburg and later at Harper's Ferry. Lincoln disapproved both; the first in his oft-quoted letter in which he expressed a well-known military maxim—against having an army divided by a non-fordable river—by his quaint illustration of "an ox jumped half-way over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs, front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick another." In the interval Hooker proposed to march to Richmond, which Lee's movement to the Shenandoah Valley had left unguarded. Tempting as this was, Lincoln's clear insight discarded it and he answered, June 10, "I think Lee's army, and not Richmond, is your sure objective point . . . follow on his flank and on his inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his; fight him, too, when opportunity offers."

Hooker followed these instructions, and on the 27th of June approached the passes of South Mountain, intending to attack Lee's rear, in the vicinity of the ground where McClellan had fought the battle of Antietam the previous year. He telegraphed Halleck asking that the troops which garrisoned Harper's Ferry, about 10,000 men, be placed under his orders. Halleck refused consent, and Hooker immediately asked to be relieved. Meade was assigned to command the Army of the Potomac in his place.

In the telegram assigning Meade to command, Halleck said, "Harper's Ferry and its garrison are under your direct orders," thus giving Meade 10,000 men which the day before he had refused to give to Hooker. Meade was so surprised that he at once telegraphed Halleck, "Am I permitted to withdraw a portion of the garrison of Harper's Ferry?" and within three hours received the reply, "The garrison at Harper's Ferry is under your orders." Meade forthwith ordered its withdrawal.

In this strange circumstance it does not appear that Lincoln had any part, though it is doubtful if Halleck acted without protecting himself by the President's approval—perhaps obtained without full explanation. That it is impossible for an army to be successfully commanded in such manner does not admit of doubt. Lincoln was one day issuing orders through Halleck and the next day writing letters direct to Hooker, who in turn addressed his replies to the President. Hooker believed that Halleck deliberately intended to destroy his military reputation; and Halleck said that Hooker ignored him and that all he knew about the Army of the Potomac was what he could learn from the President. Lincoln, considered as a military man, is least satisfactory from the stand-point of discipline. Theoretically he understood its value, but practically he did not apply it, particularly in the higher ranks. If he could have given his whole mind to the military problem, either in the field or at Washington, studied it until he mastered it as he mastered every problem to which he gave his undivided attention, and issued positive instructions in order to give effect to his opinions, he would have made short work of such relations as existed between

Halleck and Hooker, or of such inaction as followed after Antietam and after Gettysburg. But he had always other problems on hand in addition to the military problem, and at this particular time, in midsummer of 1863, his mind was filled with two subjects of transcendent importance. One of them was the Emancipation Proclamation, which, resolved on as a thank offering for Antietam, had been issued September 22, 1862, confirmed January 1, 1863, and now was just taking full effect. Would the country sustain him? It seems hard to realize now that in 1863 the people of the North were so evenly divided on that question. The other subject was the resistance to the draft (authorized by the law of March 3, 1863), already ominous and soon to take the form of horrible riots in New York. Well might his tired brain refuse to penetrate the essential features of the military situation, when the highest political questions—his very own problems—absorbed the last drop of its energy.

Whatever the cause, it is noticeable that from the time Lincoln ordered the removal of McClellan in November, 1862, until just after the battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863, Lincoln gave no positive orders. He corresponded with the generals, discussed military questions with them, and gave his opinions freely, but always qualified them with some such remark as, "This is a suggestion, not an order," "I suggest this plan, incompetent as I may be," "I leave this to the military men," and so on. Just after Gettysburg he believed that Lee's army could be practically destroyed before it crossed the Potomac, and he caused the most vigorous orders to be sent to Meade. Had Lincoln written these orders himself, in his own clear and vigorous style, quite possibly they would have spurred Meade to such exertions as would have caused the desired result—although Meade was hardly cast in heroic mould. But interpreted through Halleck they have a bombastic, hysterical sound which perhaps caused Meade to pay so little attention to them. July 7, "Push forward and fight Lee before he can cross the Potomac." July 8, "My only fear now is that the enemy may escape by crossing the river." July 9, "Do not be influenced by any despatch from here against your judg-

ment. Regard them as suggestions only." July 10, "I think it will be best for you to postpone a general battle until you can concentrate your forces." July 10, "Beware of partial combats. Bring up and hurl upon the enemy all your forces, good and bad." July 13, "Act upon your own judgment and make your generals execute your orders. Call no council of war. It is proverbial that councils of war never fight." July 14, "I need hardly say to you that the escape of Lee's army without another battle has caused great dissatisfaction in the mind of the President."

When Meade received the telegram of July 14 he promptly asked to be relieved of the command; this was declined and a telegram sent to Meade expressing thanks for what he had done, and using the word "disappointment," in place of "dissatisfaction," to express the President's feeling in regard to the escape of Lee's army.

Lincoln was indeed grievously disappointed; yet it must be acknowledged that the course he had pursued during the previous six months had not been such as to breed commanders in the Army of the Potomac fit to cope with Robert E. Lee. To have a nominal general-in-chief and yet to carry on a correspondence with his subordinates without his knowledge; to require the general in the field to submit his plans and then to send a reply expressing approval or disapproval of it, but ending with the remark—repeated so often as to become almost a formula—"this is a suggestion only, not an order"—this is not the way in which military operations are successfully conducted.

In the West Lincoln had practically the same difficulties on military questions as in the East. He first assigned Fremont to command at St. Louis and McClellan at Cincinnati; but Fremont soon showed insubordination and a desire to settle the slavery question on his own account, and was superseded by Halleck; and when McClellan was brought to Washington, Buell took his place. Lincoln had clear, definite plans in his mind, as shown by his memorandum of July 27, "a joint movement from Cairo on Memphis and from Cincinnati on east Tennessee." There were good military reasons in support of both, for one would cut the Confederacy

in two along the line of the Mississippi, and the other would break the railroad communications of the Confederates between Chattanooga and Virginia. There were, moreover, political considerations of an imperative character in favor of supporting the Unionists of east Tennessee and possibly saving that State and Kentucky and the western part of Virginia for the Union.

The autumn passed with nothing done, and on January 1, 1862, Lincoln sent telegrams and letters to Halleck and to Buell asking that they act in concert, Halleck against Columbus, on the Mississippi, and Buell against Cumberland Gap in east Tennessee. Halleck replied, stating that "it would be madness to attempt anything serious" with the force at his command, and that the President's plan was based on a "strategic error." On receiving this, Lincoln wrote on the back of it this melancholy endorsement, "It is exceedingly discouraging. As everywhere, nothing can be done." On January 4 Lincoln again telegraphed Buell about east Tennessee, "Please tell me the progress and condition of the movement in that direction. Answer." Buell replied, "I hope to inaugurate it soon. . . . While my preparations have had this movement constantly in view . . . my judgment has from the first been decidedly against it." To which, on January 6, Lincoln answered: "Your despatch . . . disappoints and distresses me. I have shown it to General McClellan who says he will write you to-day. I am not competent to criticise your views, and therefore what I offer is in justification of myself. Of the two I would rather have a point on the railroad south of Cumberland Gap than Nashville. First, because it cuts a great artery of the enemy's communication, which Nashville does not; and secondly, because it is in the midst of loyal people who would rally around it, while Nashville is not. Again, I cannot see why the movement in east Tennessee would not be a diversion in your favor rather than a disadvantage, assuming that a movement toward Nashville is the main object. But my distress is that our friends in east Tennessee are being hanged and driven to despair, and even now, I fear, are thinking of taking rebel arms for the sake of personal protection. . . . I do not intend this to be an order in any sense, but merely, as intimated

before, to show you the grounds of my anxiety."

This letter was sent by mail, but the following day, January 7, Lincoln's feeling on the subject being so intense, he telegraphed Buell to name a day when he could move southward in concert with Halleck, adding, "Delay is ruining us and it is indispensable for me to have something definite." Simultaneously a triangular correspondence by wire and mail was passing between McClellan, General-in-Chief, at Washington, and Halleck and Buell; as a result of which Halleck sent orders on January 6 to Grant, then commanding the district at Cairo, to "make a demonstration in force" in the direction of Forts Henry and Donelson, but "be very careful," the order said, "to avoid a battle. We are not ready for that." Grant received the order on the 8th and began the movement on the 9th; he made his "demonstration," the men being out for more than a week, "splashing through the mud, snow, and rain," and then brought his troops back to Cairo. He asked permission to go to St. Louis on military business, and on arriving there laid before Halleck a plan for the capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. It was coldly received, and Grant returned to Cairo, as he says, "very much crestfallen." But a few days later, January 28, he ventured to send this telegram to Halleck, "With permission, I will take Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, and establish and hold a large camp there." Flag-Officer Foote, commanding the gun-boats on the river, backed him up with a similar despatch. Not being snubbed again, as he feared, on the following day, January 29, he sent a longer telegram explaining his plan more in detail. On the 30th Halleck granted his consent by wire and sent instructions by mail. Grant received them on February 1. He sprang forward like a dog let out of leash. His troops moved on the 2nd, and, with the co-operation of Foote's gun-boats, took Fort Henry on the 6th and Fort Donelson on the 16th, with the "unconditional surrender" of 15,000 Confederate soldiers, the capture of forty pieces of artillery and a large amount of stores, horses, mules, and other property. The Confederate line of defence, from Columbus to Bowling Green, having been pierced, the whole line was promptly abandoned and a new line taken up from

Memphis to Chattanooga, one hundred and fifty miles to the south.

Now, what does all this prove? It seems to me to prove, beyond dispute, that on the military questions at issue on the opening of military operations in the West, Lincoln was right and his generals, McClellan, Halleck, and Buell, were wrong.

First, Lincoln insisted on a movement southward by Halleck and Buell. Both said it could not be done because they had not enough troops, because such troops as they had were not properly equipped, drilled, and disciplined, because they had not enough arms, and because the roads were so bad. Grant proved he had enough troops for the work required, that the enemy was at least as badly off as ourselves in equipment, drill, discipline, and arms, and that, bad as the roads were, they were not bad enough to prevent active military operations. That these things could be done was what Lincoln argued, over and over, in letters and telegrams to McClellan and Meade in the East, and to Halleck and Buell in the West. They always said "No"; but the instant Grant got permission to try, he showed that the answer should have been "Yes."

Second, Halleck told Lincoln and McClellan that Lincoln's plan was "bad strategy," McClellan was in doubt about it, and Buell's judgment was "decidedly against it." Grant showed that one part of it, the movement from Cairo toward Memphis, could be carried out with brilliant success, inflicting on the enemy his first defeat in the war, and breaking up his first line of defence in the West; and it must be remembered that the whole movement had its origin in Lincoln's letter and telegram to Halleck of January 1.

Third. As to the second part of it, the movement through Cumberland Gap to cut the railroad from Virginia and turn the enemy's flank, it was just such a movement as Lee and Jackson would have delighted in; and if intrusted to a competent commander, such as Sherman, there is no reason to doubt that it would have been a great success—as important as the capture of Fort Donelson, in a military sense, and even more important in a political sense. But Buell would not heed the President's suggestions. A force was sent against Cumberland Gap, but too small to accom-

plish anything permanent; and it was not until eighteen months later, in September, 1863, that an adequate force under Burnside carried the passes in the Cumberland Mountains and occupied Knoxville and other points in east Tennessee.

If Lincoln had placed Grant in command of the Western armies in July, 1862, when Halleck was made general-in-chief, instead of in October, 1863, it would probably have shortened the war by a year. But Halleck had prejudiced Lincoln against Grant. Instead of giving Grant full credit for Donelson, Halleck began intimating in his despatches to Washington that Grant had been guilty of disobedience of orders, absence from his command, etc. He was authorized at once to put Grant in arrest, but when Halleck looked into the matter, he found that he was mistaken, and said so to Grant and also to the Adjutant-General in Washington. Nevertheless, immediately after the battle of Shiloh, when Halleck came from St. Louis to take personal command in the field, Grant was made "Second-in-command"—with no duties—and remained in that position so long as Halleck was in the West. When Halleck left for the East his command was split up into three independent armies, those of the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi, under Grant, Buell, and Rosecrans; and these acted independently until after Grant had taken Vicksburg and Rosecrans had been defeated at Chickamauga more than a year later. Then everything in the West was put under Grant, to be succeeded by Sherman when Grant was made general-in-chief, and everything went on to victory—Chattanooga, the relief of Knoxville, Nashville, the March to the Sea, and the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina.

In all of this it does not appear that Lincoln took an active part. To Halleck before or after Shiloh, or Corinth, to Grant before or after Vicksburg, to Buell on his retreat to Louisville, Lincoln's despatches are few in number, and give little in the way of instruction or even suggestion, except to reiterate his opinion that east Tennessee should be occupied. A telegram to Buell, dated October 19, 1862, signed by Halleck, but sent by the President's order and evidently in Lincoln's own words, contains this imperative command, "Your army must enter east Tennessee this fall."

Not being heeded, Buell was superseded by Rosecrans ten days later. To Rosecrans, after he had succeeded Buell, Lincoln sent several despatches, first congratulating him on his victory at Stone River in January, 1863, then gently chiding him for his complaining telegrams, subsequently suggesting that he attack Bragg in order to prevent re-enforcements being sent to Johnston, and finally, when Rosecrans was overwhelmed at Chickamauga and shut up in Chattanooga, sending him encouraging and cheering telegrams. But, except for his never-failing insistence that east Tennessee be held, none of these despatches contain the closely reasoned thoughts which are found in his earlier communications to McClellan. The period of Rosecrans's command was coincident with that of Hooker and Meade in the East—the same period of the Emancipation Proclamation and the draft riots to which reference has already been made.

On the 29th of February, 1864, Congress passed an act reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army, and within a few days Grant was appointed and confirmed to this office. On March 10 he was "by Executive Order assigned to command the Armies of the United States." It is stated in Nicolay and Hay that Lincoln neither advocated nor opposed this legislation. The bill was introduced by E. B. Washburne, Member of Congress from the Galena district in Illinois, an old political friend of Lincoln and a great admirer of Grant. Just why Lincoln was neutral in the matter does not appear. An ungracious comment in Nicolay and Hay reads as follows: "Whether he was or was not the ablest of all our generals is a question which can never be decided. . . . Grant was, beyond all comparison, the most fortunate of American soldiers." There are no facts whatever to justify this depreciation. Grant owed his success solely to his clear-sighted appreciation of facts and to the tremendous energy and resourcefulness with which he carried his plans into effect—as Sheridan expresses it, to "the manifold resources of his well-balanced military mind."

Grant was ordered to Washington to receive his commission, and met Lincoln for the first time on March 8, 1864. Grant

says in his "Memoirs" that both Stanton and Halleck cautioned him against giving the President his plans of campaign because Lincoln was "so kind-hearted that some friend would be sure to get from him all he knew"—a piece of advice which, in view of Lincoln's discretion and Grant's reticence, seems quite superfluous. Grant's only comment is that the President did not ask him for his plans nor did he communicate them to him—nor to Stanton or Halleck. Lincoln said to him that "all he wanted or ever had wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed," and he "pledged himself to use all the power of the government in rendering such assistance." In short, Lincoln believed that at last he had found the man competent to command the armies, and he promptly retired to the background, limiting his military activities to the still mighty task of giving Grant the full support of the government in every branch.

With the comprehensive, far-reaching, and correlated plans which Grant made in April, 1864, and with the manner in which he carried them out, it is not possible to speak here in detail. We are dealing only with Lincoln's relation to them. On the 30th of April, four days before Grant crossed the Rapidan, Lincoln wrote to Grant, "Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. . . . If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you." The terrible fighting in the Wilderness followed, and on the day of Cold Harbor (June 3) Lincoln, in declining an invitation to attend a mass meeting in New York, wrote to the presiding officer, "My previous high estimate of General Grant has been maintained and heightened by what has occurred in the remarkable campaign he is now conducting, while the magnitude and difficulty of the task before him do not prove less than I expected."

Grant telegraphed almost daily to Halleck, and Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, was at Grant's head-quarters, and, with the trained skill of a journalist, was sending almost hourly telegrams to Stanton. But Lincoln answered only once. At 7 A. M. on June 15 he saw Grant's telegram to Halleck, sent from Bermuda Hundred the previous day, saying, "Our movement from Cold Harbor to the James River has been made with great celerity and so far without loss or accident." Then Lincoln sent this cheery message, "I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all."

But when Early was approaching Washington on July 9, Grant telegraphed Halleck that if the President desired him to come to Washington in person he could "leave everything here on the defensive" and come on an hour's notice. Lincoln replied the following day, explaining what Halleck told him about the small force available for the defence of Washington and Baltimore, and adding, "Now, what I think is, that you should provide to retain your hold where you are, certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to destroy the enemy's forces in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this, if the movement is prompt. This is what I think upon your suggestion, but it is not an order." But late that night Grant replied to Lincoln telling him what troops he had sent to Washington and said: "I think, on reflection, it would have a bad effect for me to leave here. . . . I have great faith that the enemy will never be able to get back with much of his force," and Lincoln replied, "Very satisfactory." But the pursuit of Early was feeble and he remained in the Shenandoah Valley. Grant then sent Sheridan to Washington and told Halleck (August 1), "I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also." Lincoln saw this despatch, and immediately sent Grant this characteristic reply: "This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the despatches you may have received from here, even since you made that order, and discover, if

you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of following him to the 'death' in any direction. I repeat to you, it will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour, and force it." This was savage language for a gentle President to use about his own Secretary of War and Chief of Staff, but doubtless it was deserved. Grant's answer, the same day, was brief, "I will start in two hours for Washington and will spend a day or two with the army under General Hunter." He did not, however, go to Washington, but went direct to General Hunter's head-quarters at Monocacy, relieved Hunter, telegraphed Sheridan to join him at once, and on Sheridan's arrival placed him in command. Grant met Sheridan at the station and remained only long enough to give him his orders, and then returned to Petersburg in order to attack Lee and prevent reinforcements being sent to Early. The result was Sheridan's brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley and his complete defeat of Early's army two months later.

In all this how similar are Lincoln's despatches to those he had sent in the previous years to McClellan and Meade and Halleck and Buell, and how different the result! And what hearty support on Lincoln's part is shown in this despatch of August 17 to Grant, "I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible."

Sheridan's campaign in the valley was, however, no holiday affair, and on two occasions in September Lincoln telegraphed to Grant expressing his anxiety. The second despatch, September 29, is very characteristic—"I hope it will have no constraint on you, nor do harm anyway, for me to say I am a little afraid lest Lee sends reinforcements to Early, and thus enable him to turn upon Sheridan." To which Grant replied the same afternoon, "I am taking steps to prevent Lee sending reinforcements to Early by attacking him here." The result was a two days' battle, Fort Harrison on the right and Poplar Spring Church on the left—names almost forgotten in the almost continuous fighting around Petersburg, but involving a loss of more than 6,200 men on these two days.

And so the death struggle around Petersburg continued during the winter, to end at Appomattox in the spring. To Grant, Lincoln sent no military despatches subsequent to the one of September 29, above quoted. To Sherman he sent nothing except a warm-hearted, generous, and most flattering message of congratulations when his March to the Sea terminated at Savannah; to Thomas, only a similar but more guarded telegram after the battle of Nashville; to Banks, a message in December, 1864, refusing to grant an important request of Banks's because "he whom I must hold responsible for military results is not agreed"; to the other generals, nothing at all except on civil matters. But if Lincoln abstained from suggestions on purely military movements, he never for an instant relaxed his grasp of supreme control of the military situation. There is an imperative tone in his despatch to Grant of February 1—at the time the Confederate Peace Commissioners had reached Grant's headquarters—"Let nothing which is transpiring change, hinder, or delay your military movements or plans"; and again on March 3, when Stanton sent this telegram, "The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meanwhile, you are to press to the utmost your military advantages." Grant welcomed such instructions which defined his duties so clearly, and he carried them out in letter and spirit, assuring Stanton "that no act of the enemy will prevent me from pressing all advantages gained to the utmost of my ability. Neither will I, under any circumstances, exceed my authority, or in any way embarrass the government." It was a grave oversight on the part of Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant that no copy of these explicit instructions of March 3 were sent to Sherman, then commanding a separate army in North Carolina and liable at any moment to be confronted with the problem of what terms of surrender he should offer Johnston. That Sherman made a mistake

when the contingency of Johnston's surrender arrived, after Lincoln's death, is universally conceded; but neither Lincoln, Stanton, nor Grant can escape their share of responsibility for it, in not sending him the same positive directions that were sent to Grant.

In January, 1865, Lincoln wrote to Grant a most delightfully courteous and modest letter in regard to his son Robert, then twenty-two years old, recently graduated from Harvard, and desirous "to see something of the war before it ends. . . . Could he, without embarrassment to you or detriment to the service, go into your military family with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing his necessary means? If no, say so without the least hesitation, because I am as anxious and as deeply interested that you shall not be encumbered as you can be yourself." Grant instantly replied, "I will be most happy to have him in my military family in the manner you propose," and suggested that he be given the rank of captain. He was accordingly appointed captain and aide-de-camp, and joined Grant on February 21. This circumstance—and perhaps others—led Grant to send a telegram to Lincoln on March 20: "Can you not visit City Point for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest will do you good." Lincoln accepted the invitation and arrived on March 24. He remained at City Point, living on the steamer *River Queen*, fourteen days, until Friday, April 7. He had long talks with Grant; he visited the troops, saw a battle in progress, met General Sherman and Admiral Porter, who came to consult Grant, entered Richmond on April 4. Nicolay and Hay speak of his "enjoying what was probably the most satisfactory relaxation in which he had been able to indulge during his whole Presidential service."

On March 29 Grant started with his army on the Appomattox campaign. He kept Lincoln well advised by telegrams of

the progress of events, and Lincoln answered him: "Having no great deal to do here, I am sending the substance of your despatches to the Secretary of War." Lincoln, in fact, turned correspondent, and every day for a week reported to Stanton the progress of the day's battle or march—short, but clear, incisive despatches, giving a distinct account of what was happening. On the 7th of April Lincoln started down the James River on his return to Washington. But early in the morning he received a telegram sent by Grant about midnight repeating Sheridan's report of the battle of Burkesville, April 6. Sheridan concluded with the words: "If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender." Lincoln answered Grant at 11 A. M. April 7, "Gen. Sheridan says, 'If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender.' Let the *thing* be pressed." Lincoln then proceeded to Washington. It was his last military order. Eight days later he was dead.

As time goes on Lincoln's fame looms ever larger and larger. Great statesman, astute politician, clear thinker, classic writer, master of men, kindly, lovable man. These are his titles. To them must be added—military leader. Had he failed in that quality, the others would have been forgotten. Had peace been made on any terms but those of surrender of the insurgent forces and restoration of the Union, his career would have been a colossal failure and the Emancipation Proclamation a subject of ridicule. The prime essential was military success. Lincoln gained it. Judged in the retrospect of nearly half a century, with his every written word now in print and with all the facts of the period brought out and placed in proper perspective by the endless studies, discussions, and arguments of the intervening years, it becomes clear that first and last and at all times during his Presidency, in military affairs his was not only the guiding but the controlling hand.

"BROTHER"

By Louise Imogen Guiney



HERE are dogs and dogs, and there was "Brother." A majestic name, Greek-Sicilian by origin, belonged to him and suited him: the little humble domestic noun was only an afterthought. It was to me but a poor approximate expression of my opinion of that roguish piece of perfection on four legs, and to him it was a much finer thing: namely, his humanity by brevet. He had never been brought up to spend much time on endearments, nor to expect them; yet I must confess that there came a day when I gave him his reward of merit with extras of sheer sentiment, for all the world like the Lord Chancellor Clarendon kissing John Wilmot of Wadham, when the boy came up for his degree. We were loafing together under a pine, looking out to sea, to that lonely sunlit wind-crumpled Maine sea which "Brother" was sure that he owned from horizon to horizon. He owned it, he knew well, with all its whales and ships; but he was minded to share it with me, during the good behavior of the party of the second part. "Brother" was two years old: which, for a Saint Bernard, is graduation from puppyhood: the era, so to speak, of jacket and trousers. I looked at him there, seated on a rock, his own rock, in his exquisite erect beauty, and I looked through that at his exquisite erect nature. The diction of the moment may not have been classic, but it was most respectful, and poignantly sincere. "A beastie," said I, "to beat creation: the flower of completeness: the One Thing: *un arrive*: and what a satisfaction to his Maker!" He turned on me those clear affectionate brown eyes, with something like humorous dismay in them. His whole head he would not turn, because my proprietary hand was pleasant to him, under the amber silk fringes of his unparalleled left ear. But he grinned a grin which rippled quite as far as that hand where it lay.

I grieve to add that from this hour he developed a rabid appetite for compliment. Verily he had one foible. He was vain;

he would court admiration; he would play to the gallery! Not that he had not heard from his infancy, on every street-corner, in every boat and omnibus, the inevitable expletive: "What a bee-yutiful Dorg!" That saying was his ancestral perquisite. But now, so to speak, he drew up his deed of claim to it. Extract it from you he must. He became the score of the opera, the copy for review, the working hypothesis: something for the stranger to pass upon. He must have your approval, or die: yet far would it be from a celebrity of his texture to bid for it with any thrust of

—"the cold insinuating nose!"

No: diplomacy forever! He had a way, as inconspicuous as any way of his could be, but perfectly shameless, of placing himself in full view of the newest visitor. He arrived on tiptoe, and carefully posed himself, generally in the effective space of the bow-window. There would he sit, with his great chest and neck tense and set sideways, in imitation of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and his thoughts, as you were plainly given to understand, at least ten miles away. Insistently, immovably, there would he sit, every conscious allurements in full play, while the silly greetings and gossip of humankind went gurgling along. It was a game which he invariably won in less than two patient minutes. From every lip in the room antiphonally gushed forth: "What a bee—" whereupon, with a most mannerly gentleness, and sighing faintly with satisfaction, the hypocrite departed.

Never was such an accommodating, obliging member of a household. His obedience, and the adaptive lengths to which it would go, were most remarkable. Also, and incidentally owing to his giant size and his strength of will, the obedience was in itself an hourly flattery (or, in more accurate words, a condescension) of which you could not but be aware. A dear contemporary and distant relative of "Brother's" used to sleep on a rug in the hall. The rug lay some inches south of what had been a door, but was now a broad debased arch,

with a rod across, and the portières always drawn back. Yet if for reasons of your own, you put the rug some inches north of the sill on the other side, the injured landholder wept all night long! "Brother" repeatedly sniffed at it and her. He was a dreadful Pharisee: excruciatingly righteous. He looked for orders, enjoyed them when he got them, and carried them out to the letter. If he were asked to stay and take care of anything, he was another Casabianca: unless relieved, or specifically told to let up, there would he spend his prime and his declining age. This habit of confiding in you, of taking your point of view, was one of his most endearing attributes. He had many lovers and playmates, men, women, and children, but he would not cross the road after any of them (M. A. J. excepted), unless told to do so by Authority. On the other hand, he could be sent as foot-escort to either station, something over a half-mile away, with persons he had never seen before. On such an occasion he would stand by the steps of the train, prick-eared and important, then, not dropping his air of grave responsibility, retire to a convenient knoll, and watch until the puffing monster had carried his charges townward, out of sight. As he trotted back alone, lifting more than was his wont the plumed flail of iron which was his esteemed tail, and advertising abroad the immaculately clean conscience within, worthy of what he never failed to get, praise and thanks all over again,—certainly "Brother" was a cheerful sight.

There was no better watch than this one, free of the house by night or day, who never knew a chain. He was a thorough philosopher in the matter. The raggedest tramp was made welcome to his country domain if any regent thereof had spoken kindly to the same; yet he took no nonsense from daily frequenters of his vine-hung back door. The ice-man who was so unconscionably rude on a fine August morning as to utter a "Git out, You!" instead of the "Please move!" of good society, might have stained the white radiance of eternity in another instant had not the elder châtelaine arrived in the nick of time to explain that etiquette was one of "Brother's" strong points, and that she thought he did not do ill in exacting as well as practising it!

His sense of honor would hold out, at any time, against a hungry stomach. Were the most delectable morsel left in his reach, with no eye upon him, he would leave it untouched all day, if he had received instructions to that effect. He could be brought by pure reason even to castor oil. It was my wicked but by no means infrequent trick to assure him that I should starve there and then, unless he gave up his idolized bone. He always brought it, recognizing the venerable joke, yet never quite daring to take it for granted that poets were sufficiently fed by this forgetful world. Indeed, in all matters of diet, "Brother" was an amusing person. When he tired of his breakfast of Johnny-cake and milk, you could instantly whip up his most violent interest in it by a pretended rapturous nibble: it was a reminder, of course, what an unimpeachable judge you always were of a really superior menu, and how far himself could err in that direction! In like manner, on a Sunday, you could discourage him for the moment from his breaded veal chop, by the lightest hint of disparagement. (I fear that I have much "ragging" of that believing beast to answer for!) On discovering that his fruitarian folk were given to visiting the grape-arbor, and were not averse from sampling the luscious bunches which they so gingerly placed in the dessert-dish, he fixed his worthy soul upon Catawbas too; and he would lie for hours in the shade of the broad flapping leaves, until the hen-boy passed through and got his sleeve pulled by the waiting epicure. What the latter wanted was to have his grapes held for him, one by one, and deftly squeezed into his mouth. A thousand grapes might have been his booty, but he seemed to understand instinctively that a personal raid would not be hygienic for the amateur vineyard. Another odd edible he insisted upon having, when in mycological society, was *Boletus scaber*: he scorned all other mushrooms as much as his friends scorned the gentle *Boletus*, which provided him with many a rural fried supper, to the horror of rustics, old and young. Their horror, indeed, seemed to be no small feature in his relish of it!

He loved travel, and set about it most composedly. All his travel, in fact, was a triumphal progress. He went up a stair or a gangway like royalty itself, always with

glances behind, most attentive to his party, but taking familiarly and at its value the gaze of the Public Eye. His romantic genius understood symbolism, and worked happily in shorthand. He got at the mean of things, put just the right emphasis, never bungled his art. It pleased him greatly to be told secrets in a whisper, or in French, or by gesticulation. One instance of his mental quickness comes to memory, whereby he saved himself from too intimate and final dealings with a *bon vivant* of a bull, in the goodly county of Sagadahoc. I had crossed the field, and was at the other side of the pasture-bars, on higher ground, when I saw my lagging dog hotly and probably justly pursued by a pair of male and very executive-looking horns. I shall never forget by what a successful interchange of signals we defeated the owner of them. There was a tangle of rough coppices all along the upper edge of the field, and to these I pointed "Brother's" course, although that would take him away from me, until he could scramble down the broken ground to a certain cliff, and return, unseen, by way of the shore. He ran his best (he was the swiftest of his breed), to the first covert, peered at me, panted, lay flat until, with lifted hand, I reported the bull as near; rose and ran, doubling in and out among the underbrush, peering and panting and lying flat and flying on again, literally by rule of thumb, until the bull was mixed up, and winded, and outwitted quite! This campaign of retreat was not ill-done on my part, but it was simply Napoleonic on "Brother's." So he thought, too. He used to pooh! at all bulls after that. Cows always showed toward him an intemperate concern of another sort. He could never account for it, but any one else could, for at a little distance, such as would obscure his extraordinary gracefulness, he was the image of a prize calf, and every bereaved mother would fain fling herself upon his filial bosom.

The protective instinct was with him, from the first, a passion: he never had to be taught the rubrics of courtesy. Sick neighbors were all on his morning beat; and his sympathy once went to the length of bringing a glass nest-egg in his neat dry mouth, and depositing it on the bedspread. Of all occupied baby-carriages

he was a benevolent inspector, not invariably appreciated aright by Mary Ann in her ribbons! In short, when at home, he took upon his worthy shoulders the full care of our immediate neighborhood. His ideas regarding curfew, lights out, and all quiet, were fixed and codified by himself alone. Illuminations, in the great house on the hill, where he was ever such a welcome guest, were all right, according to "Brother," up to midnight, or even up to one o'clock. He put upon them their most charitable construction: they might mean social orgies in the lower stories; they might mean injudicious but still comprehensible work in the laboratory up under the gables. But after that, an illumination was a fire. He said so once, prompt, loud, and plain, while everybody slept; and as he said, so it proved. His remarks of this sort always hit. He knew that vocal efforts on insufficient provocation, were prohibited. Seeing that his every tone sounded like Zeus on Olympus, he was early taught that, (as Elia so knowingly says of truth), it was "precious, and not to be wasted on everybody!"

His sentimentalism was extreme. He had such an honest love for music, and was so sure not to join in it, after the protesting manner of his nation, that we were never cruel enough to bar him out when ballad-singing was going on. The amazing move by which he once conveyed himself on to a sofa beside his dearest friend (M. A. J. again), in her fluffiest summer gown; the sad interpretative attitudes and glances, aimed directly at her, with which he followed the tenor voice through *Barbara Allen*, and *Binnorie*, *O Binnorie*; the intellectual impudence with which he foresaw that nobody would dare quench his intolerable theatric graces until the song, which must not be quenched, was done;—these are salient things in the vistas of that happy past which still held "Brother." The funniest thing of all, in his roll-call of moral properties, was his ludicrous and incomparable modesty: an asset hard to particularize, since its manifestations were so numerous. However, one indoor instance or two will serve. It was his delight to awake certain members of the family at 7 A. M. by pushing the door in, playing ogre, and sneezing loudly. But if he thundered downstairs directly after, four steps at a time,

you might learn, as by proclamation, that he had been a little too late, and that the object of his solicitude was half-dressed and taken unawares. When he nearly broke his neck by leaping from the veranda in our lonely summer cottage of 1894, it only meant that he had absent-mindedly entered the bath-room from that remote end, and found it occupied! These were huge comedies to us, but not to that delicate mind. It pained him dreadfully to be laughed at for his blessed decencies.

I have mentioned his great docility. He was never "broken," because there was nothing to break. Race tradition, plus sweetness of nature, taught him the vulgarity of kicking, and the pleasantness of domestic concord. He disobeyed twice, in the course of that so godly life. In one case he repented, and in the other he buffooned. These disobediences were both in high swashbuckler style: he was no milksop in crime, nor in anything. The first act of revolt was perpetrated by the shores of the Atlantic in late October, when he and I and one mutually beloved best relished the crags and the sea. There was a bog hard by, and into that bog "Brother" had inserted his handsome person, with results dire to contemplate. As we crossed the long hard silver strand, with neither roof nor sail in the picture, I referred him to the cleansing surf. "Go in!"—"Can't!" he replied in effect: "it's cold, mind you."—"It may or may not be cold. The point is that you are dirty past belief: in with you!" "Blowed if I will!" Incredible! my good, good dog had uttered those four unholy monosyllables: uttered them with mind, eye, snort, and gesture! "Very well!" said I, astonished but severe, and doing my duty like a Roman father. "You deserve a common thrashing; but you are an ethical light, and you shall have your thrashing in an ethical form. I shall go my intended walk, miles and miles along-shore: you may do what you please. But if you go, not one word, amicable or otherwise, shall you get from me all afternoon." No sooner said than done, as the fairy-books used to remark. I held my corrective head up and moved on, and he skirmished about, staring at me intermittently from every angle, as he never had stared before. At sundown we were descending the last hill of our almost circular march,

and in full sight of the beach from which we started. The long silence had broken his talkative heart. He lunged suddenly hard up against me, with his paws on my shoulders, in an impact of push sufficient to carry the walls of a fortified town: the whole miry hundred-and-sixty-one pounds of him. "Call it quits!" he begged. "See!" And he thereupon leaped the rocks beside us into the icy tide, and swam long, with many unnecessarily dramatic splashes, far out, and even under, coming ashore in a spotless pinafore, and the peace of the forgiven. The other feat was less sustained, but quite as drastic. He was chivalrous to his own cat, and to all cats, as he knew he had to be. Meanwhile, starlight and deep snow never failed to make him extra frisky. There came an evening of such dual delight above and below, when the youth within him broke the bounds of convention, so that he flung himself up-hill on a mad chase after a stranger kitten. With a new shock of apprehension, I floundered through the drifts after him, up to the gate-posts of home. There, with crossed forelegs, reeking with philanthropy, lay "Brother"; and in between said forelegs a very tired little gray Angora, cuddled close and half-icicled with kisses. Her jailer's expression was voluble. "What! you doubted ME, the tried friend, the known champion, of the incomparable feline species? Can't you take a joke? Why, this innocent thing just LOVES—" Further explanations from the Superior Person were cut short.

His physical finish was all his own. Elegance was stamped on him from crown to toe. A bath or a brush was his joy, and every hair of his coat, milk-white or chestnut-red, was burnished with health and clean living. The arch of his correct and collarless neck was magnificent; it had belonged aforetime to the most engaging of Bench Show champions, his early-dying father. Magnificent, too, though a degree too slender, were the straight white-fringed legs; the long jowl and short stop; the rise of the full brow; the very strong back; the bright, straightforward eyes which looked you through, and frequently approved you. Like Alexander the Great, "Brother" had his private fragrance. When you were quite near to him, you were aware of something wholesome and sweet, like clover or new

hay: this lasted all his days, and expressed his singular personality as no other gift of the gods could have done. It did not descend afterward, nor did his psychologic powers, to his son, poor Vallo, who was so like him, yet with every carnal glory a little lessened, every inspiration a little dulled, except the affection which in the latter flamed up, if that were possible, almost higher and intenser. The dear gentleman whose little

memoir this is, had all the sensitiveness of patrician stock; but he was never ill save once in his life. During our only parting, he died, five years old: died punctually, graciously, as he had lived. I have never seen his like before or since. Yes, there are dogs and dogs, yours, mine, the historic ones, and the stray ones. And there was "Brother." May he sleep well, between the pear-tree and the maple.

LOVE, LIFE AND DEATH

By Marguerite Merington

GRIEF hath its ecstasies than joy no less.
 Notes seven compass dirge and marriage-hymn.
 The jeweled passion-cup life pours to brim
 Lovefull, we drain to anguish-dregs' excess.
 So, deep into my breast each word, caress,
 That tokened you, in searing strokes I limn,
 With jealous care, lest memory grow dim,
 Or time should steal remembered happiness.
 Miser of love, yet spendthrift, for your sake
 I hoard the roses while the thorn I wear,
 In grief retracing paths of joy to break
 Love's alabaster on dead footprints there;
 Though, when your speeding steps I overtake,
 Unspent love's royal burden shall I bear.

Death's spacious silences enfold you still;
 Never to life their mystery one sign
 Vouchsafes, nor suffers love the star-spiked line
 To scale: Of Him who does be done the will!
 Yet, when for help lifted to templed hill,
 Dimly a pledge my tear-blurred eyes divine:
 Transcending life, that death may make you mine,
 If I but live my days out to their fill,
 Servant of sorrow, comrade, kin to pain,
 Wherever on bruised heart or broken wing
 The holy chalice sheds its blood-wine stain,
 Forecast of Heaven down to earth to bring,
 Until my reaching hand finds yours again
 In some celestial May-dawn's blossoming!

THE POINT OF VIEW.

I'm growing old, I've sixty years,
 I've labored all my life in vain;
 In all that time of hopes and fears
 I've failed my dearest wish to gain;
 I see full well that here below
 Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
 My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know:
I never have seen Carcassonne.
I never have seen Carcassonne.

IN the future, no peasant "double-bent with age" need sing this song; only last spring, when I spent my Easter Sunday clambering over the old walls of the *Cité*, there was a troupe of moving-picture "artists" hard at it, enacting some wordless drama or other under the façade of the cathedral—all to the piping of the man with a camera. The films show them to-day in the very attitudes and actions of a year ago, and Carcassonne is their background. Why is it that, when kinematography has such "props" as these, it fails to "draw" those classes which support the University Extension orators? The American who claims for his own a certain degree of what Boston women reverently call "culture," is allowed, all the same, to be a rather impossible person in his dramatic standards. The idea of a play as the vehicle of a "star" in an emotional or, better yet, a "character" part, is about as far as he goes in his appreciation of drama. Why, then, is the newest form dramatic art has taken left to the office-boy and the cash-girl and the submerged nine-tenths to enjoy? Enjoy it they, at least, do, and get better value for their money than do the patrons of real theatres. The price is five cents, or at most ten; there is an illustrated song or two, with a real tenor voice on the job; the President's inauguration is shown, and the ex-President's start for Africa via Hoboken—or perhaps some historical scenes (with the Jamestown colony a favorite); finally, some farcical passages and a real comedy—all but the words. Hard on the eyesight, yes; and on the ears, too, when it is accompanied by the piano; but think what you are saving on your entertainment, even as compared with a place at the "polite vaudeville" theatre round the corner—to say nothing at all of anything so extravagant as attendance at the playhouse where they are giving a dramatized "best-seller"!

Plays
 Without
 Words

It is only when you tell the Prosperous Person that there are a rising ten thousand of moving-picture establishments that he "takes notice"; it is the figures that talk to him. What all of us should realize is that this new department of the modern drama is—relatively—a virgin soil. Who knows what crops it may yet raise? And why assume that depravity—gross vulgarity even—is necessarily bound up in it? In France (it is in France that the evolution has gone farthest) such actors as Le Bargy and Réjane and Bernhardt are not ashamed to pose for the moving-picture camera. No longer will the historian of stage land be able to write his platitude about the art of acting being the one art alone which leaves behind no trace save in its influence and in its memories! Such playwrights as the late Victorien Sardou and Capus and Lavedan have furnished scenarios for this new sort of stage. It is no great matter if the pieces mounted in France are often rather above the Broadway standard; there remains all the wider field for our native dramatists. Clyde Fitch may, tomorrow or the day after, be writing his ten scenarios as well as his two annual plays. And, as it is, at Christmas time one could see Dickens's "Carol" put on in pantomime; scenes, likewise, from the life of Christ. (At Toulouse, in Lent, I have seen *The Passion* on the films—sandwiched in, as it happened, between *Little Red Riding Hood* and a *drame passionnel*.) "Ingomar," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Chimes of Normandy," "Quo Vadis"—these have been shown in all our cities; and a thousand pieces besides, since there are very frequent changes in the bill. After all, why *not* can our drama, when all's said and done? And if the canning's to be done, it had best be well done. Caruso and the rest are not above singing into operatic cans that we open up in our flat houses. Canned drama is only the next step. This is the age of the machine.

They have come to stay, the moving-picture shows—as an institution, that is. There may well be too many houses in operation at the present moment; a process of elimination is to be expected as this business becomes better and better organized. What I insist on is the propriety of it, all things considered. In

Shakespeare's day there were pageants and masques at court; to-day we have our opera-houses. There were playhouses, then as now; there were also the inn yards. There were the Paul's boys and the rest; there remained the memory, at least, of the guild performances. It was the prentice lad's privilege to pick and choose; also, he might attend a bear-baiting if he felt inclined. Why should the Elizabethan prentice's modern type, young Hall Room, of New York, be limited to vaudeville, musical comedy, the hippodrome, and the "legitimate"? Surely he is entitled to have added to the rest this new and inexpensive pleasure of the moving pictures.

The modern evolution of the magic lantern has not only come into its own, but is become a force that can no longer be neglected by social historians. At Suffolk, Virginia, Sam Hardy, the choir singer convicted for the assassination of Tiberius Gracchus Jones, has applied for a new trial on the ground that an exhibition of moving pictures at the Comedy—a duel in Normandy, a moonshine tragedy in the Kentucky mountains—tended to sway the minds of the jurymen, who went there as one man. Another illustration of the importance of this new instrument of weal and woe comes to us from London. A melodrama representing the invasion of England on the lines laid down in "An Englishman's Home" has been rehearsed on Suffolk Downs. Soon it will be flashed on screens from one end of England to the other; and a recruiting sergeant is to be on hand to follow up the work of the machine with personal argument and the music of the royal shilling. No longer is the magic lantern a nursery plaything! Men deal with it; it deals with men. Some would have us believe that homes are corrupted thereby, and that children steal in order to raise the price of an admission. If it breaks homes, it mends them too. But yesterday we read of brothers brought together through its beneficent agency—brothers separated from childhood. The one recognized the other—the prodigal—as he swung by in a file of sailors parading in San Francisco—all this, of course, upon the screen. "That's Harry himself!" exclaimed the older brother; whom it is good to know for a prosperous merchant, who will make life easier for the seaman now.

If the moving-picture shows can unite families, what matter if they *are* a bit hard on the eyes, and sometimes almost as vulgar as the contemporary stage itself?

I HOPE that no one will think that I am trying to smuggle into the *Point of View* something which really belongs, if it deserves to appear at all, in the *Field of Art*. I do not know enough to discuss English architecture in print, or anywhere else except in a corner, and there largely in questions; moreover, that aspect of the English Perpendicular which I am approaching, not without awe, is not art, is not even artistic, being merely the elements of the perpendicular in the English character. I doubt if any other architecture ever grew so directly out of the bones and muscles, the minds and the hearts of a people as did the English Perpendicular out of the English race. The rigidity, the sameness, the tempered beauty which, after a while, gets on your nerves, the straight, inflexible lines which go geometrically up and across, making you pray under your breath for a curve, just one; the rigid perpendicular saints that stand in their niches, folding their stone hands over the same conviction, turned into stone at the same moment of self-approval at being saints—surely no other people could have produced this architecture; no other people thinks and looks and acts so much like its buildings.

The English
Perpendicular

All this has come to my mind since I read, with many chuckles, "England and the English," in a recent SCRIBNER. It took me back to the time, not quite "forty years ago, when I was an under-graduate at Oxford," but still a long time ago, when I ventured, in spite of my youth and my nationality and my sex, to become a student in that beautiful gray city. Let me admit at the outset that I never had a more enjoyable time in my life, and that I never studied less. Innumerable methodical, licensed ways did some kind people there have of preying upon one's time, and, when they were sufficiently assured, over trusted signatures, that I was worthy of their attention, they laid out an orderly campaign which effectually consumed my spring term. They were cordiality itself, though I realized even then that, if they had not been told that I was respectable, they would never have discovered it.

My impressions are still strong, in regard to many people whom I met there, of a certain inflexibility of character, and an inability to arrive at a goal by any other route than that which their ancestors took. Why is it that, as I read these lines in a hand-book of architecture, instead of buildings, certain human

figures rise before me in memory? "The whole surface, including buttresses, parapets, basements, and every part of the flat surface, is covered with panelling, in which the perpendicular line clearly predominates." The phrases bring to me manifold suggestions—the tall, narrow-shouldered figures of the young, both men and women, the national attitude, showing as clearly in the English butler as in the Oxford don, the cool air of dignitaries wickedly characterized by some forgotten person as "having all the qualities of the kitchen poker except its occasional warmth." In thought, in feeling, and in action the British are excellent survivals of the English Perpendicular at the time of its maturity, as rigid as the tracery in the windows of Merton College Chapel. One grows to be thankful, after a time, that they all do behave in the same fashion, for, failing that, there is no telling what they may do or say. I remember all too unpleasantly one or two students who were in a fair way to become scholars, but not to become gentlemen; it is truly said that, in England, the process takes several generations. Certainly of these people it may be asserted that they are either Perpendicular or Impossible.

The same inflexibility which shows in their manner appears in their convictions and in their habits, though, perhaps, it is foolish to use two words where one would do, habit and conviction being harder to separate in the English Mind than elsewhere. I recall their monumental Sunday; even I, with the strictest Presbyterian tradition that America can afford, shrank from its sharp corners and rigid lines. Under the head of convictions comes the rite of afternoon tea, which surely commemorates the fortieth article of British faith. Talk of the Established Church; it is nothing to the Established Tea-cup! I used to hear, on days when an unusual programme was planned, long, anxious discussions of the way in which tea could be secured, and I realized that the one observance, even more important than keeping Sunday, was keeping that five o'clock appointment with the tea-pot.

Continually, in large matters and in small, I was reminded of the folly of tampering with settled beliefs in England. The lecturer in Hebrew, in whose family I lived, persistently asked questions in regard to this or that practice in the colonies, for he could never remember that the United States are free, and, though I tried repeatedly to convince

him of the Revolutionary War and its consequences, I apparently failed. Doubly unpleasant was it to come into contact with the rooted ideas of womankind. About the hospitable table of a genial old historian who cherished in deep friendship America and the Americans I used to see suspicious feminine glances turned toward me, and the women guests usually maintained the rigid manner of the mullioned window. One I recall especially who was openly horrified at hearing that I was studying Anglo-Saxon—if she had but realized how little I knew, perhaps she would have been mollified—and I remember being equally horrified by her, having something of the perpendicular myself, perhaps by right of English descent, both because of her freedom of speech, and of the cut and the color of her evening dress, for it was vivid scarlet, and she too stout and too middle-aged to carry it off.

As inflexible as their dignities, and as dependent on long tradition, are the English moments of unbending. They can be foolish in the old licensed ways, but no other, as in the emergence of the mob element at the Oxford Encænna or Commencement. The loud calls from pit or gallery to the orator, perhaps the Professor of Poetry speaking in Latin: "Scan it, sir!" "Where did you crib it all, sir?" "Sir, the gentleman with the red tie is looking at you!" suggest a whimsical something in the English mind akin to the sudden gargoyle upon the English Gothic buildings. No other gargoyles are so unexpected, so demure, or have so little an effect of being a genuine part of the roofs or turrets from which they spring.

They are a great people, the English, and we all admire them, doubtless remembering in our moments of admiration that we are descended from them. Many of us have experienced great kindness from the better sort, and we do not need to be told, when we recall the petrified insolence of this or that English traveller on the Continent, that he represents the baser kind. Yet one wishes that they could forget their delusion of superiority, these second or third rate people who do as much to make us misunderstand their race as the loud-voiced American tourist does to make others misunderstand us. At more than one hotel or pension table I have listened to diatribes against us, and insistent demands that English supremacy should be acknowledged, and have more than once been tempted to quote—let me hasten to add that I have

not yet yielded, though it is often bitterly hard in travelling to be restricted to those things which a gentlewoman should say—Mr. Oliver Herford's all too appropriate lines:

"Children, behold the Chimpanzee,
He sits on the ancestral tree
From which we sprang in ages gone.
I'm glad we sprang; had we held on
We might, for all that I can say
Be horrid Chimpanzees to-day."

THE Germans are a very enterprising people nowadays, and they are prolific of inventions and discoveries. They take life seriously and they boast of their Teutonic thoroughness. When they undertake to do any-

Museums of Bad
Taste—with All
the Modern Im-
provements

thing they survey it from all angles and deliberate on the best method of approach. Now they have taken up art; and they are putting their characteristic methods into operation. As artists of all sorts struggle together, some of them expressing themselves and some of them seeking only to meet what they vainly suppose to be the public taste, they produce works of every degree of artistic merit and demerit. The better specimens will meet with the approval of those whose taste is delicately refined; and the most excellent of these specimens may in time achieve the ultimate triumph of admission to a museum. But what of the worst specimens? They are doomed to wander in outer darkness, with no faint hope of future bliss in any museum. They go on their way disseminating an evil influence and corrupting the taste of all who gaze upon them. This is most tolerable and not to be endured; and it is no wonder that a conscientious German professor found his heart yearning over these lost sheep of art, and that he was moved to establish a Museum of Bad Taste.

It is in the Stuttgart Museum of Industrial Art that this collection of misbegotten examples is now on exhibition. It is to bear the same relation to the rest of the museum that the Chamber of Horrors does to the more decorous wax-works fit for ladies and children. It is to enable the proud German to claim pre-eminence in a new department and to echo Beau Brummell's "These are our failures." It is to be a Hall of Shame, open only to masterpieces of the inartistic. It is to be a medley of Horrible Examples which may so impress doubtful artists that they will rush away at once and take the pledge of artistic sobriety. And we may hope that New York will not long allow

itself to be outdone by Stuttgart and that we may have our own Museum of Bad Taste, which may move the men who make bottles that look like log cabins, and who are constantly designing other things each of which looks like something else, to take the pledge of sincerity and to Get on the Water-Wagon.

But it is possible that Yankee ingenuity may be able to perfect and to extend this German example. How is a Museum of Bad Taste to be housed? Plainly enough consistency requires that it should be installed in a building which is an example of architectural bad taste. And every New Yorker can point to a score of edifices which seem to have been designed especially to proffer hospitality to this side-show of inanimate freaks. In any one of these buildings the collection of artistic failures would feel itself at home, and every visitor would be soothed and comforted by the subtle harmony between the edifice and its contents. There is one private dwelling near Central Park so violent in its architectural flamboyance that the lecturers on the Seeing-New-York automobiles beg their passengers not to be alarmed as the cars no longer shy when they pass it.

And if the original suggestion is really as sound as it seems to be, can it not be extended into other fields of art than the industrial and the decorative? Is there not a field of utility before it in the various departments of literature? There would be profit if some disciple of Palgrave should now edit the "Leaden Treasury of English Lyrics." We have all had pleasure in Ward's "English Poets," with the contributory essays of a host of accomplished critics; and perhaps some other editor might now undertake a corresponding selection of the poorest poems of our language, to be introduced by critical essays by the worst critics of to-day. "English Poetasters," or "Half Hours with the Worst Authors," or a "Library of the World's Worst Literature"—titles are as easy to suggest as the material is abundant for selection. In time this might lead to the foundation of an academy, modelled on the Académie Française—only just reversing the principle—to include the forty immortals of ultimate mediocrity chosen out of the whole of English literature, British and American. Probably the best results would be obtained if this august body could be nominated by the Direct Primary, the election of the entire twoscore having to be ratified by the Referendum.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



First and second panels of frieze of the "Divine Law."

MR. VAN INGEN'S NEW MURAL DECORATIONS IN CHICAGO

THE great monumental decorative mural paintings in public buildings follow but do not resemble each other; Mr. Van Ingen's, in the United States Post Office and Court House building in Chicago, differ widely from Mr. Alexander's, Mr. Blashfield's, Mr. Abbey's and Mr. Stokes's in other localities. For one detail, he has dispensed with allegory. The four rooms of the United States Circuit Court in this building which he has been commissioned to decorate are each about 75x45 feet, and lie at the extremities of the arms of the Greek cross in which shape the upper stories of the structure rise. The interior of the dome which surmounts the centre of this cross was included in the general scheme of color and decoration of the rooms and corridors. In each court room, on the sixth or seventh story, he is to paint a frieze on each of the two long walls, each frieze being divided into six panels by the pilasters, two feet in width with six inches reveal, and the semi-circular lunette recessed about eighteen inches in the centre. This lunette the painter proposes to fill with lettering re-

lating to the theme of the particular frieze—the Ten Commandments for the Divine Law, extracts from Magna Charta and the Constitution of the United States for the Civil Law, etc. The two small panels which, as may be seen in the illustrations, lie between the central panel and those which are larger at the ends, were occupied by the tops of doors and ornamental plaster work when the commission was given, but it was decided to remove these and give the panel to the painting. It is evident that the composition would have been seriously broken up by the intrusion of these purely architectural divisions. As it is, Mr. Van Ingen has developed in each case his subject through the whole length of the frieze, sometimes with very few figures, and with ample space in which to set forth his theme. This seemed to him to be much better than the first idea which presented itself—to concentrate it in the central arched panel and thereby run the risk of conventional decorative grouping. His painting surface in each frieze is about sixty feet long, and the height allows him to make his figures six or seven feet tall. The large oblong room, in each case, is lit by windows on three sides and by

a skylight, and is panelled throughout in white marble.

On this occasion the theme preceded the design—which does not always happen in good painting and sculpture. It was decided to devote the eight long compositions to certain great legendary and historical steps in the development of Law, certain very important contributions of different climes and ages to this development. In the selection and presentation of these incidents the artist

consulted the scholar, and it is especially to Professor Nathan Abbott, of the Chair of Law of Columbia, that Mr. Van Ingen considers himself indebted. His great series begins, very reasonably, with the deliverance of the ten tables to Moses on Mount Sinai, for Sacred Law; for Civil Law, King John and Magna Charta, and in this may be included the signing of the American Constitution; the Greek conception of great principles in the abstract appears in a frieze in which Socrates and his friends discuss the abstract nature of justice, as set down in Plato's "Republic"; the concrete application of these principles by the Romans in another in which Cicero is speaking from the tribune of the Forum. The general disposition of this last scene was taken from a relief on the arch of Septimus Severus, the sculptor's design being modified for the painter's.

A fifth wall is devoted to the origin of the circuit court, under Henry II of England, in the latter part of the twelfth century; a sixth, to the signing of the Constitution of the United States, in the same room in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. Finally, the Lincoln Room presents two typical scenes in the life of the great President, two stages of his career. It is related that while keeping a little grocery store in the very little town of New Salem, Ill., long since disappeared, his attention was one day



Third panel of frieze of the "Divine Law."

called to a fellow citizen who was departing with all his wordly goods, and who, in the course of the conversation, sold to Lincoln for the sum of fifty cents one barrel of merchandise. In this barrel the purchaser found a copy of Blackstone, the first book of law, with the exception of the statutes of the State of Illinois, that had ever come into his hand—and a foundation stone. In contrast with this primitive epoch, the eighth frieze will suggest the eminence which this grocer attained in the annals of mankind by presenting him as President, probably on the grounds of the White House.

To aid him in carrying out this great architectonic scheme, the painter holds certain definite theories which he sets forth somewhat in this way. He did not consider that, in this case, he had any thesis to maintain, nor that in presenting his objective demonstration he was under bonds to archæological or historical exactness. Of his predecessors, Tissot, in his opinion, has lost "the Idea" in searching extreme accuracy of topography, physiognomy and costume. Raphael, who adopted certain conventions for treatment of decorative and Scriptural subjects, which we have also elected to follow, is probably a safer guide. The Bible paintings of the first suggest the old definition of dogma: "The skin of Truth, set up and stuffed." Nor does Rembrandt's choice of types appeal to Mr. Van Ingen. In his theory both of conception and ren-



Fourth panel of frieze of the "Divine Law."

dering he prefers to follow La Farge, whom he thinks the leading mural painter of the world, or, as he prefers to put it, the torch which Rubens caught from the great masters of the florescence of Italian painting, and from which Delacroix in turn lit his, has, in our day, been given to La Farge, and this high office of light bearer he has well sustained and has steadily preserved the flame from extinction by any of the chance winds that blow for a day. "An investigating intelligence, and an appreciative esteem of the best that modern culture has produced," entitle this master, he thinks, to this high rank. "A display of virtuosity in painting, be it never so poignant and appealing, could in no wise take the place of that conception La Farge has shown us—and so simply!" And, quoting Meier-Graefe, "we can make carpets with color, but not pictures. There are people who forgive a painter all the rest for the sake of his color. But the rest is everything."

The close relation between pupil and master, with its attendant loyalty, has so largely disappeared among the painters to-day that it is interesting to trace this faith in these works.

One of the articles in Mr. Van Ingen's creed is that no artist should demand technical culture on the part of the spectator, but that, nevertheless, his work should be so ordered that it may gratify the highest culture. In his decorations of the Penn-

sylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg, as well as those of the two court rooms of the United States Circuit Court at Indianapolis, he sought to keep within a reasonable distance from the ground, not to fly too far above the heads of the people, with whose money, in fact, he is paid; it appears to him to be reasonable that both subject and treatment should be such as to interest them, to appeal to them, and should not dilate into abstractions and allegories.

From this it follows that some human interest, something like a story, is desirable:—this is not the only painter who considers the reaction against the "story-telling art" to have gone too far. Another protest may be lodged against the fear of demolishing the building by too positive painting on the wall. While real "realistic" art, so called, has no place in mural decoration, the appearance of realism, what may be called truthfulness, should be maintained; the landscape should be painted, not with all its varying distances and perspectives, but as it would appear if its realism were brought up to a flat plane. The quality of distance can be given without deceiving the eye, or trying to do so, which is unnecessary. No attempt has been made in these paintings to follow the whiteness of the marble walls, as flat painting is not considered indispensable; and as the utmost strength and brilliancy of the pigments cannot rival the strength of light and shade of the architecture, why hamper one's self with low tones and evasions? Consequently, founded on all these general principles, these paintings have been carried out strong in design, in light and shade and color—brilliant and positive paintings on the white walls, asserting themselves as decorations, something added, to embellish and complete. The brush work is broad in effect, though much broken color contributes to this breadth, and the tones are as warm as the marble is cold.

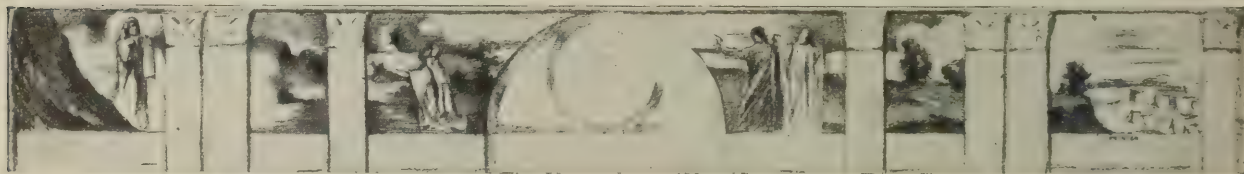
In the necessary adaptation of the pictures to the character of the building they ornament a certain dignity was sought to be maintained in these works intended to give pleasure. Fortunately, the architect's spacing of his panels was such as to divide up the long field of the composition in what may be considered a very good arrangement. As the illustrations show, on each side of the central arched recess the panel presented is well proportioned, with its three straight sides and one curved; the succeeding one, rescued from the plasterer's architectural mouldings, is a neat little upright; the third, somewhat wider than it is high, completes these two in balance and proportion and permits of an accent, a demonstration, both at the beginning and the end of the frieze. In those of his compositions in which the subject requires a leading, heroic, figure, the artist has sometimes placed this figure at the extreme left, as the Moses in the "Divine Law," and sometimes in the panel immediately to the right of the central arch, as King John in the "Magna Charta," Socrates in the Greek frieze, and Cicero in the Roman. The latter arrangement permits of a very decorative presentation of figures set in a landscape; and in all cases, advantage has been taken of the opportunities offered to render a more gracious, a more characteristic, or a more pastoral, composition than would have been practicable without the landscape. In this these paintings follow more the methods of Puvis de Chavannes as well as La Farge's than

those of the more conventional mural decorator who, trained to render the figure, completes his composition with human figures and leaves but little of his field for the setting of these actors.

Thus in the "Divine Law," the first of the series to be finished, a sort of consecutive narrative is permitted,—on the extreme left, at the beginning, the strong figure of the Jewish leader of his people is seen, standing on the downward slope of "the mountain smoking," and backed by the reddish fiery cloud and vapor, holding aloft in both hands the Tables of the Law which he has just received; on the long plateau in front of him, extending to the beginning of the last panel on the right, are his three companions awaiting him, one kneeling in the panel on the left of the central arch and the other two standing in that on the right of it. In the extreme right-hand panel the plateau terminates, and in the distance, on the pleasant sunlit plain below, may be seen the camp of the Israelites, contrasting with the majesty and terror suggested by the first panel of the frieze.

For one or two of these friezes the details of the composition are not yet determined, including that which represents the travelling judges of assize, *justiciarii in itinere*, "who were regularly established, if not first appointed, by the parliament of Northampton, 1176, A. D., in the twenty-second year of Henry II, with a delegated power from the king's great court, or *aula regia*, being looked upon as members thereof."

WILLIAM WALTON.





Drawn by Walter King Stone.

DIPS INTO ALL THE HAPPIEST, FRIENDLIEST VALLEYS.

Near Hausach.

—"A Black Forest Pathway."—Page 143.

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BECKWITH'S FAIRY

By Maurice Hewlett

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK



THE facts in this well-authenticated case were as follows. Mr. Stephen Mortimer Beckwith was a young man living at Wishford in the Amesbury district of Wiltshire.

He was a clerk in the Wilts and Dorset Bank at Salisbury, was married and had one child. His age at the time of the experiences here related was twenty-eight. His health was excellent.

On November 30th, 1889, at about ten o'clock at night, he was returning home from Amesbury where he had been spending the evening at a friend's house. The weather was mild, with a rain-bearing wind blowing in squalls from the South-west. It was three-quarter moon that night, and although the sky was frequently overcast, it was at no time dark. Mr. Beckwith, who was riding a bicycle and accompanied by his fox-terrier Strap, states that he had no difficulty in seeing and avoiding the stones cast down at intervals by the road-menders, that flocks of sheep in the hollows were very visible, and that, passing Wilsford House, he saw a barn owl quite plainly and remarked its heavy, uneven flight.

A mile beyond Wilsford House, Strap, the dog, broke through the quickset hedge upon his right hand side and ran yelping up the down, which rises sharply just there. Mr. Beckwith, who imagined that he was after a hare, whistled him in, presently calling him sharply—"Strap, Strap, come out of it." The dog took no notice, but ran directly to a clump of gorse and bramble

half-way up the down, and stood there in the attitude of a pointer, with uplifted paw, watching the gorse intently, and whining. Mr. Beckwith was by this time dismounted, observing the dog. He watched him for some minutes from the road. The moon was bright, the sky free from cloud.

He himself could see nothing in the gorse, though the dog was undoubtedly in a high state of excitement. It made frequent rushes forward, but stopped short of the object that it saw and trembled. It did not bark outright, but rather whimpered, "a curious, shuddering, crying noise," says Mr. Beckwith. Interested by the animal's persistent and singular behavior, he now sought a gap in the hedge, went through on to the down, and approached the clumped bushes. Strap was so much occupied that he barely noticed his master's coming; it seemed as if he dared not take his eyes for one second from what he saw in there.

Beckwith, standing behind the dog, looked into the gorse. From the distance at which he still stood he could see nothing at all. His belief then was that there was either a tramp in a drunken sleep, possibly two tramps, or a hare caught in a wire, or even a fox. Having no stick with him he did not care, at first, to go any nearer, and contented himself with urging on his terrier. This was not very courageous of him, as he admits, and was quite unsuccessful. No verbal excitations would draw Strap nearer to the furze-bush. Finally the dog threw up his head, showed his master the white arcs in his eyes, and fairly howled at the moon. At this dismal sound, Mr. Beck-

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with owned himself alarmed. It was, as he describes it—though he is an Englishman—"uncanny." The time, he owns, the aspect of the night, loneliness of the spot (mid-way up the steep slope of a chalk down), the mysterious shroud of darkness upon shadowed and distant objects, and flood of white light upon the foreground—all these circumstances worked upon his imagination.

He was indeed for retreat; but here Strap was of a different mind. Nothing would excite him to advance, but nothing either could induce him to retire. Whatever he saw in the furze-bush Strap must continue to observe. In the face of this, Beckwith summoned up his courage, took it in both hands and went much nearer to the furze-bushes—much nearer, that is, than Strap the terrier could bring himself to go. Then, he tells us, he did see a pair of bright eyes far in the thicket, which seemed to be fixed upon his, and by degrees also a pale and troubled face. Here, then, was neither fox nor drunken tramp, but some human creature, man, woman or child, fully aware of him and of the dog.

Beckwith, who now had surer command of his feelings, spoke aloud. Asking, "What are you doing there? What's the matter?" he had no reply. He went one pace nearer, being still on his guard, and spoke again. "I won't hurt you," he said. "Tell me what the matter is." The eyes remained unwinkingly fixed upon his own. No movement of the features could be discerned. The face, as he could now make it out, was very small—"about as big as a big wax doll's," he says, "of a longish oval, very pale." He adds, "I could see its neck now, no thicker than my wrist; and where its clothes began. I couldn't see any arms, for a good reason. I found out afterwards that they had been bound behind its back. I should have said immediately, 'That's a girl in there,' if it had not been for one or two plain considerations. It had not the size of what we call a girl, nor the face of what we mean by a child. It was, in fact, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Strap had known that from the beginning, and now I was of Strap's opinion myself."

Advancing with care, a step at a time, Beckwith presently found himself within touching distance of the creature. He was now standing with furze half-way up his calves, right above it, stooping to look

closely at it; and as he stooped and moved, now this way, now that, to get a clearer view, so the crouching thing's eyes gazed up to meet his, and followed them about, as if safety lay only in that never-shifting, fixed regard. He had noticed, and states in his narrative, that Strap had seemed quite unable, in the same way, to take his eyes off the creature for a single second.

He could now see that, of whatever nature it might be, it was, in form and feature, most exactly a young woman. The features, for instance, were regular and fine. He remarks in particular upon the chin. All about its face, narrowing the oval of it, fell dark glossy curtains of hair, very straight and glistening with wet. Its garment was cut in a plain circle round the neck, and short off at the shoulders, leaving the arms entirely bare. This garment—shift, smock or gown, as he indifferently calls it—appeared thin, and was found afterward to be of a gray color, soft, and clinging to the shape. It was made loose, however, and gathered in at the waist. He could not see the creature's legs, as they were tucked under her. Her arms, it has been related, were behind her back. The only other things to be remarked upon were the strange stillness of one who was plainly suffering, and might well be alarmed, an appearance of expectancy, a dumb appeal; what he himself calls rather well, "an ignorant sort of patience, like that of a sick animal."

"Come," Beckwith now said, "let me help you up. You will get cold if you sit here. Give me your hand, will you?" She neither spoke nor moved; simply continued to search his eyes. Strap, meantime, was still trembling and whining. But now, when he stooped yet lower to take her forcibly by the arms, she shrank back a little way and turned her head, and he saw to his horror, that she had a great, open wound in the side of her neck—from which, however, no blood was issuing. Yet it was clearly a fresh wound, recently made.

He was greatly shocked. "Good God," he said, "there's been foul play here," and whipped out his handkerchief. Kneeling, he wound it several times round her slender throat and knotted it as tightly as he could; then, without more ado, he took her up in his arms, under the knees and round the middle, and carried her down the slope to

the road. He describes her as of no weight at all. He says it was exactly "like carrying an armful of feathers about." "I took her down the hill and through the hedge at the bottom as if she had been a pillow."

Here it was that he discovered that her wrists were bound together behind her back with a kind of plait of thongs so intricate that he was quite unable to release them. He felt his pockets for a knife, but could not find it, and then recollected suddenly that he should have a new one with him, the third prize in a whist-tournament in which he had taken part that evening. He found it wrapped in paper in his overcoat pocket, with it cut the thongs and set the little creature free. She immediately responded—the first sign of animation which she had displayed—by throwing both her arms about his body and clinging to him in an ecstasy. Holding him so that, he says, he felt the shuddering go all through her she suddenly lowered her head and kissed his wrist. He says that instead of being cold to the touch, "like a fish," as she had seemed to be when he first took her out of the furze, she was now "as warm as a toast, like a child."

So far he had put her down for a "foreigner," convenient term for defining something which you do not quite understand. She had none of his language, evidently; she was undersized, some three feet, six inches, by the look of her,* and yet perfectly proportioned. She was most curiously dressed, in a frock cut to the knee, and actually in nothing else at all. It left her bare-legged and bare-armed, and was made, as he puts it himself, of stuff like cobweb: "those dusty, drooping kind which you put on your finger to stop bleeding." He could not recognize the web but was sure that it was neither linen nor cotton. It seemed to stick to her body wherever it touched a prominent part; "you could see very well, to say nothing of feeling, that she was well made and well nourished." She ought, as he judged, to be a child of five years old, "and a featherweight at that;" but he felt certain that she must be "much more like sixteen." It was that, I gather, which made him suspect her of being something outside experience. So far,

then, it was safe to call her a foreigner: but he was not yet at the end of his discoveries.

Heavy footsteps, coming from the direction of Wishford, in due time proved to be those of Police Constable Gulliver, a neighbor of Beckwith's and guardian of the peace in his own village. He lifted his lantern, to flash it into the traveller's eyes, and dropped it again with a pleasant "Good evening." He added that it was inclined to be showery, which was more than true, as it was, at the moment, raining hard. With that, it seems, he would have passed on.

But Beckwith, whether smitten by self-consciousness at having been seen with a young woman in his arms at a suspicious hour of the night by the village policeman, or bursting, perhaps, with the importance of his affair, detained Gulliver. "Just look at this," he said boldly. "Here's a pretty thing to have found on a lonely road. Foul play somewhere, I'm afraid." He then exhibited his burden to the lantern light.

To his extreme surprise, however, the constable, after exploring the beam of light and all that it contained for some time in silence, reached out his hand for the knife which Beckwith still held open. He looked at it on both sides, examined the handle and gave it back. "Foul play, Mr. Beckwith?" he said laughing. "Bless you, they use bigger tools than that. That's just a toy, the like of that. Cut your hand with it, though, already, I see." He must have noticed the handkerchief, for as he spoke the light from his lantern shone full upon the face and neck of the child, or creature, in the young man's arms, so clearly that, looking down at it, Beckwith himself could see the clear gray of its intensely watchful eyes, and the very pupils of them, diminished to specks of black. It was now, therefore, plain to him that what he held was a foreigner indeed, since the parish constable was unable to see it. Strap had smelt it, then seen it, and he, Beckwith, had seen it; but it was invisible to Gulliver. "I felt now," he says in his narrative, "that something was wrong. I did not like the idea of taking it into the house; but I intended to make one more trial before I made up my mind about that. I said good-night to Gulliver, put her on my bicycle, and pushed her home. But first of all I took the handkerchief from her neck and put it in my pocket. There was no blood upon it, that I could see."

* Her exact measurements are stated to have been as follows: Height from crown to sole 3 ft. 5 in.; round waist 15 in.; round bust 21 in.; round wrist 3½ in.; round neck 7½ in.

His wife, as he had expected, was waiting at the gate for him. She exclaimed, as he had expected, upon the lateness of the hour. Beckwith stood for a little in the roadway before the house, explaining that Strap had bolted up the hill and had had to be looked for and fetched back. While speaking, he noticed that Mrs. Beckwith was as insensible to the creature on the bicycle as Gulliver the constable had been. Indeed, she went much further to prove herself so than he, for she actually put her hand upon the handle-bar of the machine, and in order to do that, drove it right through the centre of the girl crouching there. Beckwith saw that done. "I declare solemnly upon my honor," he writes, "that it was as if Mary had drilled a hole clean through the middle of her back. Through gown and skin and bone and all her arm went; and how it went I don't know. To me it seemed that her hand was on the handle-bar, while her upper arm, to the elbow, was in between the girl's shoulders. There was a gap from the elbow downward where Mary's arm was inside the body; then from the creature's diaphragm her lower arm, wrist and hand came out. And all the time we were speaking, the girl's eyes were on my face. I was now quite determined that I wouldn't have her in the house for a mint of money."

He put her, finally, in the dog-kennel. Strap, as a favorite, lived in the house; but he kept a greyhound in the garden, in a kennel surrounded by a sort of run made of iron poles and galvanized wire. It was roofed in with wire also, for the convenience of stretching a tarpaulin in wet weather. Here it was that he bestowed the strange being rescued from the down.

It was clever, I think, of Beckwith to infer that what Strap had shown respect for would be respected by the greyhound, and certainly bold of him to act upon his inference. However, events proved that he had been perfectly right. Bran, the greyhound, was interested, highly interested in his guest. The moment he saw his master he saw what he was carrying. "Quiet, Bran, quiet there," was a very unnecessary adjuration. Bran stretched up his head and sniffed, but went no further; and when Beckwith had placed his burden on the straw inside the kennel, Bran lay down, as if on guard, outside the opening and put his muzzle on his forepaws. Again Beckwith

noticed that curious appearance of the eyes which the fox terrier's had made already. Bran's were turned upward, to show the narrow arc of white.

Before he went to bed, he tells us, but not before Mrs. Beckwith had gone there, he took out a bowl of bread and milk to his patient. Bran he found to be still stretched out before the entry; the girl was nestled down in the straw, as if asleep or prepared to be so, with her face upon her hand. Upon an after-thought he went back for a clean pocket-handkerchief, warm water and a sponge. With these, by the light of a candle, he washed the wound, dipped the rag in hazeline, and applied it. This done, he touched the creature's head, nodded a good-night, and retired. "She smiled at me very prettily," he says. "That was the first time she did it."

There was no blood on the handkerchief which he had removed.

Early in the morning following upon the adventure Beckwith was out and about. He wished to verify the over-night experiences in the light of refreshed intelligence. On approaching the kennel he saw at once that it had been no dream. There, in fact, was the creature of his discovery playing with Bran the greyhound, circling sedately round about him, weaving her arms, pointing her toes, arching her graceful neck, stooping to him, as if inviting him to sport, darting away—"like a fairy," says Beckwith, "at her magic, dancing in a ring." Bran, he observed, made no effort to catch her, but crouched rather than sat, as if ready to spring. He followed her about with his eyes as far as he could; but when the course of her dance took her immediately behind him he did not turn his head, but kept his eye fixed as far backward as he could, against the moment when she should come again into the scope of his vision. "It seemed as important to him as it had the day before to Strap to keep her always in his eye. It seemed—and always seemed so long as I could study them together—intensely important." Bran's mouth was stretched to a "sort of grin"; occasionally he panted. When Beckwith entered the kennel and touched the dog (which took little notice of him) he found him trembling with excitement. His heart was beating at a great rate. He also drank quantities of water.



He went one pace nearer, being still on his guard —Page 130.

Beckwith, whose narrative, hitherto summarized, I may now quote, tells us that the creature was indescribably graceful and light-footed. "You couldn't hear the fall of her foot: you never could. Her dancing and circling about the cage seemed to be

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the most important business of her life; she was always at it, especially in bright weather. I shouldn't have called it restlessness so much as busyness. It really seemed to mean more to her than exercise, or irritation at confinement. It was evident that she

was happy when so engaged. She used to sing. She sang also when she was sitting still with Bran; but not with such exhilaration.

"Her eyes were bright—when she was dancing about—with mischief and devilry. I cannot avoid that word, though it does not describe what I really mean. She looked wild and outlandish and full of fun, as if she knew that she was teasing the dog, and yet couldn't help herself. When you say of a child that he looks wicked, you don't mean it literally; it is rather a compliment than not. So it was with her and her wickedness. She did look wicked, there's no mistake—able and willing to do wickedly; but I am sure she never meant to hurt Bran. They were always firm friends, though the dog knew very well who was master.

"When you looked at her you did not think of her height. She was so complete; as well made as a statuette. I could have spanned her waist with my two thumbs and middle fingers, and her neck (very nearly) with one hand. She was pale and inclined to be dusky in complexion, but not so dark as a gypsy; she had gray eyes, and dark brown hair which she could sit upon if she chose. Her gown you could have sworn was made of cobweb: I don't know how else to describe it. As I had suspected, she wore nothing else, for while I was there that first morning, so soon as the sun came up over the hill she slipped it off her and stood up dressed in nothing at all. She was a regular little Venus—that's all I can say. I never could get accustomed to that weakness of hers for slipping off her frock, though no doubt it was very absurd. She had no sort of shame in it, so why on earth should I?

"The food, I ought to mention, had disappeared: the bowl was empty. But I know now that Bran must have had it. So long as she remained in the kennel or about my place she never ate anything, nor drank either. If she had, I must have known it, as I used to clean the run out every morning. I was always particular about that. I used to say that you couldn't keep dogs too clean. But I tried her, unsuccessfully, with all sorts of things; flowers, honey, dew—for I had read somewhere that fairies drink dew and suck honey out of flowers. She used to look at the little messes I made for her, and when she knew me better would grimace at them, and look up in my face and laugh at me.

"I have said that she used to sing sometimes. It was like nothing that I can describe. Perhaps the wind in the telegraph wires comes nearest to it, and yet that is an absurd comparison. I could never catch any words; indeed, I did not succeed in learning a single word of her language. I doubt very much whether they have what we call a language—I mean, the people who are like her, her own people. They communicate with each other, I fancy, as she did with my dogs, inarticulately, but with perfect communication and understanding on either side. When I began to teach her English I noticed that she had a kind of pity for me, a kind of contempt perhaps is nearer the mark, that I should be compelled to express myself in so clumsy a way. I am no philosopher, but I imagine that our need of putting one word after another may be due to our habit of thinking in sequence. If there is no such thing as Time in the other world, it should not be necessary there to frame speech in sentences at all. I am sure that Thumbeline (which was my name for her—I never learned her real name—) spoke with Bran and Strap in flashes which revealed her whole thought at once. So also they answered her, there's no doubt. So also she contrived to talk with my little girl, who, although she was four years old and a great chatterbox, never attempted to say a single word of her own language to Thumbeline, yet communicated with her by the hour together. But I did not know anything of this for a month or more, though it must have begun almost at once.

"I blame myself for it, myself only. I ought, of course, to have remembered that children are more likely to see fairies than grown-ups; but then—Why did Florrie keep it all secret? Why did she not tell her mother, or me, that she had seen a fairy in Bran's kennel? The child was as open as the day; yet she concealed her knowledge from both of us without the least difficulty. She seemed the same careless, laughing child she had always been; one could not have supposed her to have a care in the world; and yet, for nearly six months, she must have been full of care, having daily secret intercourse with Thumbeline, and keeping her eyes open all the time lest her mother or I should find her out. Certainly she could have taught me something in the way of keeping secrets. I know that I kept



Flashing about the place for all the world like a humming-bird moth.—Page 138.

mine very badly, and blame myself more than enough for keeping it at all. God knows what we might have been spared if, on the night I brought her home, I had told Mary the whole truth! And yet—how could I have convinced her that she was impaling some one with her arm while her hand rested on the bar of my bicycle? Is not that an

absurdity on the face of it? Yes, indeed; but the sequel is no absurdity. That's the terrible fact.

"I kept Thumbeline in the kennel for the whole winter. She seemed happy enough there with the dogs, and of course she had had Florrie too, though I did not find that out until the spring. I don't doubt, now,

that if I had kept her in there altogether she would have been perfectly contented.

"The first time I saw Florrie with her I was amazed. It was a Sunday morning. There was our four-year-old child standing at the wire, pressing herself against it, and Thumbeline close to her. Their faces almost touched; their fingers were interlaced; I am certain that they were speaking to each other in their own fashion, by flashes, without words. I watched them for a bit; I saw Bran come and sit up on his haunches and join in. He looked from one to another, and all about: and then he saw me.

"Now that is how I know that they were all three in communication, because, the very next moment, Florrie turned round and ran to me, and said in her pretty baby-talk: 'Talking to Bran. Florrie talking to Bran.' If this was wilful deceit, it was most accomplished. It could not have been better done. 'And who else were you talking to, Florrie?' I said. She fixed her round blue eyes upon me, as if in wonder, then looked away, and said shortly, 'No one else.' And I could not get her to confess or admit then or at any time afterward that she had any cognizance at all of the fairy in Bran's kennel, although their communications were daily, and often lasted for hours at a time. I don't know that it makes things any better, but I have thought sometimes that the child believed me to be as insensible to Thumbeline as her mother was. She can only have believed it at first, of course; but that may have prompted her to a concealment which she did not afterward care to confess to.

"Be all this as it may, Florrie, in fact, behaved with Thumbeline exactly as the two dogs did. She made no attempt to catch her at her circlings and wheelings about the kennel, nor to follow her wonderful dances, nor (in her presence) to imitate them. But she was (like the dogs) aware of nobody else when under the spell of Thumbeline's personality; and when she had got to know her she seemed to care for nobody else at all. I ought, no doubt, to have foreseen that and guarded against it.

"Thumbeline was extremely attractive. I never saw such eyes as hers, such mysterious fascination. She was nearly always good-natured, nearly always happy; but sometimes she had fits of temper, and kept herself to herself. Nothing then would get

her out of the kennel, where she would lie curled up like an animal, with her knees to her chin and one arm thrown over her face. Bran was always wretched at these times, and did all he knew to coax her out. He ceased to care for me or my wife after she came to us, and instead of being wild at the prospect of his Saturday and Sunday runs, it was hard work to get him along. I had to take him on a lead until we had turned to go home; then he would set off by himself, in spite of hallooing and scolding, at a long steady gallop, and one would find him waiting crouched at the gate of his run, and Thumbeline on the ground inside it, with her legs crossed like a tailor, mocking and teasing him with her wonderful shining eyes. Only once or twice did I see her worse than sick or sorry; then she was transported with rage and another person altogether. She never touched me—and why or how I had offended her I have no notion*—but she buzzed and hovered about me like an angry bee. She appeared to have wings, which hummed in their furious movement; she was red in the face, her eyes burned; she grinned at me and ground her little teeth together. A curious shrill noise came from her, like the screaming of a gnat or hover-fly; but no words, never any words. Bran showed me his teeth, too, and would not look at me. It was very odd.

"When I looked in, on my return home, she was as merry as usual, and as affectionate. I think she had no memory.

"I am trying to give all the particulars I was able to gather from observation. In some things she was difficult, in others very easy to teach. For instance, I got her to learn in no time that she ought to wear her clothes, such as they were, when I was with her. She certainly preferred to go without them, especially in the sunshine; but by leaving her the moment she slipped her frock off, I soon made her understand that if she wanted me, she must behave herself according to my notions of behavior. She got that fixed in her little head, but even so she used to do her best to hoodwink me. She would slip out one shoulder when she thought I wasn't looking, and before I knew where I was half of her would be gleaming in the sun like satin. Directly I noticed it I used to frown, and then she would pretend

* "I have sometimes thought," he adds in a note, "that it may have been jealousy. My wife had been with me in the garden and had stuck a daffodil in my coat."



Bran grew a puppy again, and whipped about after her in great circles round the meadow.—Page 138.

to be ashamed of herself, hang her head, and wriggle her frock up to its place again. However, I never could teach her to keep her skirts about her knees. She was as innocent as a baby about that sort of thing.

"I taught her some English words and a sentence or two. That was toward the end of her confinement to the kennel, about March. I used to touch parts of her, or of myself, or Bran, and peg away at the names of them. Mouth, Eyes, Ears, Hands, Chest, Tail, Back, Front: she learned all those and more. Eat, Drink, Laugh, Cry, Love, Kiss: those also. As for kissing (apart from the word) she proved herself an expert. She kissed me, Florrie, Bran, Strap indifferently, one as soon as another, and any rather than none, and all four for choice.

"I learned some things myself, more than a thing or two. I don't mind owning that one thing was to value my wife's steady and tried affection far above the wild love of this unbalanced, unearthly little creature, who seemed to be like nothing so much as a woman with the conscience left out. The conscience, we believe, is the still small voice of the Deity crying to us in the dark recesses of the body; pointing out the path of duty; teaching respect for the opinion of the world, for tradition, decency and order.

It is thanks to conscience that a man is true and a woman modest. Not that Thumbeline could be called immodest, unless a baby can be so described, or an animal. But could I be called 'true'? I greatly fear that I could not—in fact, I know it too well. I meant no harm; I was greatly interested; and there was always before me the real difficulty of making Mary understand that something was in the kennel which she couldn't see. It would have led to great complications, even if I had persuaded her of the fact. No doubt she would have insisted on my getting rid of Thumbeline—but how on earth could I have done that if Thumbeline had not chosen to go? But for all that I know very well that I ought to have told her, cost what it might. If I had done it I should have spared myself lifelong regret, and should only have gone without a few weeks of extraordinary interest which I now see clearly could not have been good for me, as not being founded upon any revealed Christian principle, and, most certainly, were not worth the price I had to pay for them.

"I learned one more curious fact which I must not forget. Nothing would induce Thumbeline to touch or pass over anything made of zinc. I don't know the reason of it;

but gardeners will tell you that the way to keep a plant from slugs is to put a zinc collar round it. It is due to that that I was able to keep her in Bran's run without difficulty. To have got out she would have had to pass zinc. The wire was all galvanized.

"She showed her dislike of it in numerous ways; one was her care to avoid touching the sides or top of the enclosure when she was at her gambols. At such times, when she was at her wildest, she was all over the place, skipping high like a lamb, twisting like a leveret, wheeling round and round in circles like a young dog, or skimming, like a swallow on the wind, above ground. But she never made a mistake; she turned in a moment to fling herself backward if there was the least risk of contact. When Florrie used to converse with her from outside, in that curious silent way the two had, it would always be the child that put its hands through the wire, never Thumbeline. I once tried to put her against the roof when I was playing with her. She screamed like a shot hare, and would not come out of the kennel all day. There was no doubt at all about her feeling for zinc. All other metals seemed indifferent to her.

"With the advent of spring weather Thumbeline became not only more beautiful, but wilder, and exceedingly restless. She now coaxed me to let her out, and, against my judgment I did it: she had to be carried over the entry; for when I had set the gate wide open and pointed her the way into the garden she squatted down in her usual attitude of attention, with her legs crossed, and watched me, waiting. I wanted to see how she would get through the hateful wire, so went away and hid myself, leaving her alone with Bran. I saw her creep to the entry and peer at the wire: what followed was curious. Bran came up to her, wagging his tail, and stood close to her, his side against her head; he looked down, inviting her to go out with him. Long looks passed between them, and then Bran stooped his head, she put her arms round his neck, twined her feet about his foreleg, and was carried out. Then she became a mad thing, now bird, now moth; high and low, round and round she went, flashing about the place for all the world like a humming-bird moth, perfectly beautiful in her motions (whose ease always surprised me), and equally so in her coloring of soft

gray and dusky-rose flesh. Bran grew a puppy again and whipped about after her in great circles round the meadow. But, though he was famous at coursing, and had killed his hares single-handed, he was never once near Thumbeline. It was a wonderful sight and made me late for business.

"By degrees she got to be very bold, and taught me boldness too, and (I am ashamed to say) greater degrees of deceit. She came freely into the house and played with Florrie up and downstairs; she sat on my knee at meal-times, or evenings, when my wife and I were together. Fine tricks she played me, I must own. She spilled my tea for me, broke cups and platters, scattered my Patience cards, caught poor Mary's knitting wool and rolled it about the room. The cunning little creature knew that I dared not scold her or make any kind of a fuss. She used to beseech me for forgiveness occasionally, when I looked very glum, and would touch my cheek to make me look at her imploring eyes, and keep me looking at her till I smiled. Then she would put her arms round my neck and pull herself up to my level, and kiss me, and then nestle down in my arm and pretend to sleep. By and by, when my attention was called off her, she would pinch me, or tweak my neck-tie, and make me look again at her wicked eye peeping out from under my arm. I had to kiss her again, of course, and at last she might go to sleep in earnest. She seemed able to sleep at any hour or in any place, just like an animal.

"I had some difficulty in arranging for the night, when once she had made herself free of the house. She saw no reason whatever for our being separated; but I circumvented her by nailing a strip of zinc all round the door; and I put one round Florrie's, too. I pretended to my wife, that it was to keep out draughts. Thumbeline was furious when she found out how she had been tricked. I think she never quite forgave me for it. Where she hid herself at night I am not sure. I think on the sitting-room sofa; but on mild mornings I used to find her outdoors, playing round Bran's kennel.

"Strap, our fox terrier, picked up some rat-poison toward the end of April and died in the night. Thumbeline's way of taking that was very curious. It shocked me a good deal. She had not been so friendly



Thumbeline had been crowning Florrie with a wreath of flowers.—Page 140.

with him as with Bran, though certainly more at ease in his company than in mine. The night before he died, I remember that she and Bran and he had been having high games in the meadow, which had ended by their all lying down together in a heap, Thumbeline's head on Bran's flank, and her legs between his. Her arm had been round Strap's neck in a most loving way. They made quite a picture for a Royal Academician; 'Tired of Play,' or, 'The End of a Romp,' I can fancy he would call it. Next morning I found poor old Strap stiff and staring, and Thumbeline and Bran at their games just the same. She actually jumped over him and all about him as if he had been a lump of earth or a stone. Just some such thing he was to her; she did not seem able to realize that there was

the cold body of her friend. Bran just sniffed him over and left him, but Thumbeline showed no consciousness that he was there at all. I wondered, was this heartlessness or obliquity? But I have never found the answer to my question.

"Now I come to the tragical part of my story, and wish with all my heart that I could leave it out. But beyond the full confession I have made to my wife, the county-police and the newspapers, I feel that I should not shrink from any admission that may be called for of how much I have been to blame. In May, on the thirteenth of May, Thumbeline, Bran, and our only child, Florrie, disappeared.

"It was a day, I remember well, of wonderful beauty. I had left them all three

together in the water meadow, little thinking of what was in store for us before many hours. Thumbeline had been crowning Florrie with a wreath of flowers. She had gathered cuckoo-pint and marsh marigolds and woven them together far more deftly than any of us could have done, into a chaplet. I remember the curious winding, wandering air she had been singing (without any words, as usual) over her business, and how she touched each flower first with her lips, and then brushed it lightly across her bosom before she wove it in. She had kept her eyes on me as she did it, looking up from under her brows, as if to see whether I knew what she was about. I don't doubt now but that she was bewitching Florrie by this curious performance, which every flower had to undergo separately: but, fool that I was, I thought nothing of it at the time, and bicycled off to Salisbury, leaving them there.

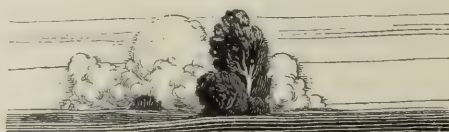
"At noon my poor wife came to me at the bank distracted with anxiety and fatigue. She had run most of the way, she gave me to understand. Her news was that Florrie and Bran could not be found anywhere. She said that she had gone to the gate of the meadow to call the child in, and not seeing her, or getting any answer, she had gone down to the river at the bottom. Here she had found a few picked wild flowers, but no other trace. There were no footprints in the mud, either of child or dog. Having spent the morning with some of the neighbors in a fruitless search, she had now come to me.

"My heart was like lead, and shame prevented me from telling her the truth as I was sure it must be. But my own conviction of it clogged all my efforts. Of what avail could it be to inform the police or organize search-parties, knowing what I knew only too well? However, I did put Gulliver in communication with the head-office in Sarum, and everything possible was done. We explored a circuit of six miles about Wishford; every fold of the hills, every spinny, every hedgerow was

thoroughly examined. But that first night of grief had broken down my shame: I told my wife the whole truth in the presence of Reverend Richard Walsh, the Congregational minister, and in spite of her absolute incredulity, and, I may add, scorn, next morning I repeated it to Chief-Inspector Notcutt of Salisbury. Particulars got into the local papers by the following Saturday; and next I had to face the ordeal of the *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily News*, *Daily Graphic*, *Star*, and other London journals. Most of these newspapers sent representatives to lodge in the village, many of them with photographic cameras. All this hateful notoriety I had brought upon myself, and did my best to bear like the humble, contrite Christian which I hope I may say I have become. We found no trace of our dear one, and never have to this day. Bran, too, had completely vanished. I have not cared to keep a dog since.

"Whether my dear wife ever believed my account I cannot be sure. She has never reproached me for my wicked thoughtlessness: that's certain. Mr. Walsh, our respected pastor, who has been so kind as to read this paper, told me more than once that he could hardly doubt it. The Salisbury police made no comments upon it one way or another. My colleagues at the bank, out of respect for my grief and sincere repentance, treated me with a forbearance for which I can never be too grateful. I need not add that every word of this is absolutely true. I made notes of the most remarkable characteristics of the being I called Thumbeline *at the time of remarking them*, and those notes are still in my possession."

Here, with the exception of a few general reflections which are of little value, Mr. Beckwith's paper ends. It was read, I ought to say, by Reverend Richard Walsh at the meeting of the South Wilts Folk Lore Society and Field Club, held at Amesbury in June, 1892, and is to be found in the published transactions of that body (Vol. IV. New Series, pp. 305 *seq.*).



THE FORTUNE-TELLER

By Josephine Preston Peabody

*'Rich man, Poor man, Beggar man, Thief,
Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief.'*

I

HIGHWAY, stretched along the sun,
Highway, thronged till day is done;
Where the drifting Face replaces
Wave on wave on wave of faces,
And you count them, one by one:
 *'Rich man—Poor man—Beggar man—Thief:
 Doctor—Lawyer—Merchant—Chief.'*
Is it soothsay?—Is it fun?

Young ones, like as wave and wave;
Old ones, like as grave and grave;
Tide on tide of human faces
With what human undertow!
Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief!—
Tell me of the eddying spaces,
Show me where the lost ones go.
Like and lost, as leaf and leaf.
What's your secret grim refrain
Back and forth and back again,
Once, and now, and always so?
Three days since and who was Thief?
Three days more and who'll be Chief?
Oh, is that beyond belief,
Doctor, Lawyer—Merchant—Chief?

*(Down, like grass before the mowing;
On like wind in its mad going:—
Wind and dust forever blowing.)*

Highway, shrill with murderous pride,
Highway, of the swarming tide!
Why should my way lead me deeper?
I am not my Brother's keeper.

II

Byway, ambushed with the dark,
Byway, where the ears may hark;
Live and fierce when day is done,
You, that do without the Sun:—
What's this game you bring to nought?—
Muttering like a thing distraught,
Reckoning like a simpleton?—

(Since the hearing must be brief,—
 Living or a dying thief!)
 Cobbled with the anguished stones
 That the thoroughfare disowns;
 Stones they gave you for your bread
 Of the disinherited!
 Where the Towers of Hunger loom,
 Crowding in the dregs of doom;
 Where the lost sky peering through
 Sees no more the grudging grass,
 Only this mud-mirrored blue—
 Like some shattered looking-glass.

*(Under, with the sorry reaping!
 Underneath the stones of weeping,
 For the Dark to have in keeping.)*

Byway, you, so foully marred;
 You, whose sodden walls and scarred,
 See no light, but only where
 Fevered lamps are set to stare
 In the eyes of such despair!
 Tell me—as a Byway can—
 Was this Beggar once a Man?
 ‘*Rich man—Poor man—Beggar man—Thief!*’
 Like and lost as leaf and leaf.
 Stammering out your wrongs and shames,
 Must you cry their very names?
 Must you sob your shame, your grief?
 —‘*Poor man—Poor man!—Beggar—Thief.*’

III

Highway, where the Sun is wide;
 Byway, where the lost ones hide,
 Byway, where the Soul must hark,
 Byway, dreadful with the Dark:
 Can you nothing do with Man?
 Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief,
 Learns he nothing, even of grief?
 Must it still be all his wonder
 Some men soar, while some go under?
 He has heard, and he has seen:
 Make him know the thing you mean.
 He has prayed since time began,—
 He’s so curious of ‘the Plan’!—
 He will pray you till he die,
 For the Whence and for the Why;
 Mad for wisdom—when ’tis cheaper!
 ‘*Why should my way lead me deeper?
 Am I, then, my Brother’s keeper?*’

Show him, Byway, if you can;
 Lest he end as he began,
 Rich and poor,—this beggar, Man.

A BLACK FOREST PATHWAY

(DER HÖHENWEG—FROM PFORZHEIM TO BASEL)

By Frederick van Beuren, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE



THIS is the "Magnificat" of der Höhenweg. Perhaps those who know them may think I ought to have said die Höhenwege (that being the German plural), because there are two or, as some count, including the Ostweg, three of them. But the one which leads you from end to end of the enchanted forest, through all the greenest, most delicious mysteries of the Schwarzwald, that climbs to all the highest, loneliest peaks, where quiet pools reflect the sky, and dips into all the happiest, friendliest valleys, where the little rivers sing at their wheels, is Der Höhenweg (with a capital D, if you please), Der Höhenweg von Pforzheim bis Basel. And, for those of you who can translate German literally, but are, as yet, unfortunately not acquainted with the Höhenweg itself, I ought, perhaps, avoiding all misunderstandings at the start, to explain that it is the Highway for happy pilgrims and modern adventurers, and in no sense the path of traffic or of commerce.

I can well suppose that there is hardly a dweller in Württemberg and Baden, and perhaps only a few in all the thirty other kingdoms, principalities, archduchies, provinces and free cities of Germany that have yet to be informed of this pathway of the Blest: but, until a fortunate chance had led us, sight- and city-weary, into the green valley of the Enz, and a still more fortunate accident brought the magic word beneath my listless eyes in the pages of the abused but useful Baedeker, I had never even heard of the Höhenweg. Oh! Blessed Karl! for this alone, had I the giving, thou shouldst receive an immortal crown!

Now all these nine and twenty years of mine I cannot recall to have been unhappy ones. Indeed I had always accounted myself most fortunate in earthly things. And so, I cannot doubt, do the poor Heathen,

who have never heard of Heaven. And so perhaps do you, yourself. But you will never learn the full enormity of your misconception of the Blessed Estate; you will never rise into the ethereal regions of the most perfect human happiness until the forest files separate before you, the path begins to unroll its sinuous miles of leaf carpet between, and you, with knapsack on your back, the breath of the pines in your nostrils, and Pleasure seated securely in your heart, take your first bold strides forth upon the Höhenweg.

And here I must pause to hope that no one has so far misunderstood me as to suppose himself driving along the Höhenweg, in private carriage, post wagon, or diligence. Certainly you cannot drive. And, if you want to be happy, you will want to walk. Anyway, you will have to, if you go by the Höhenweg.

For the Höhenweg is no more nor less than a forest path, glorified and monstrously elongated, to be sure, but retaining all the charm of its fascinating prototype in irregularity of breadth, surface and texture. Mostly you find a soft, springy footing of leaf-strewn earth and forest mold, but sometimes there are long stretches, slippery with pine needles and, occasionally, rocks to scramble over. One ten-mile length there is of clean, grass terrace, and, beyond Triberg, you travel a considerable distance upon an unused, sandy road.

A similar variety appears also in the breadth of your way. It may swell from a pleasant garden-path size to the full width of Government macadam for a few rods and then, with a sudden, capricious turn into the woods, dwindle to a mere brown thread winding in and out between the sheltering trees: or it may ramify, like a sort of dry delta, upon the hillside scarred with sheep and cattle tracks. In a word, there is nothing unpleasantly fixed or definite about its make-up. There is nothing

that does not fit in nicely with a roving, holiday humor such as possesses the mind of a vacation pedestrian, and the only things connected with the Höhenweg that do not vary in their type are the "Weg-zeichen."

Imagine, then, a forest path one hundred and fifty miles long, or rather a connected series of paths and old wood roads, leading through forest and upland meadow, across rivers and among villages, up hill and down, in sunlight and shadow, tempting, fascinating, alluring, and you have at least an idea of the Höhenweg. Fairies may dance on the green summits under the summer moon: Kobolds, doubtless, are busily mining, deep in the mountains, and wood sprites and water nymphs peep out at you from the leafy thickets and cool, dark waters. You may expect anything you please. Your spirit is on tiptoe for adventure, and you have but to hold out your hand to Fancy, that good companion, and follow the Sign of the Road.

This is a white rectangle, envelope size, bearing a red diamond, with a vertical, white line in its middle, that is flanked by a black Pf. at one end, and B. at the other. Sometimes the sign is of painted tin, tacked to a tree; sometimes it is fastened to a post or a bush, and, occasionally, it is painted on a wayside stone, but always "Pf." points northward toward Pforzheim and "B." southward toward Basel, and it leads you, safely as a compass, from end to end of the Black Forest.

"Now to be properly enjoyed," says Mr. Stevenson, who is very learned, in such matters, "a walking tour should be gone upon alone."

Good advice enough for a friendless bachelor or one who has married a virago: but I should say, if you have a wife, take her with you by all means! The Germans do—and make them carry the heaviest knapsacks! We, however, are Americans—I had almost added "thank God," but that I should not wish to wound those kindly meaning if somewhat socially unenlightened people. And while I am on this topic, I might as well add, in their further justification, that the Germans invented the Höhenweg, and have organized a society to maintain and improve it as well. More than twenty thousand people in Württemberg and Baden pay annual dues

to the Schwarzwald Verein, and I should be afraid to say how many of them walk over it annually. Enough, at any rate, to suggest that sole leather should be dear in Germany.

It ought not to be imagined from the mention of a "Verein" that the Höhenweg belongs to a club. It is rather the other way around, and the public-spirited citizens of this portion of the complicated empire spend their money for the benefit of all or any. For any man or woman—or child, for that matter—so long as his or her or its deportment be such as to avoid entanglement in the wide web of German law, is free to wander at will along this mountain promenade.

Nor, although you may, at times, and particularly when it rains, walk a long day without seeing a single fellow pilgrim, is there necessity of much preparation for the journey. A stout heart, stouter boots, and an appetite for the picturesque is almost all that any one needs beyond the usual accompaniment of clothes.

Money, in small quantities, at least, is useful; although single gentlemen, with a turn for adventure, may pretty closely follow the famous example of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, who had "never read in any history of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carried money about him."

There are log huts in which one may sleep, if he so desires; bread and cheese and sausages are cheap, nutritious, and can be carried from some base of supply; and the water offered by the many springs and brooks is as fine a beverage as any in the world.

Of course, the more luxuriously inclined traveller will take care to end his days at the inns, which are numerous and surprisingly good. Supper, a bottle of fair wine, an excellent bed and, occasionally, that comfort rare in Germany, a bath, can be had.

I well remember our first stopping place, Forbach by name, dropped in the bottom of the deep and beautiful Murgthal, near by the rushing river. There was a glass enclosed "Speise Saal" overlooking this; and after an undoubted bath in the regulation zinc tub (that is where all the old American tubs have gone), we had supper, washed down by a bottle of Badischer wine.

There was a garden also, deserted and shut from the road by a high hedge, where we smoked afterward, and watched the



Drawn by Walter King Stone.

Through all the greenest, most delicious mysteries of the Schwarzwald.—Page 143.

Near Forbach.



And follow the Sign of the Road.—Page 144.

Looking back toward Titisee.

moon climb off the hills into the eastern sky. How sweet those pipes were, and how softly the river roared beneath the old stone bridge—and then the pure delight of being rid of our packs! I remember that I did not want to go in at all, and my instinct was justified, for, when we did retire, it was to toss sleeplessly all night between weariness and pain of overworked muscles, till the teamsters began, about four o'clock, to waken their horses and every one else with the cracking of their long whips.

First nights are apt to be disappointing anywhere, and the Black Forest, which is free from so many other odious rules, lies subject to this one. But then it gives impetus to the second day's start! You are so glad to be up and away, climbing out of the deep Murgthal to the beckoning heights and the hills beyond, without ever a regret at leaving to overweight your pack. The mention of packs reminds me that I have said very little about this article of cardinal importance. It, however, speaks for itself, especially toward the end of a long day's march, when there appears the delicate question whether this indispensable ac-

companiment really grows heavier each hour at an arithmetical or at a geometrical ratio. But then, on the other hand, the pack is so accommodating as to contents, and you can always squeeze in just a little more than you expected. And it forms such an excellent pillow whenever you stop to rest! You may simply lean easily upon it, given a proper declivity of background, without even removing your arms from the straps; or—and this I affirm to be far the best practice—you may remove it altogether from your body and lie supine, with your head supported tenderly upon it at exactly the right angle to give you the nicest outlook between the interlacing trees, toward the wide dome of heaven. Nor, although it is full, in all probability, of such pointed objects as pipe stems, board bound books, and tin tobacco canisters, does it ever offer an acute corner or an inhospitable edge to the back of your weary neck. If there is anywhere a soft spot in the whole mass—and this must be supposed, or where is your change of—pardon me—undergarments—it is presented to the cervical portion of your spinal

column, with a cosy hollow above, into which your occiput sinks with a deep sense of personal gratitude. And having attained this happy orientation of the body, the mind correspondingly settles into a condition of serene beatitude, and the hours fly on joyful wing.

After all, there appears no reason for you to rise and proceed; so long as you keep your watch in your pocket and refrain your eyes from the lengthening shadows, you can be at rest. The bed of moss is all that could be desired, the sun still warm, even in your woodland caravanserai, and, if Mummelsee is still a long three hours away, Sand lies just beyond the western ridge.

Your mind will make no decision; it is in too large a humor for such fine distinctions, and you toss a coin, "heads Mummelsee, tails Sand." The head appears, and you very properly decide to lie longer and end your day at Sand. For you refuse to be hurried—every fibre of your will is wide and resentfully awake at the mere idea—not even by Fate in the person of a spinning coin. Which point being satisfactorily settled, your mind floats off again into a sort of sunny oblivion, with a dreamy iteration of the comfortable Dutch proverb, "If it does not come to-day, it will come to-morrow."

However, the Badener Höhe must be climbed, like any other obstruction, and, rising at last, you follow the westering sun upward and halt only at the highest point to rest before diving into the shallow depression to the south, where your day's end is waiting. You look down from the gray cylinder of the Badener Thurm upon pine-walled Sand and across the miles of forest beyond it, rising to the Hornisgrinde, which lies huge against the distant sky, like some ancient leviathan turned to stone; and it is like saying good-night to out of doors and going into the house when you enter the fragrant pine woods again and descend thoughtfully along the widening road that leads to the little hotel perched upon the hillside above the Stone of the Bears.

It is a subject for no small wonder and speculation that there has been so little written about the Höhenweg. Guide books, it is true, you will find in plenty and of an excellence; but although every other line and corner of the Schwarzwald has been celebrated in verse and legend, the

Höhenweg is as neglected by the literary paragraphers as if it were not at all the most beautiful walk in the world. I can only suppose that this is because all one's poetical feeling rises to its height toward the end of a long day of exercise in the open air, while at the same time one's energies are at their lowest ebb, so that the flesh, as usual, is weak at the only moment when the spirit is not only willing but able.

Take, for instance, the view from the bare and marshy summit of the Hornisgrinde. What could furnish a finer inspiration for the pen of a loving son of the Fatherland? You leave Bärenstein and its rushing stream hurrying toward the Rhine and strike southward through a little forest that opens once to disclose the over-frequented hostelry of Hundseck and then closes around you again like the walls of a long, green, fragrant tunnel, inclining upward till you reach Breiten Bronn and begin the real ascent of the mountain. Then the trees melt away into a broad, green lake behind you and you emerge upon a shelving shore, dotted with bushes, and climb slowly, steadily and happily toward the summit. If it is at all a cloudy day—and it is likely to be on the Hornisgrinde, whatever the weather may be below—it easily appears why the guide books call it a "marshy summit." It is one great upland pasture, turquoise and green, of quiet pool and meadow grass. One moment you are bathed in cool mist, gray and impenetrable, as the clouds sweep westward across the barrier, and the next, you catch your breath at the rain-washed beauties below. Northward, the slow decline of the forest toward Bärenstein and Sand, rising in the distance to Badener Höhe with its watch tower, small as a lifted finger against the sky. Eastward, wild, cloud-banked valleys leap recklessly down, and then stretch their length radially into the indefinite distance. To the west lies the great plain, through which civilization and the arts, creeping up out of Italy and spreading through Switzerland and France, finally flowed down and inundated Germany and the Lowlands; the great plain walled by the Vosges and watered by the Rhine, whose muddy waves shine like a silver ribbon through the soft veil of mist. And, southward, your eyes strain their utmost for the promised revelation, the "Alpenblick."



Drawn by Walter King Stone.

Or it may ramify, like a sort of dry delta, upon the hillside.—Page 143.

Everything is so sweet and so cool and so pure in these mountain pastures. It is no wonder that they are called "Herrenwiese"—God's meadows. It seems as if a bath in the stream of the winds and the lake of the clouds must rejuvenate and invigorate the soul as well as the body, for, as you turn unwillingly from the world laid out at your feet, you find yourself in a mood of quiet, high elation, fit for communion with Nature in her most splendid moments.

It is hard to preserve any attitude of elevation, however, either of mind or body, during your descent. For the path that you must follow is rocky and steep and, dipping once more into the twilight of the forest, you sink swiftly to the deep hollow where the sombre waters of the Mummelsee reflect the girdling pines and the evening sky.

There is a legend attached to Mummelsee, and water-fairies can be heard, by properly disposed listeners, singing at the exit of the Seebach. Or, if you meet with a Munich operatic star, he may be persuaded to stand in a boat in mid lake and make the echoes in the rocks accompany his robust tones in "O du mein Schwan." Whoever likes the fairies best should take the corner room nearest to their haunt. Such an one falls asleep amid a murmurous silence that can come only from the hushed fairy voices singing to comfort the waters that are being sent away from home on a far journey. And he will find a view down the misty valley, when he wakes, as freshening as a bath. But there is a tub here, a veritable tub, concealed in the cellar, and with an entrance from the house via the outer world.

Leaving Mummelsee on a misty morning you enter a green underworld of strange dew-bediamonded brilliance, skirt the head of a deep southward-looking valley, and emerge upon a sunny open plateau beyond Eckle and look down upon Wildsee, circled by the dark pines of an untouched forest that stretches away to the blue and distant hills. It is easy, here, to imagine yourself back in the heart of the old Germanic wilderness, in the heroic days when Hagen slew Siegfried with a coward's blow. The morning sun glints upon bright spear tops among the trees and the wind brings snatches of rough war songs shouted by barbarian voices. Your heart swells with the lust of battle and the chase, and if you have

German blood in your veins, it calls back through the dark middle ages to that dim and mystic youthday of the world when heroes met at the Ravenna Schlacht. Within the hour you find yourself back in the twentieth century among motor cars drawn up beside the hostelry at Rühestein, where the Höhenweg drops into the common-place and crosses the government macadam before climbing the steep side of the Rothe Schliffkopf. Here you are again in ancient days, and the mounded bulwarks of Steinmäuerle and Roschen-Schanze, built by some hard pressed defenders of old time, must be climbed before the Wegzeichen show you out upon the broad and rising road that brings you, about coffee time, to the somewhat rude and over-populated Alexanderschanze Inn on Kniebis. If the noisy atmosphere of this popular road house ill-pleases ears attuned to softer sounds, take our advice, and a victoria with a single sturdy horse, which, for as many marks, will conduct you a comfortable eight miles along the splendid road that winds like a snake down through great pine woods into the lovely Freiersbach valley, where you will find an unbelievably fat innkeeper, and an astonishingly good meal waiting you at the Freiersbach Bad Hotel. By all means drink a bottle of their excellent Bräu, fresh from München. I wish I felt I might equally recommend the baths and the water, but a close observer will note that the Friar's brook is suspiciously concealed beneath many a pretentious cover whereon are displayed signs of "Bath and Springs" at every hotel in the vale—and Freiersbach Bad Hotel is down stream to most of them. Sunday morning is of all times the best to leave the Valley of Friar's Brook. In the first place the church bell insists upon early rising, and, secondly, you are sure to see all the people worth seeing on their way to answer its call. By twos and threes and fours, singly, and in large family groups, they are early on the way with courteous hat raisings and bows and friendly guttural "guten Tags." The women are bare-armed and bare-necked, with short skirt of red or blue or black, white stockings, blouse and kerchief, bright bodice, laced in front, and wide straw hats with red crowns which contrast well with their dark hair. The little girls are miniatures of their mothers, with black-ribboned



Drawn by Walter King Stone.

Until the forest files separate before you.—Page 143.

Between Pforzheim and Wildbad.



The sombre waters of the Mummelsee reflect the girdling pines.—Page 148.

braids down their backs. Nor are the women alone in their picturesqueness, for the men have added red waistcoats and red facings to their Sunday frock coats, and flat felt hats with wide brims give a proper air of sobriety to their rugged faces.

But you have become so unused to the crowds of the valleys and so enchanted with the loneliness of the hills that it is with a feeling of something like relief that you reach, with the aid of another carriage, the high places again, and rejoin the Höhenweg on the crown of Freiersberg.

This day's march, if you begin it with

the guide book at Kniebis's Alexanderschanze Inn, is the longest and loneliest "day" of the Höhenweg—which is thus divided, German fashion, instead of by miles. From whatever point you take up the march, however, this stretch is one of the most beautiful. Even the names that mark it are fascinating to an ear that loves the German sounds.

Breasting the Hundskopf, you rise by degrees to Littwege Höhe through the solemn ranks of red-stemmed pines. Then farther, with ravishing outlooks upon wild hills and gentle valleys, past Herbensattel,



The deep and beautiful Murgthal.—Page 144.

Just before Forbach—Murgthal.

Hahnenkopf and Schnurhaspel to the forest place "Auf die Hark." Then downward to Ladstett and upward again to Kreuzsattel. To my ear that day's description in Mr. Meyer's handy road bible comes as perilously near poetry as a sober, pedestrian German could allow himself to go.

And here, at Kreuzsattel, is a more than ordinarily fine "Quelle." At the skyward edge of a high meadow you come upon a little cupped hollow, full to the brim of liquid crystal, that is constantly renewed

and constantly overflowing. Around it the grass is as green as in any fairy tale and, stooping, you may see rising from the bottom of the cup a tiny geyser of sand, whose shining grains float a moment, like feathers in the air, and then settle on every side. It is a fountain within a fountain and, you think, it must have been from some such spring as this that Ponce de Leon, and others from whom he borrowed it, got that pretty idea of the Fountain of Youth. For it seems as if a draught of those



Thurner.
Near Titisee.

cold and crystal waters must satisfy even a thirst for immortality.

And while the mind is feeding on such philosophical dainties, a less considered organ may be comforted with a diet not so ephemeral: excellent sandwiches can be carried with you from the valley of Friar's Brook.

From Kreuzsattel it is a series of ups and downs past Hirzwesen, Burzbühl and Ebenacker to Kreutzbühl. There the real descent begins and carries you steep down

past the Overbach, past the Kapellehof, where libations to the scenery can be poured in Bürgersbräu or Badischer Wein, through the Osterbachthal, over many a clear brown water where the lazy trout lie nose up stream, across the rushing Kinzig, to Hausach and the Gasthof zum Hirsch, under the shadow of the little Gothic church with the odd, green-tiled steeple.

Hausach, for some reason, lingers delightfully in the memory. Perhaps it is because of the Fürstenberg thurm, the gray

relic of a castle demolished some hundred years ago. From its battlements, with the tri-colored banner snapping in the wind above your head and the sun pleasantly warm upon the back of your neck, the Kinzigthal is seen with a bird's eye; and the town of Hausach, which is of very moderate attraction, seen from its midst, lessens to the most enchanting diminutive. Red roofs, white road, green steeple, flashing river, quiet fields, animals and people, seen collectively and at a single glance, produce a proper multiplication of the interest each could evoke separately. Each gains something from its relation to the other units that make up the whole, when the whole is seen: and the very spirals of gray smoke entice the eye to trace them to their issue from the tile-crowned chimneys. And then distance lends to the village an atmosphere of peaceful aloofness from the great world that you did not discover in the shady dining-room of the Gasthaus zum Goldenen Hirsch with automobiles flashing past the window.

The quality that distance lends is, however, an old story, and the tenderness of our recollections for Hausach may have its basis in the contrast that smiling country village offers to Triberg, whither you may repair next morning by the Höhenweg or by train.

We chose the latter and could not regret it when we found how terrible the disillusionment must otherwise have been. For they call Triberg the crown of the Schwarzwald; at least one old, red-faced, asthmatic Teuton, who forced his well-meant company upon us through the length of an interminable afternoon, called it so. We outwalked him at last, thanks to his appetite for beer, and left him gasping and apoplectic upon a steep hillside. Perhaps the lie stuck in his throat.

For Triberg is not the crown of the Schwarzwald. No! nor anything like it. Triberg is a steep street, lined with houses having no claim to age or architectural beauty. It begins at the railroad station and ends below the waterfall at the head of the valley into which Triberg has insinuated itself and which would otherwise have been very beautiful. The waterfall itself is fine enough, or would be, lacking the profane improvements peculiar to the watering-places of middle-class taste; but on the rock's face, near its foot, has been

placed a bronze tablet commemorative of a royal visit—an effort at conferring distinction that results in an opposite effect.

One could understand the Kaiser wearing a medal announcing that he had enjoyed the honor of a visit to Triberg: but this sign on the rocks! It is another of the senseless insults well-meaning man loves to offer nature.

From Triberg an auto bus bears you gratefully to Schonach, a hamlet chiefly noteworthy for being the nearest point the sensible Höhenweg comes to Triberg.

With a cheery nod of greeting to the little red diamond on the white rectangle, you slip your arms into your pack, shake the dust of Triberg from your feet and its burden of bourgeoisie from your shoulders, fill your lungs with the pure air of the hills and, taking a last glance at the Wegzeichen, to make sure which way the black "B" directs you, you step off briskly across the rolling upland.

A sandy, unused road leads you through a rather uninteresting country, but the tonic air and the rapid walking keep your blood tingling and your spirit on tiptoe, and you come about lunch time, with an outdoor appetite for the homely fare, to the road house where three ways meet at Martin's Kapelle.

The refreshment a convenient sign proclaims to consist of "Brot, Butter, frische Eier und Schwarzwald gerauchtete Schinken und Speck."

You may eat your ham and eggs, brown bread and delicious butter in the cool wind at long trestle tables under the trees outside; or you may join the "Landsleute" inside the low age-darkened "Nebenzimmer" with its quaint "Kachelofen" and diamond-paned windows, where you will listen to the homely talk of three or four teamsters, with their whips across their knees and dogs between their feet, as they gossip over their bread and cheese and beer.

There is no necessity for speed this afternoon, and a quiet walk such as best suits a thoughtful mind will take you, some hours before sundown, to the foot of the observation tower at the farther side of Brend, where the flank of the mountain curves around and drops steeply off to form the northern wall of a tremendous valley.

I do not know a pleasanter place for an afternoon pipe than this southern slope of



Drawn by Walter King Stone.

With ravishing outlooks upon wild hills and gentle valleys.--Page 149.

Brend. Sufficiently removed from the tower, you are safe from intrusion of fellow pedestrians into the quiet house of your thoughts and can wing an imaginary journey across the great aerial gulf that lies between your sunlit couch and the half-hidden summit of cloud-crowned Kandel, already beginning to draw up his evening robe of shadows around his feet. And, so flying, you may drop a glance into the foaming mouth of the Wilde Gutach, emerging from its rugged gorge to swallow the Gütenbach whole and then vomit the confluent waters into the depths of Alt Simon's Wald Thal.

The sombre, pine-clad walls are pleasantly relieved, in their lower part, by the lighter crowns of walnut and the sparkle of beech; and long waterfalls, gathered from the unfailing reservoirs of heaven, leap from Kandel's summit, bar the darkness with a thread of silver, and vanish into the verdant basin beneath.

This is a safe and pleasant journey, where the mind follows the eye and the body lies at rest and, thereby refreshed, you knock the ashes from your fire-scarred briar and descend the gentle slope of the southeastern side to the wide plateau beneath and across its long reach, past the "Gasthaus zum Raben" to the plain, little hotel at Neu Eck, on the post road between Furtwangen and Waldkirch.

At Neu Eck we found the first American name, and I think the only one that we met in any of the Höhenweg guest books. From which I gathered that few Americans can have made the journey between Pforzheim and Basel on foot.

Of course it is unfashionable, at present, to travel slowly, and if your motor has not at least forty horse-power, you are not likely to be classed among the first families of the road. Still, there is a certain quaint charm in going a journey, as our forefathers sometimes had to go them, that more than compensates a somewhat dreamy and unpractical mind for this loss to its fleshly encumbrance.

From Neu Eck the Höhenweg makes an eastward curve and climbs the ridge where lies the somewhat forbiddingly called Kaltenherberg. To the understanding mind this name offers but cold comfort and, if you have left a spark of your childhood's joy in fairy lore, you will take the low road that leads through the Hexenthal. Think of

it! "The Witches' Valley." Is there not a romantic tang in the very taste of the word?

Two or three miles of commonplace dirt road, descending from Neu Eck, brings you to the mouth of it. Here the valley narrows and deepens, and the waters that play cross-tag with the path begin to take on a harsher tone as the valley floor drops away beneath them. Now the road, made ages ago by people who did not rightly value the Dark Art, climbs rather precipitately up the side wall and leaves you alone on the foot path, beside the brook. The valley narrows again and huge granite ribs thrust themselves out between the groups of sombre pines and you recognize the dry bones of Earth's carcass, among which witches may appropriately dwell. The wind whines in the tree tops, and cries gustily around corners, and perhaps a storm cloud throws the place into almost evening darkness, and in the white dance of the foaming waters you have the very picture of a witches' celebration. Or the walls are dappled with sunlight, the witches vanish with the storm, and singing fairies float on the glittering foam. Here and there a hut peeps out from some sheltered nook and a wrinkled face, doubtless that of a witch, appears for an instant at the door—and a shy child, perhaps a captive, vanishes suddenly from the window. Presently the trees disappear, the bare, rocky walls close threateningly upon you from either side, and you follow the hurrying stream around a sharp bend into a *cul de sac*. Another breathless turn carries you through a great, gaping crevice in the rock wall where there is hardly room for the path and the brook squeezed side by side, close together. This is the Hexenloch, made years ago by a witch who was run to bay by some dangerously enthusiastic early Christians, in the bag's end. It is said that, being hard pressed and having forgotten or mislaid or dropped her Pegasian broomstick, and the walls being uncomfortably steep for climbing, she split the rocks with some magic words and escaped into the open country beyond.

Of course that happened a long while ago, and nobody now remembers exactly what she said nor what happened afterward, but, certainly, there are no living trees around the spot and very few flowers grow there this day.

There is a certain charm in variety that does not fail and that is most keenly appreciated by young people. Now, none but young people find themselves upon the Höhenweg. Not because old people cannot walk there, but because they cannot walk there and be old! For age is the failing of sensation, just as death, so far as we know, is the utter cessation of it. And here, upon the Höhenweg, or even near it, there is a new sensation greeting you at every turn.

So, from the gloomy and uneasy valley of the witches, you are suddenly introduced into the most peaceful and loveliest of household shrines, the nursery of the pine babies. And not the nursery only, but the kindergarten and the school-room as well.

The littlest fellows are so small that you may not notice them at first, and only observe that the rows, in which they are set, take a general greenish-brown tone from the myriad dots of verdance, thickset among the waves of dark mold.

In the kindergarten the youngsters are set farther, and in the school-room still farther, apart, lest they do one another a mischief. Beyond, in the pine barracks, the trees stand straight and regular as soldiers and salute you with a friendly waving of their plummy tops.

During the progress of a short walk, you may observe and philosophize upon the whole Seven Ages of pines, and they are physically far more beautiful than the corresponding periods of Man's life. But the thrifty Germans are distinct utilitarians in this cult, and you are looking, perhaps quite ignorantly, upon the perfect application of a well-known principle—the conservation of energy.

For the miles of forest represent a huge reservoir, and help to store the very power which transforms their trunks into commercial products at the little saw-mills in the valley.

It is a sort of beneficent circle for the Lords of the forest, and many a Thaler drops into their pockets from the falling pines.

You are led to wonder which are of greater value in the ultimate scheme of things: the men who create the forests or the forests that make the men.

And while you are philosophizing, another turn in the road brings you plump

upon the noisy activity of the board-makers, and philosophy flies, as usual, in the face of stern reality.

The scream and roar of the machinery are harsh, and the sight of such slaughter bids you hurry on, with just a glance into the speckled water to make sure that the sawdust hasn't driven the trout away from this stream at any rate.

Trout must be deaf! or at least impervious to unbeautiful noises. You almost wish that you were similarly affected and, stopping your ears against the whirring hum, you follow the road around another convenient angle and march forward into the green silence of the forest.

There is a quality in this silence that it is difficult to name and impossible to describe. It is not breathless nor deathlike, and it is never lonely. It is rather a living silence—calm and full of comfort—that quiets the mind like sleep and refreshes every sense. It is soft as the touch of a living hand. It falls upon the heart like distant music and wraps you, soul and body, in peace. Strengthened as by a silent prayer, you wander on in a sort of reverent contentment.

Then sounds begin to waken in the distance and the imagination rouses.

A cock crows in a lonely farmstead far below, and the clarion tone rings faint across the valley like the note of an elfin horn. A child's voice floats out from some hidden thicket and birds call from the dark branches. The wind comes and wakens harp tones in the Æolian trees, and you begin to whistle a bit yourself by way of company.

These may be your last hours upon the Höhenweg, if you have an engagement that must be kept next day in another kingdom. Your pace slackens and a whole flock of pestiferous thoughts and memories of the outer work-a-day world comes swarming into your mind. The sunlight pales, the road hardens under your feet, and the wayside flowers look faded and second-hand.

But you are too soaked in the spirit of the road to be long cast down, and with a flourish of your stick and a shrug of your shoulders, you shake Black Care from your knapsack and, like the cheerful Benvenuto, after his encounter with the highwaymen, "continue onward, singing."

The road trends steeply upward between green slopes, and breasting the rise, you

presently achieve the hill-top and, a few yards farther on, at Schöneck, you receive the reward of your spiritual bravery.

Here the road bends sharply to the east and, at the corner, you look into three-quarters of the beautiful world around you. The ridge curves northward to Kandel, past which you have walked in the early hours of the day, and, swinging southward, your gaze travels over the countless billows of the hills, a green and motionless inland sea. Dim in the background of the picture, beyond the purple gash of the Höllenthal, the distant Feldberg rises into the pale and brilliant sky. White cloud ships sail lazily about and throw cool shadows on the hills. The fresh wind brings the mingled fra-

grance of pine and clover and flutters the leaves of your notebook invitingly, and, if you are pictorially or graphically inclined, you will vainly try to imprison the spirit of the place in sketch or rhyme.

But it is the spirit of freedom, the Spirit of the Road, that inhabits here, and too elusive to be caught and held for more than a moment.

It swells the heart and thrills the mind. The ears are filled with its song and the nostrils sweet with the scent of it.

But hardly a moment will it stay—as quick and sweet as the dream that comes between sleeping and waking—it gives you one divine insufflation and then leaves you—gasping in the thick air of reality.

THE VISION-DAYS

By Arthur Davison Ficke

WE dwelt within a house of pearl
In those old days of wondering joy—
You were the golden wide-eyed girl,
I was the silent lonely boy.

To what far country have they passed,
Those things we dreamed, so sweet and strange—
Far sea-caught morns that might not last,
Fresh winds of dawning, doomed to change?

I wove your tresses with the wind
And filled your eyes with sunrise gleam.
A voiceless longing made me blind
(For children dream as poets dream). . . .

Often I wish to stand once more,
Not yet made wise, beside that sea
Whose silver waters wash no shore,
But islanded with phantasy—

Where all the air was living gold
Out to the far horizon's haze,
Toward which the vision-ships of old
Bore off our fading vision-days.

I think you sometimes now must go
In secret to that distant place
Where still they bloom—to-day their glow
Was tender in your lifted face.

THE LADY OF THE LIFT

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



IT was the Man from Winchester who gave her that name: the Man who was Swiss godfather and godmother to half the hotel. Whiskers and the Suf-fragite, the Meenister and the Limit, were a few more of his baptismal efforts; but it is only fair to state that he called us these things behind our respective backs, whereas we called him Man to his impudent little laughing face. The one exception to a redeeming rule was the Lady of the Lift, who delighted in her *nom d'hôtel* and made much of its inventor. The Man was in fact a sufficiently healthy and hearty specimen of the young barbarian; but though doubtless a very small molecule at Winchester, where he had but finished his first term, it must be confessed that there was a good deal of him at the Alpine haunt to which his people had brought him for the Christmas holidays.

It was one of those spots to which half one's friends flock nowadays in the latter part of December, to return with the complexions of Choctaws all too early in the New Year. A group of gay hotels, with as many balconies as a pagoda, and an unpopular annex in the background, had broken out upon a plateau among the dazzling peaks. Snow of an almost incandescent purity and brilliance rose in huge uncouth chunks against a tropically blue sky; the softened shapes of mountains lay buried underneath; and snow clung in great gouts to the fir-trees, that bristled upon the lower slopes like darts from the blue. You had to freeze for hours on a sledge, skimming dizzy ledges, climbing all the time, to reach this fairy fastness from the nearest railway. But it was worth the freezing, even before the journey's end, if you made it by moonlight, as just before Christmas one did. And the hotels when you reached them (if only they really had reserved those rooms) were quite wonderfully managed and equipped: surely there

are volumes in the fact that there was a lift in even one of them, a lift with a crimson velvet seat, where a poor lady could sit and watch the fun at nights, of it but not in it, and so not in the way at all, though accessible to chivalry not otherwise engaged.

The poor lady! That was her life in the hotel; and everybody was sorry for her except herself. It seemed such a sad case. The exact trouble was unknown—she never spoke of herself—but its outward sign was a crutch. And her face was so young, and her hair so gray! But younger than her face was the whole spirit of the Lady of the Lift: her humor, her courage, her breezy outlook on life, her keen interest in everybody and everything. And the cruel part of it was that nature had cast her in athletic mould, that in fact she had excelled at those very sports which she was now constrained to watch at a distance from the bedroom balcony where she took her modicum of open air.

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"It was before I gave up skating," said Whiskers. "I can't help feeling that we've skated together, somewhere or other."

"It must have been many years ago," said madame. "I also have given it up quite

Brend. Sufficiently removed from the tower, you are safe from intrusion of fellow pedestrians into the quiet house of your thoughts and can wing an imaginary journey across the great aerial gulf that lies between your sunlit couch and the half-hidden summit of cloud-crowned Kandel, already beginning to draw up his evening robe of shadows around his feet. And, so flying, you may drop a glance into the foaming mouth of the Wilde Gutach, emerging from its rugged gorge to swallow the Güttenbach whole and then vomit the confluent waters into the depths of Alt Simon's Wald Thal.

The sombre, pine-clad walls are pleasantly relieved, in their lower part, by the lighter crowns of walnut and the sparkle of beech; and long waterfalls, gathered from the unfailing reservoirs of heaven, leap from Kandel's summit, bar the darkness with a thread of silver, and vanish into the verdant basin beneath.

This is a safe and pleasant journey, where the mind follows the eye and the body lies at rest and, thereby refreshed, you knock the ashes from your fire-scarred briar and descend the gentle slope of the southeastern side to the wide plateau beneath and across its long reach, past the "Gasthaus zum Raben" to the plain, little hotel at Neu Eck, on the post road between Furtwangen and Waldkirch.

At Neu Eck we found the first American name, and I think the only one that we met in any of the Höhenweg guest books. From which I gathered that few Americans can have made the journey between Pforzheim and Basel on foot.

Of course it is unfashionable, at present, to travel slowly, and if your motor has not at least forty horse-power, you are not likely to be classed among the first families of the road. Still, there is a certain quaint charm in going a journey, as our forefathers sometimes had to go them, that more than compensates a somewhat dreamy and unpractical mind for this loss to its fleshly encumbrance.

From Neu Eck the Höhenweg makes an eastward curve and climbs the ridge where lies the somewhat forbiddingly called Kältenherberg. To the understanding mind this name offers but cold comfort and, if you have left a spark of your childhood's joy in fairy lore, you will take the low road that leads through the Hexenthal. Think of

it! "The Witches' Valley." Is there not a romantic tang in the very taste of the word?

Two or three miles of commonplace dirt road, descending from Neu Eck, brings you to the mouth of it. Here the valley narrows and deepens, and the waters that play cross-tag with the path begin to take on a harsher tone as the valley floor drops away beneath them. Now the road, made ages ago by people who did not rightly value the Dark Art, climbs rather precipitately up the side wall and leaves you alone on the foot path, beside the brook. The valley narrows again and huge granite ribs thrust themselves out between the groups of sombre pines and you recognize the dry bones of Earth's carcass, among which witches may appropriately dwell. The wind whines in the tree tops, and cries gustily around corners, and perhaps a storm cloud throws the place into almost evening darkness, and in the white dance of the foaming waters you have the very picture of a witches' celebration. Or the walls are dappled with sunlight, the witches vanish with the storm, and singing fairies float on the glittering foam. Here and there a hut peeps out from some sheltered nook and a wrinkled face, doubtless that of a witch, appears for an instant at the door—and a shy child, perhaps a captive, vanishes suddenly from the window. Presently the trees disappear, the bare, rocky walls close threateningly upon you from either side, and you follow the hurrying stream around a sharp bend into a *cul de sac*. Another breathless turn carries you through a great, gaping crevice in the rock wall where there is hardly room for the path and the brook squeezed side by side, close together. This is the Hexenloch, made years ago by a witch who was run to bay by some dangerously enthusiastic early Christians, in the bag's end. It is said that, being hard pressed and having forgotten or mislaid or dropped her Pegasian broomstick, and the walls being uncomfortably steep for climbing, she split the rocks with some magic words and escaped into the open country beyond.

Of course that happened a long while ago, and nobody now remembers exactly what she said nor what happened afterward, but, certainly, there are no living trees around the spot and very few flowers grow there this day.

There is a certain charm in variety that does not fail and that is most keenly appreciated by young people. Now, none but young people find themselves upon the Höhenweg. Not because old people cannot walk there, but because they cannot walk there and be old! For age is the failing of sensation, just as death, so far as we know, is the utter cessation of it. And here, upon the Höhenweg, or even near it, there is a new sensation greeting you at every turn.

So, from the gloomy and uneasy valley of the witches, you are suddenly introduced into the most peaceful and loveliest of household shrines, the nursery of the pine babies. And not the nursery only, but the kindergarten and the school-room as well.

The littlest fellows are so small that you may not notice them at first, and only observe that the rows, in which they are set, take a general greenish-brown tone from the myriad dots of verdance, thickset among the waves of dark mold.

In the kindergarten the youngsters are set farther, and in the school-room still farther, apart, lest they do one another a mischief. Beyond, in the pine barracks, the trees stand straight and regular as soldiers and salute you with a friendly waving of their plummy tops.

During the progress of a short walk, you may observe and philosophize upon the whole Seven Ages of pines, and they are physically far more beautiful than the corresponding periods of Man's life. But the thrifty Germans are distinct utilitarians in this cult, and you are looking, perhaps quite ignorantly, upon the perfect application of a well-known principle—the conservation of energy.

For the miles of forest represent a huge reservoir, and help to store the very power which transforms their trunks into commercial products at the little saw-mills in the valley.

It is a sort of beneficent circle for the Lords of the forest, and many a Thaler drops into their pockets from the falling pines.

You are led to wonder which are of greater value in the ultimate scheme of things: the men who create the forests or the forests that make the men.

And while you are philosophizing, another turn in the road brings you plump

upon the noisy activity of the board-makers, and philosophy flies, as usual, in the face of stern reality.

The scream and roar of the machinery are harsh, and the sight of such slaughter bids you hurry on, with just a glance into the speckled water to make sure that the sawdust hasn't driven the trout away from this stream at any rate.

Trout must be deaf! or at least impervious to unbeautiful noises. You almost wish that you were similarly affected and, stopping your ears against the whirring hum, you follow the road around another convenient angle and march forward into the green silence of the forest.

There is a quality in this silence that it is difficult to name and impossible to describe. It is not breathless nor deathlike, and it is never lonely. It is rather a living silence—calm and full of comfort—that quiets the mind like sleep and refreshes every sense. It is soft as the touch of a living hand. It falls upon the heart like distant music and wraps you, soul and body, in peace. Strengthened as by a silent prayer, you wander on in a sort of reverent contentment.

Then sounds begin to waken in the distance and the imagination rouses.

A cock crows in a lonely farmstead far below, and the clarion tone rings faint across the valley like the note of an elfin horn. A child's voice floats out from some hidden thicket and birds call from the dark branches. The wind comes and wakens harp tones in the Æolian trees, and you begin to whistle a bit yourself by way of company.

These may be your last hours upon the Höhenweg, if you have an engagement that must be kept next day in another kingdom. Your pace slackens and a whole flock of pestiferous thoughts and memories of the outer work-a-day world comes swarming into your mind. The sunlight pales, the road hardens under your feet, and the wayside flowers look faded and second-hand.

But you are too soaked in the spirit of the road to be long cast down, and with a flourish of your stick and a shrug of your shoulders, you shake Black Care from your knapsack and, like the cheerful Benvenuto, after his encounter with the highwaymen, "continue onward, singing."

The road trends steeply upward between green slopes, and breasting the rise, you

presently achieve the hill-top and, a few yards farther on, at Schöneck, you receive the reward of your spiritual bravery.

Here the road bends sharply to the east and, at the corner, you look into three-quarters of the beautiful world around you. The ridge curves northward to Kandel, past which you have walked in the early hours of the day, and, swinging southward, your gaze travels over the countless billows of the hills, a green and motionless inland sea. Dim in the background of the picture, beyond the purple gash of the Höllenthal, the distant Feldberg rises into the pale and brilliant sky. White cloud ships sail lazily about and throw cool shadows on the hills. The fresh wind brings the mingled fra-

grance of pine and clover and flutters the leaves of your notebook invitingly, and, if you are pictorially or graphically inclined, you will vainly try to imprison the spirit of the place in sketch or rhyme.

But it is the spirit of freedom, the Spirit of the Road, that inhabits here, and too elusive to be caught and held for more than a moment.

It swells the heart and thrills the mind. The ears are filled with its song and the nostrils sweet with the scent of it.

But hardly a moment will it stay—as quick and sweet as the dream that comes between sleeping and waking—it gives you one divine insufflation and then leaves you—gasping in the thick air of reality.

THE VISION-DAYS

By Arthur Davison Ficke

WE dwelt within a house of pearl
In those old days of wondering joy—
You were the golden wide-eyed girl,
I was the silent lonely boy.

To what far country have they passed,
Those things we dreamed, so sweet and strange—
Far sea-caught morns that might not last,
Fresh winds of dawning, doomed to change?

I wove your tresses with the wind
And filled your eyes with sunrise gleam.
A voiceless longing made me blind
(For children dream as poets dream). . . .

Often I wish to stand once more,
Not yet made wise, beside that sea
Whose silver waters wash no shore,
But islanded with phantasy—

Where all the air was living gold
Out to the far horizon's haze,
Toward which the vision-ships of old
Bore off our fading vision-days.

I think you sometimes now must go
In secret to that distant place
Where still they bloom—to-day their glow
Was tender in your lifted face.

THE LADY OF THE LIFT

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



It was the Man from Winchester who gave her that name: the Man who was Swiss godfather and godmother to half the hotel. Whiskers and the Suf-fragite, the Meenister and the Limit, were a few more of his baptismal efforts; but it is only fair to state that he called us these things behind our respective backs, whereas we called him Man to his impudent little laughing face. The one exception to a redeeming rule was the Lady of the Lift, who delighted in her *nom d'hôtel* and made much of its inventor. The Man was in fact a sufficiently healthy and hearty specimen of the young barbarian; but though doubtless a very small molecule at Winchester, where he had but finished his first term, it must be confessed that there was a good deal of him at the Alpine haunt to which his people had brought him for the Christmas holidays.

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The poor lady! That was her life in the hotel; and everybody was sorry for her except herself. It seemed such a sad case. The exact trouble was unknown—she never spoke of herself—but its outward sign was a crutch. And her face was so young, and her hair so gray! But younger than her face was the whole spirit of the Lady of the Lift: her humor, her courage, her breezy outlook on life, her keen interest in everybody and everything. And the cruel part of it was that nature had cast her in athletic mould, that in fact she had excelled at those very sports which she was now constrained to watch at a distance from the bedroom balcony where she took her modicum of open air.

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young. I have had a weak ankle. I have to thank that ankle also for this crutch."

Whiskers felt embarrassed. He was in fact the first to be informed that the lady's infirmity was originally due to an accident; but he kept the information to himself, and discussed Madame Faivre no more with his hotel acquaintances. He felt he had already committed a minor breach of tact and taste; he made amends with many little deferential attentions; but still the vague memory, the elusive association, would cause him a certain amount of mental exasperation whenever they met, as a riddle of no consequence that yet refused to be given up.

Then an old skating friend turned up, and was turned away, without so much as seeing the rooms he had engaged seven weeks before; but he did insist on having his lunch, and parenthetically he solved the mystery for Whiskers at a glance.

"Remember her! Why, of course I remember her; don't you?" And he whispered the maiden name for which Whiskers had racked his brain in vain.

But Whiskers was getting to the age at which memory begins to fail; he was not immediately the wiser.

"I seem to remember the name at Davos one year," he said. "Or was it St. Moritz?"

"Davos. I should think you did remember it!"

"Why?"

"Well, for one reason you used to skate with her every day; you were about the best pair there."

"So I told her!" cried Whiskers.

"You don't mean to say she denied it?"

"Certainly; no recollection whatever, so she said."

The old skating friend came up to Whiskers's good ear. They were waiting in the hall for lunch, and the lady as usual was waiting in the lift, had indeed gone up and down in it more than once rather than relinquish her favorite seat. But now she hung at anchor a few inches above the level of the hall, exchanging the sprightliest and kindest glances with all the hungry, bright red faces, just in from sun and snow.

"Of course you know why she denies it?" whispered the old skating friend.

"I suppose she's forgotten me too."

"Not she!"

"How long is it ago?"

"Seven or eight years, I suppose."

"That's it, then; we've both aged."

"She has, if you like!" said the skating friend. "She looks twenty years older—might be another woman altogether—but she isn't, by Jove! Don't look, but she's got her eye on us now."

She had, though she was rallying her young Man at the same time, and he her with perfectly unintelligible Winchester repartee. Whiskers begged his friend to refresh a treacherous memory.

"Well," began the other, "it was such a terrific scandal at the time . . ."

Whiskers did remember the whole thing. It made him grave. His friend, about to be turned back through the snow, vowing an Englishman's vengeance in the *Times*, and really only distracted from his grievance by seeing and hearing about the Lady of the Lift, now took a mordant satisfaction in pouring vitriolic comments on the forgotten scandal into the good ear that Whiskers was lending him perforce. That ripe gray scholar listened grudgingly; more than once he begged for a lower whisper; and it was through him that the pair stayed behind in the hall when all the rest had trooped off to luncheon.

"It's a good many years ago," the old boy said. "She must have married and settled down since then, and had a hard time of it at that, I'm afraid; it's most awfully bad luck our crossing her path like this. She shall never know I spotted her. Women should always have another chance. And this one has been smashed up into the bargain: an accident, I gather: probably one of those infernal motors. I must look after her a bit more. Remember her? Do *you* remember her rocking turns and three-change-threes?"

Old Whiskers was as good as his word; at least he was as good to the poor lady as she would allow him to be. Now he remembered her better every time he saw her, and marvelled more and more at the change which a few short years had wrought in her. At sixty he himself looked to all intents and purposes as good a man as he had been at fifty-three; the salt had

gained upon the pepper in his hair and moustache; his mirror advised him of no graver change. Yet here was a fine athletic girl transformed into a decrepit elderly lady in little more than a lustrum. Nemesis had handled her very roughly; her present case was sufficient punishment for any past, even for that which seemed incredible when one looked upon the bright young smile under the beautiful silver hair. Old Whiskers was not sure but that it was an improvement, that hair!

It was about all he saw of Madame Faivre for a day or two; she held her nightly court in the lift when the young people were dancing in the hall, but the next time her elderly admirer approached she seized the lever herself and shot straight into the upper stories. He was waiting for the lift, however, if not for her, when she came floating down again with a book, and by means of an adroit compliment he got her to take him up again for his pipe. Nor did he immediately desert the lift in favor of younger blood on their return to the hall level.

"My waltzing days are over," said he, with a cunning sigh, as they looked out over the dancers, he loading his pipe particle by particle with pauses in between.

"So are mine," said she, falling into the trap set for her sympathy.

He looked at her with a kindling eye.

"Ever waltz on the ice, Madame?"

"Very badly, half a century ago!"

He laughed politely. "Ah! that's dancing," he said; "it makes all this sort of thing look silly."

The pipe got itself slowly, very slowly, loaded while he bragged about his own skating without asking any more questions about hers; until just as he was going, match in hand.

"Ever try a rocking turn?" he said.

"Never," she smiled, confidently.

"Or a three-change-three?"

"No."

"No more have I," he said, "for about a century by your reckoning, and I suppose I never shall again."

It was all very wanton, and at first he could not think why he had done it; but a little intellectual probing transfixed the reason in due time. It was not the romance which the knowing Man detected with such glee, and reported with strange



Making play with a pack of cards.—Page 160.

epithets to his particular friends. Whiskers was not that kind of old fool; neither was he a crabbed bachelor with "no use for" the average woman. He could talk to her, on the contrary, with extreme cleverness and vivacity if she had any brains at all, with a hard sparkle in the worst of cases. He would even reason with the Suffragite. He liked talking to Madame Faivre; he would have loved madame to talk to him. He might have helped her. He heard himself sympathizing, advising, bracing her with advice. There was no woman in his life who had any need of his advice or sympathy. He had broad ideas, a generous judgment of all but intellectual shortcomings; he would have been glad to show himself in those colors, for they were his true ones, though he had seldom had a chance of running them up on the high seas of life.

That was all; it was a fairly frequent thought, never an obsession. Whiskers was out to enjoy himself, and he did that daily and hourly on the rink. He had given up skating, as he said, but he had taken to curling, and he loved the game; it appealed to his intellect and humor; he

would caper like a boy, would "soop up" like a good Galloway Scot. His daily foe was the Meenister; the Meenister cur-r-r-r-led. Watching them in twinkling skates and grubby sweater, the volatile figure of the small Wykehamist might be seen a mile off; it was worth skating that way to note his impudent little nose creased up in delight at dialogue and antics alike; luckily the little devil wasn't there on the dreadful day when the Meenister used a much worse word!

The one to spread that scandal was the Limit, a swarthy plutocrat blessed with the most olive of olive-branches, whom the Man nevertheless described as "a hectic crowd." The Limit wore rings on his fingers and diamonds in the rings. The Limit had the most extensive wardrobe in the hotel, and Mrs. Limit glittered all over like a jeweller's window at *table-d'hôte*. These statements seem due to a natural talent for nomenclature which was usually apposite and often inoffensive.

The whole party, despite a capacity for internecine strife latent in several of the tithe who have now been mentioned, got on admirably together until the second week

in January, when the weather played them false. It had been ideal up to then: hard blue skies, hard black frosts, and no more snow. Everybody slid everywhere on a *luge*, or dragged it cheerfully up the hill; bob-sleighs were in favor, but the place had not risen to the perilous luxury of an ice-run for true tobogganing. There was dancing every evening in all the hotels; there was even a combined fancy-dress ball, at which the Man—but enough of that valued contributor to the general gaiety. The thing was a success. The Lady of the Lift, who never left it all night, provided the only memorable instance of plain clothes; she made no change from the black crepon skirt which she wore day and night, with now one upper garment, now another; to-night it was merely the jet bodice of most nights, and yet Mrs. Limit in all her diamonds was often a lonely figure, but there was always a bevy about the lift.

That night the snow began. The next day it never stopped. The rink was covered, swept, covered deeper than ever, and finally deserted by disconsolate meenisters, scholars, and skating tag-rag. Because the London papers had never been so keenly desired, the afternoon sledge never came up with them; luckily there was a telephone to allay anxiety; luckily, indeed, for every reason. It was already the one remaining line of communication with the outer world. The mountain road was practically obliterated by the snow. The very contour of the mountains seemed more generous, less angular. The snow fell straight and thick as rain from a windless sky, in tiny flakes. It stuck everywhere, followed the minutest shape of everything, bent the slenderest twig under a coating three times its own thickness. It turned the telephone wires into thick white ropes that you lost against the roof from which they sprouted, but followed for miles against the darkling pines. The Limits played bridge, the Man was sadly spoiling for Winchester, the admirable Whiskers set about organizing an afternoon entertainment, and the Lady of the Lift told fortunes there for a local charity.

She was the life and soul of the place while things were at their worst, the witch who drew her children round her like the Pied Piper, only without piping, by just

being herself and making play with a pack of cards and her own simple ready wit. Her hands, it was noted in this connection, were as smooth as her face; and the cruelty of the affliction that so aged her was more than ever emphasized by the splendid spirits which she not only maintained herself but infused into many of the most dejected sportsmen of both sexes.

But she grew paler under the strain; she had her very meals in the lift, despite draughts and cold; and after luncheon on the second day they found her there fast asleep.

"Why persevere in this extraordinary eccentricity?" asked old Whiskers in quite a fatherly fashion. "To sit in a chilly lift by the hour together! Where *can* the fun come in?"

"I do it not for fun," she said.

"Then why do you do it?"

"Cannot you guess?"

"You used to say it was to see what was going on."

"It was true."

"But nothing has been going on to-day, except your own most philanthropic side-show."

"I know."

"Then why conduct it here? Why not transfer your court to a warm room?"

She smiled faintly.

"Could you keep it to yourself if I told you?"

"I won't give you away, Madame!" he exclaimed with some cordiality.

"It's because—by remaining in the lift—I—I have only *one* walk—to and from my room!"

He was horrified; she saw that he was, and signalled to the lift-boy.

"I will take your advice," she said, "and go to my room perhaps for the rest of the afternoon, if it has also finished to snow. Thank you very much for all your kindness." And up she went out of his ken, smiling down upon his blank upturned face.

It really had "finished to snow"—for the time being. That was why poor old Whiskers had come to have the Lady of the Lift to himself even for five minutes. The young people had all trooped out to see what could be done. It was just thawing. The Man shot a snowball with deadly aim at a young Limit, who ran off yelping to papa over his cigar and cognac in



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

As he squeezed the snow from his beard.—Page 162.

their private sitting-room. The missile had travelled like a cricket-ball till it went asunder on the nape of little Limit's neck, which it ran down like a waterfall.

The snow was declared to be "absolutely plumb" by the expert author of this dastardly attack; but the sky was black with more snow that might begin falling any minute. If an attack was to be made upon any or all of the other hotels, or a pitched battle fought with them in the open ("an' what for no?" cries the worthy Meenister), there's no time to be lost in manufacturing a *casus belli* (as Whiskers puts it), but a bloodthirsty challenge must be despatched at once. Budding Winchester takes it on his skis; he is not a Man any longer, but a boy of boys, his face flushed and his eyes shining for the fray.

It comes on in incredibly few minutes. All are eager after it. A combat of the true Homeric type is soon raging in the snow; the aggressors become the defenders before they know where they are, or rather why they are back upon their hotel terrace. It is because the smaller hotels have converged upon them from three points of the compass. Hurrah! Three cheers for the Beau Site and Winchester! *A bas Kurhaus—Belvedere—all the rotten lot!*

Grand how the young boy hurls taunt and insult with his explosive cricket-balls; grander still to see "the old birds," "the old pets," "the stone-age gang," as he has called them behind their backs, shying, shouting, ducking, dodging with the best. Old Whiskers has not loosened some muscles so freely since cricket gave him up.

The Suffragite is naturally to the front, and "Votes for Women!" becomes the bad boy's cry. He may say what he likes to anybody now. He has wiped out all his sins by bringing about this glorious battle, by his own heroic bearing in the van.

"Good shot, Daddy!"

"Look out, Mummy!"

That's the little dog both times; they will make something of him at Winchester yet. This is his show, remember! "I began it," he may boast all his days; for the least likely, the meekest, the quietest, the most stay-at-home-by-the-fire, all were in it before the end. O that Meenister! There were those who vowed they heard him railing to himself against "yon deevil," a prominent opponent, as he squeezed the snow from his beard. Even the unworthy Limit gathered great handfuls on his sitting-room balcony, where he and his were impregnably ensconced, and hurled them down like rocks upon the foe. . . .

And the whole thing has nothing whatever to do with the Lady of the Lift!

But the immediate sequel had.

In the first place they were asked not to make more noise than they could help, when they came in tramping and shouting, and some of the invaders with them for a drink. Madame Faivre had taken to her bed. She only begged not to be disturbed. But the good *maitre d'hôtel* would have taken upon himself to telephone down for a doctor; but there, what could you expect in such cold weather? The telephone had broken down. No; it was no use trying the other hotels; his was the main wire, of which they were mere extensions. The whole humming, glittering plateau was cut off from the world. As well cross the mountains on skis, and drop down into Innsbrück, as risk an avalanche on the precipitous pass down to the railway miles below; for the first exploit infinite knowledge and experience of the country would be requisite, for the second an infinity of good luck.

The entire crowd were in the fine big hall or lounge, their tanned and burnt faces glowing like lamps in the dusk, their voices hushed with one consent. It was sad to see the lift standing empty. None entered it, though many must have wished to sit down aloof, and more to be spirited upstairs. There was a consensus of vague

feeling about it, and a well-known voice could be heard piping quite respectfully: "Poor old girl! She had her *agony duck* on all the morning!" Those who want to know what he meant had better apply to his *alma mater*.

Suddenly a bombshell burst on the assembly.

"Herr Breitstein! Herr Breitstein!" It was the Limit flying down the stairs. "We've been robbed, sir, robbed of everything in your confounded hotel, confound you!"

"'Sh! 'sh! 'sh!" went Herr Breitstein, as sharply as the sound allowed. "There's a lady ill upstairs."

"Confound the lady!"

"Shame! Shame!" And a treble voice: "Didn't I tell you he was the Limit?"

"Well, she's probably been robbed as well," said the Limit, finding himself an unpopular figure on the stairs. "I advise everybody with valuables to go and see to them; we've lost all ours, and they were worth something, as you know."

This took three or four ladies upstairs apace, including the Winchester mamma.

A mechanic appeared with a little bag while they were gone, and began talking German to mine host.

"Herr Je!" cries the good man, excitedly. "Do you know what he tell me, shentlemen? Our telephone wires have been cut, mit some sharbp imblement, on ziss side of ze inzulador outside ze top bad-room vindow!"

Imagine the twin wires, thickened into ropes of snow, vanishing and reappearing against snow and trees for miles and miles, looking like live rails back to the world, yet being dead all the time!

The three or four anxious ladies were back upon the stairs behind the Limit before useful comment had emerged from the general consternation. They also had each lost something—a watch—a bracelet—a garnet necklace—whatever of any value they had left behind them in their rooms.

"But my little lot are worth about fifteen 'undred quid," cried the Limit, loudly.

Nobody bid against him; but the good landlord again very properly checked the vociferous tone employed, repeating his reason on poor Madame Faivre's behalf. The name struck the lift-boy, struck a spark of memory that lit him up like a



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

They turned on him like one man.—Page 164.

lamp. He struggled toward Herr Breistein with roseate cheeks, and had his ears boxed for his pains the moment he ceased gabbling.

"Do you know what *he* tell me, ziss wretched poy? He zee a voman come out of ze room of Madame Faivre—fine young voman—ze tief, shentlemen, ze tief if she haf not also murdered madame!"

Up they rushed in a breathless bevy. There was no answer to their knocks, their hammering, their united shouts. The mechanic was called up to pick the lock; mine host was not going to send good money after bad blood. But no blood had been shed; no madame was there; but her crutch was, and her crepon skirt, and the jet bodice among others . . .

It was the Suffragite who put the whole case beyond doubt. She disappeared suddenly, was back in a minute, and broke in breathless:

"I know what else has gone—my skis—and she always told me they were the best in the hotel!"

There was a shocked pause, hardly broken by a really carefully whispered: "Votes for Women!" It was poor Whiskers who spoke the first word aloud.

"Good God!" said he. "And I'd quite forgotten she was as good on skis as on skates!"

They turned on him like one man.

"Did you know her before?"

"Where did you know her?"

"What do you know about her?"

"I met her once at Davos years ago."

"Davos!" cried mine host. "Zey had such a case zere in 'ninety-nine, shoost such a case, shentlemen!"

"Oh, did they?" says Whiskers without a blush; and that was all he ever did say on the subject.

But the Man from Winchester is fairly entitled to the last word; it took him some time to think it out, and his hearers come to see his point.

"On the whole," said he, "I wasn't so far wrong, was I, when I called her the lady of the *lift*?"



"On the whole," said he, "I wasn't so far wrong."

THE DEBT

By Edith Wharton

I



YOU remember—it's not so long ago—the talk there was about Dredge's "Arrival of the Fittest"? The talk has subsided, but the book of course remains: stands up, in

fact, as the tallest thing of its kind since—well, I'd almost said since "The Origin of Species."

I'm not wrong, at any rate, in calling it the most important contribution yet made to the development of the Darwinian theory, or rather to the solution of the awkward problem about which that theory has had to make such a circuit. Dredge's hypothesis will be contested, may one day be disproved; but at least it has swept out of the way all previous conjectures, including of course Lanfear's magnificent attempt; and for our generation of scientific investigators it will serve as the first safe bridge across a murderous black whirlpool.

It's all very interesting—there are few things more stirring to the imagination than that sudden projection of the new hypothesis, light as a cobweb and strong as steel, across the intellectual abyss; but, for an idle observer of human motives, the other, the personal, side of Dredge's case is even more interesting and arresting.

Personal side? You didn't know there was one? Pictured him simply as a thinking machine, a highly specialized instrument of precision, the result of a long series of "adaptations," as his own jargon would put it? Well, I don't wonder—if you've met him. He does give the impression of being something out of his own laboratory: a delicate scientific instrument that reveals wonders to the initiated, and is absolutely useless in an ordinary hand.

In his youth it was just the other way. I knew him twenty years ago, as an awkward lout whom young Archie Lanfear had

picked up at college, and brought home for a visit. I happened to be staying at the Lanfears' when the boys arrived, and I shall never forget Dredge's first appearance on the scene. You know the Lanfears always lived very simply. That summer they had gone to Buzzard's Bay, in order that Professor Lanfear might be near the Biological Station at Wood's Holl, and they were picnicking in a kind of sketchy bungalow without any attempt at elegance. But Galen Dredge couldn't have been more awe-struck if he'd been suddenly plunged into a Fifth Avenue ball-room. He nearly knocked his shock head against the low doorway, and in dodging this peril trod heavily on Mabel Lanfear's foot, and became hopelessly entangled in her mother's draperies—though how he managed it I never knew, for Mrs. Lanfear's dowdy muslins ran to no excess of train.

When the Professor himself came in it was ten times worse, and I saw then that Dredge's emotion was a tribute to the great man's proximity. That made the boy interesting, and I began to watch. Archie, always enthusiastic but vague, had said: "Oh, he's a tremendous chap—you'll see—" but I hadn't expected to see quite so clearly. Lanfear's vision, of course, was sharper than mine; and the next morning he had carried Dredge off to the Biological Station. And that was the way it began.

Dredge is the son of a Baptist minister. He comes from East Lethe, New York State, and was working his way through college—waiting at White Mountain hotels in summer—when Archie Lanfear ran across him. There were eight children in the family, and the mother was an invalid. Dredge never had a penny from his father after he was fourteen; but his mother wanted him to be a scholar, and "kept at him," as he put it, in the hope of his going back to "teach school" at East Lethe. He developed slowly, as the scientific mind generally does, and was still adrift about

himself and his tendencies when Archie took him down to Buzzard's Bay. But he had read Lanfear's "Utility and Variation," and had always been a patient and curious observer of nature. And his first meeting with Lanfear explained him to himself. It didn't, however, enable him to explain himself to others, and for a long time he remained, to all but Lanfear, an object of incredulity and conjecture.

"Why my husband wants him about—" poor Mrs. Lanfear, the kindest of women, privately lamented to her friends; for Dredge, at that time—they kept him all summer at the bungalow—had one of the most encumbering personalities you can imagine. He was as inexpressive as he is to-day, and yet oddly obtrusive: one of those uncomfortable presences whose silence is an interruption.

The poor Lanfears almost died of him that summer, and the pity of it was that he never suspected it, but continued to lavish on them a floundering devotion as uncomfortable as the endearments of a dripping dog—all out of gratitude for the Professor's kindness! He was full, in those days, of raw enthusiasms, which he forced on any one who would listen when his first shyness had worn off. You can't picture him spouting sentimental poetry, can you? Yet I've seen him petrify a whole group of Mrs. Lanfear's callers by suddenly discharging on them, in the strident drawl of Western New York, "Barbara Frietchie" or "The Queen of the May." His taste in literature was uniformly bad, but very definite, and far more assertive than his views on biological questions. In his scientific judgments he showed, even then, a remarkable temperance, a precocious openness to the opposite view; but in literature he was a furious propagandist, aggressive, disputatious, and extremely sensitive to adverse opinion.

Lanfear, of course, had been struck from the first by his gift of accurate observation, and by the fact that his eagerness to learn was offset by his reluctance to conclude. I remember Lanfear's telling me that he had never known a lad of Dredge's age who gave such promise of uniting an aptitude for general ideas with the plodding patience of the accumulator of facts. Of course when Lanfear talked like that of a young biologist his fate was sealed. There could be no question of Dredge's going

back to "teach school" at East Lethe. He must take a course in biology at Columbia, spend his vacations at the Wood's Holl laboratory, and then, if possible, go to Germany for a year or two.

All this meant his virtual adoption by the Lanfears. Most of Lanfear's fortune went in helping young students to a start, and he devoted his heaviest subsidies to Dredge.

"Dredge will be my biggest dividend—you'll see!" he used to say, in the chrysalis days when poor Galen was known to the world of science only as a perpetual slouching presence in Mrs. Lanfear's drawing-room. And Dredge, it must be said, took his obligations simply, with that kind of personal dignity, and quiet sense of his own worth, which in such cases saves the beneficiary from abjectness. He seemed to trust himself as fully as Lanfear trusted him.

The comic part of it was that his only idea of making what is known as "a return" was to devote himself to the Professor's family. When I hear pretty women lamenting that they can't coax Professor Dredge out of his laboratory I remember Mabel Lanfear's cry to me: "If Galen would only keep away!" When Mabel fell on the ice and broke her leg, Galen walked seven miles in a blizzard to get a surgeon; but if he did her this service one day in the year, he bored her by being in the way for the other three hundred and sixty-four. One would have imagined at that time that he thought his perpetual presence the greatest gift he could bestow; for, except on the occasion of his fetching the surgeon, I don't remember his taking any other way of expressing his gratitude.

In love with Mabel? Not a bit! But the queer thing was that he *did* have a passion in those days—a blind, hopeless passion for Mrs. Lanfear! Yes: I know what I'm saying. I mean Mrs. Lanfear, the Professor's wife, poor Mrs. Lanfear, with her tight hair and her loose figure, her blameless brow and earnest eye-glasses, and her perpetual attitude of mild misapprehension. I can see Dredge cowering, long and many-jointed, in a diminutive drawing-room chair, one square-toed shoe coiled round an exposed ankle, his knees clasped in a knot of red knuckles, and his spectacles perpetually seeking Mrs. Lanfear's eye-glasses. I never knew if the poor lady was aware of the sentiment she inspired, but her

children observed it, and it provoked them to irreverent mirth. Galen was the predestined butt of Mabel and Archie; and secure in their mother's virtuous obtuseness, and in her worshipper's timidity, they allowed themselves a latitude of banter that sometimes turned their audience cold. Dredge meanwhile was going on obstinately with his work. Now and then he had queer fits of idleness, when he lapsed into a state of sulky inertia from which even Lanfear's admonitions could not rouse him. Once, just before an examination, he suddenly went off to the Maine woods for two weeks, came back, and failed to pass. I don't know if his benefactor ever lost hope; but at times his confidence must have been sorely strained. The queer part of it was that when Dredge emerged from these eclipses he seemed keener and more active than ever. His slowly growing intelligence probably needed its periodical pauses of assimilation; and Lanfear was marvellously patient.

At last Dredge finished his course and went to Germany; and when he came back he was a new man—was, in fact, the Dredge we all know. He seemed to have shed his blundering, encumbering personality, and come to life as a disembodied intelligence. His fidelity to the Lanfears was unchanged; but he showed it negatively, by his discretions and abstentions. I have an idea that Mabel was less disposed to deride him, might even have been induced to softer sentiments; but I doubt if Dredge even noticed the change. As for his ex-goddess, he seemed to regard her as a motherly household divinity, the guardian genius of the darning needle; but on Professor Lanfear he looked with a deepening reverence. If the rest of the family had diminished in his eyes, its head had grown even greater.

II

FROM that day Dredge's progress continued steadily. If not always perceptible to the untrained eye, in Lanfear's sight it never deviated, and the great man began to associate Dredge with his work, and to lean on him more and more. Lanfear's health was already failing, and in my confidential talks with him I saw how he counted on Galen Dredge to continue and amplify his doctrine. If he did not

describe the young man as his predestined Huxley, it was because any such comparison between himself and his great predecessors would have been repugnant to his taste; but he evidently felt that it would be Dredge's rôle to reveal him to posterity. And the young man seemed at that time to take the same view of his calling. When he was not busy about Lanfear's work he was recording their conversations with the diligence of a biographer and the accuracy of a naturalist. Any attempt to question or minimize Lanfear's theories roused in his disciple the only flashes of wrath I have ever seen a scientific discussion provoke in him. In defending his master he became almost as intemperate as in the early period of his literary passions.

Such filial dedication must have been all the more precious to Lanfear because, about that time, it became evident that Archie would never carry on his father's work. He had begun brilliantly, you may remember, by a little paper on *Limulus Polyphemus* that attracted a good deal of notice when it appeared in the *Central Blatt*; but gradually his zoological ardour yielded to an absorbing passion for the violin, which was followed by a sudden plunge into physics. At present, after a side-glance at the drama, I understand he's devoting what is left of his father's money to archæological explorations in Asia Minor.

"Archie's got a delightful little mind," Lanfear used to say to me, rather wistfully, "but it's just a highly polished surface held up to the show as it passes. Dredge's mind takes in only a bit at a time, but the bit stays, and other bits are joined to it, in a hard mosaic of fact, of which imagination weaves the pattern. I saw just how it would be years ago, when my boy used to take my meaning in a flash, and answer me with clever objections, while Galen disappeared into one of his fathomless silences, and then came to the surface like a dripping retriever, a long way beyond Archie's objections, and with an answer to them in his mouth."

It was about this time that the crowning satisfaction of Lanfear's career came to him: I mean, of course, John Weyman's gift to Columbia of the Lanfear Laboratory, and the founding, in connection with it, of a chair of Experimental Evolution. Weyman had always taken an interest in Lanfear's work, but no one had supposed

that his interest would express itself so magnificently. The honour came to Lanfear at a time when he was fighting an accumulation of troubles: failing health, the money difficulties resulting from his irrepressible generosity, his disappointment about Archie's career, and perhaps also the persistent attacks of the new school of German zoologists.

"If I hadn't Galen I should feel the game was up," he said to me once, in a fit of half-real, half-mocking despondency. "But he'll do what I haven't time to do myself, and what my boy can't do for me."

That meant that he would answer the critics, and triumphantly reaffirm Lanfear's theory, which had been rudely shaken, but not displaced.

"A scientific hypothesis lasts till there's something else to put in its place. People who want to get across a river will use the old bridge till the new one's built. And I don't see any one who's particularly anxious, in this case, to take a contract for the new one," Lanfear ended; and I remember answering with a laugh: "Not while Horatius Dredge holds the other."

It was generally known that Lanfear had not long to live, and the Laboratory was hardly opened before the question of his successor in the chair of Experimental Evolution began to be a matter of public discussion. It was conceded that whoever followed him ought to be a man of achieved reputation, some one carrying, as the French say, a considerable "baggage." At the same time, even Lanfear's critics felt that he should be succeeded by a man who held his views and would continue his teaching. This was not in itself a difficulty, for German criticism had so far been mainly negative, and there were plenty of good men who, while they questioned the permanent validity of Lanfear's conclusions, were yet ready to accept them for their provisional usefulness. And then there was the added inducement of the Laboratory! The Columbia Professor of Experimental Evolution has at his disposal the most complete instrument of biological research that modern ingenuity has yet produced; and it's not only in theology or politics *que Paris vaut bien une messe!* There was no trouble about finding a candidate; but the whole thing turned on Lanfear's decision, since it was tacitly understood that, by Weyman's

wish, he was to select his successor. And what a cry there was when he selected Galen Dredge!

Not in the scientific world, though. The specialists were beginning to know about Dredge. His remarkable paper on Sexual Dimorphism had been translated into several languages, and a furious polemic had broken out over it. When a young fellow can get the big men fighting over him his future is pretty well assured. But Dredge was only thirty-four, and some people seemed to feel that there was a kind of deflected nepotism in Lanfear's choice.

"If he could choose Dredge he might as well have chosen his own son," I've heard it said; and the irony was that Archie—will you believe it?—actually thought so himself! But Lanfear had Weyman behind him; and when the end came the Faculty at once appointed Galen Dredge to the chair of Experimental Evolution.

For the first two years things went quietly, along accustomed lines. Dredge simply continued the course which Lanfear's death had interrupted. He lectured well even then, with a persuasive simplicity surprising in the slow, inarticulate creature one knew him for. But haven't you noticed that certain personalities reveal themselves only in the more impersonal relations of life? It's as if they woke only to collective contacts, and the single consciousness were an unmeaning fragment to them.

If there was anything to criticize in that first part of the course, it was the avoidance of general ideas, of those brilliant rockets of conjecture that Lanfear's students were used to seeing him fling across the darkness. I remember once saying this to Archie, who, having recovered from his absurd disappointment, had returned to his old allegiance to Dredge.

"Oh, that's Galen all over. He doesn't want to jump into the ring till he has a big swishing knock-down argument in his fist. He'll wait twenty years if he has to. That's his strength: he's never afraid to wait."

I thought this shrewd of Archie, as well as generous; and I saw the wisdom of Dredge's course. As Lanfear himself had said, his theory was safe enough till somebody found a more attractive one; and before that day Dredge would probably have accumulated sufficient proof to crystallize the fluid hypothesis.

III

THE third winter I was off collecting in Central America, and didn't get back till Dredge's course had been going for a couple of months. The very day I turned up in town Archie Lanfear descended on me with a summons from his mother. I was wanted at once at a family council.

I found the Lanfear ladies in a state of incoherent distress, which Archie's own indignation hardly made more intelligible. But gradually I put together their fragmentary charges, and learned that Dredge's lectures were turning into an organized assault on his master's doctrine.

"It amounts to just this," Archie said, controlling his women with the masterful gesture of the weak man. "Galen has simply turned round and betrayed my father."

"Just for a handful of silver he left us," Mabel sobbed in parenthesis, while Mrs. Lanfear tearfully cited Hamlet.

Archie silenced them again. "The ugly part of it is that he must have had this up his sleeve for years. He must have known when he was asked to succeed my father what use he meant to make of his opportunity. What he's doing isn't the result of a hasty conclusion: it means years of work and preparation."

Archie broke off to explain himself. He had returned from Europe the week before, and had learned on arriving that Dredge's lectures were stirring the world of science as nothing had stirred it since Lanfear's "Utility and Variation." And the incredible outrage was that they owed their sensational effect to the fact of being an attempted refutation of Lanfear's great work.

I own that I was staggered: the case looked ugly, as Archie said. And there was a veil of reticence, of secrecy, about Dredge, that always kept his conduct in a half-light of uncertainty. Of some men one would have said off-hand: "It's impossible!" But one couldn't affirm it of him.

Archie hadn't seen him as yet; and Mrs. Lanfear had sent for me because she wished me to be present at the interview between the two men. The Lanfear ladies had a touching belief in Archie's violence: they thought him as terrible as a natural force. My own idea was that if there were any broken bones they wouldn't be Dredge's;

but I was too curious as to the outcome not to be glad to offer my services as moderator.

First, however, I wanted to hear one of the lectures; and I went the next afternoon. The hall was jammed, and I saw, as soon as Dredge appeared, what increased security and ease the interest of his public had given him. He had been clear the year before, now he was also eloquent. The lecture was a remarkable effort: you'll find the gist of it in Chapter VII of "The Arrival of the Fittest." Archie sat at my side in a white rage; he was too clever not to measure the extent of the disaster. And I was almost as indignant as he when we went to see Dredge the next day.

I saw at a glance that the latter suspected nothing; and it was characteristic of him that he began by questioning me about my finds, and only afterward turned to reproach Archie for having been back a week without notifying him.

"You know I'm up to my neck in this job. Why in the world didn't you hunt me up before this?"

The question was exasperating, and I could understand Archie's stammer of wrath.

"Hunt you up? Hunt you up? What the deuce are you made of, to ask me such a question instead of wondering why I'm here now?"

Dredge bent his slow calm scrutiny on his friend's quivering face; then he turned to me.

"What's the matter?" he said simply.

"The matter?" shrieked Archie, his clenched fist hovering excitedly above the desk by which he stood; but Dredge, with unwonted quickness, caught the fist as it descended.

"Careful—I've got a *Kallima* in that jar there." He pushed a chair forward, and added quietly: "Sit down."

Archie, ignoring the gesture, towered pale and avenging in his place; and Dredge, after a moment, took the chair himself.

"The matter?" Archie reiterated with rising passion. "Are you so lost to all sense of decency and honour that you can put that question in good faith? Don't you really *know* what's the matter?"

Dredge smiled slowly. "There are so few things one *really knows*."

"Oh, damn your scientific hair-splitting! Don't you know you're insulting my father's memory?"

Dredge stared again, turning his spectacles thoughtfully from one of us to the other.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then you'd better sit down. If you don't see at once it'll take some time to make you."

Archie burst into an ironic laugh.

"I rather think it will!" he conceded.

"Sit down, Archie," I said, setting the example; and he obeyed, with a gesture that made his consent a protest.

Dredge seemed to notice nothing beyond the fact that his visitors were seated. He reached for his pipe, and filled it with the care which the habit of delicate manipulations gave to all the motions of his long, knotty hands.

"It's about the lectures?" he said.

Archie's answer was a deep scornful breath.

"You've only been back a week, so you've only heard one, I suppose?"

"It was not necessary to hear even that one. You must know the talk they're making. If notoriety is what you're after——"

"Well, I'm not sorry to make a noise," said Dredge, putting a match to his pipe.

Archie bounded in his chair. "There's no easier way of doing it than to attack a man who can't answer you!"

Dredge raised a sobering hand. "Hold on. Perhaps you and I don't mean the same thing. Tell me first what's in your mind."

The request steadied Archie, who turned on Dredge a countenance really eloquent with filial indignation.

"It's an odd question for you to ask; it makes me wonder what's in yours. Not much thought of my father, at any rate, or you couldn't stand in his place and use the chance he's given you to push yourself at his expense."

Dredge received this in silence, puffing slowly at his pipe.

"Is that the way it strikes you?" he asked at length.

"God! It's the way it would strike most men."

He turned to me. "You too?"

"I can see how Archie feels," I said.

"That I'm attacking his father's memory to glorify myself?"

"Well, not precisely: I think what he really feels is that, if your convictions didn't permit you to continue his father's teaching, you might perhaps have done

better to sever your connection with the Lanfear lectureship."

"Then you and he regard the Lanfear lectureship as having been founded to perpetuate a dogma, not to try and get at the truth?"

"Certainly not," Archie broke in. "But there's a question of taste, of delicacy, involved in the case that can't be decided on abstract principles. We know as well as you that my father meant the laboratory and the lectureship to serve the ends of science, at whatever cost to his own special convictions; what we feel—and you don't seem to—is that you're the last man to put them to that use; and I don't want to remind you why."

A slight redness rose through Dredge's sallow skin. "You needn't," he said. "It's because he pulled me out of my hole, woke me up, made me, shoved me off from the shore. Because he saved me ten or twenty years of muddled effort, and put me where I am at an age when my best working years are still ahead of me. Every one knows that's what your father did for me, but I'm the only person who knows the time and trouble that it took."

It was well said, and I glanced quickly at Archie, who was never closed to generous emotions.

"Well, then——?" he said, flushing also.

"Well, then," Dredge continued, his voice deepening and losing its nasal edge, "I had to pay him back, didn't I?"

The sudden drop flung Archie back on his prepared attitude of irony. "It would be the natural inference—with most men."

"Just so. And I'm not so very different. I knew your father wanted a successor—some one who'd try and tie up the loose ends. And I took the lectureship with that object."

"And you're using it to tear the whole fabric to pieces!"

Dredge paused to re-light his pipe. "Looks that way," he conceded. "This year anyhow."

"*This year*——?" Archie gasped at him.

"Yes. When I took up the job I saw it just as your father left it. Or rather, I didn't see any other way of going on with it. The change came gradually, as I worked."

"Gradually? So that you had time to look round you, to know where you were, to see you were fatally committed to undoing the work he had done?"

"Oh, yes—I had time," Dredge conceded.

"And yet you kept the chair and went on with the course?"

Dredge refilled his pipe, and then turned in his seat so that he looked squarely at Archie.

"What would your father have done in *my* place?" he asked.

"In your place——?"

"Yes: supposing he'd found out the things I've found out in the last year or two. You'll see what they are, and how much they count, if you'll run over the report of the lectures. If your father'd been alive he might have come across the same facts just as easily."

There was a silence which Archie at last broke by saying: "But he didn't, and you did. There's the difference."

"The difference? What difference? Would your father have suppressed the facts if he'd found them? It's *you* who insult his memory by implying it! And if I'd brought them to him, would he have used his hold over me to get me to suppress them?"

"Certainly not. But can't you see it's his death that makes the difference? He's not here to defend his case."

Dredge laughed, but not unkindly. "My dear Archie, your father wasn't one of the kind who bother to defend their case. Men like him are the masters, not the servants, of their theories. They respect an idea only as long as it's of use to them; when it's usefulness ends they chuck it out. And that's what your father would have done."

Archie reddened. "Don't you assume a good deal in taking it for granted that he would have had to in this particular case?"

Dredge reflected. "Yes: I was going too far. Each of us can only answer for himself. But to my mind your father's theory is refuted."

"And you don't hesitate to be the man to do it?"

"Should I have been of any use if I had? And did your father ever ask anything of me but to be of as much use as I could?"

It was Archie's turn to reflect. "No. That was what he always wanted, of course."

"That's the way I've always felt. The first day he took me away from East Lethe I knew the debt I was piling up against him, and I never had any doubt as to how

I'd pay it, or how he'd want it paid. He didn't pick me out and train me for any object but to carry on the light. Do you suppose he'd have wanted me to snuff it out because it happened to light up a fact he didn't fancy? I'm using *his* oil to feed my torch with: yes, but it isn't really his torch or mine, or his oil or mine: they belong to each of us till we drop and hand them on."

Archie turned a sobered glance on him. "I see your point. But if the job had to be done I don't see that you need have done it from his chair."

"There's where we differ. If I did it at all I had to do it in the best way, and with all the authority his backing gave me. If I owe your father anything, I owe him that. It would have made him sick to see the job badly done. And don't you see that the way to honour him, and show what he's done for science, was to spare no advantage in my attack on him—that I'm proving the strength of his position by the desperation of my assault?" Dredge paused and squared his lounging shoulders. "After all," he added, "he's not down yet, and if I leave him standing I guess it'll be some time before anybody else cares to tackle him."

There was a silence between the two men; then Dredge continued in a lighter tone: "There's one thing, though, that we're both in danger of forgetting: and that is how little, in the long run, it all counts either way." He smiled a little at Archie's outraged gesture. "The most we can any of us do—even by such a magnificent effort as your father's—is to turn the great marching army a hair's breadth nearer what seems to us the right direction; if one of us drops out, here and there, the loss of headway's hardly perceptible. And that's what I'm coming to now."

He rose from his seat, and walked across to the hearth; then, cautiously resting his shoulder-blades against the mantel-shelf jammed with miscellaneous specimens, he bent his musing spectacles on Archie.

"Your father would have understood why I've done, what I'm doing; but that's no reason why the rest of you should. And I rather think it's the rest of you who've suffered most from me. He always knew what I was *there for*, and that must have been some comfort even when I was most in the way; but I was just an ordinary nuisance to you and your mother and

Mabel. You were all too kind to let me see it at the time, but I've seen it since, and it makes me feel that, after all, the settling of this matter lies with you. If it hurts you to have me go on with my examination of your father's theory, I'm ready to drop the lectures to-morrow, and trust to the Lanfear Laboratory to breed up a young chap

who'll knock us both out in time. You've only got to say the word."

There was a pause while Dredge turned and laid his extinguished pipe carefully between a jar of embryo sea-urchins and a colony of regenerating planarians.

Then Archie rose and held out his hand.

"No," he said simply; "go on."

THE ROMANCE OF HIS LIFE

By Mary Cholmondeley

Author of "Red Pottage"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNN



I HAVE always believed that the exact moment when the devil entered into Barrett was four forty-five P. M. on a certain June afternoon, when he and I were standing at Parker's door in the court at —'s. He says himself that he was as pure as snow till that instant, and that if the *entente cordiale* between himself and that very interesting and stimulating personality had not been established he is convinced he would either have died young of excessive virtue, or have become a missionary. I don't know about that. I only know the consequences of the *entente* aged me. But then Barrett says I was born middle aged like Maitland himself the hero of this romance, if so it can be called. Barrett calls it a romance. I call it—I don't know what to call it, but it covers me with shame whenever I think of it.

Barrett says shame is a very wholesome discipline, a great eye-opener and brain stretcher and one he has unfortunately never had the benefit of, so he feels it a duty to act so as to make the experience probable in the near future.

On this particular afternoon we had both just bicycled back together from lunching with Parker's aunt at Ely, and she had given me a great bunch of yellow roses for Parker and a melon, and we were to drop them at Parker's. And here we were at Parker's, and apparently he was out or

asleep, and not to be waked by Barrett's best cat call. And as we stood at his door, Barrett clutching the melon, I found the roses were not in my hand. Where on earth had I put them down? At Maitland's door, perhaps, where we had run up expecting to find him, or at Bradley's, where we had stopped a moment. Neither of us could remember.

I was just going back for them when whom should we see coming sailing across the court in cap and gown but old Maitland in his best attitude, chin up, book in hand, signet ring showing.

Parker's aunt used to chaff us for calling him old, and said we thought every one of forty-five was tottering on the brink of the tomb. And so they mostly are, I think, if they are Dons. I have heard other men who have gone down say that you leave them tottering, and you come back ten years later and there they are, still tottering.

Barrett said Maitland did everything as if his portrait was being taken doing it, and that his effect on others was never absent from his mind. I don't know about that, but certainly in his talk he was always trying to impress on us his own aspect of himself.

If it was a fine morning and he wished to be thought to be enjoying it, he would rub his hands and say there was not a happier creature on God's earth than himself. He pined to be thought unconventional, and after drawing our attention to some microscopic delinquency, he would regret that there had been no fairy godmother at hand

at his christening to endow him with a proper deference for social conventions. If he gave a small donation to any college scheme the success of which was not absolutely assured, he would shake his head and say: "I know very well that all you youngsters laugh in your sleeve at the way I lead forlorn hopes, but it is a matter of temperament. I can't help it."

The personal reminiscences with which his conversation was liberally strewn were ingeniously calculated to place him in a picturesque light. Parker's aunt says that stout men are more in need of a picturesque light than thin ones. Maitland certainly was stout and short, with a thick face and no neck, and a perfectly round head set on his shoulders like an ill-balanced orange, or William Tell's apple. We should never have noticed what he looked like if it had not been for his illusion that he was irresistible to the opposite sex: at least, he was always adroitly letting drop things which showed if you put two and two together—and he never made the sum very difficult—what ravages he inadvertently made in feminine bosoms, how careful he was, how careful he had learnt to be not to raise expectations. He was always pathetically anxious to impress on us that he had given a good deal of pain. But whether it was really an hallucination on his part that he was hopelessly adored by women, or whether the hallucination consisted in the belief that he had succeeded in convincing his little college world of his powers of fascination, I cannot tell you. I don't pretend to know everything like Barrett.

Parker's aunt told Parker in confidence who told Barrett and me in confidence that she had once, on his own suggestion, asked Maitland to tea, but had never repeated the invitation though he told her repeatedly that he frequently passed her door on the way to the cathedral, because he had hinted to mutual friends that a devoted friendship was, alas! all he felt able to give in that quarter, but was not what was desired by that charming lady.

And now here was Maitland advancing toward us with one of Parker's aunt's yellow roses in his button-hole.

We both instantly realized what had happened. I had left the roses at his door by mistake. How gratified she would be when she heard of it.

I giggled.

"Don't say a word about them," hissed Barrett, her fervent admirer, as Maitland came up to us.

"Won't you both come in to tea," he said genially. "Parker's out."

We left Parker's melon on his doorstep to chaperon itself and turned back with him. And sure enough, on his table was the bunch of roses.

"Glorious, aren't they?" said Maitland, waving his signet ring toward them.

I do believe he had asked us in because of them. He loved cheap effects.

We both looked at them in silence.

"The odd thing is that they were left here without a line or a card or anything while I was out."

"Then you don't know who sent them," said Barrett casting a warning glance at me.

"Well, yes and no. I don't actually know for certain but I think I can guess. I fancy I know my own faults as well as most men, and I flatter myself I am not a coxcomb, but still——"

I giggled again. I should be disappointed in Parker who was on very easy terms with his aunt if he did not score off her before she was much older.

"You are not, I hope, expecting me or even poor Jones (Jones is me) to be so credulous as to believe a man sent them," said Barrett severely. When Maitland was in what Barrett called his "conquering hero mood" he did not resent these impertinences, at least not from Barrett. "If you are, I must remind you that there are limits as to what even little things like us can swallow."

"Barrett, you are incorrigible. *Cherchez la femme*," said Maitland with evident gratification, counting spoonfuls of tea into the tea-pot. He often said he liked keeping in touch with the young life of the University. "One, two, three, and one for the pot. Just so! I don't set up to be a lady-killer, but——"

"Oh! oh!" from Barrett.

"I'm a confirmed old bachelor, a grumpy surly recluse wedded to my pipe, but for all that I have eyes in my head. I know a pretty woman from a plain one, I hope, even though I don't personally want to "domesticate the recording angel."*

"She'll land you yet unless you look

* I thought the recording angel funny at the time until Barrett told me afterward that it was cribbed from Rhoda Broughton.

out," said Barrett with decision. "I foresee that I shall be supporting your faltering footsteps to the altar in a month's time. She'll want a month to get her clothes. Is the day fixed yet?"

"What nonsense you talk. I never met such a sentimentalist as you, Barrett. I assure you I don't even know her name. But it has not been possible for me to help observing that a lady—a very exquisite young lady has done me the honor to attend all my lectures, and to listen with the most rapt attention to my poor words. And last time, only yesterday, I noted the fact, ahem! that she wore a rose, a yellow rose, presumably plucked from the same tree as these."

There were, I suppose, in our near vicinity, about a hundred and fifty yellow rose-trees in bloom at that moment. Barrett must have known that. Nevertheless, he nodded his head and said gravely:

"That proves it."

On looking over these pages he affirms that this and not earlier was the precise moment when the devil entered into him, supplying, as he says, a long felt though unrealized want.

"I seldom look at my audience when I am lecturing," continued Maitland. "I am too much engrossed with my subject. But I could not help noticing her absorbed attention, so different from that of most women. Why they come to lectures I don't know."

"I think I have seen the person you mean," said Barrett in a perfectly level voice. "I don't know who she is, but I saw her waiting under an archway after chapel last Sunday evening. I noticed her because of her extreme good looks. She was evidently watching for some one. When the congregation had all passed out she turned away."

"I should have liked to thank her," said Maitland regretfully. "It seems so churlish, so boorish not to say a word. You have no idea who she was?"

"None," said Barrett.

Shortly afterward we took our leave, but not until Maitland had been reminded by the lady's appearance of a certain charming woman of whom he had seen a good deal at one time in years gone by, who, womanlike, had been unable to understand the claims which the intellectual life make on a man, and who had, in consequence, believed him cold and quarrelled with him

to his great regret, because it was impossible for him to dance attendance on her as she expected, and as he would gladly have done had he been a man of leisure. Having warned us young tyros against the danger of frankness in all dealings with women, and how often it had got him into hot water with the sex, he bade us good evening.

As we came out we saw across the court that the melon had been taken in, so judged that Parker had returned. He had. We were so tickled by the way Maitland had accounted for the roses that we quite forgot to score off him about them, and actually told him what Maitland supposed.

Barrett then suggested that we should at once form a committee to deliberate on the situation. Parker and I did not quite see why a committee was necessary to laugh at old Maitland, but we agreed.

"Did you really see the woman he means, or were you only pulling Maitland's leg?" I asked.

"I saw her all right," retorted Barrett. "Don't you remember, Parker, how I nudged you when she passed."

Parker nodded.

"She was such a picture that I asked who she was, and found she was a high school mistress, the niece of old Cooper, the vet. She is just going to be married to a school-master, and go out to Canada with him. I don't mind owning I was rather smitten myself, or I should not have taken the trouble."

"She has left Cambridge," said Parker slowly. "When I got out of the train half an hour ago she was getting in. Cooper was seeing her off."

"Oh, don't—don't tell poor old Maitland," I broke in. "Let him go on holding out his chest and thinking she sent him the roses. It won't matter to her, if she is off to Canada, and never coming back any more. And it will do him such a lot of good."

"I don't mean to tell him—immediately," said Barrett ominously. "I think with you he ought to have his romance. Now I know she is safely gone forever, though I don't mind owning it gives me a twinge to think she is throwing herself away on a school-master: but as she really can't come back and raise a dust, gentlemen, I lay a proposal before the committee, that the lady who sent the roses should follow them up with a little note."

The committee agreed unanimously and we decided, at least Barrett decided, that he should compose the letter, and Parker, who was rather good at a feigned handwriting, should copy it out.

Parker and I wanted Barrett to make the letter rather warm, and saying something complimentary about Maitland's appearance, but Barrett would not hear of it. I did not see where the fun came in if it was just an ordinary note but Barrett was adamant. He said he had an eye on the future.

He put his head in his hands, and thought a lot and then scribbled no end, and then tore it up, and finally produced the stupidest little commonplace letter you ever saw with simply nothing in it, saying how much she had profited by his lectures and rot of that kind. I was dreadfully disappointed, for I had always thought Barrett as clever as he could stick. He said it was an awful grind for him to be commonplace even for a moment, and that by rights I ought to have composed the letter, but that it was no more use expecting anything subtle from me than a Limerick from an archbishop.

He proceeded to read it aloud.

"But how is he to know it is the person who sent him the roses?" said Parker, "and how is he to answer if she does not give him an address? Hang it all. He ought to be able to answer. Give the poor devil a chance."

"He shall be given every chance," said Barrett. "But don't you two prize idiots see that we can't give a real name and address because he would certainly go there?"

"Not a bit of it. He's as lazy as a pig. He never goes anywhere. He says he hasn't time. He's been seccotined into his arm-chair for the last ten years."

"I tell you he would go on all fours from here to Ely if he thought there was the chance of a woman looking at him when he got there."

"Then how is he to answer?" said Parker, who always had to have everything explained to him.

"I am just coming to that. I don't say anything in the note about the roses, you observe. I am far too maidenly. But I just add one tiny postscript: *"If you do not regard this little note as an unwarrantable intrusion, please wear one of my roses on Sunday morning at chapel, even if it is*

faded, as a sign that you have forgiven my presumption in writing these few lines."

"That's not bad," said Parker suddenly.

"Now," said Barrett, tossing the sheet over to him, "you copy that out in a fist that you can stick to, because it will be the first of a long correspondence."

"We've not settled her name yet," I suggested.

"Maud," said Barrett with decision. "What else could it be?"

The letter was written on an unstamped sheet of paper, was carefully directed—not quite correctly. Barrett insisted on that, and posted it himself.

The following Sunday we were all in our places early, and sure enough, Maitland, who came in more like a conquering hero than ever, was wearing a faded yellow rose in his button-hole. He touched it in an absent manner once or twice during the service, and sat with his profile sedulously turned toward the congregation. He was not quite so bad profile because it did not show the bulging of his cheeks. As he came out he looked about him furtively, almost shyly. He evidently feared she was not there. Barrett and I joined him, and engaged him in conversation (though we had some difficulty in dragging him from the chapel) in the course of which he mentioned that he had intended to go to his sister at Newmarket for Sunday, but a press of work had obliged him to give up his visit at the last moment.

Poor Maitland! When he left us that morning, and Barrett and I looked at each other, I felt a qualm of pity for him. I knew how ruthless Barrett was, and that he was doomed.

But if I realized Barrett's ruthlessness, I had not realized his cunning. His next move was masterly though I did not think so at the time. He was as cautious and calculating as if his life depended on it. He got some note paper with a little silver M. on a blue lozenge on it and wrote another note. He was going to Farnham for a few days to stay with his eldest brother who was quartered there. And in this note Maud—Maitland's Maud as we now called her—diffidently ventured to ask for elucidation on one or two points of the lectures which had proved too abstruse for her feminine intellect. She showed considerable intelligence for a woman, and real

knowledge of the lectures—I did that part—and suggested that as her letters, if addressed to her, were apt to go to her maiden aunt of the same name with whom she was staying, and who was a very old-fashioned person, totally opposed to the higher education of women—that if he was so good as to find time to answer her questions it would be best to direct to her at the Post Office, Farnham, under her initials M. M., where she could easily send for them.

I betted a pound to a penny that Maitland would not rise to this bait, and Barrett took it. I told him you could see the hook through the worm. Parker was uneasy, even when Barrett had explained to him that it was impossible for us to get into trouble in the matter.

"You always say that," said Parker, with harrowing experiences in the background of his mind.

"Well, I say it again. I know your powers of obtruding yourself on the notice of the authorities, but how do even you propose to wedge yourself into a scrape on this occasion? With all your gifts in that line you simply can't do it."

Parker ruminated.

"Ought we to——"

"Ought we to what?"

"To pull his leg to such an extent? Isn't it taking rather a—rather a—er responsibility?"

"Responsibility sits as lightly on me as dew upon the rose," said Barrett. "You copy out that."

Parker copied it out and Barrett went off to Farnham. A few days later he reappeared. I was smoking in Parker's room when he came in.

He sat down under the lamp, drew a fat letter from his waistcoat pocket, and read it aloud to us. It was Maitland's answer.

It really was a ghastly letter, the kind of literary preachy rot which you read in a book, which I never thought people really wrote, not even people like Maitland who seem to live in a world of shams. It was improving and patronizing and treacly, and full of information, partly about the lectures, but mostly about himself. He came out in a very majestic light you may be sure of that. And at the end he begged her not to hesitate to write to him again if he could be of the least use to her, that busy as he undoubtedly was, his college work

never seemed in his eyes as important as real human needs.

"He's cribbed that out of a book," interrupted Parker. "Newby the tutor in 'Belchamber,' who is a most awful prig, says those very words."

"Prigs all say the same things," said Barrett airily. "If Maitland read 'Belchamber,' he would think Newby was a caricature of him. He'd *never* believe that he was plagiarizing Newby. The cream of the letter is still to come," and he went on reading.

Maitland patted the higher education of women on the head, and half hinted at a meeting, and then withdrew it again, saying that some of the difficulties in her mind, which he recognized to be one of a high order, might be more easily eliminated verbally, and that he should be at Farnham during the vacation, but that he feared his stay would be brief, and his time was hopelessly bespoken beforehand, etc., etc.

"He might be an Adonis," said Parker.

"He'll be coy and virginal next."

"He'll be a lot of things before long," said Barrett grimly. "Get out your inkpot, Parker. I'm going to have another shy at him."

"You're *not* going to suggest a meeting! For goodness' sake, Barrett, be careful. You will be saying Jones must dress up as a woman next."

"Well, if he does, I won't," I said. "I simply won't."

I had taken a good many parts in University plays.

"The sight of Jones as a female would make any man's gorge rise," said Barrett contemptuously. "I know I had to shut my eyes when I made love to him at the footlights last year. I never knew two such victims of hysteria as you and Jones. Suggest a meeting! Maud suggest a meeting! What do you know of women. I tell you two moral lepers unfit to tie the shoestring of a pure woman like Maud that it takes a Galahad like me to deal with a situation of this kind. What you've got to remember is that I'm not trying to entangle him."

Cries of "Oh! Oh!" from the committee.

"I mean Maud isn't. I am, but that's another thing. You two wretched, whited sepulchres haven't got hold of the true inwardness of Maud's character. Your gross, assignating minds don't apprehend her. Maud is just one of those golden-haired,



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Maitland.

white-handed angels who go through life girding up a man's ideals; who exist only in the imagination of elderly men like Maitland, who has never seen a woman in his life, and who does not know that unless they are imbeciles they draw the line at drivel like that letter. Bless her! *She's* not going to suggest a meeting. He'll do that and enjoy doing it. Can't you see Maitland in his new rôle of ruthless pursuer—the relentless male? No more easy conquests for him, sitting in his college chair mowing them all down like a Maxim as far as—Ely. He's got to *work* this time. I tell you two miserable poltroons that this is going to make a man of Maitland. He's been an old woman long enough."

"All I can say is," said Parker, ignoring the allusion to Ely, "that if the Almighty hasn't a sense of humor you will find yourself in a tight place some day, Barrett."

My pen fails me to record the diabolical manner in which Barrett played with his victim. It would have been like a cat and mouse if you can imagine the mouse throwing his chest out and fancying himself all the time. He inveigled Maitland into going to Farnham, and accounted somehow for Maud's non-appearance at the interview coyly deprecated by Maud, and consequently hotly demanded by Maitland. He actually made him shave off his moustache. Parker and I lost heavily on that. We each bet a fiver that Barrett would never get it off. It was a beastly moustache which would have made any decent woman ill to look at. It did not turn up at the ends like Barrett's elder brother's, but grew over his mouth like hart's-tongue hanging over a well. You could see his teeth through it. Horrible it was. But you can't help how your hair grows, so I'm not blaming Maitland, and it was better gone. But we never thought Barrett would have done it. I must own my opinion of him rose.

And he kept it up all through the long vacation with a pertinacity I should never have given him credit for. He took an artistic pride in it, and the letters were first-rate. I did not think so at first, I thought them rather washy until I saw how they took. Barrett said what Maitland needed was a milk and water diet. He seemed to know exactly the kind of letter that would fetch a timid old bachelor. But it was not all

"beer and skittles" for Barrett. He sorely wanted to make Maud stand up to him once or twice, and put her foot through his mild platitudes. He wrote one or two capital letters in a kind of rage but he always groaned and tore them up afterward.

"If Maud has any character whatever," he sometimes said, "if she shows the least sign of seeing him except as he shows himself to her, if she has any interest in life beyond his lectures, he will feel she is not suited to him, and he will give his bridle-reins—I mean his waterproof spats—a shake, and adieu forevermore."

Barrett soon got Maitland into deep water, long past the bathing machine of adieu forevermore, as he called it. When he was too cock-o-hoop, we reminded him that, after all, he was only one of a committee, and that he had been immensely helped by the young woman herself. She really looked such a saint, and as innocent as a pigeon's egg.

But Barrett stuck to it that her appearance ought, on the contrary, to have warned Maitland off, and that he was an infernal ass to think such an exquisite creature as that would give a second thought to a stout old bachelor of forty-five, looking exactly like a cod that had lain too long on the slab. I could not see that Maitland was so very like a cod, but there was a vindictiveness about Barrett's description of him that I really think must have been caused by his romantic admiration of Parker's aunt, and his disgust at the slight that he felt had been put upon her. She married again the following year Barrett's elder brother's Colonel.

He hustled Maitland about till he got almost thin. He snap-shotted him waiting for his Maud at Charing Cross Station. And he did not make her write half as often as you would think. But he somehow egged Maitland on until, by the middle of the vacation, he got into such a state that Barrett had to send Maud into a rest cure for her health, so as to get a little rest himself.

When we met at Cambridge in October he had collected such a lot of material, such priceless letters, and several good photographs of Maitland's back that he said he thought we were almost in a position to discover to him exactly how he stood.

He threw down his last letters, and as Parker and I read them, any lurking pity

we felt for him at having fallen into Barrett's clutches, evaporated.

They showed Maitland at his worst. It was obvious that he was tepidly in love with Maud, or rather that he was anxious she should be in love with him. He said voluntarily all the things that torture ought not to have been able to wring out of him. He told her the story of the woman who had quarrelled with him because he did not dance attendance on her, and several other incidents which meant if they meant anything, that there was something in his personality hidden from his own searching self-examination which was deadly to the peace of mind of the opposite sex. He was very humble about it. He did not understand it, but there it was. He said that he had from boyhood lived an austere, intellectual life, which he humbly hoped had not been without effect on the tone of the college, that he had never met so far any one whom he could love——

"That's colossal," said Parker suddenly, striking the letter. "'Never met any one he could love.' He'll never better that."

But Maitland went one better. He said he still hoped that some day, etc., etc.: that he now saw with great self-condemnation that if his life had been altruistic in some ways, it had been egotistic in others, as in preferring his own independence to the mutual services of love; that he must confess to his shame that he had received more than his share of love, and that he had not given out enough.

"He's determined she shall know how irresistible he is," said Barrett. "I had no idea these early Victorian methods of self-advertisement were still in vogue even among the most elderly Dons."

"Hang it all!" blurted out Parker, reddening. "The matter has gone beyond a joke. We haven't any right to see his mind without its clothes on. You always say the nude is beautiful. But really—Maitland undraped—viewed through a key-hole, sets my teeth on edge."

"Undraped! you prude," said Barrett. "What are you talking about? Maitland is clothed up to his eyes in his own illusions. He's padded out all round with them back and front to such an extent that you can't see the least vestige of the human form divine. Personally, I don't think he has one. I don't believe he is a man at all, but

just a globular mass of conceit and unpublished matter swathed in a college gown. The thing that touches me is the way he postures before her. Malvolio and his garters isn't in it with Maitland. Good Lord! Supposing she was a real live woman! What a mercy for him that it's only us, that it's all strictly *en famille*. I always have said that it's better to keep women out of love affairs."

"How did you answer this?" said Parker, pushing the last letter from him in disgust.

"I let him see at last—a little."

"That it was all a joke?"

"No. That I—that Maud, I mean—cared. She did not say much. She never does. She mostly sticks to flowers and sunsets, but she gave a little hint of it, and threw in at the same time that she was very much out of health and going abroad."

"That'll put him off. He'll back out. He would hate to have a delicate wife. He might have to look after her, instead of her waiting hand and foot on him."

"We shall see," said Barrett. "Her last letter was posted at Dover."

"Well mind! It's got to be the last," said Parker decisively. "I had not realized you had been playing the devil to such an extent as this. I had a sort of idea that you were only one of a committee. And what a frightful lot of trouble you must have taken. I suppose Maud was always moving about so that he could never nail her."

"Always, just where I was going, too, by a curious coincidence. And her old aunt is a regular tartar; I don't suppose there ever was such a typical female guardian outside a penny novelette. But she is turning out a trump now about taking Maud abroad, I will say that for her. They remain at Dover a week. There will be time for him to answer. I've arranged for it. I knew you two would wish me to feel myself quite untrammelled, and indeed, I wished it myself. Then we'll hand him the whole series, and see how he takes it; and tell him we've shown it to a few of his most intimate friends first and your aunt, Parker—she'll nearly die of it—and that they are all of opinion that it's the best thing he has done since his paper on Bacchylides."

Neither of us answered. In spite of myself I was sorry for Maitland.

A few days later Barrett came to my



rooms. We knocked on the floor for Parker, and he came up.

Then he put down a letter on the table and we read it in silence.

It was just what we expected, an enigmatic, self-protecting effusion. Maitland was hedging. He had evidently been put off by Maud's illness, and talked a great deal about friendship being the crown of life, and how she must think of nothing but the care of her health, etc., etc.: and he on his side, must not be selfish and trouble her with too many letters, etc.

"Brute," said Parker.

"There's another," said Barrett.

"You don't mean to say you wrote again. There's not been time."

"No. *He* wrote again. He doesn't seem to have been perfectly satisfied with the chivalry of the letter you've just read. He's always great on chivalry, you know. And it certainly would be hard to make that last letter dovetail in with his previous utterances on a man's instinct to guard and protect the opposite sex."

Barrett threw down a bulky letter and—may God forgive us—Parker and I read it together under the lamp.

"I can't go on," said Parker after a few minutes.

"You must," said Barrett savagely.

We read it through from the first word to the last, and as we read Parker's face became as grave as Barrett's.

It is an awful thing when a poseur ceases to pose, when an egoist becomes a human being. But this is what had befallen Mait-

land. The thing had happened which one would have thought could not possibly happen. He had fallen in love.

I can't put in the whole of his letter here. Indeed, I don't remember it very clearly. But I shall not forget the gist of it while I live.

After he had despatched his other letter he told her the scales of egotism had suddenly dropped from his eyes, and he had realized that he loved for the first time, and that he could not face life without her, and that the thought that he might lose her, had possibly already lost her by his own fault, was unendurable to him. For in the new light in which now all was bathed he realized the meanness of his previous letter, of his whole intercourse with her: that he had never for a moment been truthful with her: that he had attitudinized before her in order to impress her: that he had always taken the ground that he was difficult to please, and that many women had paid court to him, but that it was all chimerical. No woman had ever cared for him except his mother, and a little nursery governess when he was a lad. During the last twenty years he had made faint, half-hearted attempts to ingratiate himself with attractive women: and when the attempts failed, as they always had failed, he had had the meanness to revenge himself by implying that his withdrawal had been caused by their wish to give him more than the friendship he craved. He had said over and over again that he valued his independence too much to marry, but it was not true. He did not value it a bit. He had been pining



to get married for years and years. He saw now that to say that kind of thing was only to say in other words that he had never lived. He had not. He had only talked about living. He abased himself before her with a kind of passion. He told her that he did not see how any woman, and she least of all, could bring herself to care for a man of his age and appearance, even if he had been simple and humble and sincere, much less one who had taken trouble to show himself so ignoble, so petty, so self-engrossed, so arrogant. But the fact remained that he loved her; she had unconsciously taught him to abhor himself and he only loved her the more, he worshipped her, well or ill, kind or unkind, whether she could return it or not.

We stared at each other in a ghastly silence. I expected some ribald remark from Barrett, but he made none.

"What's to be done?" said Parker at last.

"There's one thing that can't be done," said Barrett, and I was astonished to see him so changed, "and that is to show the thing up. It's not to be thought of."

We both nodded.

"I said it would make a man of him, but I never in my wildest moments thought it really would," continued Barrett. "It's my fault. You two fellows said I should go too far."

We assured him that we were all three equally guilty.

"The point is, what's to be done?" repeated Parker.

"I've thought it over," said Barrett, put-

ting the letter carefully in his pocket, "and I've come to the conclusion it *must* go on. I have not the heart to undeceive him. And I don't suppose you two will want to be more down on him than I am."

"If it goes on he'll find out," I groaned.

"He mustn't be allowed to find out," said Barrett. "He simply mustn't. I've got to insure that. I dragged the poor devil in, and I've got to get him out."

"How will you do it?"

"Kill her. There's nothing for it but that. Fortunately she was ill in the vacation. He's uneasy about her health now. I put her in a rest cure, if you remember, when he became too pertinacious, and I was yachting."

"He'll feel her death," said Parker. "It's hard luck on him."

"Suggest something better then," snapped Barrett.

But though we thought over the matter until late into the night we could think of nothing better. Barrett, who seemed to have mislaid all his impudent self-confidence, departed at last saying he would see to it.

"Who would have thought it," said Parker to me as I followed him to lock him out. "And so Maitland is a live man, after all." We stood and looked across the court to Maitland's windows who was still burning the midnight oil.

"You don't think he'll ever get wind of this," I said.

"You may trust Barrett," he replied. "Good night."

Barrett proved trustworthy. He and

Parker laid their heads together, and it was finally decided that Maud's aunt should write Maitland a letter from Paris describing her sudden death and how she had enjoined on her aunt to break it to Maitland,

Maitland's moustache. I think he was glad as it was blood money in a way (if you can call a moustache blood) that it should go back to Maitland.

The old aunt's letter was a masterpiece.



"Maud."

and to send him the little ring she always wore. After much cogitation they decided that Maud should send him a death-bed message in which she was to own that she loved him. Barrett thought it would comfort him immensely if she had loved him at first sight, so he put it in. And though he was frightfully short of money, he went up to London and got a very nice little ring with a forget-me-not in turquoises on it, for the same amount he had won off us about

At any other time Barrett's artistic sense would have revelled in it, but he was out of spirits, and only carried the matter through by a kind of doggedness. The letter was prim and stilted but humane, and the writer was obviously a little hurt by the late discovery that her dear niece had concealed anything from her. She returned all the letters which she said her niece had evidently treasured, and said that she was returning heart-broken to her house in Pimlico the

same day, and would, of course, see him if he wished it, but she supposed that one so busy as Maitland would hardly be able to spare the time. The letter was obviously written under the supposition that the address in Pimlico was familiar to him. It was signed in full. *Yours faithfully, Maud Markham.*

Barrett got a friend whom he could rely on to post the packet on his way through Paris.

I don't know how Maitland took the news. I don't know what he can have thought of his grisly letters when he saw them again. But I do know that he knocked up and had to go away.

There is one thing I admire about Barrett. He did not pretend he did not feel Maitland's illness, though I believe it was only gout. He did not pretend he was not ashamed of himself. He never would allow that we were equally guilty. And when Maitland came back rather thinner and graver, we all noticed that he treated him with respect. And he never jeered at him again. Maitland regained his old self-complacency in time and was dreadfully mysterious and Maitlandish about the whole affair. I have seen Barrett wince when he made vague allusions to the responsibility of being the object of a great

passion, and the discipline of suffering. But he *had* suffered in a way. He really had. And when the Bursar's wife died Maitland was genuinely kind. He shot off lots of platitudes, of course; but on previous occasions when he had said he had been stirred to the depths he only meant to the depth of a comfortable arm-chair. Now it was platitudes and actions mixed. He actually heaved himself out of his arm chair and exerted himself on behalf of the poor, dreary little bounder, took him walks, and sat with him in an evening—his sacred evenings. To think of Maitland putting himself out for any one! It seemed a miracle.

After a time it was obvious that the incident had added a new dignity and happiness to his life. He settled down so to speak, into being an old bachelor, and grew a beard, and did not worry about women any more. He felt he had had his romance.

I don't know how it was, but we all three felt a kind of lurking respect for him after what had happened. You would have thought that what we knew must have killed such a feeling, especially as it wasn't there before. But it didn't. On the contrary. And Maitland felt the change, and simply froze on to us three. He liked us all, but Barrett best.

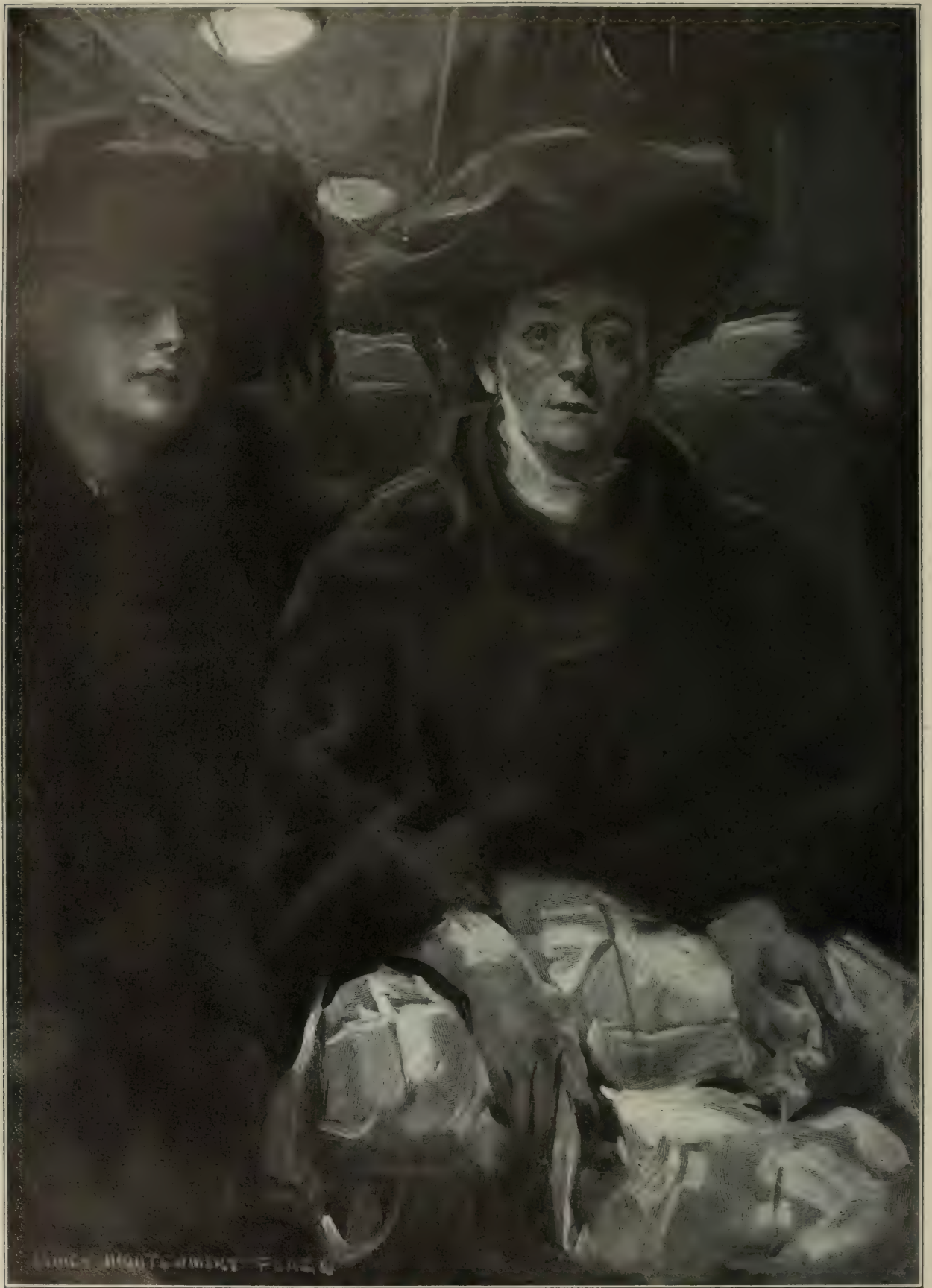
"MEN AS TREES WALKING"

By John Finley

IF I may not have my sight
Give me, then, a little light,
Such as comes at early dawn,
Or as waits when day has gone—

Just enough that men may seem
As the trees, of which I dream,
On the mountains, far away
From these streets where I must stay;

So amid the multitudes
I shall walk in verdant woods;
If I may not have my sight
Grant me, Lord, a little light.



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

'Tis sure as the light of day.—Page 190.

THE MESSENGER

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"**F**ORTY-SECOND STREET! Grand Central Station!"

Edith MacDonald, startled from her heavy thoughts, sprang to her feet, and stood bewildered, then hurried from the subway train, in the wake of the pushing crowd. Her long crape-bound cloak tripped and hampered her; the crape veil smothered on her mouth and eddied dizzily before her eyes. The guard put out a brusque, kindly hand and steadied her to the platform. Edith did not notice him. She stood stupidly under the blazing lights, her small cold hands fumbling with her cloak. Then, suddenly remembering, she turned and fled awkwardly up the long iron stairs. She ran with clumsy, uneven steps, like a blind woman. Her slender body wavered: every movement was graceless and unpoised. She was a straight, exquisite young thing, lissom as a dryad; but since she had put on this shrouding black, it was as if she had put on weakness and awkwardness with its dragging folds.

She reached the top stair, breathless and trembling. She sped on in her frantic haste, bought her ticket, then dashed for the north-bound train. "*Hurry, hurry, hurry!*" She heard her numbed lips muttering it over and over, a dreary, senseless chant. "*Hurry, hurry, hurry!*" As if it could matter now whether she lagged or hastened, whether she crept or ran!

She had always hurried so, for Tom. All that one golden year, they had gone racing, hand in hand, two rapturous children. But she need not hurry to reach Tom, now. Tom would not go without her. Tom—would wait!

The car was crowded and hot; yet Edith drew her wrappings close around her, for she shivered with mortal cold. She stared through the broad window. Gray, ice-locked river; gray, leafless woods; an ash-gray sky. It was always like this. For there was no color left in the world, nowadays. No rose in the east, no gold in the west; no light at all upon the weary land. . . .

One or two people were glancing at her, curiously. A sick fear assailed her. She shrank back, cowering into her deep sheathing furs. By this time, her household would have missed her, surely. And they would be distressed and anxious. They were so devoted, so tender, so maddening—her poor family! Through all these months, they had never once left her alone, not even for an hour. She had never been outside her house, save in her own brougham, with either her mother or the steadfast family nurse at her side. How desperately they had all toiled to soothe her, to divert her! She chuckled helplessly at the thought of their adoring, witless efforts to console. The pitiful comicality of it! That they should dare to try to comfort her! That they could dream they could divert her mind from thinking of him, of Tom!

She wrenched herself erect. The laughter in her eyes yielded to a dull, miserable stare. The old pitiless Question, the unrelenting challenge which from the first hour had hounded her and tortured her, spoke now in her deepest thought. Her mouth repeated it; her very heart beat it out, in quivering, anguished pulses.

"No. This isn't the end. It can't be. Somewhere, he is alive. He's waiting for me. I must believe that. I must, I must! But—if only he had believed, too! If he had once told me that he had faith in the farther Life—that he *was sure!* If he had only given me that trust, to cling to . . . If he'd just said one word. . . . I can't hold up any longer, unless I know. I'll drown."

The train jarred to a stop. She crept to the ground, then stood looking blankly at the little station, set deep in its frame of winter woods. One or two carriages stood near the platform. She turned from them and started away, up the icy road. She knew the way well.

And as she stumbled on, over the frozen ground, her lips moved still, whispering, over and over, her piteous litany.

"If only he had told me! If only we'd

talked it over, just once! I could hold fast, I know I could—if just I knew that he had believed!”

They had been married barely twelve months, Tom and she. In their tumultuous happiness, they had never given thought to any other life, save to this overflowing, enchanting rapture of to-day. They knew no misgivings, they felt no doubts. To them, there was no terror of cloudless noon. All their royal fortunes, their splendid joys, were theirs by divine right, the inexhaustible heritage of their kingdom of youth. And now that Tom was gone, struck away from her in one breath by horrible accident, Edith stood like one alone on a deserted world.

She faced her sorrow with a noble patience. She came of a brave race. But that implacable Question of bereavement rang through her brain by night, burnt on her searching eyes by day. If he had only once spoken! If he had only once assured her of his hope, his faith, then she could hold fast, even through this black tempest. Her own faith, a prettily childish, outgrown tinsel creed, gave her no help. Piteously she realized that, of herself alone, she could not believe. She could cling to that hope, only with Tom's grasp to help her hold.

An hour later, she stumbled back, down the lonely road to the station. Her beautiful face was colorless and impassive, drained of all expression. But her eyes baffled. They held rage, as well as agony. It had all been as she had known, inexorably, that it would be. The sight of that long mound, wrapped in frost-burnt grass, had only mocked at her. Its taunting silence infuriated. It gave not one word, not one clue. Insolently it drove her back, beaten and cowed, to her own sick round of thought. Smarting, furious, unutterably bereft, she blundered back, aboard the train.

Again the car was crowded. She shared a seat with another woman, a tired, shabby creature, loaded with bundles. Edith did not look her way. Side by side, the two made one of the unending contrasts of every day; Edith, swathed in her sumptuous furs and crape, her vivid young beauty hardly dimmed by its shadow; the other, a gaunt Irishwoman of middle years, dressed in forlorn, skimpy black, her thin face worn and marred by work and child-bearing. She was a commonplace figure enough. But

her lips were kind. And once or twice she glanced at Edith, and a vague light lifted in her faded eyes.

Halfway into town, the train was stopped by a trifling breakdown. There would be an hour's delay, the conductor explained, impatiently. The two women hardly noticed. They sat, indifferent, in the midst of the fretting crowd. It grew twilight; Edith shivered in the gathering chill. Her cloak had dropped from her shoulders, but she made no move to draw it back.

Presently the elder woman turned to her. She hesitated; then she drew the cloak up round the slender shoulders, and fastened it with gentle, awkward hands. Edith looked up. Their eyes met, with a slow understanding gaze.

“I know,” said the elder woman, under her breath. Her knotted hand lay tenderly on Edith's black sleeve. “You lamb! I know. It's meself that's lost all, all. First, 'twas me old mother, the sweetest soul alive. An' then me children, me own wee ones. An' then”—she halted, with a hard breath—“an' then—Himself. An' 'twas then I thought all the world was gone from me. For, oh, he'd been the good man to me!” Her wan mouth quivered. “But now, I've learned. An' I can't grieve him, like I did those first days. For”—her gaunt face took on a strange radiance, mysterious, ineffable—“*for he's the good man to me, yet*. Now, even though we two are apart. Now, and always. Though I'd niver have knowed it, mayhap, if 'twasn't the doctor had told me.”

Edith heard her, in listless silence.

“The doctor it was, who brought me the word from him,” she went on, softly, after a while. “May blessings be on him an' on his, forever, for the blessing that he gave! An' yet 'tis little need he has of prayers from the likes o' me. For now he's gone Beyant, too, they tell me. Though I can't believe it, at all. For he was that alive, every inch of him! Ah, the tall, fine, merry lad he was, with his straight back, an' his grand red head, and the laugh in the black kind eyes of him! He was grand folks, too, for his people was all rich, an' fine, and he'd married him a rich girl, too, an' a beauty, they say. But none of those things made no differ in him. He was always the same. Just as friendly an' easy as if he'd been one of ourselves. An' sure, he was one of us. For we wint to him with

everything. Priest, an' father, an' doctor, he was, all to once. An' now he's gone. . . . Wid his black laughin' eyes, an' his square chin, an' the good red head of him!"

"What doctor are you talking about? What was his name?"

Edith MacDonald roused and turned on her suddenly. Her hands clenched, cold. She stared at the other woman through a flickering mist.

"Why, young Doctor MacDonald, sure. Doctor Thomas MacDonald. An' he lived on Gramercy Park, in that big splendid stone house, with the marble porches, an' wistary vines all over it——"

Edith's lips set in an ashen line.

"I knew him, too," she said, at length. Her voice rang in her ears, faint and far away.

"Well, did ye, now!" The woman looked back at her, with kind, uncomprehending eyes. "Ah, an' wasn't he the dear lad, then! Sure, do ye remember that red head of his, ma'am, 'Carrot-top,' he'd call it? An' the lean, long jaw, an' the man's sober, kind eyes of him, wid the boy's laugh a-shinin' through?"

Did she remember?

"An' the strong hand he had, an' the wise brain to rule it. How'd we come to know him? Why, 'twas from long years back; from the times when he was a-hangin' to the tail-board of the ambylance, a young snip, just servin' his time at Bellevue. He was on our beat, down through Greenwich Village, 'tis. That summer, they was workin' on the tunnel; maybe twenty times a day, the ambylance would go dingin' through, to fetch some poor felly who'd been knocked out wid the heat. Well, one day my wee Katy was crossin' the street, an' down come the wagon, ding-dong. Whether the horse struck her, or whether she just tumbled down careless, I never rightly knowed. But down she went, straight under the horse's feet. I wasn't twenty foot off; I give one spring, an' snatched her up in me arms before she'd more nor hit the pavement, she screechin' fire an' murder, an' every other kid on the block yellin' fit to kill. Not one scratch there was on her darlin' bones, thanks be. But Doctor MacDonald, he lep' off the tail-board, an' come tearin' back, whiter than his white coat.

"Easy, sir," I says. For he breathed like he'd run a mile, an' the very soul was scared out of his eyes. 'Tis not hurted she

is, no more nor the scare. Whist, Katy, don't be so wild."

"Thank the Lord!" says he, moppin' his forehead. An' the grin began to come back in his eyes. 'I've seen two miracles this day: an Irish mother with the rare blessing of common-sense; and an injy-rubber child. Come along, Smith.' An' he hops on the step, an' he's off, with a wave of that red head.

"It's maybe fifty times he's passed us by that summer, on a hurry call. But he's never forgot to wave to us, as gay as you please.

"Ah! That was the black year for us, intirely. First, me brother Larry was brought home, near killed in that box factory fire. By God's mercy, 'twas Doctor MacDonald that we thought to send for. An' he came, flyin'. An' he worked over Larry, hour after hour, an' he brought the boy through alive. No other man livin' could ha' done it. 'Twas like he carrid him back in his arms, from the very gates of death.

"An' the same it was, a month after, when the dipathery came. He couldn't save me little Paitrick, nor me poor sister's baby, Eileen. But he saved my Katy for us, that we had the one child left, to feed our starved hearts on. 'Twas niver his medicines that done the work. 'Twas the power of the man, himself. He'd come any time we wanted him, night or day. He'd do for my little Katy like she was a prince's child. I mind one night we sent for him, at midnight it was. 'Twas not a month after he was marrid. He'd gone to a great ball, an' he came splittin' down in his motor, all in his fine evenin' clothes, for there was no time to lose. Katy, she'd been like she was sinkin'. But she waked up for his voice. An' she smiled, an' put up her little hot hands, to stroke his grand shiny shirt-front. 'Pretty, pretty,' she says, in her little choked voice. He turned an' grinned up at me, he nodded that red head. The laugh was dancin' in the black eyes of him, but his jaw set like a rock. 'Sure, if she's that set on pretty clothes, she'll come round, all right,' says he. An' come round she did. But not even he could save our little Paitrick. An' the next year, when Himself was took away——"

Her low voice faltered to silence. Edith glanced up again. Through the dark car window, she caught the reflection of their faces, side by side. Curiously she realized that they two, she and this worn, middle-

aged woman, looked alike. They might have been an elder and a younger sister. Sisters in sorrow, they were. The same anguish had scarred both the lovely young face and the weary older one. Both stared out upon their world with the hungry asking eyes of bereavement, searching eternally, un comforted.

"Ah, then, not even Doctor MacDonald could help. He was like he's tied, hand and foot. An' it cut him to the heart. He stayed by me an' fought the night through, he an' the big surgeon he'd brought, an' the nurses. But 'twas no use at all. . . .

"Afterwards . . . I don't well remember. I went fumblin' around at me work, clumsy-like; I couldn't half sense things. I was like one struck blind an' dumb. An' I couldn't breathe right. 'Twas like somethin' smothered me. 'Twasn't that I grieved Himself so. No, for I hadn't the sense to know what had hit me, I just knowed the life was gone out of me, that was all. An' all those months, I kept clutchin' out in the dark, for to find Himself. I *had* to get hold of him, somehow. I kept his hat hangin' on its peg, an' his pipe laid on the mantel, where me eyes could see them, every minute, as I wint round at me work. I'd go to bed nights wid his old coat, wid the good pipe smell in it, rolled under my head, hopin' maybe I could dream. . . . But not one thought nor easing would come of it, all. Never one glimpse of Himself. Never one touch of his big kind hand, to comfort me. An' after a while, I knew I couldn't stand it no longer. I'd struggled me best. Now the time had come, I must have help. Or else sink.

"'Twas strange, too. For the year gone, I'd buried me old mother, an' it seemed then like a piece of me was buried with her. An' then I'd lost me boy, me baby; an' that was crueller still. But when I lost Himself, my own man, who'd always been that good to me, who'd been that big an' kind an' strong that I could always hold fast to him, no matter what came to me—then seemed like I'd just let go. 'Tis the same always, I suppose. Mary, pity us! We women are all like that."

Edith nodded, vaguely. Again she looked deep into the other's face, and found, as in a tragic mirror, her own face shadowed there.

"Along March, there come a gray cold day, when I couldn't bear it no longer. I'd

been to the priest, yes. But even Father Kelley himself couldn't help me. For, sure, hadn't he knowed Himself? Didn't he know well, just what I'd lost? An' for all he longed to comfort me, the best he could do was, to set there wid his hands twisted, hard, an' tell me the rewards of Heaven. What did I want wid the rewards of Heaven? I wanted Himself. I wanted the grip of his great rough hand, an' the noise of his laugh, an' the stomp of his foot when he'd come up the stairs. Somewhere, Himself was alive. I was hangin' to that, like a drown-in' thing. But—oh, my God! The hour'd come when *I had to know!*

"Maybe you'll think strange of me, ma'am. But I was that wild, I'd have clutched at anything. As I came blundher-in' down the street, I passed Madame Clytemnestra's, the medium's. An' for all I knew 'twas foolishness, an' worse, I couldn't hold me feet from carryin' me in.

"I tried to tell Madame Clytemnestra. But the words, they stuck in me throat. An' she sat there, in her red-an'-gilt clothes, lookin' at me; an' for all they say she's such a divil of a talker, she hadn't no word to say. But she gave me a little purple bag, an' said maybe it would help. 'Maybe,' says she, thinkin' like. An' she went wid me down the steps, for they was sleeted, an' she wouldn't take no money.

"I crawled home, somehow. I remember how the figures on the oilcloth danced an' swam as I climbed the stairs. 'Twas like I was climbin' them for the last time.

"I sat there by the windy, wid the purple bag in one hand, an' Father Kelley's thracks in the other, a long time. After a while, the Bellevue wagon wint lippin' by. I glimpsed Doctor MacDonald's red head through the door, an' saw him wave his hand to me wee Katy, who was playin' on the curb. An' I had a queer thought of envy for the sick one, whoever it might be, that he'd be carin' for.

"After long hours, I heard wee Katy runnin' upstairs, an' a heavy step followin' after. An' one minute I looked at that purple bag: an' the wall went red and dark before me eyes. Then me heart sank again. For the door opened, an' in walked Doctor MacDonald.

"For a while, he didn't say nothin'. He sat wid wee Katy on his knee, an' fed her pop-corn. An' I could feel him lookin'

round the room, at Himself's old hat an' coat on the peg, an' his pipe on the shelf, pitiful-like. An' after a while, he looked down at the purple bag in me hands; an' the pity in his eyes was like he'd spoke it, out loud. Then he began to talk.

"'He was a pretty good sort, Mrs. McCarthy,' he says. 'I've knocked around a good bit, an' I'm something of a judge. You had a man to be proud of. You don't know how many good turns he's done for folks, one time an' another. Sometimes I wonder if anybody thinks to tell you of them.'

"'Tell me any you know,' says I. For I was hungry for the sound of Himself's name. So he went on, very slow, wid his eyes on the floor, an' his hand patten' wee Katy's head.

"'First time I ever saw McCarthy was when the 'longshoremen's strike was on. He was teamin' for the Colony Fruit people, an' what with their stuff bein' perishable, and the strikers hectoring him, and the thermometer climbing around ninety-six, down on those broilin' wharves, why McCarthy's job wasn't a cinch. But no matter what turned up, McCarthy stayed peaceable as a spring lamb. You couldn't rattle him, to save you. You couldn't make him mad, either. Only once, in all those weeks, did anybody see him fire up. But that time—Jove, but that was the lovely sight!

"'Early one Monday morning, Shayne, the Colony people's strike-breaker, had brought down an Italian gang, and set them to work unloading a fruit schooner, right under the pickets' eyes. It was a fool's trick, for the pickets were all Kerry men, and spoiling for a fight; and the Italians weren't on the ground ten minutes before the fun began. It was a peppery young Neapolitan, Pietro somebody, who opened the ball. The pickets kept daring the crowd, and slinging names, but the gang paid no attention, till this Pietro caught one name he wouldn't stand for. He picked up a good ripe melon, and fired it into the crowd. It was a good shot; maybe half a dozen strikers got a juicy swat. Ridiculous as it was, that was all the crowd wanted. They lit in on the Italians like a falling house. Pietro got his share, and more. Between the heat, and its being Monday morning, the boys had a beautiful grouch on, and they didn't realize they were going so far. By the time McCarthy

spied the fracas, and came galloping his team down the pier, the life was pretty much slammed out of that poor little loon, Pietro. He grabbed Pietro out of the shindy, dumped him behind a pile of freight and then sailed in. It must have gone against the grain, to side with the da-goes against his own mates, but he did it, all right. He held Flannigan, the leader, up by the collar, while he expressed his sentiments, and in two minutes that blarney tongue of his, half petting, half whiplash, had the men all calmed down, and shame-faced and grinning like a pack of licked school-boys. Somebody had sent in a hurry call, but by the time we got there, it was all over but the shouting. McCarthy had 'em eating out of his hand. He'd saved the company's consignment, he'd saved the boys a mess in court and a black eye for the union, he'd saved Pietro's life—for the kid pulled through all right, though he was badly thrashed. And for McCarthy, it was all in the day's work. When the inspector and I started in to praise him, he thought we were guying him. That was McCarthy, straight through. He was a good sort, he was.'

"'He never told me one livin' word of all that, at all,' says I. "'Twas Himself all over, to side wid the under dog.'

"'That was always his way,' says the doctor, wid a nod. 'You knew what he did for Garrity, the time his ribs was broke when the derrick fell?'

"'For Garrity?' says I. 'Sure, Himself never turned his hand for Garrity, nor any of his kin. For Himself could never abide him. Townies they were, in the old country, but they were the black haters here. Himself paid his share in the Brotherhood for Garrity's bills at the hospital, but that's all ever he did, for a Garrity, mind.'

"'Was it, now?' says the doctor, an' the grin lightin' his eyes again. 'So I thought, myself. So I'd think to-day, if I hadn't caught McCarthy red-handed. He come slinkin' to me with seventeen dollars and sixty sents, and asked me, would I send it in a money order to Garrity's old father, back in Ballyoran. Mumbled something about its being a little hand-out from the boys, only they didn't want their names put in. I was just low-minded enough to suspect him, that minute. And at eleven o'clock that very night, I chased down to

Pier 19 on an emergency call; and, driving back, we passed McCarthy with his team, loaded to the gunwale. I didn't say one word; but the next day I traced it up. Bless you, here was McCarthy, doing four hours extra teaming by night, and puttin' the money to Garrity's account at the Dime Savings, so it would be lying there ready to give Garrity a leg up when he came out of the hospital. He had his tracks well covered; Garrity never learned, I'll wager. But I charged him with it, straight out, and whaled him for not letting me help. First, he tried to lie out of it. Then he looked like he'd been stealing sheep. And he swore me, not to tell the boys. "They'd have the laugh on me for twinty years to come," says he. "For Garrity an' me has been inimies, tried an' true. An' Garrity, if he gits wind of it, he'll niver forgive me. But sure 'tis bad enough that the poor pig-headed gossoon should lay there an' suffer, widout that he an' the kids must face the winter empty-handed. An' mind ye hold yer tongue!" he blusters after me, fierce an' hangdog at once. And he slammed away, lashing his team like he's a riot call. That was McCarthy, all right. The best lad ever, he was.'

"I'd listened, greedy-like, to every word.

"I'd never heard one breath of them doings, neither,' says I. An' somehow, for the first time in all those weeks, I felt the weight ease on me breast. 'Himself was that close-mouthed! But, sure, 'tis good to know of it, now.'

"Yes,' said the doctor, thinkin'-like. 'Yes. It is good to know these things. And—and maybe, he himself wants you to know them, now. So—perhaps that is why I'm telling you of them.'

"He turned and looked at me, straight. An' it was like a light came into the room.

"You mean,'—I says, 'you mean that you believe—do They know? Can we ever find Them, again?'

"He leaned over, pitiful-like, an' took the foolish purple bag from my hands.

"Yes,' he says, very low. 'We'll find Them, again. Be sure of that. But—not these ways. I'm mighty clumsy about putting it into words for you. But—but I don't just believe. I *know*. Why, it's certain as daylight. What else are all these things I'm telling you, about McCarthy, but messages from him, to make ye sure? And why

else should ye keep on lovin' him? Unless it is that the love between ye two is a bond, so strong that not even Death can break it?

"No, I don't know how to put it into words for you. I only wish I could. But to me it's like this. All these good memories that you have of him, go to make this bond, that unites you two, still. Every kind, decent thing he's done is a link in that chain. An' every bit of news of him, like this I've told you to-day, is like a word across the night, from him to you. He is not lost to you. He is not dead. I don't just believe what I say. I *know*.'

"And he was right. For, in these months, I've watched; and thought, and learned to understand. As my need comes, I'll remember them, all. The little kind, good things he did for folks; the gentleness of him; the friendly ways—when I mind them 'tis like the grip of his big warm hand in the dark. An' it's that that keeps the life in me, ma'am." Her sombre eyes lighted with sudden fire. Across her faded, work-marred face there flowed again that white, mysterious radiance: the radiance of a love triumphant, immortal. "Now I have those things to hold fast to, I can be sure. He's not dead, my man. The hour 'ill come when I'll find him, once again. 'Tis sure as the light of day. An' till then, I can hold fast to these things, that keep him alive to me. He sent me that promise, straight through the doctor's word. An' 'tis the truth, forever, just as the doctor said. 'Tis a small cord, an' a frail one, maybe. But it will hold. For 'tis the eternal tie between us an' our beloved dead."

The train drew slowly to a stand-still. Edith stood up: for a moment, her hand grasped the other woman's hard fingers: then she turned, and went swiftly from the train.

She walked through the long dusky station, erect, transfigured. The folding black yet clouded round her white calm face. But her mouth curved once more in its old lovely happiness, and her eyes were sweet with peace. Across that far, unfathomed Night, her pleading voice had carried. And, in the words of this, their humble messenger, the answer had come back to her, a cry all ringing golden with assurance. A promise, and a covenant; a certainty with wings.

A VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

By E. S. Nadal



I DESIRE to give a sketch of a little slave-holding community which I knew as a boy. This was to be found in the Alleghany Mountains in Virginia. It was a peculiar community, unlike other parts of the South and particularly old Virginia. In race the people were Scotch Irish; in religion they were Presbyterians; their occupations were mainly pastoral. The region was an isolated one. At the time of which I am speaking there was not a railroad within a hundred miles. The roads were rough and bad, so that people used carriages very little. The common way of getting about for men and even for women was on horseback. The women rode to church on horseback. But the people of the country, notwithstanding their isolation and their primitive habits, lived in great comfort and even with a considerable degree of refinement. The better or richer sort lived, either on their farms or in the village, in the two-story double brick houses, with a hall through the middle, which are to be seen throughout that country.

The neighborhood, at the time of which I am now speaking, say, 1855 to 1860, was considerably less than a century old. It was settled about the time of the Revolution and up to near the beginning of the present century had been at war with the Indians. The first settlers were Scotch-Irish Presbyterian farmers, who in the century that followed the Battle of the Boyne had been driven from Ireland by British ingratitude and persecution. They came to the usual life of the American frontier. For protection against the Shawnees, they lived at first in fortified places. As the Indians withdrew, they scattered throughout the country. The log cabin succeeded the fort, and the frame house succeeded the log cabin. At a very early period they built a stone church, singularly spacious and handsome, in part with the labor of their own hands. The community prospered rapidly. They raised good horses and cattle and got good

prices for them. This country, Greenbrier County, as it is called, being a blue-grass country, had in former days a reputation for the breeding of good stock similar to that which the blue grass region of Kentucky now has. In 1811 a young married couple started on their wedding journey on horseback. The horse which the lady rode was valued at \$800, a great sum for that time and place. That their stock could bring such prices shows how well the people must have thriven. They built the comely brick houses of which I have spoken. Then the honeysuckle vines grew at the porches, and the humming-birds came and quivered before them. Within the pianos began to jingle to such pieces as the "Bird Waltz" and the "Downfall of Paris." The fashions were brought from Philadelphia. Under the new secure conditions, affectation and vanity began also to flourish. Pride, too, came in, and the descendants of the pious peasants, who, two or three generations before, had been content by their labor and courage to obtain bread from the soil and immunity from the tomahawk of the savage, now began to entertain mythical suggestions of a genteel ancestry. Social gradations and distinctions began to be recognized. A court house was built. A few white stones gathered in the village churchyard. As day by day the sun sprang with youthful strength into the morning heavens, he saw expand beneath his beams the joys, the virtues, the follies, and the refinements of a civilized society.

Such undoubtedly had been the history of the little community. But one who saw it as I did got no notion of this change and progress. It seemed always to have been just what it was then. The quiet of the place was profound. At noon perhaps the only figure within sight would be a woman in a sun-bonnet crossing the blazing street on a visit to a neighbor. But this repose was not dilapidated and shabby, as I imagine that of certain parts of the South to have been, but was, as I remember it, happy and golden. The people worked hard enough for comfort and competence, al-

though not as people work at the North. There was not much mental activity of any sort among them. They had but few books, but they were good. They read—that is, if they read at all—the *Spectator* and Scott and the standard English authors. The poet most in favor with these Presbyterian young ladies was the libertine and sceptic, Byron. It may be that Mrs. Felicia Hemans had also a few readers.

Perhaps I can best give you an idea of this village by describing some of its individual members and social customs. The doctor was an interesting and characteristic person. He was an old Virginian; and from my knowledge of him I can well understand that the people of the Valley and of the West were different from the people east of the Blue Ridge, for he was unlike the thrifty and prosaic people of Greenbrier. He was a graduate of William and Mary College and had studied law. In company with two friends he had started westward on horseback to seek his fortune, as was the custom of those days. They stopped over Sunday in the village, and went to the Presbyterian church, and there this young gentleman saw a countenance which decided his career. From this accidental church-going came a life passed among the valleys of Greenbrier. The family of the young lady who was the possessor of the countenance just referred to made rather hard conditions. It seems there were more lawyers than were needed in the connection, but it was thought there was room for a physician. With old Virginian facility these conditions were accepted, and the young man went back to college and studied medicine. It may be remarked that in those days the preparation for a profession was not so serious a matter as at present. It thus happened that a man intended by nature for politics and the forum spent his days pacing along the mountain roads, his saddle-bags filled with little phials containing calomel and jalap, by means of which I do not doubt that he visited upon the inhabitants of that region the grudge he never ceased to bear against the Scotch-Irish guile that had robbed him of his proper career. The doctor had to the full an old Virginian's contempt of people west of the Blue Ridge, but he was nevertheless popular throughout that country. Tall, erect, sarcastic, irascible, frank, indolent, and gener-

ous, he had qualities to win men's affection. He was the clever man of the neighborhood. If a speech was to be made, he was called upon to make it. It was only upon occasions of this kind that he could be said to live. It was he who made the speech at the Fourth of July celebration. This anniversary was celebrated in a grove upon the top of an adjacent hill, a kind of arboreal Acropolis or natural temple, in which were held at long intervals the village festivals and civic assemblies. This grove, unlike more Northern woodlands, was clear of undergrowth, the tall columns standing in the midst of a clean, green floor. The Sunday Schools on that day came in a body to the wood and composed the audience, the grown people looking on. It was a pretty sight, quite like a scene in the Opera, to see the little procession of children of five years old and upward in their best Sunday clothes, carrying banners with such customary devices as a cross, or a lamb, or a shepherd with a crook, march in under the vast oaks, while the overhanging mountains looked on. Seats for the children were made by laying planks over stakes driven into the ground. A long, rude table, laid with a white cloth and plates and glasses, and having on either side benches also made from plank, waited during the morning ceremonies. A platform was extemporized for the orator, which also gave seats to two or three ministers and a few of the great men. The Declaration of Independence was read. The American flag was exhibited; they thought of no other in those days. The orator was the doctor. This was the one occasion of the year when he could free his mind. He mounted the platform and made a political speech. For two full hours he harangued those little girls in white dresses and pink sashes on the crimes of the Whig party and the mysterious villainies of the Know-nothings, while the dryads lurking in the recesses of the forest were astonished by such unwonted dissonances as the "Wilmot Proviso," the "Missouri Compromise" and the "Resolutions of Nullification." On the platform behind the speaker were the leading men. The Presbyterian clergyman had at that time been some fifty years at the stone church below, so that his ministry must have been almost contemporaneous with the occupation of the country. He had married

pretty much the entire population, had christened their children, and buried their fathers. He could remember some of the first inhabitants of the region, and must have known personally the occupants of the oldest and wildest of the churchyard hillocks. He was a stately and handsome old man, of great authority with the people. He sat with his hands crossed upon his cane, and looked upon the violence of the orator with a perplexed and slightly fatigued air, but at the same time with an expression of dignified patience and a mild majesty like that of the mountain opposite, whose head had just caught the sun. The Methodist minister, a much younger man, of a very argumentative disposition and a strong Know-nothing, cast his eyes up among the branches of the trees, and by pantomime and by-play of one sort or another, conveyed to the audience his superior dissent from the views of the orator.

It might be thought that this long speech would have been hard upon the children. But my recollection is that it was not. It happened that the orator had a great gift for making faces. These grimaces of his were the wonder of the neighborhood and a source of comment throughout that country, where jokes were comparatively few. They were looked on as distinctions, in some way connected with the orator's mental superiorities. His own boys, who were my cousins, gave themselves a great deal of swagger on account of them. In company with some of the other boys, we used to get possession of seats upon the front bench, where we were under the nose of the speaker; and as grimace succeeded grimace, each more hideous than its predecessor, we would nudge each other with pretended derision, but in reality with secret pride; for was it not our father and uncle whose contortions of countenance thus fascinated the infant gaze of Greenbrier County?

The part which this gentleman took in the war may be worth mentioning, as it illustrates the action of many thousands of Southern men. At this time I doubt if he had ever thought of secession as a thing possible in his day. I shall presently try to explain how this transition came to the minds of men of the border states. It is true, however, that he was during the war a very thorough and effective rebel. For

the first time in his career he seemed to have found a task to his liking. Just previous to the outbreak of the war, he had been paralyzed and had been compelled to give up his practice. He was unable to move from his chair. But he went into the work of raising the country with the greatest ardor. He got possession of the village paper, filled it with inflammatory articles, and scattered the little firebrand throughout the adjacent country. He had himself carried in his chair to the steps of the Court House, from which he would deliver passionate harangues to the people, who were very fond and proud of him. The country soon became a debatable ground between the two armies. But he was not on this account the less energetic. The Federal Provost-Marshal made many attempts to quiet him, but to no purpose. On one occasion this officer came with an orderly or two to his house and threatened to kill him in case he gave further trouble. This menace greatly surprised the doctor. "Kill me," he said, "why, my good friend, look at me. I am not able to get out of this chair and never shall be. I can't move hand or foot. I am fed with a spoon. What do you suppose I care for life. If you wish to kill me, you are at liberty to shoot away as quick as you like." The Provost-Marshal gave him up and went away.

This gentleman was, as I knew him, an erect and vigorous man. I remember well the old gray pacer upon which he moved among those peaceful valleys, his mind, I doubt not, often occupied with thoughts of his disappointed ambitions. He was a connection of my own and a great friend of my childhood. As he will never have an opportunity to appear before so distinguished an audience as the present one, I think I ought to say that I believe he really was a clever man.

The community I have been describing was, notwithstanding its many points of dissimilarity to the rest of the South, thoroughly Southern. Like the South, it was hospitable. The houses of the people, particularly those in the country, were often filled with parties of young people. The community was, in its own way, like the South in general, aristocratic. Mistaken notions have been held in regard to the aristocratic condition of Southern society. One of these is that the planters lived with

a degree of state and luxury. This I imagine to be a mistake. This way of living existed in a few localities, but was not general. Manners as a rule were simple. But it is not to be supposed that, because Southern society had not the refinement of living which has been ascribed to it, it was not therefore aristocratic. All that is necessary to make a society aristocratic is that certain of its members shall be recognized by their neighbors to be superior to certain others. This was true of the South. It was true of the Greenbrier people. I think that even the little boys with whom I played had a feeling that certain of their number were on the score of birth distinctly superior to certain others. Yet our manners and customs were not very distinguished. We all went bare-footed. No boy under fifteen, from May till the winter set in, wore shoes and stockings. The dress of the boys consisted of a shirt, perhaps a jacket, possibly a single suspender, a pair of trousers in a state of integrity more or less complete, and a straw hat, usually torn at the brim. They got scarcely any learning and went very little to school. Their time was mostly passed sitting on the steps of the village stores or in hunting the ground-squirrel, a little animal resembling a chipmunk. The boys laid aside social distinctions when in pursuit of this quarry. The hunt took place in the grove upon an adjoining hill which has been described and was participated in by all the boys of the village from six to twelve years of age. The sport began while the morning was yet fresh and the shadows long. After a breakfast of coffee, ham, corn pone, and hot salt-rising—the easy-going people allowed the children to eat anything—they sallied forth to the wood. The little darkies came too. Every boy was accompanied by a cur of some description, which, with his tail curled over his back, stepped about full of the day's occupations. The larger boys issued their loud commands, and the lesser boys ran hither and thither with a great sense of the importance of the occasion. The hunt continued throughout the morning hours. The sylvan scene was vocal with the excitement of the pursuit. Commerce slept in the little mart at the foot of the hill and Justice dozed in the quiet Court House; but the wood above rang with the shouts of the youthful hunters, and every urchin and pickaninny and village cur and mongrel

joined the cry and added to the tumult. The sport was, however, not altogether confined to the boys. There was, I remember, one little Amazon, a girl of perhaps eight summers, who, in sun-bonnet and with flying curls, sped along among the foremost of the pursuers, and whom I can fancy exclaiming like an infant Hippolyta:

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
When in a wood of Crete, they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

I have said that the doctor did not imagine five years before the war that secession would be possible in his day. I am sure that at this time nobody spoke or thought of secession. That was true, not only of this region, but of all Virginia up to the outbreak of the war. At the time Virginia went out of the Union, I doubt if one man in a hundred was really in favor of secession.

The incidents I am here describing took place during a summer I passed in this country in 1854. I was again in this country, and in other parts of Virginia, in 1857 and 1858. The interval I had passed in the West and I returned to Virginia an ardent opponent of slavery. I had thus good opportunities of knowing what the people were thinking, better, I dare say, than if I had been older. People would put up with talk from a boy of fourteen, which they would not have permitted from a grown man, and would discuss subjects with him they would not ordinarily have discussed with a person of a different way of thinking.

Any one living in the South at that time and disliking slavery was in an unusual situation. I don't think I knew in Virginia more than two or three persons who were opposed to slavery, and they never expressed their views. One of these was my father. He was ready to make sacrifices for his opinions. A very poor man, he freed some slaves that had come to us after the death of a relation, thinking it wrong to own slaves. But he scarcely ever spoke of the subject and was careful to impress upon me the necessity of holding my tongue. Of course, I knew what his feelings were, but I can at this moment recall only one instance of his referring to them. We were riding single file along a bridle path on the

top of the Alleghanies, the green floor of the Valley of Virginia, dotted here and there with farms and villages, spread out some thousands of feet beneath us, when we met an old negro riding a mule and going in the opposite direction. He bowed his head very low as he passed us and said, with great humbleness, "Sarvant, Sah." My father said: "Did you notice that? You write 'Your obedient servant' at the end of a letter, but that is merely a form of civility; but that a man should say it, really meaning it, how dreadful that is!" But I doubt if my father would have said even this, if we had not been at such a distance from the world, with the haunts of men so far beneath our feet.

If there was a community which should have been inaccessible to secession it was this. In external things it had little in common with the South. Of course, it raised no cotton or sugar or even tobacco. It had very little agriculture of any kind. Owing to its great altitude—the village is 2,300 feet above the sea—the thermometer will, on winter nights, sometimes fall to 25 below zero. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians were very nearly akin to Puritans. In the stone church was preached a Calvinism as uncompromising as that to be heard in any white temple among the hills of New Hampshire. Slavery, elsewhere the one vigorous and aggressive institution of the South, existed in an exceedingly mild form here. The richer people did not have more than twenty-five or thirty slaves. These slaves were treated with kindness, as I can well remember. The old Virginians looked down upon the stock-breeders and drovers of the mountains, but there was one point at which the mountaineers considered themselves superior to the old Virginians; they were more humane masters. Cruelty to slaves was an offence treated with grave social reprobation. I remember that a man was dismissed from the Methodist church for beating a slave. A slave was rarely sold. In my own connection, I believe it happened in but a single case. About 1840, a man who had committed a number of crimes was sold South. For a quarter of a century afterward this incident was still talked of as something very remarkable. Such were the points of difference between this region and the rest of the South. Yet notwithstanding all these points of dissimi-

larity to the South, when secession came, this country seceded too.

Of course the ultimate reason of secession was that there was "an irrepressible conflict" between the two systems of slave labor and free labor. As Lincoln said, "The country must either be all free or all slave," or, as Calhoun said twenty years earlier, the Southern people could not long continue to live side by side with the Northern people under the same government if the Northern people believed the institution in which their existence was bound up to be wicked. The rationale of the irrepressible conflict idea was as follows: The North said that slavery was wrong; the South replied at first mildly but apologetically. The North expressed itself more strongly; the South expressed itself more angrily. The two public sentiments kept reacting upon and intensifying each other, with the certainty that in the end war or separation, or both, must result. Such was the ultimate and fundamental cause of secession. But I should like to say something of the manner in which secession came, to describe the mental characteristics of the Southern people, as I knew them, just previous to the war.

From my recollection of the South in those days my belief is that the chief mental characteristic of the South was that it had lost the power of discussion and discrimination. The more conservative people were unable to say, "no" to the propositions of the more extreme people. I remember one afternoon in the House of Representatives in the winter of '59-'60—the atmosphere, of course, highly charged with excitement—hearing the late J. L. M. Curry, a very fine orator, exclaim with ringing voice: "We at the South are not in the habit of distinguishing between the various shades of opposition to our institutions." They had in truth lost the power to distinguish and to discriminate. Regarding the slavery question itself, it was inevitable that it must soon reach a point at which it was impossible to discuss it. The chief reason of this impossibility was that it would not do that slavery should be talked of in the presence of slaves. The slaves would overhear. Not that the Southern people consciously feared the slaves. During my years of residence at the South I do not remember to have heard the mention of the phrase "servile insurrection" or of

any equivalent expression. It was too dreadful a contingency to be taken into consideration at all, to be talked about or even thought of. But nevertheless they could not bear that the negro should become in the most remote way a party to the controversy.

Another reason of the impossibility of discussion was the bitter pride with which the Southern people resented the accusations of the opponents of slavery. If they could have discussed it, they might have got rid of it. Mr. George Merriam has lately asked, why the South could not have abolished slavery, as the South American Republics did. I don't know anything about South America, but were there any Fanueil Halls or Exeter Halls there? Anglo-Saxon human nature being such as it is, could the Southern people have been expected, under the fire of accusations from their critics, to set about and adhere to some orderly plan of emancipation? If they had been a community of sages, perhaps yes, but not otherwise.

The same inability of discussion which the South had shown regarding slavery, it still exhibited when secession was proposed. For many years Southern pro-slavery opinion had been advancing from point to point. It had always been easy to move in this direction. But it was hard to oppose a step in advance, because opposition necessitated discussion, and discussion was impossible. So when secession was at last proposed, it was as difficult to resist this final step as it had been to resist any of the previous ones. A most striking and important feature of the situation, by the way, was that the individual became very much afraid of the mass. Everybody was afraid of what everybody else was thinking. The temptation of each man was to adopt the most violent language and to favor the most extreme measures, in order to convince his neighbors that he thought as they did. Thus the more extreme position always attracted the people away from the less extreme one. I may mention the case of Mr. Lamar. Mr. Lamar did not want secession. He went to the Mississippi convention, hoping there would be no secession, and at any rate, intending, if the State did secede, to favor a clause providing that the ordinance should take effect only after nine States had seceded. The result was that the convention seceded outright and made Mr. Lamar

draw up the ordinance of secession. This is exactly an illustration of what I am saying. The man who wished to make secession contingent upon the action of nine States could oppose no effective resistance to the man who wished to secede outright. Secession once started, community after community and individual after individual went down like a row of bricks that had been set falling. I say, therefore, that my recollection is that the South seceded because there was nobody who could say "no."

Regarding the wide-spread fear to which I have just alluded, I fancy that this has been characteristic of many popular movements in history. It was no doubt so in France during the French Revolution. The people who, all over France, bought little toy guillotines for their children were probably not more cruel than the generality of human beings, but fear compelled them to be in the movement.

The desire of the individual to express sentiments of the mass, I may here say, is still to be observed in the South. The feeling of the Southern whites against the negro, particularly among those with whom the negro is in competition, is, of course, only too real. But you will nevertheless often notice that the Southern people, in expressing unfriendly sentiments regarding the negro, are expressing less their own views than what they believe to be those of the rest of the community.

This individual and social fear was associated with a blind arrogance and rashness which is, I believe, likely to be found among slave-holding populations, and which was also a contributing cause of secession. Of this arrogance I have lately come across a curious example. In a life of James M. Mason, Confederate envoy in London during the Civil War, it is related that the English friends of the Confederacy wished to obtain from the Confederate Government a declaration that, in case of Confederate success, no attempt would be made to open the African slave trade. One would have thought that such a declaration would be made as a matter of course. On the contrary, the Confederate Government vigorously objected to doing this. They said that the Confederate Constitution contained a provision against the African slave trade, which the United States Constitution did not contain. But the Englishmen insisted:

"Why then not make the declaration?" There could have been but one reason for such hesitation, which was that there was in the Gulf states a party, which the Confederate Government could not afford to offend—the Confederacy being professedly a rope of sand, it could afford to offend nobody—a party that wished to reopen the slave trade. There was a party in those States that really believed it was possible to carry on such traffic in the face of the opposition, not only on the North, but of the whole civilized world, and to do this across great stretches of sea, patrolled by the navies of the most powerful nations.

Another characteristic of the beginnings of secession was a marked tone of levity. This levity was noticeable during the winter of '60-'61 all over the country, in the North as well as in the South. It was very natural that this should affect the men of the border states. The Union to which they had been devotedly attached was at an end. What hope could a Virginian, who preferred the Union, find in a civil war of doubtful result, which was waged against the social organization to which he belonged? It was owing to this hopelessness that he accepted with reckless levity the action of the South.

I think I have said enough to show why my uncle, who in 1854 and in 1857 was a strong Union man, should have been in 1861 an ardent secessionist.

It was not till a good many years after the war that I saw this old home of mine again. In the ante-bellum days it took two days of staging from the nearest railway station to reach the place. I had always thought of it as accessible only after many miles of valley and mountain road had been traversed. But since then the railroad has applied its rule of thumb to these prepossessions of the fancy and has demonstrated that it is not so far away after all. I was surprised one morning to find myself sitting upon a certain rose-embowered porch, reading the New York paper of the day previous. The railroad has left the village, which was fifty years ago the metropolis of that entire region, six miles to the South. This distance I was driven in a stage along a mountain road, bordered by the tall, clean boles of lofty oak and hickory, and catching now and again glimpses of the Greenbrier River shining amid the profuse

shrubbery of that part of the world. I may be speaking with the pride of a native, but the scenery seems to me the most beautiful I know. Its character is that of a mountain Kentucky. You see the classic woodlands of Kentucky and you find blue-grass growing on the tops of mountains 3,500 feet high. It is the blue-grass which gives the country its deep coloring. Agricultural and pastoral fertility is to my mind an element of beauty that this country has. The mountain scenery of New England and New York has its own sterner beauty, but not that. The characteristics of New England mountain scenery are replaced in Pennsylvania on the Susquehanna by a smiling vernal freshness; and this is again succeeded among the West Virginian mountains by strength of hue, which I have scarcely ever seen equalled. You see everywhere a dense, substantial verdure. A profound bloom of summer imbues and impregnates the entire landscape.

The village had changed much. I did not see the golden quiet and repose of the former age. The town seemed to be undergoing a slow recovery from a long period of decay. The Presbyterian church was the same clean and serious structure I remembered, a remarkably substantial and handsome building to have dated from 1790. I found this inscription rudely sketched upon one of the stones of the edifice: "This building was erected by some of the first inhabitants of this region to commemorate their faith in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ." An acre of white stones surrounds the church. From the pews from which the village doctor and the young lady of Greenbrier first looked at each other, you may now see through the windows their tombstones, side by side with a taller one, upon which the bereaved pair lament in accents of sharp grief the loss of an only daughter. The graves in the churchyard seemed to have suffered from the dilapidation to which the town had succumbed. The older graves are very wild and are overrun with masses of blue-grass and tangled wild roses and strawberry vines, which wave amid the sanctity and the quiet of the place. I spent an hour or two of the only morning I had to pass in the village, under the lambent blue of the June sky, putting aside the rank grasses and spelling out my kinship to the occupants of the sod. A burial ground

for the slaves, within the same enclosure, but separate from that of the whites, seemed in this last scene of the mortal career to invoke the forbearance of Heaven upon the prejudices of men. I climbed also to the top of a round and lofty hill overlooking the village, the crest of which had been taken during the war as a burial place for soldiers on either side who fell here. This spot, containing perhaps a dozen graves surrounded

by a stone wall, is visited by the people on summer evenings; here has been laid some Confederate who perished at a distance from his home or some Northern boy who fell by the roadside. Lifted high above the village, it stands now in the midst of the silence and the verdure which reign throughout that country, a monument of forgotten strife in what we may hope to be a land of peace.

A LIST TO STARBOARD

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

I



SHORT, square, chunk of a man walked into a shipping office on the East Side, and inquired for the Manager of the Line. He had kindly blue eyes, a stub nose, and a mouth that shut to like a rat-trap, and stayed shut. Under his chin hung a pair of half-moon whiskers which framed his weather-beaten face as a spike collar frames a dog's.

"You don't want to send this vessel to sea again," blurted out the chunk. "She ought to go to the dry dock. Her boats haven't had a brushful of paint for a year; her boilers are caked clear to her top flues, and her pumps won't take care of her bilge water. Charter something else and lay her up."

The Manager turned in his revolving chair and faced him. He was the opposite of the Captain in weight, length and thickness—a slim, well-groomed, puffy-cheeked man of sixty with a pair of uncertain, badly aimed eyes and a voice like the purr of a cat.

"Oh, my dear Captain, you surely don't mean what you say. She is perfectly seaworthy and sound. Just look at her inspection—" and he passed him the certificate.

"No!—I don't want to see it! I know 'em by heart: it's a lie, whatever it says. Give an inspector twenty dollars and he's stone blind."

The Manager laughed softly. He had handled too many rebellious captains in his time; they all had a protest of some kind—it was either the crew, or the grub, or the coal, or the way she was stowed. Then he added softly, more as a joke than anything else:

"Not afraid, are you, Captain?"

A crack started from the left-hand corner of the Captain's mouth, crossed a fissure in his face, stopped within half an inch of his stub nose, and died out in a smile of derision.

"What I'm afraid of is neither here nor there. There's cattle aboard—that is, there will be by to-morrow night; and there's a lot of passengers booked, some of 'em women and children. It isn't honest to ship 'em and you know it! As to her boilers, send for the Chief Engineer. He'll tell you. You call it taking risks; I call it murder!"

"And so I understand you refuse to obey the orders of the Board?—and yet she's got to sail on the 16th, if she sinks outside."

"When I refuse to obey the orders of the Board I'll tell the Board, not you. And when I do tell 'em I'll tell 'em something else, and that is that this chartering of worn-out tramps, painting 'em up and putting 'em into the Line, has got to stop, or there'll be trouble."

"But this will be her last trip, Captain. Then we'll overhaul her."

"I've heard that lie for a year. She'll run as long as they can insure her and her cargo. As for the women and children, I

suppose they don't count—" and he turned on his heel and left the office.

On the way out he met the Chief Engineer:

"Do the best you can, Mike," he said, "orders are we sail on the 16th."

On the fourth day out this conversation took place in the smoking-room between a group of passengers.

"Regular tub, this ship!" growled the Man-Who-Knew-It-All to the Bum Actor. "Screw out of the water every souse she makes; lot of dirty sailors skating over the decks instead of keeping below where they belong; Chief Engineer loafing in the Captain's room every chance he gets—there he goes now—and it's the second time since breakfast. And the Captain is no better! And just look at the accommodations—three stewards and a woman! What's that to look after thirty-five passengers. Half the time I have to wait an hour to get something to eat—such as it is. And my bunk wasn't made up yesterday until plumb night. That bunch in the steerage must be having a hard time."

"We get all we pay for," essayed the Travelling Man. "She ain't rigged for cabin passengers, and the Captain don't want 'em. Didn't want to take me—except our folks had a lot of stuff aboard. Had enough passengers, he said."

"Well, he took the widow and her two kids—" continued the Man-Who-Knew-It-All—"and they were the last to get aboard. Half the time he's playing nurse instead of looking after his ship. Had 'em all on the bridge yesterday."

"He *had* to take 'em. She was put under his charge by his owners—so one of the stewards told me."

"Oh!—*had to*, did he! Yes—I've been there before. Nouse talking—this line's got to be investigated, and I'm going to do the investigating as soon as I get ashore, and don't you forget it! What's your opinion?"

The Bum Actor made no reply. He had been cold and hungry too many days and nights to find fault with anything. But for the generosity of a few friends he would still be tramping the streets, sleeping where he could. Three meals a day—four, if he wanted them—and a bed in a room all to himself instead of being one in a line of ten, was heaven to him. What the Captain,

or the Engineer, or the crew, or anybody else did, was of no moment, so he got back alive. As to the widow's children, he had tried to pick up an acquaintance with them himself—especially the boy—but she had taken them away when she saw how shabby were his clothes.

The Texas Cattle Agent now spoke up. He was a tall, raw-boned man, with a red chin-whisker and red, weather-scorched face, whose clothing looked as if it had been pulled out of shape in the effort to accommodate itself to the spread of his shoulders and round of his thighs. His trousers were tucked in his boots, the straps hanging loose. He generally sat by himself in one corner of the cramped smoking-room, and seldom took part in the conversation. The Bum Actor and he had exchanged confidences the night before, and the Texan therefore felt justified in answering in his friend's stead.

"You're way off, friend," he said to the Man-Who-Knew-It-All. "There ain't nothin' the matter with the Line, nor the ship, nor the Captain. This is my sixth trip aboard of her, and I know! They had a strike among the stevedores the day we sailed, and then, too, we've got a scrub lot of stokers below, and the Captain's got to handle 'em just so. That kind gets ugly when anything happens. I had sixty head of cattle aboard here on my last trip over, and some of 'em got loose in a storm, and there was hell to pay with the crew till things got straightened out. I ain't much on shootin' irons, but they came handy that time. I know, for I helped. Got a couple in my cabin now. Needn't tell me nothin' about the Captain. He's all there when he's wanted, and it don't take him more'n a minute, either, to get busy."

The door of the smoking-room opened and the object of his eulogy strolled in. He was evidently just off the bridge, for the thrash of the spray still glistened on his oilskins and on his gray, half-moon whiskers. That his word was law aboard ship, and that he enforced it in the fewest words possible, was evident in every line of his face and every tone of his voice. If he deserved an overhauling it certainly would not come from any one on board—least of all from Carhart—the Man-Who-Knew-It-All.

Loosening the thong that bound his so'-wester to his chin, he slapped it twice across

a chair back, the water flying in every direction, and then faced the room.

"Mr. Bonner."

"Yes, sir," answered the big-shouldered Texan, rising to his feet.

"I'd like to see you for a minute," and without another word the two men left the room and made their way in silence down the wet deck to where the Chief Engineer stood.

"Mike, this is Mr. Bonner; you remember him, don't you? You can rely on his carrying out any orders you give him. If you need another man let him pick him out—" and he continued on to his cabin.

Once there he closed the door behind him, shutting out the pound and swash of the sea; took from a rack over his bunk a roll of charts, spread one on a table and with his head in his hands studied it carefully. The door opened and the Chief Engineer again stood beside him. The Captain raised his head:

"Will Bonner serve?" he asked.

"Yes, glad to, and he thinks he's got another man. He's what he calls out his way a 'tenderfoot,' he says, but he's game and can be depended on. Have you made up your mind where she'll cross?"—and he bent over the chart.

The Captain picked up a pair of compasses, balanced them for a moment in his fingers, and with the precision of a seamstress threading a needle, dropped the points astride a wavy line known as the steamer track.

The Engineer nodded:

"That will give us about twenty-two hours leeway," he said gravely, "if we make twelve knots."

"Yes, if you make twelve knots: can you do it?"

"I can't say; depends on that gang of shovellers and the way they behave. They're a tough lot—jail birds and tramps, most of 'em. If they get ugly there ain't but one thing left; that, I suppose, you won't object to."

The Captain paused for a moment in deep thought, glanced at the pin-prick in the chart, and said with a certain forceful meaning in his voice:

"No—not if there's no other way."

The Chief Engineer waited, as if for further reply, replaced his cap, and stepped out into the wind. He had got what he came for, and he had got it straight.

With the closing of the door the Captain

rolled up the chart, laid it in its place among the others, readjusted the thong of his so'wester, stopped for a moment before a photograph of his wife and child, looked at it long and earnestly and then mounted the stairs to the bridge. With the exception that the line of his mouth had straightened and the knots in his eyebrows tightened, he was, despite the smoking-room critics, the same bluff, determined sea-dog who had defied the Manager the week before.

II

WHEN Bonner, half an hour later, returned to the smoking-room (he, too, had caught the splash of the sea, the spray drenching the rail), the Bum Actor crossed over and took the seat beside him. The Texan was the only passenger who had spoken to him since he came aboard, and he had already begun to feel lonely. This time he started the conversation by brushing the salt spray from the Agent's coat.

"Got wet, didn't you? Too bad! Wait till I wipe it off," and he dragged a week-old handkerchief from his pocket. Then, seeing that the Texan took no notice of the attention, he added, "What did the Captain want?"

The Texan did not reply. He was evidently absorbed in something outside his immediate surroundings, for he continued to sit with bent back, his elbows on his knees, his eyes on the floor.

Again the question was repeated:

"What did the Captain want? Nothing the matter, is there?" Fear had always been his master—fear of poverty mostly—and it was poverty in the worst form to others if he failed to get home. This thought had haunted him night and day.

"Yes and no. Don't worry—it'll all come out right. You seem nervous."

"I am. I've been through a lot and have almost reached the end of my rope. Have you got a wife at home?" The Texan shook his head. "Well, if you had you'd understand better than I can tell you. I have, and a three-year-old boy besides. I'd never have left them if I'd known. I came over under contract for a six months' engagement and we were stranded in Pittsburgh and had hard work getting back to New York. Some of them are there yet. All I want now is to get home—nothing else



The thrash of the spray still glistened on his oilskins.—Page 199.

will save them. Here's a letter from her I don't mind showing you—you can see for yourself what I am up against. The boy never was strong."

The big Texan read it through carefully, handed it back without comment or word of sympathy, and then, with a glance around him, as if in fear of being overheard, asked:

"Can you keep your nerve in a mix-up?"

"Do you mean a fight?" queried the Actor.

"Maybe."

"I don't like fights—never did." Anything that would imperil his safe return was to be avoided.

"I neither—but sometimes you've got to. Are you handy with a gun?"

"Why?"

"Nothing—I'm only asking."

Carhart, the Man-Who-Knew-It-All,

here lounged over from his seat by the table and dropped into a chair beside them, cutting short his reply. The Texan gave a significant look at the Actor, enforcing his silence, and then buried his face in a newspaper a month old.

Carhart spread his legs, tilted his head back on the chair, slanted his stiff-brim hat until it made a thatch for his nose, and began one of his customary growls: to the room—to the drenched port-holes—to the brim of his hat; as a half-asleep dog sometimes does when things have gone wrong with him—or he dreams they have.

"This ship reminds me of another old tramp, the *Persia*," he drawled. "Same scrub crew and same cut of a Captain. Hadn't been for two of the passengers and me, we'd never got anywhere. Had a fire in the lower hold in a lot of turpentine and

when they put that out we found her cargo had shifted and she was down by the head about six feet. Then the crew made a rush for the boats and left us with only four leaky ones to go a thousand miles. They'd taken 'em all hadn't been for me and another fellow who stood over them with a gun."

The Bum Actor raised his eyes:

"What happened then?" he asked in a nervous voice.

"Oh, we pitched in and righted things and got into port at last. But the Captain was no good; he'd a-left with the crew if we'd let him.

"Is the shifting of a cargo a serious matter?" continued the Actor. "This is my second crossing and I'm not much up on such things."

"Depends on the weather," interpolated a passenger.

"And on how she's stowed," continued Carhart. "I've been mistrusting this ship ain't plumb on her keel. You can tell that from the way she falls off after each wave strikes her. I have been out on deck looking things over and she seems to me to be down by the stern more than she ought.

"Maybe she'll be lighter when more coal gets out of her," suggested another passenger.

"Yes, but she's listed some to starboard. I watched her awhile this morning. She ain't loaded right, or she's loaded *wrong*, *a-purpose*. That occurs sometimes with a gang of striking stevedores."

The noon whistle blew and the talk ended with the setting of everybody's watch, except the Bum Actor's, whose time-piece decorated a shop window in the Bowery.

That night one of those uncomfortable rumors, started doubtless by Carhart's talk, shivered through the ship, its vibrations even reaching the widow lying awake in her cabin. This said that some hundreds of barrels of turpentine had broken loose and were smashing everything below. If any one of them rolled into the furnaces an explosion would follow which would send them all to eternity. That this absurdity was immediately denied by the purser, who asserted with some vehemence that there was not a gallon of turpentine aboard, did not wholly allay the excitement, nor did it stifle the nervous anxiety which had now taken possession of the passengers.

As the day wore on several additional rumors joined those already extant. One was dropped in the ear of the Texan by the Bum Actor as the two stood on the upper deck watching the sea which was rapidly falling.

"I got so worried I thought I'd go down into the engine room myself," he whispered. "I'm just back. Something's wrong down there, or I'm mistaken. I wish you'd go and find out. I knew that turpentine yarn was a lie, but I wanted to be sure, so I thought I'd ask one of the stokers who had come up for a little air. He was about to answer me, when the Chief Engineer came down from the bridge, where he had been talking to the Captain, and ordered the man below before he'd had time to fill his lungs. I waited a little while, hoping he or some of the crew would come up again, and then I went down the ladder myself. When I got to the first landing I came bump up against the Chief Engineer. He was standing in the gangway fooling with a revolver he had in his hand as if he'd been cleaning it. 'I'll have to ask you to get back where you came from,' he said. 'This ain't no place for passengers'—and up I came. What do you think it means? I'd get ugly, too, if he kept me in that heat and never let me get a whiff of air. I tell you, that's an awful place down there. Suppose you go and take a look. Your knowing the Captain might make some difference."

"Were any of the stokers around?"

"No—none of them. I didn't see a soul but the Chief Engineer, and I didn't see him more than a minute."

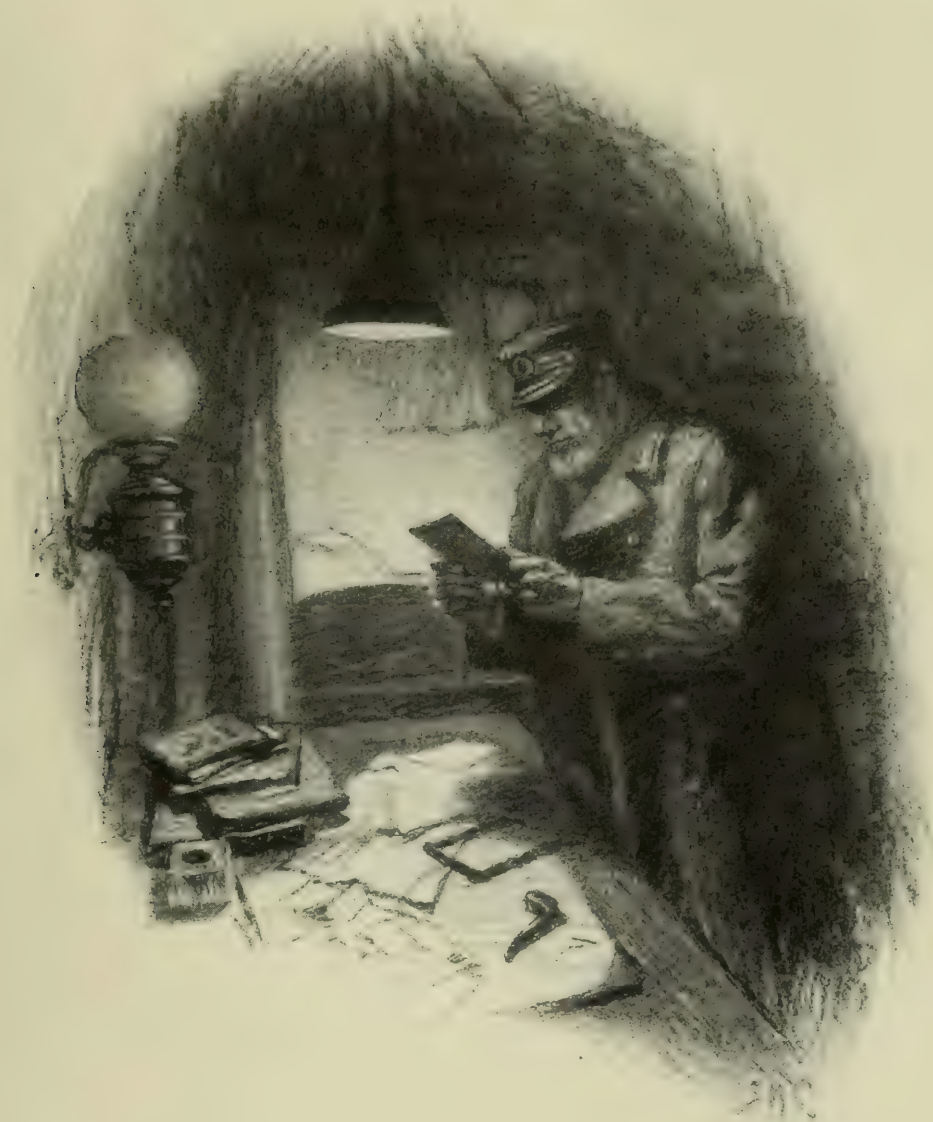
The big Texan moved closer to the rail and again scrutinized the sky-line. He had kept this up all the morning, his eye searching the horizon as he moved from one side of the ship to the other. The inspection over, he slipped his arm through the Actor's and started him down the deck toward the Cattle Agent's cabin. When the two emerged the Texan's face still wore the look which had rested on it since the time the Captain had called him from the smoking-room. The Actor's countenance, however, had undergone a change. All his nervous timidity was gone; his lips were tightly drawn, the line of the jaw more determined. He looked like a man who had heard some news which had first steadied

and then solidified him. These changes often overtake men of sensitive, highly strung natures.

On the way back they encountered the Captain accompanied by the Chief Engi-

widow and her two children—one a baby and the other a boy of four—a plump, hugable little fellow, every inch of whose surface invited a caress.

"Please stay a minute and let me talk to



Stopped for a moment before a photograph of his wife and child, looked at it long and earnestly.—Page 200.

neer. The two were heading for the saloon, the bugle having sounded for luncheon. As they passed by with their easy, swinging gait, the passengers watched them closely. If there was danger in the air these two officers, of all men, would know it. The Captain greeted the Texan with a significant look, waited until the Actor had been presented, looked the Texan's friend over from head to foot, and then with a nod to several of the others, halted opposite a steamer chair in which sat the

you, Captain," the widow pleaded. "I've been so worried. None of these stories are true, are they? There can't be any danger or you would have told me—wouldn't you?"

The Captain laughed heartily, so heartily that even the Chief Engineer looked at him in astonishment. "What stories do you hear, my dear lady?"

"That the steamer isn't loaded properly?"

Again the Captain laughed, this time under the curls of the chubby boy whom

he had caught in his arms and was kissing eagerly.

"Not loaded right?" he puffed at last when he got his breath. "Well, well, what a pity. That yarn, I guess, comes from some of the navigators in the smoking-room. They generally run the ship. Here, you little rascal, turn out your toes and dance a jig for me. No—no—not that way—this way—out with them! Here, let me show you. One—two—off we go. Now the pigeon wing and the double twist and the rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat—that's the way, my lad!"

He had the boy's hands now, the child shouting with laughter, the overjoyed mother clapping her hands as the big burly Captain with his face twice as red from the exercise, danced back and forth across the deck, the passengers forming a ring about them.

"There!" sputtered the Captain, all out of breath from the exercise, as he dropped the child back into the widow's arms. "Now all of you come down to luncheon. The weather is getting better every minute. The glass is rising and we are going to have a fine night."

Carhart, who had watched the whole performance with an ill-concealed sneer on his face, muttered to the man next him:

"What did I tell you? He's a pretty kind of a Captain, ain't he? He's mashed on the widow and that's how he shows it. Smoking-room yarn, is it? I bet I could pick out half a dozen men right in them chairs who could run the ship as well as he does. Maybe we'll have to take charge, after all—don't you think so, Mr. Bonner?"

The Texan smiled grimly: "I'll let you do the picking, Mr. Carhart—" and with his hand on the Actor's arm, the two went below.

A counter-current now swept through the ship. If anything was really the matter the Captain would not be dancing jigs, nor would he leave the bridge for his meals. This, like all other counter-currents—wave or otherwise—tossed up a bobble of dispute when the two clashed. There was no doubt about it: Carhart had been "talking through his hat—" "shooting off his mouth—" the man was "a gas bag," etc., etc. When appeal for confirmation was made to the Texan and the Actor, who now seemed inseparable, neither made reply. They evidently did not care to be mixed up

in what Bonner characterized with a grim smile as "more hot air."

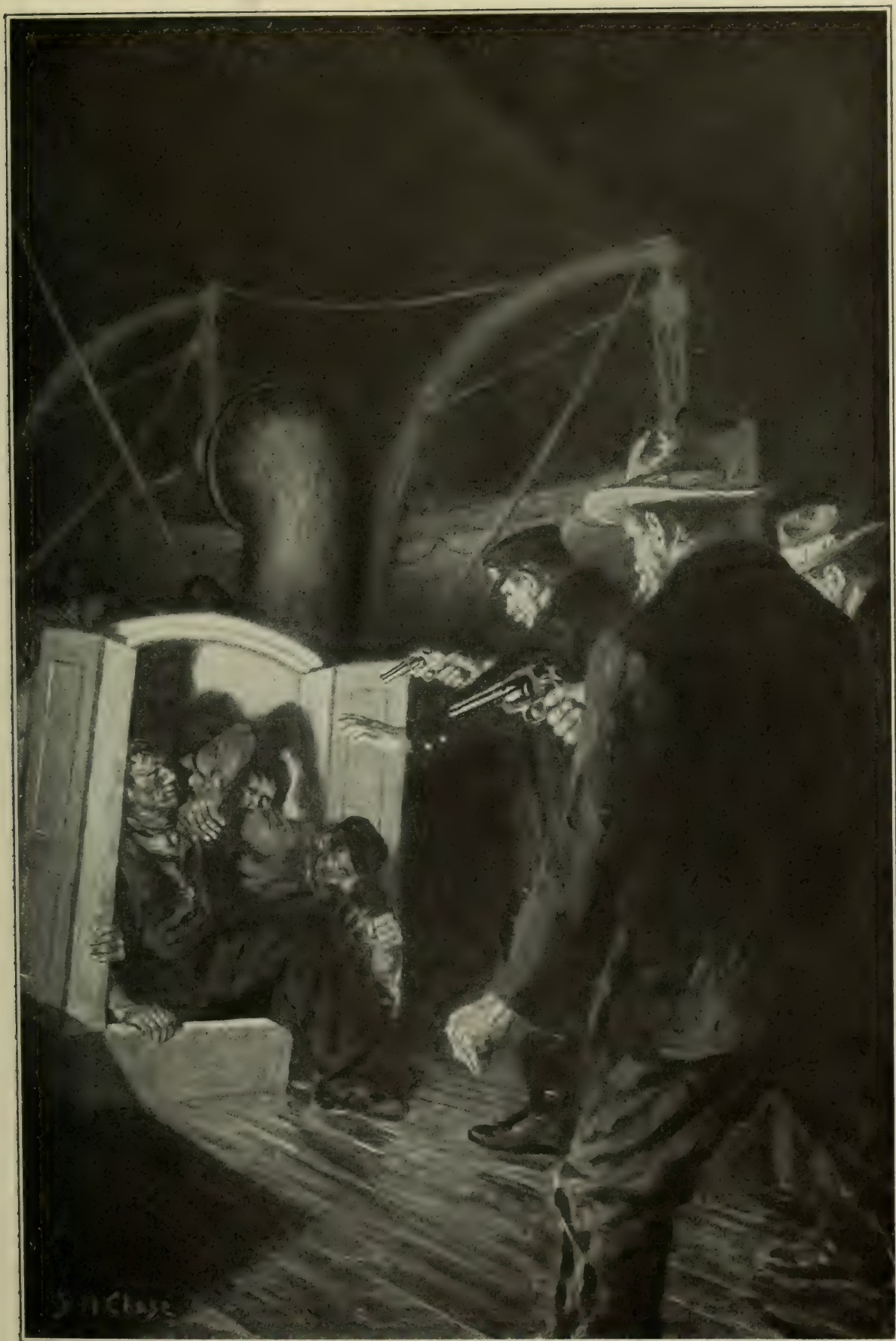
All through the meal the Captain kept up his good-natured mood; chatting with the widow who sat on his right, the baby in her lap; making a pig of a lemon and some toothpicks for the boy, who had crawled up into his arms; exchanging nods and smiles down the length of the table with several new arrivals, or congratulating those nearest to him on their recovery after the storm, ending by carrying both boy and baby to the upper deck—so that he might "not forget how to handle" his own when he got back, he laughed in explanation.

III

LUNCHEON over, the passengers, many of whom had been continuously in their berths, began to crowd the decks. These soon discovered that the ship was not on an even keel; a fact confirmed when attention was called to the slant of the steamer chairs and the roll of an orange toward the scuppers. Explanation was offered by the Texan, who argued that the wind had hauled, and being then abeam had given her a list to starboard. This, while not wholly satisfactory to the more experienced, allayed the fears of the women—there were two or three on board beside the widow—who welcomed the respite from the wrench and stagger of the previous hours.

Attention was now drawn by a nervous passenger to a gang of sailors under the First Officer, who were at work overhauling the boats on the forward deck, immediately under the eyes of the Captain who had returned to the bridge, as well as to an approaching wall of fog which, while he was speaking, had blanketed the ship, sending two of the boat-gang on a run to the bow. The fog horn also blew continuously, almost without intermission. Now and then it would give three short, sharp snorts, as if of warning.

The passengers had now massed themselves in groups, some touch of sympathy, or previous acquaintance, or trait of courage but recently discovered, having drawn them together. Again the Captain passed down the deck. This time he stopped to light a cigarette from a passenger's cigar, remarking as he did so that it was "as thick as pea-soup on the bridge, but he



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

"Back, all of you!" shouted the Engineer. "The first man who passes that door without my permission I'll kill."—Page 208.

thought it would lighten before morning." Then halting beside the chair of an old lady who had but recently appeared on deck, he congratulated her on her recovery and kept on his way to the boats.

The widow, however, was still anxious:

"What are they doing with the boats?" she asked, her eyes following the Captain's disappearing figure.

"Only overhauling them, madam," spoke up the Texan, who had stationed himself near her chair.

"But isn't that unusual?" she inquired in a tremulous voice.

"No, madam, just precaution, and always a safe one in a fog. Collision comes so quick sometimes they don't have time even to clear the davits."

"But the sailors are carrying up boxes and kegs and putting them in the boats; what's that for?" broke in another passenger, who had been leaning over the forward rail.

"Grub and water, I guess," returned the Texan. "It's a thousand miles to the nearest land, and there ain't no bakery on the way that I know of. Can't be too careful when there's women and babies aboard, especially little fellows like these—" and he ran his hand through the boy's curls. "The Captain don't take no chances. That's what I like him for."

Again the current of hope submerged the current of despair. The slant of the deck, however, increased, although the wind had gone down; so much so that the steamer chairs had to be lashed to the iron handhold skirting the wall of the upper cabins. So had the fog, which was now so dense that it hid completely the work of the boat gang.

With the passing of the afternoon and the approach of night, thus deepening the gloom, there was added another and a new anxiety to the drone of the fog horn. This was a Coston signal which flashed from the bridge, flooding the deck with light and pencilling masts and rigging in lines of fire. These flashes kept up at intervals of five minutes, the colors changing from time to time.

An indefinable fear now swept through the vessel. The doubters and scoffers from the smoking-room who stood huddled together near the forward companion-way talked in whispers. The slant of the deck they argued might be due to a shift of the cargo—a situation serious, but not dangerous—but

why burn Costons? The only men who seemed to be holding their own, and who were still calm and undisturbed, were the Texan and the Actor. These, during the conference, had moved toward the flight of steps leading to the bridge and had taken their positions near the bottom step, but within reach of the widow's chair. Once the Actor loosened his coat and slipped in his hand as if to be sure of something he did not want to lose.

While this was going on the Captain left the bridge in charge of the Second Officer and descended to his cabin. Reaching over his bunk, he unhooked the picture of his wife and child, tore it from its frame, looked at it intently for a moment, and then, with a sigh, slid it into an inside pocket. This done, he stripped off his wet storm coat, thrust his arms into a close-fitting reefing jacket, unhooked a holster from its place, dropped its contents into his outside pocket, and walked slowly down the flight of steps to where the Texan and the Actor stood waiting.

"You understand, both of you, do you not, Mr. Bonner? You and your friend will guard the aft companion-way and help the Chief Engineer take care of the stokers and the steerage. I and the First Officer will fill the boats."

Then, facing the passengers, and in the same tone of voice with which he would have ordered a cup of coffee from a steward, he said:

"My friends, I find it necessary to abandon the ship. There is time enough and no necessity for crowding. The boats are provisioned for thirty days. The women and children will go first; this order will be literally carried out; those who disobey it will have to be dealt with in another way. This, I hope, you will not make necessary. I will also tell you that I believe we are still within the steamer zone, although the fog and weather have prevented any observation. Do you stay here, madam. I'll come for you when I am ready—" and he laid his hand encouragingly on the widow's arm.

The beginning of a panic is like the beginning of a fire: first a curl of smoke licking through a closed sash, then a rush of flame, and then a roar freighted with death. Its subduing is along similar lines: A sharp command clearing the way, concentrated effort, and courage.



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

"Hold hard, men!" he cried. "Keep still—all of you!"—Page 208.

Here the curl of smoke was an agonized shriek from an elderly woman who fell fainting on the deck; the rush of flame was a wild surge of men hurling themselves toward the boats, and the roar which meant death was the frenzied throng of begrimed half-naked stokers and crazed emigrants who were wedged in a solid mass in the companion-way leading to the upper deck. The subduing was the same.

"Back, all of you!" shouted the Engineer. "The first man who passes that door without my permission I'll kill! Five of you at a time—no crowding—keep 'em in line, Mr. Bonner—you and your friend!"

The Texan and the Bum Actor were within three feet of him as he spoke—the Texan as cool as if he was keeping count of a drove of steers except that he tallied with the barrel of a six-shooter instead of a notebook and pencil. The Bum Actor's face was deathly white and his pistol-hand trembled a little, but he did not flinch. He ranged the lucky ones in line further along, and kept them there. "Anything to get home," he had told the Texan when he had slipped Bonner's other revolver, an hour before, into his pocket.

On the saloon deck the flame of fear was still raging, although the sailors and the three stewards were so many moving automats under the First Officer's orders. The widow, with her baby held tight to her breast, had not moved from where the Captain had placed her, nor had she uttered a moan. The crisis was too great for anything but implicit obedience. The Captain had kept his word, and had told her when danger threatened; she must now wait for what God had in store for her. The boy stood by the First Officer; he had clapped his hands and laughed when he saw the first boat swung clear of the davits.

Carhart was the color of ashes and could hardly articulate. He had edged up close to the gangway where the boats were to be filled. Twice he had tried to wedge him-

self between the First Officer and the rail and twice had been pushed back—the last time with a back swing that landed him against a pile of steamer chairs.

All this time the fog-horn had kept up its monotonous din, the Costons flaring at intervals. The stoppage of either would only have added to the terror now partly allayed by the Captain's encouraging talk which was picked up and repeated all over the ship.

The first boat was now ready for passengers.

"This way, madam—you first—" the Captain said to the widow. "You must go alone with the baby and I——"

He did not finish the sentence. Something had caught his ear—something that made him lunge heavily toward the rail, his eyes searching the gloom, his hand cupped to his ear.

"Hold hard, men!" he cried. "Keep still—all of you!"

Out of the stillness of the night came the moan of a distant fog-horn. This was followed by a wild cheer from the men at the boat davits. At the same instant a dim, faraway light cut its way through the black void, burned for a moment and disappeared like a dying star.

Another cheer went up. This time the watch on the fore-top and the men astride the nose sent it whirling through the choke and damp with an added note of joy.

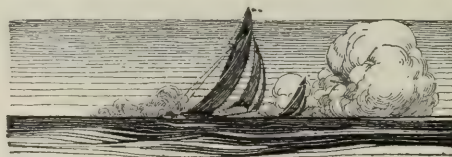
The Captain turned to the widow.

"That's her—that's the St. Louis! I've been hoping for her all day and didn't give up until the fog shut in."

"And we can stay here?"

"No—we haven't a moment to lose. Our fires are nearly out now. We've been in a sinking condition for forty-eight hours. We sprung a leak where we couldn't get at it, and our pumps are clogged.

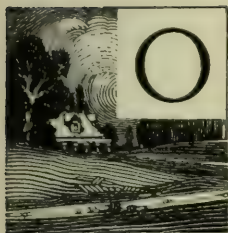
"Stand aside, men! All ready, madam! No, you can't manage them both—give me the boy—I'll bring him in the last boat."



PETIT PIERRE

By Margaret Sherwood

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



ONE chilly October mid-
night an elderly Irish lady
walked slowly across the
Pont des Arts, full of de-
light in the shifting hu-
man scenes before her,
and in the sense that,

ahead, behind, many feet were tramping in unison with her own. She was Mrs. Faunce by name, or rather by pseudonym, for, in casting off the shackles of conventional existence, as she had done in middle life, she had chosen a title that would not bring disgrace upon her respectable kinsfolk. Her costume—as this was Paris her costume must not be neglected—consisted, as usual, of a gray flannel dressing-sack, trimmed with lace, a black taffeta skirt, and the oddest of bonnets, for, like many another *grande dame*, she clung to her own style of dressing, no matter what the shifting fashions might be. As she turned to the left down the quay she felt a queer little tug at the ruffles of her skirt. Not nervously, for she was never nervous, she turned; the many pockets of that skirt contained the wandering old lady's entire fortune. At first she saw nothing, but looking down, she was aware, in the glimmering darkness, of the curly crown of a dusky little head.

"Now who," asked Mrs. Faunce, "may you be? And what are you doing out of bed?"

A pair of solemn brown eyes rested on her face.

"Grandmère?" said the child, questioningly.

"Eh, what?" queried the old lady sharply.

"Grandmère," repeated the wee stranger, resolutely tugging at her skirt. She bent and laid her hand upon the little shoulder, but started back in surprise, for her fingers seemed to touch the close, short hair of some animal. With her unflinching interest in the unexplained, she obeyed the vigorous pull and followed, half stumbling

upon something dragging behind her leader—a long, inert, tail-like object.

"By the powers above," ejaculated Mrs. Faunce. "'Tis the queerest thing I've encountered yet in all me years of freedom."

Then she saw, lying in the shadow of the parapet, a man with his head pillowed upon a street organ, asleep, she judged by the loud breathing, and worse, she added to herself as the odor of spirits came up to her. Why had no gendarme found the vagabond? She stood irresolute, while between her and the sombre Paris of Nôtre Dame on the farther bank flowed the dark river, and across the bridge drifted flotsam and jetsam from the gay Paris of painted cheeks and loud laughter. Looking at the child, she marvelled; it was dressed in a queer garment of skins, the odd head-covering of which had fallen back.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Faunce, in her brogue-touched French.

"P'tit Pierre," was the answer, but the old lady did not hear.

"Speak!" she coaxed. "Tell me; are you a boy or a little girl?"

"Not a boy!" was the indignant answer; "not a little girl! I am a monkey!" he insisted proudly.

"What?" she gasped.

"He plays," lisped the child. "I dance; I get the pennies; I am the monkey," and, indeed, the little hand laid upon her own was not unlike a monkey's claw.

The drunken organ-grinder was suddenly and unpleasantly awakened out of sleep. He shivered, thinking that this was the gendarme. A minute later, under the stinging fire of the old lady's tongue, which poured English, French and Irish into his ears, he wished that it were the gendarme, for he seemed to have fallen into the hands of some fury never before encountered in all his turbulent life.

"Grandmère," asserted the child loudly in the midst of the war of words, in a



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Mrs. Faunce saved the situation by swiftly rising and standing upon the picture.—Page 215.

tone that suggested that there was now no room for doubt.

It was Mrs. Faunce's way to come off victor; the outcome of this contest was no exception. At the end she found herself in possession of the child, the bewildered street musician grasping only the fact that he held in his hand a fifty franc piece which the fury had extracted from her petticoat. He knew that he was being threatened with imprisonment; he knew that he had no real title to the boy, and so he let him go. Petit Pierre slipped his hand into that of his defender and trotted along at her side.

"Hold up your tail on your arm, so," she commanded; he obeyed, and the odd couple pursued their way in silence. Among all the rollicking pairs of folk they met in the shadow and the flaring lights of a Paris midnight there were no others of as diverse ages. Turning a dark corner they entered the Rue de Vannes, and soon stood at the shadowy portal of the Hôtel du Lion.

It was an amused and impertinent company of young artists and students whom Mrs. Faunce encountered at the breakfast table the next morning when she appeared with the little lad at her side. Sleep and warm water had brought a look of rest to the wan face, and the suit of clothes procured from somewhere by the cook fitted not badly. While Petit Pierre was daintily dipping bits of roll into his cup of milk, and hastily swallowing them with swift glances this way and that as if he expected his food to be snatched away, Mrs. Faunce told his story in English, and it was greeted with shouts of delight. For once the old lady's all-too-clever tongue was out-distanced by the others, and she sat, at a loss, while her young comrades tormented her as she had often tormented them.

"Another grandchild?" asked Mr. Neulings, the Englishman. The strange discovery by the vagrant old lady in this very pension of a beautiful American grandchild had been for months a source of speculation to the little band of inmates, who could never discover whether Miss Kathleen Blake was really her grandchild or no.

"Grandmère," said Petit Pierre suddenly, his mouth full of bread and milk, and the remark was greeted with uproarious applause, which made the child bury his face in the lace about the old lady's

neck. Questions in English, French, German poured into her ears.

"Shall you adopt Jean Jacques here formally?"

"Shall you make him your heir?"

"Shall you give him a *dot*, as you did Mlle. Kathleen?"

"I wish I were in his boots."

"He has none," said Mrs. Faunce.

"What will Mlle. Kathleen do now—I beg pardon, Mme. la Comtesse? Her nose will be out of joint!"

"What are they talking about?" asked a bewildered English lady who had been at the Hôtel du Lion only two days, and M. Adolphe Mostet, the artist who kept himself forever picturesque and forever charming, explained that the old Irish lady had deserted, at the age of fifty, a home where she was no longer needed, and that she went about the world playing the part of a female Don Quixote.

"You will be obliged to settle down now, Mrs. Faunce, and have the comforts of a home," said Mr. Neulings. "No more wandering about!" He shook an impressive finger at her. "No more Monte Carlo! You must learn to sit by the fire and knit."

"No more getting across the Russian border without a passport!" threatened another.

"Too bad!" said a sympathetic voice. "You will have to give up that visit to the Grand Llama of Thibet."

"You must have a cat," suggested Mr. Neulings, who knew that the most home-loving of animals was abhorrent to this grandmother-errant of the open road. "A cat, a tea-kettle singing by the fire, the clergyman coming to call."

"Mayn't I paint you as the ideal grandparent?" begged M. Adolphe. "Cap, shawl about your shoulders, Jean Jacques here at your knee learning the catechism, through the window people coming home from church. Do you think you could make your expression a bit, oh, the least trifle, more devout?"

"Begone with you all!" cried the harassed old lady. "I'll do no such thing! 'Tis me hope to die in a railroad train, or in a cab, or walkin' somewhere with the bars down in front of me. Enough of the comforts of home I had before I was thirty. Tend the child I will not, for I've too many things on hand. I'm thinkin' now of going

up in one of these aeroplanes, for 'tis not long I'll have to be enjoyin' the new inventions."

Petit Pierre breakfasted with great composure, for, as they called him Jean Jacques, he had no idea that they were talking about him. In the days that followed he did not lack for care, for Mrs. Faunce paid pension rates for him as her guest at the hotel, and amused herself with him many an hour when she was not far afield, pursuing strange adventures. The cook fortunately took a fancy to the child, insisted on having him sleep in her room, and fed him many a tidbit which he seized with monkey swiftness and crammed into his mouth with the palm of his tiny hand. Fresh and clean in garments from the Bon Marché, he went from kitchen to salon, kissed open watches presented for his amusement, stared at M. Adolphe's pictures, and frankly called them ugly, fingered the wet clay in which Herr Bernhard Meyer was modelling in his studio on the fifth floor, in short, became, pending arrangements for the disposal of his small person, the pet and plaything of the house. Mrs. Faunce resisted Madame's suggestion that he be taken to an orphan asylum. Petit Pierre was young, she said whimsically, and there was plenty of time. Yet in truth she felt hampered by his presence, for the sting of the autumn air was in her blood, and she longed to be away, sharing the swift and systematic gaiety of the Paris streets. There was to her no pleasure in looking down upon it from window or tower; she must feel the very jostling of elbows against her own, in the rush and swirl of life in this most vivid city. Yet whenever her eyes rested on the little lad's hair, faded by the southern sun, and on the tiny feet that had trodden so many dusty ways, her keen glance softened and she forgot. Little vagrant that he was, he appealed to her as no home-bred child could have done, for his bit of experience was oddly akin to her own. She liked his funny way of clinging to her arm in incidental monkey fashion, half hanging on, half swinging free. Evidently his mountebank master had been observing and had trained him for his part. The child amused her endlessly. Quick, imitative, he began, half unconsciously, to copy the vain and pompous ways of M. Adolphe, the quiet self-assertiveness of Mr. Neulings. He loved to make her

chuckle and, perched on her mantel-shelf or table, found many ways to do it.

"Surely you are a monkey farther down than your skin," said the old lady, kissing him.

Petit Pierre had lived for ten days at the hotel when a new and unusual guest appeared. He was a mild, blue-eyed, bearded gentleman, of intentionally benignant presence, clad in slightly worn garments which, though black, suggested in their meek lines the linen duster of old days. Neither artist nor journalist, he was at first something of a mystery—evidently not a business man, decided the little coterie of artists, because his manner so plainly suggested that he had no possession save his virtues and the modest trunk which had been taken up to his room. He came and went with a hurried air that hinted constant willingness to be interrupted. At his first appearance Mrs. Faunce looked scrutinizingly at him as if trying to remember.

"Surely your face is familiar to me," she said.

"A common type, a common type, dear madam," he answered. "I have often been told by people that I resemble some—ahem!—dead relative."

His name brought no enlightenment. "Mr. John P. Richards," answered Madame, when the old lady asked the stranger's name; "from Wingate-on-Esk, England. Introduced by the English pastor."

Questioned at last at table about his occupation, Mr. Richards responded with alacrity.

"Assisting the angels," he said, smiling.

"Now, no one shall lay blame on the angels in me presence!" ejaculated Mrs. Faunce. "Who ever found them incompetent to do their own work?"

Mr. Richards then explained that he was collecting money for a children's home in Paris, and, if possible, a nursery boat on the river in summer, after the fashion of certain American cities. There were so many wealthy people in Paris, he continued, English, American, Russian, in fact of all nationalities, cut off from natural outlets for their benevolence, that it seemed to him a good field to work.

"Is it to be Protestant or Catholic?" demanded Mrs. Faunce. The listeners pricked up their ears: what cared this pa-

gan old lady for Protestant or Catholic? Mr. Richards wavered a half-perceptible moment, then enunciated richly:

"Neither; Christian, but not sectarian." Mrs. Faunce moved restlessly in her chair, as if the answer displeased her.

He certainly was an odd figure in this pension of the Latin quarter, among the nymphs and satyrs painted on the walls, the clay-modelled dancing girls in the corners. All, from Madame down, tolerated him good-naturedly, all save Petit Pierre. He hated the tall man who called him "little one." The first time it had happened the child had demanded a translation, and his face—now brightening daily—had clouded.

"I was bigger than any of the other monkeys," he boasted, "but I couldn't move my tail so well," he admitted. The long road had not spoiled little Pierre's sense of truth.

Mrs. Faunce at first watched the stranger unrelentingly, with half-veiled, reminiscent gaze. She remembered the inner lid of the hawk's eye, which gives added protection against the light, and it seemed to her that here the mild blue iris served a similar purpose, hiding a shrewd and business-like inner eye which flashed out now and then, going click! shut, as he made some benevolent remark. Yet, after all, his presence here was plausible enough. His modest means would, perhaps, go no further, and the hotel, unpretentious though it was, had many affiliations with high and low alike. At last the old lady seemed to melt, as the others had done, before the unobtrusive friendliness of the man.

"Ah, here's the assistant angel!" she cried, as he entered the salon one evening. "If it's no trouble, I'd like to know more of your plans for aiding the powers of heaven."

Smiling and unshocked, he took the offered seat beside her, and the two engaged in a long and earnest conversation. A day or two after she took pains to say a good word of him to Mr. Neulings, who met her just as she was coming out of the prefecture of police. She looked disconcerted for a moment, then joined him, gallantly trying to match his stride.

"You needn't look so worried lest I've been reportin' you to the police," she said. "I'm saving that to hold over your head till later! I've been starting some in-

quiries about Petit Pierre, to see if we can find his parents."

Mr. Neulings nodded, wondering. Mrs. Faunce was not in the habit of explaining so carefully what she was about.

"You might say nothing at the hotel about seeing me here," she insinuated, laying a mitt-clad hand upon his arm. "I'm loath to let Madame know yet I'm taking steps about the lad; she's too anxious."

As the days went on it became evident that Mrs. Faunce was attempting to charm the elderly stranger. She sang for him her old-fashioned Irish melodies, and when the moment for compliments came, fixed her eyes on him alone. She talked endlessly, the keen brilliance of her wit softened for his sake, so that never a barb of it was aimed at him. The two, in all this pleasant intercourse, sat and studied each other with an intentness which, to the delighted pension, bore but one interpretation.

"Aren't you rather attentive to the old gentleman?" ventured Mr. Neulings, who was a privileged character.

"Perhaps, perhaps," twinkled Mrs. Faunce, "but you see, he's succeeded at last in interestin' me in serious things. Ah, if I could only have had the society of a man like that"—for here Mr. Richards entered the room—"instead of a set of rascals like yourselves, there's no telling what I might have become."

"She's fairly coquettish," said Herr Meyer to Madame, watching through the open door of the salon. "Look at that smile!" And, indeed, it was more arch than one often sees at the present day; moreover, the old lady's bespangled fan struck Mr. Richards' shoulder in quite the eighteenth century manner.

"Shame on you for an arrant flatterer," said Mrs. Faunce in answer to some compliment unheard by the watchers outside.

"The thing that gets me is what the gay old lady sees in that solemn beggar to play up to," said Jack Winton, the American. "Is she trying to get Pierre into the Home free of charge?"

Madame, shrewd, non-committal as usual, merely shrugged her shoulders. She realized more keenly than the others did that Mrs. Faunce usually fished in deeper waters than was suspected.

The old lady now snubbed her band of young comrades, neglected Petit Pierre, and

apparently forgot her taste for solitary adventure, while, through wiles, fascinations, and flattery, she completely subjugated the new comer.

"Ah, but it's the tender heart you've got, and few this day has got it!" she would ejaculate, drawing her voluminous skirts aside to invite him to a tête-a-tête. "When I first set my eyes on you I said to myself, 'Tis a man of feelin',' and that means a man after me own heart." She loudly proclaimed in his presence her preference for a blue eye in man—"It has such an honest look"; she even ventured to comment on a new suit of clothes in which he appeared, pronouncing them charming in themselves, and more so in the way in which they were worn. The impertinence of her pointed shafts of wit which descended upon the others, when she deigned to notice them at all, was equalled only by the impertinence of her compliments to him.

"To be so good and so handsome," she vouchsafed one day, "is given to few."

He flushed to the roots of his hair with pleasure, or was it something else? The keen eyes of the old lady never left him, yet so humble, so truly feminine was she, even discarding her bizarre costume, and coming down in a meek white kerchief, folded Quaker wise across her breast, that he began to think he had here fine material to mould to his purpose.

"You'd better take her at her word," said M. Adolphe when Mrs. Faunce offered her services in helping collect. "She can talk the heart or the purse out of anything if she sets her mind to it."

"You are not my idea of a missionary at all," said Herr Meyer.

"What else have I been this long time?" retorted Mrs. Faunce. "And where would all you wild lads have been if I hadn't left a comfortable home to come as a missionary to you?"

Before entrusting her with any serious part of his mission, Mr. Richards made confidential inquiries about her. Both madame and Mr. Neulings, of the London and Wessex bank, vouched for her integrity, and assured him that she would be an invaluable ally. So it came to pass that the control of part of the fund for indigent children passed into the hands of Mrs. Faunce. She insisted that Mr. Richards himself head her list of subscribers, on ac-

count of his well-known name. In vain he protested that he was but an obscure worker: she put him down for a goodly sum and moreover wheedled it out of him in cash, in which shape she insisted on having all her contributions.

"'Tis a whim of me own to have me hand on the very stuff," she explained. "You see, I've been so much in America that I like the feelin' of it. Into me tin box it goes for a day or two, and then into the bank."

As usual, she had her own way. Armed with credentials from the English pastor, to whom Mr. Richards introduced her, arrayed no longer in the dressing sack and mitts of her Latin quarter costume, but in the slightly belated yet impressive garments that she had worn during her brief chaperonage of the American granddaughter, she drove forth daily in her quest on streets far from the Rue de Vannes, coming back with rich spoils. Whether it was the grand manner which came back to her from her society days, or the wheedling Irish tongue, none could say, but Englishmen, Americans and Russians alike found her irresistible. It was not known to the inhabitants of the pension that the old-fashioned cards which she carried in an antiquated bead bag on her arm bore a very different name from that of Mrs. Faunce, and one to which she had a better right. Mr. Richards, strolling wistfully one day through that very stronghold of French aristocracy, the Faubourg St. Germain, was deeply gratified to see her emerge from one of the old houses, obsequiously escorted to her carriage by a lackey. That night he examined her list with many chuckles: how she succeeded where he failed! One or two signatures took his breath away, and a new deference showed in his manner to his ally.

"A great lady, a great lady," he said benignly to madame one day, "but eccentric, very eccentric."

Meanwhile Petit Pierre played on in the pension, climbed to the highest perches he could find in M. Adolphe's room or Herr Bernhard's studio, chattering, to their endless delight, in his mountebank argot; put on his monkey suit when any one asked him, and danced, as he had done in roadways near and far, gravely collecting pennies afterward. "Grandmère's" long absences he bore philosophically, though he always insisted on going to her room after

dinner to kiss her good-night. At first, indeed, he was a bit afraid, as were the others, of her grand new clothes and the new manner that went with them, commanding a kind of awe. There was less freedom now, than of old, in teasing Mrs. Faunce, in spite of the fact that gleams of the old sinner appeared now and then in this astonishing new face of the saint.

"You are working very hard, Mrs. Faunce, for people who have no real claim on you," said Mr. Neulings one evening, sympathetically.

"Now who is there has no claim on you?" flashed back the old lady. "'Tis tired I am of hearin' of the family and the ties of blood, with your responsibilities goin' no farther than your grandfather back of you and your grandchildren before, your mother's cousins on the right and your father's cousins on the left. Where there's need there's a claim," said Mrs. Faunce grandly.

"Of course one feels a sense of duty," admitted the Englishman.

"'Tis no sense of duty, but me pleasure," stoutly asserted the old lady. "'Tis for pleasure alone I live."

Mr. Richards looked grieved.

"But you must have a different feeling for your own whom you have held upon your knee," remarked the English lady.

"Surely I have," answered Mrs. Faunce grimly, "but I'm not sure 'tis a better feelin'. I've held me own on me knee in more ways than one! To tell truth, they're too much like meself to please me entirely. Strangers I like far better, for they've inherited nothing from me. Me own have had all they are likely to get, but they're not content with me nose here and me temper there amongst them. They want me purse also, but they'll not have it, for it goes to Pierre and the other lads. The world is me grandchild!" said Mrs. Faunce.

Night after night her bobbing gray curls and the ash-colored locks of Mr. Richards met over more and more satisfactory subscription lists, and the old lady's balance in the London and Wessex bank far outstripped all that her colleague had been able to collect. He was deeply gratified by her success, and it was with evident regret at parting that he announced one day his intention of moving on. A similar floating population to that of Paris was to be

found along the Riviera and at Rome, and he delicately hinted to Mrs. Faunce that, before going further afield, he would like the sum she had collected transferred to his account. She, of course, consented, and that afternoon invited him to take a cup of tea with her in her little sitting-room upstairs. The tea was English and very good, the muffins not less so. Petit Pierre, who, to his delight, had been invited to help, passed teacups and cream pitcher with his own quick, dainty motions, abstracting a lump of sugar to whip it into his mouth before offering the bowl to Mr. Richards and to the quiet, sad, but polite gentleman who sat at Mrs. Faunce's left hand.

"Mr. Peter Martin, an old friend of me own, just here for a few days from England," said the old lady.

Mr. Martin professed himself much interested in the children's cause, and offered to present it to some of his friends at home. He asked for the names of some of the subscribers, and Mrs. Faunce, busy with her teapot, handed Mr. Richards a bit of paper that he might write them down, withdrawing it quickly when she saw that the muffin-moistened thumb left an imprint there, and giving him a fresh piece. Little Pierre, attracted by the quiet man, and grieved to find that he was not expected to partake of every dish before he passed it, climbed upon the stranger's knee and began playing with his watch. Kissing it open, he was delighted to see a small photograph flutter to the floor from the back of it. A flash of dismay came into Mr. Martin's face, but Mrs. Faunce saved the situation by swiftly rising and standing upon the picture.

"None of us will be looking at a lady's face that my guest wants hidden," she said reprovingly in French to Pierre.

"It was not a lady's face; it was a man," said Pierre.

Stooping, the old lady picked up the photograph, wrapped it in the muffin-stained paper that she had taken from Mr. Richards, and handed it to its owner, around whose grave lips the ghost of a smile hovered.

The next day was to be Mr. Richards's last at the Hôtel du Lion. It was remarked by the inhabitants of the pension that both philanthropists wore a triumphant air that evening, quite justified, of course, by their success. The events of that last day which dawned, golden and beautiful, over the city,

could be told at length, but brevity is best. Early in the morning Mrs. Faunce presented to her colleague a long account.

"Every cent that has passed through me unworthy hands you'll find put down there," she said, "and here's me check for the amount. Mr. Neulings, would you mind certifyin' that I have that sum to me credit in the London and Wessex bank as trustee for the children's fund?" Mr. Neulings smiled indulgently and said that she was correct.

"You go through unnecessary formalities, my dear lady," said Mr. Richards suavely, as he put the check into his purse. "I should not have thought of challenging your word."

"'Tis impossible, in a world with so many rogues in it, to be too businesslike," remarked Mrs. Faunce with a toss of her head.

Mr. Neulings held out his hand in farewell to Mr. Richards, then hurried away, for it was one of his rare holidays, and he, with the other young men of the pension, had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Faunce to spend the day at Fontainebleau.

"I shall soon be leaving," she had announced, "and who knows when I shall see you all again? One good day to remember; what do you say, lads?" They had accepted with alacrity; now it was arranged that they should meet at the tramway station, Mrs. Faunce having an errand to do.

"Let me do it," begged M. Adolphe.

"No, 'tis to buy me some handkerchiefs, for I've used up me supply weepin' over the departure of Mr. Richards here."

"Let me lend you some! And me! And me!" they shouted. "Ours are larger and you could weep more!" But she shook her head obstinately.

"When it comes to handkerchiefs, 'tis better to have your own," she insisted.

"And grandchildren, too," said Herr Bernhard.

She kept her guests waiting a few minutes at the station that morning, but soon appeared, flushed, yet radiant.

"Where is it that you buy handkerchiefs already laundered?" asked Mr. Neulings, as she wiped her moist forehead. "I've found you out!"

"Go long with you!" she railed, a bit disconcerted. "Would you be tryin' too hard to find out a lady's real errand?"

They had a merry and mellow day at Fontainebleau. Mrs. Faunce, restored to the band of friends whom she had ignored during the last weeks, was her brilliant self again. In the shadows of the great oaks, and at the sunny luncheon table where they drank her health in thin red wine, she entertained them with tales of Parisian life of forty years ago. Afterward, with flushed cheeks, she led the dance when, to the music of Herr Meyer's flute, they danced on the moist fresh grass, and she sang for them, wearing gleefully the chaplet of faded leaves that they had made for her—so happy and so innocent that the touches of May green still lingering in the October coloring seemed to be her fitting symbol. Many a smiling comment was roused on the way home by the old lady with her merry train, her face, despite its wrinkles, seeming in many ways the youngest there.

At the door of the Hôtel du Lion the revellers were confronted by an angry man. Mr. Richards stood there waiting, white with wrath except for a burning red spot in either cheek.

"And you've not gone to Rome after all?" cried Mrs. Faunce. "I might have spared me tears."

"Cheat! Traitor!" he called out, half choking.

"Now that is no way to speak to a lady," said Mrs. Faunce with dignity. "Come inside, lads." They obeyed, Mr. Neulings walking protectingly at her side.

"What is it, me dear?" she asked, turning a guileless face to Mr. Richards.

"What is it?" he stormed. "That!" and he thrust her check before her. "Bogus! Dishonored at the bank! They told me that the whole deposit had been withdrawn early this morning, and very cleverly you've kept out of the way this gentleman who vouched for you!"

Mr. Neulings turned pale; Madame, at her desk, more startled than she cared to admit, grew even more expressionless than usual, and waited.

"May one ask, as an old friend, what you have been doing, Mrs. Faunce?" demanded Mr. Neulings sternly.

"Assisting the angels," she answered with a wink.

At this moment the bell rang, but, before it was answered, Mr. Martin, of the tea-party, entered, a gendarme at his heels. He

pointed to Mr. Richards, and the policeman stepped to the philanthropist's side.

"Punctual to the minute!" said Mrs. Faunce, smiling. "And now, permit me to introduce the gentleman who, like meself, had been living here under an alias. Mr. John P. Richards is no other than the famous Edward M. Holden who collected the hospital fund during the South African War, and bought himself a villa on the Riviera with the proceeds; also, the Rev. Eben Waumbeck, much wanted by the English police for church restoration funds collected by him, and amounting to £20,000."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Mr. Neulings in distress.

"Of course I'm sure! And if you didn't belong to the stupidest race on the face of the earth you'd have known that nobody could look as honest as that and be honest, too! Your make-up was too good, me dear," she added, turning to her victim. "But I knew you, for all you've bleached your hair and beard. You've quite forgotten, I don't doubt, the large sum I gave you for South Africa!"

Though hair and face were all one ashen gray, Mr. Richards was still defiant until he heard the taunt, then he realized that the game was up, and submitted.

"I regret that it is necessary to place you under arrest," said Mr. Martin.

"This is another gentleman with an alias!" explained Mrs. Faunce, "and the best detective on the continent. You didn't guess, did you, dear, that it was your own picture he was carryin' in his watch that day to make sure of you, or that I got your thumb print through the mere device of havin' muffins for tea! You've left the print of that thumb on too many documents altogether!"

"I might have known," said Mr. Richards, half smiling, though he felt the grasp of the gendarme on his arm. "It's the first time I've ever met a rogue cleverer than myself. My congratulations, Madame!"

Here the lads cheered, as was but human. The noise, resounding through the pension, awakened Petit Pierre, who had been put to bed early with a headache. Down from the top of the house he came pattering in

his little nightgown, and stood, sleepy-eyed, upon the lowest step.

"Might one ask," dryly inquired Mr. Neulings, who had not taken part in the cheering, "what you intend to do with the funds?"

"I've transferred my trusteeship," she answered, "to yourself. You will find the sum entered to your credit in your bank, and if the funds are not honestly employed, 'twill be your fault entirely! Me own idea was that we'd ask every subscriber if he wanted his money back, and with what was left we would start in a small way a home for Pierre here and the likes of him. In this very street is a house we can have, 'Maison-a-louer,' 41, and the most religious woman in all Ireland will come to take care of it if I ask her."

"Protestant or Catholic?" asked Jack Winton, mischievously.

"Neither; Christian!" retorted Mrs. Faunce. "And now, you young spalpeens, you'll see whether I'll sit by the fire and take care of Pierre and the cat!"

The cheers sounded out again, Mr. Neulings joining in; even Madame forgot her discretion and smiled. Then the lads, because they could not treat the victor in this fashion, took Petit Pierre and rode him about the hall on their shoulders, where he clung, monkey fashion, and laughed aloud. Mrs. Faunce, standing at one side, laughed too, until the one oak leaf, half brown, half green, still clinging to her curls, shook as in the wind. Mr. Richards, as he was escorted toward the door, asked if he might speak for a moment with Mrs. Faunce. The request granted, he drew her aside, and for an instant they were hidden from the officers by the triumphal procession. With a quick motion the prisoner drew from his breast a small package and thrust it into her hands.

"There's the rest of the money," he whispered. "You'd better have it than the police."

"Ah, me dear, me dear," she answered with tears in her eyes as she hid it. "You make me ashamed of what I've done to you! Truly the best of men that ever I've known were the rascals!"

JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXVI

THE WALKING DELEGATE



MISS ELEANOR LEIGH had observed for some time that her father was more than usually grave and pre-occupied. She knew the cause, for her father discussed many matters with her. It was often his way of clarifying his own views. And when he asked her what she thought of them she felt that it was the highest compliment she ever received—not that he took her advice, she knew, but this did not matter; he had consulted her. The fact gave her a self-reliance wholly different from mere conceit. It steadied her and gave her a certain atmosphere of calm in which she formed her judgment in other matters. Of late, in the shadow of the clash with his operatives, which appeared to be growing more and more imminent, he had not advised with her and the girl felt it. Was it due to the views which she had of late been expressing touching the suppression of the laboring class? She knew that her father held views as to this quite the opposite of those she had been vaguely groping toward, and while he treated her views with amused indulgence he considered the whole line of thought as the project of selfish demagogues, or, at best, of crack-brained doctrinaires. In fact, however, the principal reason for Mr. Leigh's silence was the growing breach between himself and Mrs. Argand. He knew that if his daughter ever realized the truth, that her aunt's interest had been thrown against him and in favor of men whose methods he reprobated, it would mean the end of all between them, and he was unwilling that a breach should come between his daughter and her mother's sister.

The status of the present relation with his men was, however, growing steadily worse

and more threatening. The press was giving more and more space to the widening breach, and the danger of a strike on a vast scale that should exceed anything ever known heretofore was steadily increasing.

Eleanor knew that this was the cloud that left its shadow on her father's brow and she determined to make an effort to assist him. She had revolved the scheme in her little head and it appeared the very thing to do.

The approach of Thanksgiving offered an opportunity for an act of good-will which she felt sure would bear fruit. So one day at the table she broke in on her father's reverie.

"Father, how many men have you in the mills and on the railway?"

Her father smiled as he nearly always did when she spoke to him.

"Why, roughly, about eleven hundred and sixty-five—there may be a few more or a few less to-day; to-morrow there will not be one."

"Oh! I hope they won't do that. I have such a beautiful plan."

"What is it? To give them all they demand, and have them come back with a fresh and more insolent demand to-morrow?"

"No, to give them—every one who has a family, a turkey."

Her father burst out laughing. "A turkey? Better give them a goose. What put that idea into your little head? Why, they would laugh at you if they did not fling it back in your face."

"Oh! no, they would not. I never saw any one who did not respond to kindness."

"Better wait till after to-morrow and you will save a lot of turkeys."

"No, I am serious. I have been thinking of it for quite a while and I have some money of my own."

"You'd better keep it. You may come to need it."

"No, I want to try my plan. You do not forbid it?"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"No, to give them—every one who has a family, a turkey."—Page 218.

"Oh, no! If you can avert the strike that they are preparing for, your money will be a good investment."

"I don't do it as an investment," protested the girl. "I do it as an act of kindness."

"All right, have your way. It can't do any harm. If you succeed, I shall be quite willing to foot the bills."

"No, this is my treat," said the girl, "though I shall put your name in, too."

So, that day Miss Eleanor Leigh spent inspecting and getting prices on turkeys, and by night she had placed her order with a reliable man who had promised to provide the necessary number of turkeys, and, what is more, had gotten interested in her plan. She had enlisted also the interest of John Marvel, who worked like a Trojan in furtherance of her wishes. And I, having learned from John of her charitable design, gave my assistance with what I fear was a less unselfish philanthropy. Happily, disease is not the only thing that is contagious. It was impossible to work shoulder to shoulder with those two and not catch something of John Marvel's spirit, not to mention the sweet contagion of Eleanor Leigh's charming enthusiasm. I learned much in that association of her cleverness and sound sterling sense as she organized her force and set them to work. And I was fortunate enough to get one of her charming smiles. It was when she said, "I want one of the best baskets for Mrs. Kenneth McNeil," and I replied, "I have already sent it." Thus, in due time, on the day before Thanksgiving Day, a score of wagons were busily at work carrying not only the turkeys ordered by Miss Leigh, as a Thanksgiving present for each family in her father's employ, but with each one a basket of other things.

It happened that that night a great meeting of the operatives was held.

It was largely attended, for though the object had not been stated in the call, it was well known that it was to consider a momentous subject; nothing less than an ultimatum on the part of the men to the Company, and this many of the men felt was the same thing with a strike. The name of David Wringman, the chief speaker, was a guaranty of this. He was a man who had forged his way to the front by sheer force, mainly sheer brute force.

From a common laborer he had risen to be one of the recognized leaders in what had come to be known as the workingmen's movement. He had little or no education, and was not known to have technical training of any kind. Some said he had been a machinist; some a miner; some a carpenter. His past was, in fact, veiled in mystery. No one knew, indeed, where he came from. Some said he was Irish, some that he was Welsh; some that he was American. All that was known of him positively was that he was a man of force, with a gift of fluent speech and fierce invective, which rose at times and under certain conditions to eloquence. At least, he could sway an assemblage of workingmen, and, at need, he was not backward in using his fists, or any other weapon that came to hand. His reputation for brute strength was quite equal to his reputation as a speaker, and stories were freely told of how, when opposition was too strong for him in a given meeting, he had come down from the platform and beaten his opponents into submission with his brawny fists. It was rumored how he had, more than once, even waylaid his rivals and done them up, but this story was generally told in undertones; for Wringman was now too potent and dangerous a man for most men of his class to offend personally without good cause. His presence in the city was in itself a sign that some action would be taken, for he had of late come to be known as an advanced promoter of aggressive action. To this bold radicalism was due much of his power. He was "not afraid of the capitalists," men said. And so they established him in his seat as their leader. To his presence was due a goodly share of the shadow that had been gathering over the workingmen's part of the section of the town which I have noted.

Thus, the meeting on the evening I speak of was largely attended. For an hour before the time set for it the large hall in the second story of a big building was crowded, and many who could not get in were thronging the stairways and the street outside. A reek of strong tobacco pervaded the air and men with sullen brows talked in undertones, broken now and then by a contentious discussion in some group in which possibly some other stimulant than tobacco played a part.

Wolffert and Marvel had both been trying

to avert the strike and had, I heard, made some impression among the people. Marvel had worked hard all day aiding Miss Leigh in her friendly efforts, and Wolffert had been arguing on rational grounds against a strike at the beginning of winter. I had been talking over matters with some of my mill-friends who had invited me to go with them; so I attended the meeting.

The meeting began, as the meetings of such bodies usually begin, with considerable discussion and appearance of deliberation. There was manifest much discontent and also much opposition to taking any steps that would lead to a final breach. A number of men boldly stood forth to declare for the half-a-loaf-better-than-no-bread theory, and against much hooting they stood their ground. The question of a resolution of thanks for Miss Leigh's baskets aroused a little opposition, but the majority were manifestly for it, and many pleasant things were said about her and her father as well, his liberal policy being strongly contrasted with the niggard policy of the other roads. Then there appeared the real leader of the occasion, to hear whom the meeting had been called: Wringman. And within ten minutes he had everything his own way. He was greeted with cheers as he entered, and he shouldered his way to the front with a grim look on his face that had often prepared the way for him. He was undoubtedly a man of power, physical and mental. Flinging off his heavy overcoat, he scarcely waited for the brief introduction, undertaken by the Chairman of the occasion, and refusing to wait for the cheers to subside, he plunged at once into the midst of his subject.

"Workingmen, why am I here? Because, like you, I am a working man." He stretched out his long arm and swept it in a half circle and they cheered his gesture and voice and violent action, though had they considered, as they might well have done, he had not "hit a lick" with his hands in a number of years.

Then came a catalogue of their grievances and wrongs, presented with much force and marked dramatic ability, and on the heels of it a tirade against all employers and capitalists, and especially against their employer, whom he pictured as their arch enemy and oppressor, the chief and final act of whose infamy, he declared to be his

"attempt to bribe them with baskets of rotten fowls." Who was this man? He would tell them. He held in his hand a paper which pictured him in his true character. Here he opened a journal and read the heading of the article I had written for *Kalender*. There was but one way to meet such insolence, he declared, to fling them back in his face and make him understand that they didn't want favors from him, but justice; not rotten fowls, but their own hard-earned money. "And now," he cried, "I put the motion to send every basket back with this message and to demand an increase of twenty-five per cent. pay forthwith. Thus, we shall show them and all the world that we are independent American workmen earning our own bread and asking no man's meat. Let all who favor this rise and the scabs sit still."

It was so quickly and shrewdly done that a large part of the assembly were on their feet in a second, indeed, many of them were already standing, and the protest of the objectors was lost in the wild storm of applause. The man's power and boldness had accomplished what his reasoning could never have effected.

The shouts that went up showed how completely he had won. I was thrown into a sort of maze. But his next words recalled me. It was necessary, he went on, that he should still maintain outwardly his old position. His heart bled every moment; but he would sacrifice himself for them, and if need were, he would die with them; and when this time came he would lead them through flaming streets and over broken plutocrats to the universal community of everything. He drew a picture of the rapine that was to follow, which surpassed everything I had ever believed possible. When he sat down, his audience was a mob of lunatics. Insensible to the folly of the step I took, I sprang to my chair and began to protest. They hushed down for a second. I denounced Wringman as a scoundrel, a spy, a hound. With a roar they set upon me and swept me from my feet. Why I was not killed instantly, I hardly know to this day. Fortunately, their very fury impeded them. I knew that it was necessary to keep my feet, and I fought like a demon. I could hear Wringman's voice high above the uproar harking them on. Suddenly a cry of "put him out" was raised close be-

side me. A pistol was brandished before my face; my assailants fell back a little, and I was seized and hustled to the door. I found a man I had noticed near me in the back part of the hall, who had sat with his coat collar turned up and his hat on, to be my principal ejector. With one hand he pushed me toward the entrance whilst, brandishing his revolver with the other, he defended me from the blows that were again aimed at me. But all the time he cursed me violently.

"Not in here; let him go outside. Leave him to me—I'll settle him!" he shouted—and the crowd shouted also. So he bundled me to the door and followed me out, pushing others back and jerking the door to after him.

On the outside I turned on him. I had been badly battered and my blood was up. I was not afraid of one man, even with a pistol. As I sprang for him, however, he began to put up his weapon, chuckled, and dropped his voice.

"Hold on—you've had a close call—get away from here."

It was Langton, the detective. He followed me down the steps and out to the street, and then joined me.

"Well?" he laughed, "what do you think of your friends?"

"That I have been a fool."

He smiled with deep satisfaction. "What were you doing in there?" I asked.

"Looking after my friends. But I don't feel it necessary to invite them to cut my throat. One good turn deserves another," he proceeded. "You keep away from there or you'll find yourself in a bad way. That Wringman——"

"Is a scoundrel."

"Keep a lookout for him. He's after you and he has powerful friends. Good night. I don't forget a man who has done me a kindness— And I know that fellow."

He turned into a by-street.

The next morning the papers contained an account of the proceedings with glaring headlines, the account in the *Courier* being the fullest and most sympathetic and giving a picture of the "great labor-leader, Wringman, the idol of the workingman," who had, by "his courage and character, his loftiness of purpose and singleness of aim, inspired them with courage to rise against the oppression of the grinding corporation which, after oppressing them for

years, had attempted by a trick to delude them into an abandonment of the measures to secure, at least, partial justice, just as they were about to wring it from its reluctant hand."

Miss Eleanor Leigh, who had worked hard all the day before despatching baskets to the hundreds of homes which her kind heart had prompted her to fill with cheer, came down to breakfast that morning with her heart full of gratitude and kindness toward all the world. She found her father sitting in his place with the newspapers lying beside him in some disorder and with a curious smile on his face. She divined at once that something had happened.

"What is it?" she asked, a little frightened.

For answer Mr. Leigh pushed a paper over to her and her eye fell on the headlines:

HONEST LABORING MEN RESENT
BRAZEN ATTEMPT AT BRIBERY
LABOR LEADER'S GREAT APPEAL FOR
JUSTICE
LABOR DEMANDS ITS DUES

"Oh, father!" With a gasp she burst into tears and threw herself in her father's arms.

It was not the only house in which the sending back of her baskets caused tears. In many a poor little tenement there was sore weeping because of the order—in not a few a turkey had not been known for years. Yet mainly the order was obeyed.

Next day Mr. Leigh received in his office a notification that a deputation of the operatives on his road demanded to see him immediately. He knew that they were coming; but he had not expected them quite so soon. However, he was quite prepared for them and they were immediately admitted. They were a deputation of five men, two of them elderly men, one hardly more than a youth, the other two of middle age. At their head was a large, surly man with a new black hat and a new overcoat. He was the first man to enter the room and was manifestly the leader of the party. Mr. Leigh invited them to take seats and the two older men sat down. Two of the others shuffled a little in their places and turned their eyes on their leader.

"Well, what can I do for you?" inquired Mr. Leigh quietly. His good-humored face had suddenly taken on a cold, self-

contained expression, as of a man who had passed the worst.

Again there was a slight shuffle on the part of the others and one of the older men, rising from his seat and taking a step forward, said gravely: "We have come to submit to you——"

His speech, however, was instantly interrupted by the large man in the overcoat. "Not by a d——d sight!" he began. "We have come to demand two things——"

Mr. Leigh nodded.

"Only two? What may they be, please?"

"First, that you discharge a man named Kenneth McNeil, who is a non-union man——"

Mr. Leigh's eyes contracted slightly.

"—and secondly, that you give a raise of wages of fifteen per cent. to every man in your employ—and every woman, too."

"And what is the alternative, pray?"

"A strike."

"By whom?"

"By every soul in your employ, and, if necessary, by every man and woman who works in this city—and if that is not enough, by a tie-up that will paralyze you, and all like you."

Mr. Leigh nodded. "I understand."

A slight spark came into his eyes and his lips tightened just a shade, but when he spoke his voice was level and almost impersonal.

"Will nothing less satisfy you?" he inquired.

"Not a cent," said the leader and two of the others looked at him with admiration. "We want justice."

Mr. Leigh, with his eye steadily on him, shook his head and a smile came into his eyes. "No, you don't want justice," he said to the leader, "you want money."

"Yes, our money."

Again Mr. Leigh shook his head slowly with his eyes on him. "No, not your money. Who are you?" he said. "Are you one of the employees of this road?"

"My name is Wringman and I am the head of this delegation."

"Are you an employee of this road?"

"I am the head of this delegation, the representative of the Associated Unions of this city, of which the Union on this road constitutes a part."

"I will not deal with you," said Mr. Leigh, "but I will deal with you," he turned

to the other men. "I will not discharge the man you speak of. He is an exceptionally good man. I happen to know this of my own personal knowledge, and I know the reason he is not a Union man. It is because you kept him out of the Union." He turned back to the leader.

Wringman started to speak, but Mr. Leigh cut him short.

"Not a word from you. I am dealing now with my own men. I know you. I know who your employer is and what you have been paid. You sold out your people in the East whom you pretended to represent, and now you have come to sell out these poor people here. You have been against McNeil because he denounced you in the East. Your demand is preposterous," he said, turning to the others. "It is an absolute violation of the agreement which you entered into with me not three months ago. I have that agreement here on my desk. You know what that says, that the scale adopted was to stand for so long, and if by any chance, any question should arise, it was to be arbitrated by the tribunal assented to by yourselves and myself. I am willing to submit to that tribunal the question whether any question has arisen, and if it has, to submit it for adjudication by them."

"We did not come here to be put off with any such hyp——" began the leader, but before he had gotten his word out, Mr. Leigh was on his feet.

"Stop," he said. And his voice had the sharp crack of a rifle shot. "Not a word from you. Out of this office," he pointed to the door and at the same moment touched the bell. "Show that man the door," he said, "instantly, and never admit him inside of it again."

"Ah, I'm going," sneered Wringman, putting on his hat, "but not because you ordered me."

"Yes, you are—because I ordered you, and if you don't go instantly I will kick you out personally."

He stepped around the desk and with his eyes blazing, walked quickly across the floor, but Wringman had backed out of the door.

"For the rest of you," he said, "you have my answer. I warn you that if you strike you will close the factories that now give employment to thousands of men and young women. You men may be able to take care of yourselves; but you should

think of those girls. Who will take care of them when they are turned out on the street? I have done it heretofore—unless you are prepared to do it now, you had better consider. Go down to my box-factory and walk through it and see them, self-supporting and self-respecting. Do you know what will become of them if they are turned out? Go to Galligin's and see. Go back to your work if you are men of sense. If not, I have nothing further to say to you."

They walked out and Mr. Leigh shut the door behind them. When he took his seat a deep gravity had settled on him which made him look older by years.

The following day an order for a general strike on the lines operated by Mr. Leigh was issued, and the next morning after that not a wheel turned on his lines. The effect on the population of that section of the city was curious. Of all sad things on earth a strike is the saddest. And like other battles, next to a defeat the saddest scene is the field of victory.

The shadow had settled down on us; the sunshine was gone. The temper of every one appeared to have been strained. The principle of Unionism as a system of protection and defence had suddenly taken form as a system of aggression and active hostility. Class-feeling suddenly sprang up in open and armed array, and next came division within classes. The talk was all of force; the feeling all one of enmity. The entire population appeared infected by it. Houses were divided against themselves; neighbors who had lived in friendliness and hourly intercourse and exchanged acts of kindness, discussed, argued, quarrelled, threatened, and fought or passed by on the other side scowling and embittered. Sweetness gave place to rancor and good-will to hate.

Among those affected by the strike was the family of my old drummer. The change was as apparent in this little home, where hitherto peace and content had reigned supreme with Music to fill in the intervals and make joy, as in the immediate field of the strike.

The whole atmosphere of happiness underwent a change, as though a deadly damp had crept in from the outside, mildewing with its baleful presence all within. Elsa had lost her place. The box-factory was closed. The house was filled with contention. The musicians who came around to smoke their big pipes and drink beer with

old Loewen were like the rest, infected. Nothing appeared to please any longer. The director was a tyrant; the first violin a charlatan; the rest of the performers mostly fools or worse; and the whole orchestra "a fake."

This was the talk I heard in the home when I stopped by sometimes of an evening on my way to my room, and found some of his friends arguing with him over their steins and pipes, and urging a stand against the director and a demand that he accede to their wishes. The old drummer himself stood out stoutly. The director had always been kind to him and to them, he insisted. He was a good man and took pride in the orchestra, as much pride as he himself did. But I could see that he was growing soured. He drank more beer and practised less. Moreover, he talked more of money, which once he had scarcely ever mentioned. But the atmosphere was telling; the mildew was appearing. And in this haunt of peace, peace was gone.

I learned from Loewen one evening that in the event of the strike not being settled soon, there was a chance of a sympathetic strike of all trades, and that even the musicians might join in it, for they had "grievances also."

"But I thought Music was not a trade, but a profession, an art?" I said, quoting a phrase I had overheard him use. He raised his shoulders and threw out his hands palm upward.

"Ach! it vas vonce."

"Then why is it not now?"

"Ach! Who knows? Because they vill not haf it so. Ze music iss dead—ze harmony iss all gone—in ze people—in ze heart! Zere iss no more music in ze souls of ze people. It iss monee—monee—monee—fight, fight, fight, all ze time! Who can gife ze divine strain ven ze heart is set on monee always?"

Who, indeed? I thought, and the more I thought of it the more clearly I felt that he had touched the central truth.

XXVII

MY CONFESSION

JUST after this I decided to move my quarters. Pushkin was beginning to come again to the house, I did not know why,

and though I did not meet him, I could not bear to be under the same roof with him. I began to feel, too, the change in the household. Elsa had begun to change somehow. Instead of the little carols and snatches like bird-songs that I used to hear before she went to her work, or in the evening when she returned, there was silence, and sometimes sighs, and in place of smiles, gloom. Her face lost its bloom. I wondered what the poor thing was distressing herself about. My young Swede, too, whom I still occasionally saw, appeared to have lost that breezy freshness and glow which always reminded me of country meadows and upland hay-fields, and looked downcast and moody. In place of his good-humored smile, his ruddy face began to wear a glowering, sullen look; and finally he disappeared. The mother, also, changed, and her voice formerly so cheery and pleasant had a sharper tone than I had ever heard in it before, and even the old drummer wore a cloudier air, wholly different from his old-time cheeriness. In fact, the whole house had changed from the nest of content that it had been, and I began to plan moving to a better neighborhood which my improving practice appeared to justify. The chief thing that withheld me was that radiant glimpse of Miss Leigh which I sometimes got of a morning as she came tripping along the street with her little basket in her hand, and her face sweet with high thoughts. It set me up all day; attended me to my office and filled it with sunshine and hope. Moreover, I was beginning to find in my association with John Marvel a certain something which I felt I should miss. He calmed me and gave me resolution. It appeared strange that one whom I had always looked down on should so affect me, but I could no longer hide it from myself. After a time, my broad-shouldered young Swedish car-driver came back and I was glad I had remained. Several times in the evening I found him in the house dressed up with shiny hair, a very bright necktie, and a black coat, the picture of embarrassed happiness, and Elsa sitting up and looking prim and, I fancied, a trifle bored, though it might have been only demureness. When I heard her singing again, I assumed that it was the latter expression, and not the former which I had observed. However, I

came in one night and heard Pushkin's voice in the house and I was again at sea. Elsa in all the gayety of her best frock, and ribbons, dashed by me as I mounted the stair to my room.

The next evening I was walking home late. I came on two persons standing in the shadow in a secluded spot. They stopped talking as I passed and I thought I heard my name whispered. I turned and they were Elsa and Pushkin. What was he doing talking with her at that hour? I came near walking up and denouncing him then and there; but I reflected and went on, and when, a few minutes later, Elsa came in very red and scared-looking, I congratulated myself on my self-restraint and sagacity. The next morning was rainy and black, and I took a street car; and found that the motorman was my blue-eyed young Swede, and that he was as dark and cloudy that morning as the day.

That night, I heard Pushkin's voice in the house again, and my old friend's reply to him in a tone of expostulation. It was hard not to hear what Pushkin said, for the house was like a sounding-board. Pushkin was actually trying to borrow money—"more money," and he gave as his reason the absolute certainty that with this stake—"just this one loan," he should win an heiress—"One of the richest women in all the land," he said. He urged as a reason why the old fellow should lend it to him, that they were both from the same country and that his grandfather, when a Minister of the Court, had appreciated Loewen's music and helped him to get his first place.

"And he was a shentlemans like me, and you nodings but a common trummer, hey? And—look here," he said, "I am going to marry a great heiress, and then I shall not haf to borrow any more. I shall haf all de moneys I want—my pockets full, and den I vill pay you one—two—tree times for all you haf lend me, hein? And now I, de shentlemans, comes to you, de common trummer, and calls you mine friend, and swear to pay you one—two—tree times over, certainlee you vill nod refuse me?"

The rest was in the language of their own country. The argument had its effect; for I could hear the old drummer's tone growing more and more acquiescent and the other's laugh becoming more and more

assured, and finally I knew by his voice that he had succeeded.

I came near rising on the spot and going in and unmasking him. But I did not. I determined to wait until the next morning.

Next morning, however, when I came down I received notice that my room was no longer for rent. The announcement came to me from Mrs. Loewen, who gave it in her husband's name, and appeared somewhat embarrassed. I could not see her husband. He had gone out "to meet a gentleman," she said. Her manner was so changed that I was offended, and contented myself with saying I would leave immediately; and I did so, only leaving a line addressed to my old drummer to explain my departure—I was sure that their action was in some way due to Pushkin. In fact, I was not sorry to leave though I did not like being put out. My only cause of regret was that I should miss my walk through the street where the young schoolmistress was shining. I am not sure whether it was a high motive or a mean one which made me, as I left the house, say to Mrs. Loewen:

"You are harboring a scoundrel in that man Pushkin. Keep your eyes open." I saw a startled look in her eyes, but I did not wait to explain.

I did not feel comfortable that evening as I walked through the streets to the better quarters which I had taken. I knew that John Marvel would have said less or more. I half made up my mind to go to John and lay the matter before him. Indeed, I actually determined to do so. Other things, however, soon engrossed my thoughts and my time. I had to file my bill for my old ladies. And so this, like most of my good intentions, faded away.

In fact, about this time I was so wholly taken up with my love for the entrancing ideal that I had clad in the lineaments of Miss Eleanor Leigh and adorned with her radiance and charm that I had no thought for anything that was not in some way related to her. My work was suddenly uplifted by becoming a means to bring me nearer to my ambition to win her. My reading took on new meaning in storing my mind with lore or equipping it to fit it for her service; the outward form of nature displayed new beauty because she loved it. The inward realm of reflection took on new

grace because she pervaded it. In a word, the whole world became but the home and enshrinement of one being, about whom breathed all the radiance and sweetness that I found in it. All of which meant simply that I was truly in love. Content with my love, I lived in a Heaven whose charm she created. But Love has its winter and it often follows close on its spring. I had played Fate again and waylaid her one afternoon as she was returning home from an excursion somewhere, and persuaded her to prolong her walk with an ease that lifted me quite out of myself, and I began to have aspirations to be very brave and good.

We were walking slowly and had reached a park, and I guilefully led her by a round-about path through a part where the shrubbery made it more secluded than the rest. I can see the spot now as then I saw it: a curving gray road sloping down under overhanging trees, and a path dappled with sunlight dipping into masses of shrubbery with a thrush glancing through them, like a little brown sprite playing hide-and-seek. As we neared a seat, I suggested that we should sit down and I was pleased at the way in which she yielded; quite as if she had thought of it herself. It was almost the first time that I had her quite to myself in fair surroundings where we were face to face in body and soul. I felt, somehow, as though I had made a great step up to a new and a higher level. We had reached together a new resting-place, a higher atmosphere; almost a new land. And the surroundings were fresh to me in the city, for we had strayed out of the beaten track. I remember that a placid pool, shaded by drooping willows and one great sycamore, lay at our feet, on which a couple of half-domesticated wild fowl floated, their graceful forms reflected in the mirror below them. I pointed to one and said, "Alcyone," and my heart warmed when she smiled and said, "Yes, at peace. 'The past unsighed for, and the future sure.'"

A quotation from a poet always pleases me. It is as if one found a fresh rose in the street, and where it comes from the lips and heart of a girl it is as though she had uttered a rose.

"Are you fond of Wordsworth?" I asked. "He seems to me very spiritual."

"Yes. In fact, I think I am fond of all poetry. It lifts me up out of the grosser

atmosphere of the world, which I enjoy, too, tremendously—and seems to place me above and outside of myself. Some, even, that I don't understand. I seem to be borne on wings that I can't see into a rarer atmosphere that I can only feel, but not describe."

"That," I said, "as I understand it, is the province of poetry—and also, perhaps, its test."

"It has somewhat the same effect on me that saying my prayers has. I believe in something infinitely good and pure and blessed. It soothes me. I get into a better frame of mind."

"I should think your frame of mind was always 'a better frame,'" I said, edging toward the personal compliment and yet feeling as though I were endangering a beautiful dream.

"Oh! you don't know how worse I can be—how angry—how savage."

"Terribly so, I should think. You look like an ogress."

"I feel like one sometimes, too," she nodded. "I can be one when I have the provocation."

"As—for example?"

"Well, let me see?—Well,—for example, once—oh! quite a time ago—it was just after I met you—the very next day—" (My heart bounded that she could remember the very next day after meeting me—and should set dates by that event. I wanted to say, that is the beginning of my era; but I feared) "I got into a dreadful passion—I was really ferocious."

"Terrible," I jested. "I suppose you would have poisoned your slaves, like the old Roman Empress— What was her name?"

"I was angry enough."

"And instead, you gave the cat milk in place of cream, or did some such awful act of cruelty."

"Not at all. I did nothing. I only burned inwardly and consumed myself."

"And pray, what was the offence that called forth such wrath, and who was the wretch who committed the crime?"

"I had sufficient provocation."

"Of course."

"No, I mean really——"

"What?"

"Why, it was a piece that appeared in one of the morning papers, a vile scurrilous sheet that had always attacked my father

covertly; but this was the first open attack, and it was simply a huge lie. Give the cat milk! I could have poured molten metal down that man's throat—cheerfully—yes, cheerfully."

It may be well believed that as she proceeded, the amusement died out of my face and mind. I turned the other way to keep her from seeing the change that must have come over me. I was thinking hard and I thought quickly, as, 'tis said, a drowning man thinks. Life and death both flashed before me—life in her presence, in the sunlight of those last weeks, and the shadow of perpetual banishment. But one thing was certain. I must act and at once. I turned to her and was almost driven from my determination by the smile in her eyes, the April sunlight after the brief storm. But I seized myself and took the leap.

"I wrote that piece."

She actually laughed.

"Yes, I know you did."

"I did—seriously, I wrote it; but——"

I saw the horror oversweep her face. It blanched suddenly, like the pallor on a pool when a swift cloud covers the sun, and her hand went up to her bosom with a sudden gesture as of pain.

"Oh!" she gasped. The next second she sprang up and sped away like a frightened deer.

I sprang up to follow her, to make my explanation to her; but though, after the first twenty steps, she stopped running and came down to a walk, it was still a rapid walk, and she was fleeing from me. I felt as though the gates of Paradise were closing on me. I followed her at a distance to see that she reached home safely, and with a vain hope that she might slacken her gait and so give me an excuse to make such explanation as I could. She, however, kept on, and soon after she passed beyond the park I saw a trap draw up beside the pavement, and, after a moment in which the driver was talking to her, a young man sprang out and throwing the reins to a groom, joined her and walked on with her. In the light of the street lamp I recognized young Canter. I turned back cursing him; but most of all, cursing myself.

It has been well observed that there is no more valuable asset which a young man can possess than a broken heart. In the ensuing weeks I bore about with me if not

a broken, at least a very much bruised and wounded one. It is a tragic fact in the course of mortality that one girl should have the power to shut the gates of happiness on a man. There were times when I rebelled against myself at being as big a fool as I knew myself to be, and endeavored to console myself by reverting to those wise bits of philosophy which our friends are always offering to us in our distress from their vantage ground of serene indifference. There were doubtless as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, but somehow I could not get a grasp on the idea that there were as lovely and attractive girls in the world whom I was likely to meet as Eleanor Leigh, whom I now felt I had lost and might possibly never recover.

I walked the streets for some time that evening in a very low state of mind, and Dix, as he trudged solemnly along with his head now against my leg, now a step in the rear, must have wondered what had befallen me. By midnight he looked as dejected as I felt. Even when at length, having formulated my letter, I took him out for a run, he did not cheer up as he usually did. That dog was very near a human being. He sometimes appeared to know just what went on in my mind. He looked so confoundedly sorry for me that night that I found it a real consolation. He had the heart of a woman and the eyes of an angel. The letter I wrote was one of the best pieces of advocacy I ever did. I set forth the facts simply and yet clearly and, I felt, strongly. I told the plain truth about the paper, and I had the sense not to truckle, even while I expressed my regret that my work had been made the basis of the unauthorized and outrageous attack on her father and the lie about herself. With regard to the rights of the public and the arrogance of the class that ran the railways and other quasi-public corporations, I stood to my guns.

This letter I mailed and awaited, with what patience I could command, her reply. Several days passed before I received any reply, and then I got a short, little cool note saying that she was glad to see that I felt an apology was due to her honored father, and was happy to know that I was not the author of the outrageous head-lines. It was an icy little reply to a letter in which I had put my whole heart and I was in a rage over it.

I made up my mind that I would show her that I was not to be treated so. If this was the way in which she received a gentleman's frank and full amende, why, I would have no more to do with her. Anger is a masterful passion. So long as it holds sway no other inmate of the mind can enter. So long as I was angry I got on very well. I enjoyed the society of my friends and was much gayer to outward appearances than usual. I spent my evenings with Marvel and Wolffert or some of my less intimate companions, treated myself and them to the theatre, and made altogether a brave feint at bravery. But my anger died out. I was deeply in love and I fell back into a slough of despond. I thought often of confiding in John Marvel; but for some reason I could not bring myself to do so.

Adam driven suddenly out of Paradise with Eve left behind to the temptation of the serpent will give some idea of what I felt. I had the consolation of knowing that I had done the right thing and the only thing a gentleman could have done; but it was a poor consolation when I looked back on the happiness I had been having of late in the presence of Eleanor Leigh. And now between her and me was the flaming sword which turned every way.

My heart gave a sudden drop into my boots one evening when I came across an item in the society columns of an afternoon paper, stating that it was believed by the friends of the parties, that Mr. Canter would, before very long, lead to the altar one of the reigning belles of the city. I had always disliked "Society Columns," as the expression of a latter-day vulgarity. Since then I have detested them.

I finally determined to try to get an interview with her whose absence clouded my world, and wrote her a note rather demanding one. As I received no reply to this, I called one evening to see her, if possible. The servant took in my card and a moment later returned with the statement that Miss Leigh was not at home. I was sure that it was not true. I came down the steps white with rage and also with a sinking of the heart. For I felt that it was all over between us.

Those whom the Gods hate they first make mad, and it was by no accident that the passion of anger and the state of madness have come to be known by the same

terms in our tongue. I have always held since then that every true lover has something of madness in him while the passion rages. I could cheerfully have stormed her house and carried Eleanor Leigh away. I recalled with grim envy William the Conqueror's savage wooing when he met the Count's daughter who had insulted him and rode her down, to receive soon afterward her full submission. This somewhat barbarous form of proving one's passion having passed out of vogue, I testified my spleen by falling into a state of general cynicism which I vented so generously, that Wolffert finally asked me what had happened to me, and conjectured that I must have met with a cross in love. This recalled me sufficiently to myself to make me dissemble my feelings, at least when in his presence. But I was certainly not rational for some time, and, sleeping or waking, I was haunted by the voice of the siren to whom I had fatally listened. What must I do in my folly the next time I met Miss Leigh, which I did quite accidentally one day on the street, but carry my head so high and bow so slightly that the next time we met, which was far from being as accidental as it might have appeared, she carried her head very high and did not bow at all. It was at some sort of a fair held for charity

—and, ever since then I have hated them. Feeling assured that Eleanor Leigh would go, I attended myself with no more charitable object than to benefit a very wretched young lawyer, who was deeply conscious that he had made a fool of himself the last time he saw her. When I arrived, she was nowhere to be seen and I was on the point of leaving when, turning, I found her standing in the midst of a group, her arms full of flowers, which she was selling. All I have to say is that since that time I have felt that Pluto was entirely justified in that little affair in the Sicilian meadows. Thinking to make the amende for my foolish airiness when I last saw her, I made my way up to Miss Eleanor Leigh; but as I approached and was in the very act of speaking to her she turned her back on me. It was a dead cut—a public insult, as humiliating as she could make it. I left the fair in a rage which lasted long. As I wandered through the forlorn streets that night, I fed my heart on instances of woman's inconstancy, and agreed with the royal lover that, "*Mal habil qui s'y fie.*" In his "*Inferno*," Dante has given twelve different and successive circles in the depths of perdition, each lower than the other. I passed through every one of them, and with no companion but my own folly.

(To be continued.)

BRIEF LIFE

By Sophie Jewett

HE came with the wind of dawn, when rose-red clouds were flying;
 In the glory of his coming the old moon drifted dim.
 He went when the evening star outwatched day's quiet dying;
 Its path upon the sea made a white, straight road for him.

Did he dream a wistful dream in some radiant place supernal?
 Did he hear the human call, follow and lose his way?
 Has the touch of earth on the child made strange to him things eternal?
 Is he heir to sorrow and love, being mortal for one swift day?



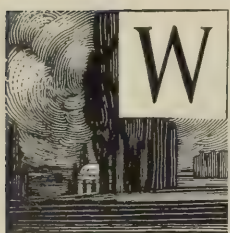
Macedonian volunteers.

THE RECENT CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS



WHAT could be more aggravating to a greedy impressionist than to have sat nearly two years in Constantinople, to have watched the amicable revolution of 1908, to have been one of a privileged few to assist at the reopening by Abdul Hamid of the Parliament he suppressed thirty-two years ago, and then to have been caught in an ignoble Florentine pension, among ladies passionate after pictures, when the mutiny of April 13 broke out in Stamboul? And nothing, from the meagre Italian telegrams, was more difficult to make out than the origin of that mutiny. Had the Committee of Union and Progress made the mistakes their friends had feared? Had the opposition liberals been unconsciously playing into the hands of reactionaries? Had the Sultan, who appeared to swallow the revolution in so lamblike a manner, merely been lying

low? The only thing was to go back and find out, and to get what reparation one could by seeing the end of the affair—if end there were. For it must be recorded against the sagacity of impressionists, or of one particular impressionist, that he thought nothing at all might happen.

The first hint of anything to the contrary came from a *Neue Freie Presse* obtained at a Croatian railway station, which announced that by the nineteenth a Macedonian army would concentrate at Chatalja, some fifty miles from Constantinople. The nineteenth was the next day, and I was due in Stamboul on the morning of the twentieth.

The day of the twentieth passed, with long stops, with short advances, with pangs of hunger which a disgusted Orient Express—itsself some nine hours late—reluctantly consented to appease, with melodramatic rumors of battle, and with a final sight of soldiers making a thin black ant trail over a bare

hill. Night came upon us in the green valley of Sparta Kouleh, at the end of which a gleam of the Marmora was visible, and the Bythinian Olympus ethereal with snow. A bonfire reddened the twilight in front of us, soldiers were singing not far away, frogs or tree-toads made a silver music in the distance. To what grim things, I wondered as we so mysteriously waited, did nature make this soft antithesis? At last a long train, fifty-seven empty freight-cars, rumbled out of the dark from the direction of the city.

We then started on again, stopping only to take on and let off officers at way stations, and reached town, fourteen and a half hours late, at half past ten.

Expectation, after a checkered approach, had been raised to a pitch. But Constantinople proved a most singularly beleaguered city. I perceived that when I saw a couple of Macedonian officers get off the train with me. I perceived it again when I passed the customs with an unaccustomed ease and drove away through



Soldiers at Chatalja, April 20.

streets that gave no hint of siege. Still more clearly did I perceive it during the three long days that followed my arrival. Beleaguering there was, for rumor peopled the fields of Thrace with advancing thousands, and Hussein Hussny Pasha, commander of operations at the front, issued manifestoes. To the garrison he offered immunity on condition of their taking a solemn oath of obedience before the Sheikh-ul-Islam. To those of the populace not implicated in the



The first thing I saw there was a pair of white leggins guarding a gate, April 24.

late uprising he promised security of person and property. And both apparently made haste to put themselves on the right side. Deputation after deputation went out to the enemy's camp in token of surrender. The War Office made plans for provisioning the invaders. Parliament assembled at San Stefano in the shadow of the Macedonian camp, and the fleet followed suit. At the same time the air was tense with the feeling that first came to me when the porter of my sleeping-car called that unknown passenger at Nisch. What was going to happen? It was an indication of the color of people's thoughts that the outgoing steamers were crowded during those days, and panics ran through the town like rumors. Some one would shout "They are coming!" The streets would instantly fill with the rush of feet, the clang of closing shutters.

On Friday, the twenty-third, I went to *Selamlık*. I also wrote a last will and testament before doing so, which I left with careless conspicuousness on my desk, for there was much talk of bombs and depositions. So much was there that in the diplomatic pavilion, to which I was admitted by courtesy of our embassy, no heads of missions were present. There were also fewer general spectators than usual, and they were kept at a greater distance. Otherwise the ceremony took place with its old pomp. I missed the handsome white Albanian and the blue Arab zouaves, recently expelled from the imperial guard; but the dark blue infantry, the black-and-red marines, the scarlet-pennoned lancers, the matched cavalry of Daoud Pasha, a brown battalion of sappers, and even a detachment of the Salonica sharp-shooters, marched up the hill with sounding brass. Before they had quite banked up the ap-

proaches to the palace and the mosque the sun, breaking from morning clouds, brought out all the color of that pageant set for the last time. Toward noon five closed court carriages of ladies drove slowly down the avenue, surrounded by solemn black eunuchs, and turned into the mosque yard. A group of officers in gala uniform took their places in line opposite the diplomatic pavilion. At their head stood Prince Burhaneddin, the Sultan's favorite son. His presence excited no little interest, for it had

been reported that he had run away. He looked unusually pale. Suddenly the muezzin's shrill sweet cry sounded from the minaret, and the bands began to play the Hamidieh march. Then the Sultan's cortege—of brilliant uniforms on foot, of trusty Albanian riflemen, of blue-and-silver grooms leading blooded chargers—emerged from an archway in the palace wall. Abdul Hamid, in a hooded victoria drawn by two beautiful black horses, sat facing Tevfik Pasha, the Grand Vizier of the moment, and his



A Macedonian Blue. April 24, 1909.

son Abdurrahim Effendi. He looked bent and haggard, the more because his sunken cheeks were so palpably rouged. As he passed under the terrace of the diplomatic pavilion he glanced up to see if any of the ambassadors were there. The fact that none of them were was afterward said to have irritated him intensely. He did not betray it, at all events, as he passed down the avenue, saluting right and left to his cheering soldiers. After leaving his carriage at the mosque door, where his little son Abid Effendi waited quaintly in the uniform of an officer, he turned and saluted again before going up the steps.

When the bowed figure disappeared it was as if a spring were suddenly let go. Guards and spectators alike relaxed from a



Taxime artillery barracks shelled April 24.

tension. There had been no bomb. There had been no irruption of invading armies. There had been no sign of disloyalty among troops who were supposed to have gone over to the Macedonians. Indeed they had cheered as I never heard them except at the *Selamlık* after the re-establishment of the constitution. It did not look very much as if Papa Hamid were finished, to quote my Macedonian officer. It looked, on the contrary, as if what an aide-de-camp whispered might be true—that Papa Hamid took the famous beleaguering as a bluff and proposed to call it. The situation became more equivocal than ever.

In the meantime big English tea baskets were brought up the avenue, and the soldiers were served with tea, coffee, and biscuits at the expense of a paternal sovereign. Then a bugle sounded and they jumped to attention, gulping down last mouthfuls as the imperial carriage left the mosque. The Sultan returned with the same ceremony as before, except that Burhaneddin Effendi accompanied him. After he had entered the palace the troops dispersed in review order, marching up one side of the avenue to the palace gate and marching down the

other. When most of them were gone, the Sultan appeared for a moment at a window overlooking the terrace of the diplomatic pavilion. Again he was enthusiastically cheered.

It was for the last time. But the situation seemed to clear. That afternoon Mahmoud Shefket Pasha, generalissimo of the Macedonian forces, whom I did not see at Chatalja, issued the first of a notable series of manifestoes. He announced his assumption of command at the front, and his intention to punish only those responsible for the late disturbance. One phrase attracted particular attention. He said, "Certain intriguers, in fear of punishment, have spread the rumor that the above-mentioned forces have arrived in order to depose the sovereign. To these rumors I oppose a formal denial." Every foreign correspondent in Constantinople thereupon telegraphed to his paper that the Salonica troops would make a peaceful entry into the city, and that Abdul Hamid would remain on the throne.

The next morning, Saturday, I was roused before six o'clock by a member of

our country household. "I don't know," he said, "but do you hear anything?" I listened. I heard a light air in the garden trees, a pervading twitter of birds. Then it seemed to me that I heard something else in the distance, something faintly crackling, followed occasionally by something more deeply booming. It sounded like firing, and I suddenly remembered my friends of the white leggings. Yet the morning was so delicious, the sky was so soft, the garden so full of birds. . . . By the time I got down to the wharf a few people were gathered there, talking gravely in low voices. The shots we heard did not altogether break the tension of the last few days. My friend the ticket seller gave me serious advice. "Go back to your house," he said. "Sit in your garden, and be at peace. Lead falls into the sea like rain at Beshiktash. No steamer's run. They have all been sent back." I was disinclined to believe him. It seemed incredible that anything particular was happening—on such a day, after so many overtures to the Macedonians. Among those at the

scala I saw Hassan the boatman, whom all men know for a liberal and a reader of papers. "Hassan," I said, "let us row to the city. It is necessary for me to go, and there seem to be no steamers. I will pay you a dollar." Hassan regarded me as one might regard a lunatic for whom one entertains friendly sentiments. "Effendim," he replied, "what do you say? They are fighting at Yildiz, and not for one or for many dollars will I go. What have you to do in town to-day?" I began to be rather annoyed. I had to get some films, and

there was no reason why I shouldn't, if they were fighting at Yildiz. It didn't occur to me that there could be trouble anywhere else in the town. But neither boat nor boatman could be induced to go down the Bosphorus.

I climbed Hissar hill again, to warn the rest of a town-going household of the situation, and to collect recruits for a forced march of seven miles across country. They

were not difficult to obtain. Three of us were starting for a last reconnoissance of the *scala*, when we heard a steamer whistle. We were just in time to jump triumphantly on board. So the croakers were mistaken, after all! The passengers were few, however. At the next station of Bebek, where a considerable English colony lives, a number of friends joined us. At the station below that the captain threw up the sponge. An up-bound steamer was there, which had turned back. We told our captain he was a fool, a coward, and as many other uncomplimentary things as we could think of, but he refused to budge. We accordingly got off

and took the stony street following the shore to the city. People stared at us as Hassan had stared at me. The tide of travel was all the other way. There were carriages full of Turkish women, with eunuchs on the box. There were Armenians, Greeks, and Jews of the lower classes—the last distinguishable by the furred robes of the old men—hurrying northward on foot, with babies and bundles in their arms. There were more, notably soldiers of the garrison, singly, in groups, with or without rifles. We stopped the first we saw



They were, in fact, the second firing line of the afternoon attack on Tash Kishla.



A squad of disarmed deserters, April 25.

and asked what was up. They all declared that they knew nothing, showing much haste to be on. We afterward realized that they were running away. We saw some of them bargaining for boats to take them to the Asiatic side.

There had been no firing for some time, and the sight of rowboats so much nearer the scene of action than Hissar convinced me anew of a false alarm. The Macedo-

nians had probably come into town at last. The palace guard might very well have made a row. Perhaps even the Sultan had been deposed, and had objected to it. But how was it possible that there should be any general fighting? At Ortakeuy, next to the imperial suburb of Beshiktash, six of us got into two rowboats. We soon separated. The boat in which I was had not gone far toward the harbor before firing broke out



Burial of volunteers, April 26.

again. There was no doubt about it this time. The crack of musketry, intensely sharp and sinister in the clear spring morning, would be followed by the deeper note of a field piece. But we could see nothing. The roofs of Yildiz nestled serene as ever among their embosoming gardens. The imperial flag still floated from its accustomed staff. Not a cloud, not a puff, indicated the direction of the firing. It was uncanny. What could have happened? We skirted the artillery magazines of Top-Haneh, passed the embassy despatch boats, and began rounding into the harbor. Suddenly the man in the stern of the boat uttered a quick "By Jove!" and ducked. A bullet had whizzed behind his ear. Another splashed the water off our bow. A third sang over our heads. I began to think that they had not been wrong at Roumeli Hissar when they advised me to sit in my garden and be at peace. I was far from being at peace and I decidedly wished that I were in my garden. The next best place seemed to be the bottom of the boat. In the face of public opinion, however, as represented by two Englishmen and a Turk, the only course left a scared impressionist was to continue taking uncomfortable impressions in as erect a posture as possible, and be shot like a gentleman. The sole satisfaction I had was in meditating of my last will and testament, providently made the day before, and of its eventual discovery. But it was never discovered, and none of us were laid low. While a few more bullets spattered around us, we were soon out of range alongside Galata Quay.

The first thing I saw there was a pair of white leggins on guard at a gate. I went up to the sunburned soldier who wore them as to a long-lost brother, and asked for news. My reception, I regret to confess, was not too cordial. "Do not stop," admonished the Macedonian. "If you have business, do it and go. There is no danger; but the bridge is closed and boats do not run. To-morrow everything will be the same as yesterday." In one respect at least he was right. The bridge was closed. Access not only to Stamboul but to the great street of Galata was cut off by white leggins. There was accordingly no chance of making the tunnel to Pera. As my friends were divided as to their projects, I

explored certain noisome alleys leading back from the quay to see if I could reach the Street of Steps climbing past the Genoese tower. On the way I passed a party of American tourists, hurrying for their steamer, in charge of an embassy *cavass*. They amusingly looked to an impressionist, forgetful of his partiality for the bottoms of boats, as if they doubted whether they would escape with their lives. Step Street luckily proved open. The shops, however, were shut, and pedestrians were remarkably scarce. Moreover, most of them wore white leggins, or gray-blue ones. Young gentlemen so apparelled, with rifles slung across their backs and cartridges festooned about them, strolled up and down the streets or lolled in front of public buildings. There was an engaging negligence about these picturesque persons, who had an air of keeping an eye on things in spite of manifold cigarettes. Rifles might pop desultorily in the distance, but there was no doubt what had happened. The Macedonians had captured Constantinople.

I went to the American Embassy to obtain details as to this historic event. I found the gate guarded by cadets of the War College and Macedonian Blues. One of the latter smoked cigarettes on the sidewalk and scrutinized every one who passed. At a sign from him an approaching group of marines was stopped and searched. A Turkish *hodja* was even more roughly handled, for his honorable cloth had been a favorite disguise for political agitators. No one suspected of carrying weapons was let by. The man in blue, it transpired, was one of many officers who escaped during the mutiny, and came back with the invading army as privates, or so dressed for strategic reasons. As for news, it was remarkably meagre. The Macedonians had occupied both banks of the Golden Horn early in the morning, and had encountered resistance at some of the barracks. There were conflicting reports of the first shots being due to a mistake, and of treacherous flags of truce. At all events the affair was not finished, for every now and then we heard firing. But so far as any one knew there had been no fight at Yildiz.

What made me realize more sharply than anything else the seriousness of the thing was the further news that Frederick Moore, of the New York *Sun*, whom I had often

met during the last six months, had been badly wounded. I started up Pera Street to see what I could see. More people were about by that time, but the shops were shut, and no cabs or trams were running. All the embassies, legations, and consulates were guarded like ours by cadets and Macedonian gendarmes. Other Macedonians, they of the white caps and white leggins, they of the careless Mauser and the casual cigarette, mingled informally with the crowd. As an inhabitant of a captured city, it was interesting to note the friendli-

didn't count how many more coffins and dervishes I saw go into that guard-house.

I followed one of the stretchers into the adjoining French hospital, in hope of hearing from Moore. The resources of the place were evidently overtaxed, and I took the liberty of going farther to verify the information given me by a white-winged sister of charity. At a hospitable English house across the street I found Mrs. Moore. Mr. Graves of the *London Times*, who had been reported as dead, was also there, and two English officers of the Macedonian



Deputies leaving Parliament after deposing Abdul Hamid in secret session, April 22.

ness of captives and captors. A rare shot was the sole reminder that there might be more than one side to this question. By the time I reached the vicinity of the Taxime artillery barracks, however, there were other reminders. I saw an iron shutter neatly perforated by dozens of small round holes. The windows of houses, in otherwise good repair, were riddled and broken. Walls were curiously pockmarked, and I saw a shell embedded in one. These phenomena were particularly visible about the local guard-house, which I was told had only just surrendered. Several stretchers passed me, carrying soldiers in contorted attitudes. A man went into the guard-house with a ridged pine coffin on his back, followed by two of the dervishes who wash the bodies of dead Mohammedans. I

gendarmerie. They had come up unofficially from Salonica to see how their men acquitted themselves. It seemed they and Mr. Booth of the *Graphic* had been with Moore that morning. They ran into the firing before they knew it, thinking, as other people did, that the action was taking place around Yildiz. Their position was the more awkward because the Macedonians were determined to prevent the soldiers of the garrison from getting down into Pera, and there was cross firing from side streets. The two correspondents were wounded almost at the same moment, Booth getting a bullet that grazed his scalp, and Moore being shot clean through the neck. A Greek behind him was killed, apparently by the same ball. The officers got Booth into an adjoining house, but by

a regrettable misunderstanding they left Moore lying in the street, whence he was rescued by a young Greek sculptor.

The streets grew more animated until the *Grande Rue de Péra* assumed the appearance of a Sunday afternoon. But another aspect of the situation was presented to me when I bearded the Blues of the telegraph office for Mrs. Moore, and heard clerks politely regretting that all wires were down except those to Europe by way of Constantza. I concluded that Shefket Pasha, who did not trouble Yildiz until he was sure of the city, proposed to leave no loophole for reactionary telegrams to the provinces. Returning to the Taxime for further reconnoissance, I was taking snapshots when shots of another kind began to pop again. They were neither near nor many, but they caused an extraordinary panic. People ran wildly back into Pera, the women screaming, the men tucking those near and dear to them under their arms or abandoning them to the mercy of the foe as their motor centres dictated. I, seeing some soldiers grin, waited in the lee of a tree. When the street was clear I went on to the artillery barracks that had given so much trouble in the morning. The big building was quiet enough now, under the afternoon sun that made jagged black shadows in the holes torn by Macedonian shells. Beyond, at the far corner of the Taxime Garden, I saw a group of white leggers. A bugle blew, and some of them crept around the wall into the side street. As I came nearer a soldier ran toward me, brandishing his rifle. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. I replied as politely as I could that I was taking photographs. "Is this a time to take photographs?" he vociferated. "We are killing men. Go back." If other argument were needed I had it in the form of renewed shots that banged behind him, where I could see through trees the yellow mass of Tash Kishla. I went back less rapidly than I might have done, remembering the people who had just run away. Opposite the garden was the parade ground of the barracks, bounded on its farther side by stables and a strip of wall behind which heads bobbed. I began to repent of my retreat, also to thirst for human companionship, and I resolved to join those comfortably ensconced spectators. As I strolled

toward them across the great empty space of sun, they hailed me from afar. I then perceived with some embarrassment that they wore white caps, *à la macédonienne*, and that a portentous number of rifle barrels were gaping at me. They were in fact the second firing line of the afternoon attack on Tash Kishla.

I cannot say that they received me too civilly. Grace, however, was given me to appreciate that the moment was not one for civilities, especially from men who had been under action for twelve hours. I also appreciated the opportunity, urged without forms upon me, of studying their picturesque rear. Tired soldiers smoked or slept on a steep grass slope, and a mule battery lurked in the gulley below. Wondering if it might not yet be possible to see what was going on, I approached a young man who stood at the door of a house behind the artillery stables, and asked in my best French if he objected to my ascending to a balcony I saw on the top story of his house. He, being a Greek, replied in his best English that he would be happy to accompany me thither. On the way up he pointed out to me, at a broken window of the opposite stable, the figure of an artilleryman, his rifle across his knees, sitting dead and ghastly against a wall. And he told me about the engagement, of which he had been an uncomfortably close witness: how the Macedonians marched in from the valley of the Golden Horn early in the morning; how the first of them, by a fatal strategic error, were allowed to pass the artillery barracks, and were even cheered; how another lot, who scrambled up the gulley from Kassim Pasha, saw a white flag flying from the artillery stables, advanced more confidently, and were met by a treacherous fire; how they then retired for re-enforcements, brought up machine-guns and field pieces, and took stable, barracks, and guard-house after a nasty little fight of five hours.

From the balcony we had a perfect view of the last operations around Tash Kishla. That great yellow barracks will be memorable in the annals of the Turkish revolution. Many an officer is said to have been tortured there on suspicion of being connected with the Young Turks. It was there that a detachment of the imperial guard fired on the first sharp-shooters

brought up from Salonica to replace them. And there a battalion of those same sharpshooters, who had been corrupted into fomenting the late revolt, and who knew how little quarter they might expect from their old comrades, held out desperately, long after the other barracks had given in. The last act of the tragedy looks less real than a stage tragedy on that divine spring afternoon while we watched, as from a box at the play, the white-legged figures crouching behind their wall, the farther figures

the valley of Beshiktash, the scene of Friday's *Selamlık*. No sign of life was visible now at the archway in the palace wall, on the avenue leading to the mosque. Had the Sultan surrendered? Had he abdicated? Had he fled? All we knew, until the end, was that white flags floated over two of the imperial barracks, and that white leggins nonchalantly appeared on Sunday morning at the palace gates. In the meantime Shefket Pasha, the man of the hour, continued to secure his position.



Mehmet V driving through Stamboul on his Accession Day, April 27.

stealing up the side of a sunny road, the sortie of the last handful of sharpshooters from their shot-riddled stronghold. They took refuge in a garden before the barracks, where rifles blazed and men dropped until a desperate white handkerchief fluttered among the trees.

The surrender of Tash Kishla, the Stone Barracks, practically completed the occupation of the city. But the tension was not over. There were yet three days of uncertainty, of waiting, of a strange sense in the air of contrast between the April sunlight and dark forces working in silence. For Yildiz, as ever, remained inscrutable. From the top of Pera we could see, across

The redoubtable Selimieh barracks, scene of Florence Nightingale's work in Haïdar Pasha, he took on Sunday with half a dozen shells. On the same day he proclaimed martial law. No one was allowed in the streets an hour after sunset, weapons were confiscated, suspicious characters of all sorts were arrested, and the deserters of the garrison were rounded up. Thousands of them were picked out of rowboats on the Bosphorus or caught in the open country. The poor fellows were more sinned against than sinning. The most absurd stories had been spread amongst them—that the invaders were Christians come forcibly to convert them; that the son of the King of



Spectators outside St. Sophia at Mehmet V's first *Selamlık*, April 30.

England intended to turn Abdul Hamid off the throne in order to reign himself; that if taken they would all be massacred. Lost without their officers, dazed by all that had been told them, worn out by the excitement and confusion of the last ten days, their one idea was to get back to their Asiatic villages. On Monday morning several hundred of them, including the remnant of the Tash Kishla sharp-shooters, were marched away to the court-martial at Chatalja. The rest, who were merely the victims of an ignorant loyalty to their caliph, were sent to Macedonia for lessons in liberalism and road-making.

I wondered whether it were by accident that the prisoners sent to Chatalja marched down the hill by which their captors had entered Pera, as preparations were being made on the same height, since named Perpetual Liberty, for the funeral of the first volunteers killed. A circular trench was dug on the bare brown hilltop, and in it fifty ridged deal coffins were symmetrically set toward the east, each covered with the star and crescent, and each bearing a fez at the head. Then a long double file of white-caps drew up beside it, and a young officer made a spirited address. Not know-

ing, in my ignorance, who the officer was or much of what he said—he turned out to be the famous Niazi Bey of Resna—I wandered away to the edge of the bluff. A few tents were still pitched there, overlooking the upper valley of the Golden Horn. Seeing a camera and hearing a foreign accent, the men were willing enough to be photographed. They were from Cavalla, they said, where an American tobacco company maintains a factory. One of them offered me his tobacco box in English. He had lived two years and a half in New York. When I got back to the trench the soldiers were gone and the coffins were almost covered. One officer was left, who made to the grave-diggers and the few spectators a speech of a moving simplicity. "Brothers," he said, "here are men of every nation, Turks, Albanians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Jews; but they died together, on the same day, fighting under the same flag. Among us too are men of every nation, both Mohammedan and Christian; but we also have one flag, and we pray to one God. Now I am going to make a prayer, and when I pray let each one of you pray also, in his own language, in his own way." With which he raised his hands, palms upward, in the



American and German schools crossing to Stamboul on day of sword girding, May 10.

Mohammedan attitude of prayer. The other Mohammedans followed his example, while the Christians took off their caps or fezes and crossed themselves; and a brief "*amin*" closed the little ceremony.

By Tuesday, Parliament having returned to town the day before, and having sat in secret session with no outward result, people began to say again that the Sultan would keep his throne. As the morning wore on, however, there began to be indications of a certain nature. In Pera Street I encountered a long line of open carriages, each containing two or three black eunuchs and a Macedonian soldier. The odd procession explained itself. The eunuchs were from the palace. Some of them looked downcast, but the majority stared back at the crowd with the detachment supposed to be of their nature, while a few of the younger ones appeared to be enjoying an unaccustomed pleasure. It was not so with a procession I saw later, crossing Galata bridge. This was composed of the lower servants of the palace, on foot, marching four and four between a baker's dozen of sardonic Macedonians. There was no air of palaces about them. Some were in *stamboulines*, frock-coats with a military collar, that

looked the worse for wear. Others wore a manner of livery, coarse black braided with white. Others still were in the peasant costume of the country. They were followed by the last of the palace guard, shuffling disarmed and dejected between their sharp-eyed captors. A few jeers were raised as they passed, but quickly died away. There was something both tragic and prophetic about that unhappy company.

Returning to Galata I found the approaches of the bridge guarded by soldiers, who kept the centre of the street clear. The sidewalks were packed with people who waited—they did not know for what. More soldiers passed, with flags and bands. It began to be whispered that a new Sultan was going over to Stamboul that afternoon. The rumor was presently confirmed by an extra of the *Osmanischer Lloyd*, an enterprising Franco-German paper, which was the first in Constantinople to publish the news of Abdul Hamid's dethronement and the accession of his brother. But still people could not believe the news they had been expecting so long. They continued to wait, to see what would happen. I met some friends who suggested going to the vicinity of Dolma Baghtcheh Palace, the

residence of the heir presumptive. If he went out that afternoon we should be surer of knowing it than if we joined the crowds in the city. At the junction of the Pera road with the avenue behind Dolma Baghtcheh we were stopped by a white-leggined Albanian with a Mauser. This tall, fair-haired, hawk-nosed, and serious young person saw no reason why we should occupy better posts than the rest of the people—happily not many—he held at bay. We accordingly waited with them, being assured by the inexorability of the Albanian and by the presence of gunners mounting guard beyond him that we should not wait in vain.

In front of us a wide-paved space sloped down to the Bosphorus, pleasantly broken by fresh-leaved trees and a stucco clock tower. To the left ran a tree-shaded perspective, cut off from the water by the white mass of Dolma Baghtcheh. Before long we saw three steam launches pass close in front of us, making for the harbor. A few minutes later a cannon banged. Another banged after it, another, and another, till we could doubt no longer that what we had been waiting for had really happened at last. Then, before we had time to taste the rushing emotion of new and great things, a small-arm cracked in the distance. That sharp little sound caused the strangest cold sensation of arrest. More rifles cracked. People looked at each other. The soldiers began feeling for their cartridges, their eyes on their officers. As the firing became a fusillade and drew nearer, one of the latter made a sign to our Albanian. "Go back!" commanded that young man fiercely, thrusting his musket at us. There was an instant retreat. Could it be that reactionaries had chosen this moment

to make an attack on the new Sultan, that there had been a reply, and that battle was beginning again in the streets? We had not gone far, however, before we saw men shooting revolvers into the air and laughing. So we returned, not without sheepishness, to our places. We were just in time to see our Albanian discharge his rifle with the delight of a boy. The volley that followed did not last long. "Who told you to fire?"

demanded the officer who had been so uneasy a moment before. "Eh, the others are firing," replied our Albanian. "Never mind what the others do," retorted the officer sharply. "We came here to show that we know how to obey orders. Now stop firing." His soldiers did, although the city was by that time one roar of powder.

It was not long after three o'clock. We still had nearly four hours to wait before Sultan Mehmet V should land at Seraglio Point, proceed to the War Office for the first ceremonies of investiture, return to the Seraglio to kiss the mantle of the Prophet, and then drive past us to his palace. I could not



A Stamboul street decorated in honor of Mehmet V, April 27.

help thinking of the other palace on top of the hill, from which the servants had been taken that morning. The boom of saluting guns, the joyous crackle accompanying it, must have gone up with cruel distinctness, through the still spring afternoon, to the ears of one who had heard that very sound, on the supplanting of a brother by a brother, thirty-three years before. As the time wore away our Albanian grew less fierce. The light, unfortunately, did likewise, until all hope of snap shots failed. I then took my place at the edge of the avenue. Finally, toward seven o'clock, a piqueur galloped into sight from behind the wall that hid the right-hand stretch of the street.



Mehmet V on day of sword girding, May 10.

Behind him, in the distance, rose a faint cheering. It came nearer, nearer, nearer, until a squadron of dusty cavalry clattered into sight. After the cavalry clattered a dusty brougham, drawn by two black horses, and in the brougham an elderly man with a double chin bowed and smiled from the windows as the crowd shouted "*Padi-shah'm chok yasha-a-a!*" I shouted with them as well as I could, not stopping to inquire why anything should impede the throat of an indifferent impressionist from over sea, at the spectacle of a fat old gentleman in a frock-coat driving out between two disreputable columns of cavalry. They made a terrific dust as they galloped away through the young green of the avenue toward the white palace—dust which a condescending sun turned into a cloud of glory.

During the days and nights of flags and illumination that followed there were other sights to see. One of them was the *Selamlik* of the ensuing Friday. It took place at St. Sophia, whither Mohammed II rode to pray after his conquest of Constantinople, and where popular opinion willed that a later Mohammed, after this memorable recapture of the town, should make his first public prayer. About this ceremony was

none of the pomp that distinguished the one I had witnessed the week before. A few Macedonian Blues were drawn up by the mosque, a few Macedonian cavalymen guarded the gates of the Seraglio, and they were not all in place by the time the Sultan, in a new green service uniform, drove slowly through the grounds of that ancient enclosure. Again, on the succeeding Monday, we beheld the grisly spectacle of those who fomented the mutiny among the soldiers, and who, in long white shirts, with statements of their names and deeds pinned to their bosoms, swung publicly from great tripods at the scene of their several crimes—three at the Stamboul end of the bridge, five in front of Parliament, and five in the square of the War Department. And the new Sultan was once more the centre of interest on the day he was girded with the sword of Omar. He went to the sacred mosque of Eyoub with little of the pageantry that used to celebrate that solemn investiture—in a steam launch, distinguishable from other steam launches only by a big magenta silk flag bearing the imperial *toughra*. From Eyoub he drove round the walls to the Adrianople Gate, and then through the city to the Seraglio. His gala coach, his scarlet-and-gold coachman, his



Macedonian cavalry patrol.

four chestnut horses, his blue-and-silver outriders, and his prancing lancers were the most glittering part of that long procession. The most Oriental part of it was the train of carriages bearing the religious heads of the empire, white-bearded survivors of another time, in venerable turbans and green robes embroidered with gold. But the most significant group in the procession was that of the trim staff of the Macedonian army, on horseback, headed by Mahmoud Shefket Pasha. Not least notable among the conquerors of Constantinople will be this grizzled, pale, thin, keen, kind-looking man who, a month before that day, was an unknown corps commander in Salonica. We knew he was capable of such decision that, within four days of an equivocal mutiny, he seized the Roumelian railway and put two trains of troops into Chatalja before the reactionaries had time to make their next move. We knew that he had carried out his delicate operations with phenomenal promptness, tact, and strategic ability. We had not known that he took the city before he was ready, with barely fifteen thousand men, on a sudden night warning that the desperate Sultan planned a massacre for the next day. He has since proved his greatness by a wise and modest use of the power he wields as the real master of Turkey. They say he suffers from an incurable disease, and captures cities for distraction.

There was another spectacle, less obvious perhaps than the rest, yet singularly evocative of them all, when Shefket Pasha opened to a limited number of visitors the

park of Yildiz. Yildiz had so long been a name of legend that one approached it with the vividest curiosity—even though the innermost enclosure, its massive walls crowned by high-pitched roofs and overhanging green, remained impenetrable. Was Merassim Kiosque, a tawdry little palace in an abutting enclosure of its own, a hint of those visions unrevealed? I threaded a tortuous space, at one end of it not quite touching the bastion of the forbidden city, to a paved *impasse*, where a small iron door in the Kiosque faced a small iron door in the wall. They had a potency, those small iron doors, upon the imagination of a romantic impressionist. Beyond stretched courts and stables, deserted save for a few last activities of departure. A horse whinnied in the silence. A eunuch gave shrill orders to a soldier. A drove of buffaloes stood mild-eyed under a plane tree, waiting to be driven away. A cat lay blinking in the sun, indifferent to the destinies of kings.

Outside the fabled gardens descended to the sea. Fabled they proved indeed—as some city park, perhaps, though not so neatly kept. A driveway fabulously dusty curved along their summit, past a miniature lake, where the palace beauties used to row. Chalets and summer-houses with red seals on their doors stood among the trees. I went into an open lodge beside a gateway. A bed was torn to pieces, clothes and papers strewn the floor, a cut loaf and an open bottle stood on a shelf as if dropped in some hasty flight. On a slope of thin shade farther on were grouped an ornate wooden cottage, a castellated porcelain factory, ken-

nels where a few dogs yelped miserably, and enclosures for all sorts of animals and birds. The one really charming part of the park was the ravine behind Cheragan Palace, cool with secular trees and the splash of water. Nightingales and strange waterfowl had their habitation there, and some startled colts galloped away as I descended a winding path. The look of the paths, neither wild nor ordered, made me wonder again what four hundred gardeners did at Yildiz. I suppose they did what any gardener would do whose master never came to see his garden.

There was a point on the hillside whence a long view opened—of domed Stamboul and cypressed Scutari reaching toward each other across an incredible blue, with dim Asiatic mountains in the background. From the height above he must often have looked out upon that scene, who brooded for thirty-three years, in silence and darkness, behind the walls his terror raised. So noble against sea and sky, so vastly spread-

ing, so mysterious in its invisible activities, the city must have been as redoubtable to him as his bastioned hilltop was to the city. And I could not help imagining how, during the days so lately passed, as he watched the city that feared his power and whose power he feared, sounds must have come up to him: of the foolish firing he ordered for the thirteenth of April; of a more sinister firing eleven days later, when he waited for his deluded and officerless soldiers shut up in their barracks to save his throne; of that last firing, for him the sound of doom, proclaiming to his face the joy of the distant city that his power was over it no more. As I went away a train of bullock carts, piled with nondescript furniture, was creaking down the avenue where the imperial guard used to parade at *Selamlık*. A Macedonian gendarme checked them as they passed, standing in the archway of the palace court. Behind him a monkey sat in the coil of a black tail, surveying the scene with bright, furtive, troubled eyes

BARN DOORS

By Walter Prichard Eaton



all, I suppose, have some precious little pictures stored away in our memories with the magic of childhood or the open world about them, pictures that flash upon our inward eye, like Wordsworth's daffodils, and bring pleasure and the dancing heart. It was Wordsworth's genius to feel so profoundly that his pictures persisted in memory till he could transcribe them into a poem. Called the poet of tranquillity, his tranquillity was like Teufelsdröckh's, that of the spinning top. More than all others, he is the poet of tremendous emotion. And it was in an effort to realize with true intensity of feeling my own stored impressions of natural scenes that I came to recognize how large and how beautiful a place is filled in my memory by barn-door landscapes. They have been coming back to me one by one since I saw Moosilauke be-

tween golden, dusty walls of hay the other morning, coming back with an aura of enchantment upon them, coming back from forgotten childhood, from careless tramps down world in autumn, from all my country yesterdays. A little gallery of barn-door landscapes, of peeps into the ideal—for every barn-door landscape is a perfect composition!—they are very precious to me now that I have sorted and arranged them, hung them, as it were. I wonder if others could not do equally well in the galleries of their memory?

The earliest barn-door vista of which you have recollection was not many miles from Boston, and there looms in the foreground a great yellow stage-coach swung on straps, that used to ply between Reading and North Reading until the trolley superseded it hardly a generation ago. It was your grandfather's barn that housed this coach, after it had deposited you at

grandfather's gate across the road, beneath the balm-of-Gilead tree that made cut fingers a pleasure. Of course, with only an eager look over the road, where the hens were scratching in the dust, you went right up the path and in the door to see grandfather, who sat in a high-backed rocking-chair by the kitchen window. After you had greeted him and grandmother had given you a kiss and a cookie and you had climbed up one step into the dining-room, then up a steep flight of stairs that led out of the dining-room like a closet, and then gone down three steps into a chamber that smelled curiously musty, and washed your hands with water from a pitcher with pink roses on it, you rushed excitedly out to the barn—and got your hands dirty again. For you didn't stop to look at barn-door pictures then. You dashed to pat the horses' noses, you climbed into the hay, you investigated the feed-boxes, you asked Fred if you could pitch bedding to-morrow. Then you fell out of the barn by the rear door, a drop of eight feet that landed you in perilous muck, and ran down the slope to the saw-mill, the pungent odor of the fresh-cut wood gladdening your nostrils, the rhythmic screeches of the saw sounding like music in your ear. You watched the men ripping the logs into boards for a while and filled your shoes with sawdust as you climbed the great pile of it to put your hand in front of the blow-pipe and feel the sting of the hot particles as they peppered forth. Then you looked down-stream longingly to the willows. When you got back to the house for dinner your hair was wet.

It was later, after supper perhaps or as you strolled aimlessly about one morning waiting for somebody to go fishing, that the barn-door picture claimed attention. Even then you gave it no conscious thought; it was just there, a part of all this pleasant life that surrounded you. But you came to look at it two or three times a day. The barn stood east and west, virgin of paint, a lovely mouse gray. The great east door, when the yellow coach did not block it, framed a dim interior with walls of dusty, golden hay, and a white hen or two, perhaps a rooster with a red comb, strolling about the floor making sleepy sounds. A pungent smell came forth that you loved. And at the other end, down the vista of the golden hay, the little west door pierced

through and held a landscape of surpassing charm, a corner of the mill roof, a graceful willow, and far away the dome of a green hill against the blue sky. If you went to the right or the left of the barn the picture was not the same, there was more of it, unpleasant details obtruded. Just why it never occurred to you to ask, but that barn-door landscape was for you the essence of things. You watched the sunset through the hay while the rest went up on Huckleberry Hill. They thought you wanted to see Fred milk—and maybe that was partially the reason.

It was a year later. You were tired because the ride had been a long one, and when the train finally reached your destination and you climbed into the mountain wagon you were cross into the bargain, for a thunderstorm was gathering down, and your first sight of real mountains, dreamed of for months, promised to be spoiled. The wagon lumbered uphill it seemed for interminable miles between walls of trees, birches taller, straighter than you had ever dreamed, giant hemlocks and spruces, and the thunder rolled ominously in the distance. But never a sight of any mountains greeted your impatient gaze. Finally you came out on the top of the rise, and there was a valley below, and across it the clouds seemed to be trailing in the tops of the trees. "There are your mountains," said your father. "Where?" said you. You saw nothing but the clouds in the trees. "It's coming!" said the driver. A white mist was walking across the valley and over head all was black, the lightning flashed, the thunder echoed. The driver pulled down the hoods just as the rain hit the wagon with a swirl, and you lurched down the slope in semi-darkness. Suddenly the driver turned the horses sharply, and you dashed into a barn, into the hot smell of hay, while the rain thundered on the roof and the wagon dripped upon the floor. You were to wait there till the storm was over.

There was a little door at the far end of the barn, left open with a bar across. Through that you looked down a slope steeper than any you ever saw to a ravine where water ran, but beyond that was nothing but the white wall of the rain and clouds in the trees. Presently a mystery was brought to pass. The white wall of the rain receded. The clouds lifted from the trees. As the world grew lighter the

clouds lifted higher and higher. Fascinated, you watched them roll up like a giant curtain at a play, and ever as they rolled beneath them were more trees. Did the hill go up forever? As the first sun shaft, level, for the sun was now near to setting, shot into the ravine and the trees shot back flashes of diamond, the clouds rolled up quicker, higher, blew off into nothingness with a whisk of vapor, and before your astonished eyes the trees went up, shoulder on green shoulder, and then the rocks, and then the sharp summit against the sky. And all this you saw through the little barn door while the horses stamped behind you and your father talked with the farmer in dim, far-off tones, and there was the smell of hay.

You looked back lingeringly as the wagon drove out on the sloppy road, into the chilled air. Your mountain still shot up in the middle of the picture. Outside, you saw other mountains, higher, blue, huddling into the distance. But none of them was so wonderful as that behind, nor ever would be. It came out of the mist of rain; it came framed alone.

Years passed before you became a real philosopher and learned to loathe motor cars. There was the tang of autumn in the air, apples ripened by the roadside, and in the night when you awoke you could hear them falling in the orchard. Disdaining all conveyances, most of all the loathed motor car—which, under any circumstances, you could not afford!—you tramped up and down the clean country and forgot there were such things as towns, forgot, even, that sooner or later you must return to one of them, the largest and the ugliest, and plunge once more into the hurry and the frenzy of its artificial life. Now and then inhabitants of this town, in goggles and veils, flashy and loud-mouthed and too obviously well-to-do, purred expensively by you when from necessity you were forced to pound your feet along a main high road to reach the next delectable by-path. You glared at them, brutal reminders of things forgotten, and shrank up against the bushes, while they, disdainfully glancing at you as at a tramp, tore on in dust and smell. After they were out of sight you came out on the road again and resumed your easy, swinging stride, watching for the red gleam of an apple tree that you might forget the smell in the acid aroma of its fruit.

Have I said that you had a companion?

Ah, but you did, quite the most wonderful companion in the world! And she, born and reared in that smoky city beyond the horizon, in that city of dreadful night, had never known the country except as a summer boarder knows it, had never watched the virgin spring come up from the south leaving violets where it trod, nor autumn paint the woods and bring down the butternuts on frosty nights when the stars are alive. How wonderful it was to her! How these days of windy clarity and soft ripeness, these nights of silent, hushed star talk, these miles of white road and doming pastures and woodland ponds dancing in the sun or bearing on their bosoms the reds and golds of mirrored trees, caught her up, enthralled her, melted into that other mystery of our human relationships that was opening to her and you, and made both more wonderful and dear. Sometimes as you watched her swinging along, the wine of autumn in her little legs that it seemed she could not tire, her face tilted up to the wind as if she must drink of it, she seemed to you almost some one that you had never known before back there in town, with trailing skirt and bristling defences of propriety. That had been the shell of her; here the real being came to birth, the dear Pagan soul that laughed to meet its brothers, the sun and the wind. And when she splashed white feet in a brook, as a precaution all trampers take, they were Dryad feet, and you caught her with sudden strange alarm to your breast, as if she might vanish from you up that green, mossy cloister of the brook. But she laughed, and melted, and grew warm and silent in your arms. Then happiness that hurt for very sweetness swept over you both, and for a mile you tramped on hand in hand, nor thought to mind the farmer jogging past with apples to a cider mill.

It was somewhere in New England that you found the barn door; but of course you have no intention of telling the exact spot. You had been tramping since morning, through pleasant, rolling country, getting finally on a back road that led up through second growth timber for some miles without sign of house nor any chance to get a peep at the country. But at noon you emerged on the other side of the divide, and a pasture slope to the left invited to a view. A cow watched with mild curiosity as you climbed over and your companion crawled under the bars. At the summit

was the view—and such a view! Sweet, gentle, yet wide and windy it was: green pastures cut by even lines of trees which marked the roads, domed hills with orchards climbing up, houses here and there with mouse-gray barns, a white spire far off, a pond to the south, another smaller pond at your feet, and opening toward the sun a gentle valley between the billowing hills mile on mile to the blue distance and the faint smoke of a town. And right beside you, set on the ridge like a watch tower, was a sentinel chestnut, its upper branches scarred by the lightnings, its enormous trunk, fifteen feet in circumference measured by your belt, looking like a pillar of granite. A low limb, itself as large as a tree, tempted, and you ate your lunch up in its shelter, swinging your legs. The map showed only five miles more to go, and there was no hurry. Why not strike out when lunch was done across that great pasture at your feet, ignoring the road?

So that was what you did. And you were filled by turns with the enthusiasm of the artist and the golfer. Such billowing stretches of close, perfect turf, hardly needing a mower, with moist, level hollows where the greens would never dry up; and then that daring pond carry, with a long brassy up the slope for a par four! Then suddenly the slender lines of an elm rose out of a corner in the wall, spread, burst into leafage, casting long, cool shadows to your feet, and you were all joy for the perfection of its springing grace, wondering if any wrist was firm yet flexible enough to sweep the image of those lines across the virgin paper. You were tireless on the grateful turf; you bounded. She said she expected you to roll over and nibble grass any moment, and you did compromise by rolling over. And then you came to a cornfield where the giant stalks twelve feet high were not yet cut down, rustling stiffly in the wind. You took her in among them, a new experience for her, and her voice became hushed as she wandered down the narrow lanes, the world shut out, in a sort of miniature wilderness. She said it made her feel very small, as if she had eaten a bit of Alice's cake.

So, through the corn, you came unexpectedly over a little ridge and out in somebody's back yard. The house belonged to the days of the Revolution, but it was preserved in all the simple perfection of its

solid outline, its few ornamentations—the Doric door frame, the Greek cornice, the heavy window caps—in perfect repair and colored just enough in contrast to the olive brown of the wide spruce clapboards to pick them finely out. There was no flaw in the proportions of the dwelling, the great square chimney and the long roof being held up with easy grace by the simple frame, a house at once solid, beautiful, and gracious. Three giant elms as old as it arched over the house and down across the half acre of untrimmed lawn, gay here and there with golden glow in careless, frosty flower, three giant lindens guarded the stone wall by the road. And standing in the Doric portico of this perfect house, this dwelling that by its beauty of line and color and setting put to shame alike for dignity or loveliness our modern domestic architecture however opulent, stood a tow-headed girl of seven, barefooted, with frock none too clean, and stared at you with large-eyed, silent wonder.

The collie that came bounding out of the house was not silent, however. He had the ill manners of the country dog, and barked about your feet till a sharp voice reprimanded him from the left. You turned to see a man with a hoe in the barn door. But his back was not bent down. Far from it; he apologized for his dog with the smiling ease of a man accustomed to be listened to. You spoke enthusiastically of the house and he looked at it himself a moment before addressing his reply to your companion, with a subtle flattery that was perhaps wholly unconscious. "Yes," he said, "they done a good job with that house. A hundred and thirty-one years and the j'ists still sound. My wife wanted some gimcracks and a veranda plastered on out front till an architect chap came along an' told her the house was better off without 'em. She wouldn't believe me." Here he turned to you, leaning on his hoe, and grinned. "Funny things, women," he said, "ain't they?"

The tow-headed girl had come shyly up to him, half hiding behind his leg as she stared at you. "Some day Betty here'll want a veranda," he continued, taking her by the hand. "And if I'm alive, by Gol, I s'pose she'll git it!"

You and your companion laughed as the two of them moved toward the house. And then the barn-door vista caught your sight. It was a big barn, neat as a picture-book, and you looked between walls of dim,

golden hay, through the shadows, to the smaller door at the other end, and saw framed there in all the crystal brightness of an autumn afternoon what was most beautiful in your magic pasture, the waving crest of yellow corn, the roll of velvet slopes, a perfect elm springing up and far beyond, the hill with its sentinel chestnut, a green watch tower standing up against the sky. In silence you gazed, and then each sought the other's eyes to read the pleasure there. You moved to the left beyond the barn—a cattle run intruded, then a hen-coop and too much corn, spoiling the composition. You moved to the right—the barn itself cut off half the view. You came back again and looked through the dusky walls of hay—and there was the picture, perfectly composed, the soul of the pasture caught. There followed a passage of learned words, psychological speculations, talk of Ruskin's theory about the need in a painting of some point that lets the vision out. She told of the pleasure she had all her life found in paintings that showed a window and the view through it, especially if that view were bright and colorful and the interior dim, of her joy as a little girl in a drawing of the Lady of Shalott where the tiny reflection of the knights riding by down the highway "two by two" shimmered in the mirror. You replied with the memory of a picture in some book that depicted a man and a woman in a dim old stage-coach, while through the coach window a country landscape lay white under dazzling snow, a picture that in your childhood had always fascinated you. You both wondered why no painter that you could recall had ever put such a barn-door vista as this on his canvas, this heavy, dusky frame of the humble accentuating the magic view set like a gem in its centre, this perfect little landscape bursting in with a flood of light and color between the dim walls of golden hay. Then turning you observed that, morning, noon, or twilight, as the farmer came from his side door, or his wife stood on the soapstone step, the picture met their gaze fair and full was a part of the fragrance which floated out from the hay.

In the silence that followed you both thought the same thoughts, and knew you did, for speech was often needless between you two. But by and by she put those thoughts into words, leaning softly against

your side. "The glory and the beauty of the world!" she said. "We must press them into a few brief weeks and take them back, only a memory, into that great ugly city over there somewhere." She lifted her arm to point southward, and let it drop heavily again. "Think, think of Broadway, how it smells; and the buildings and the people, and then Harlem and the ugly miles of sardine boxes men and women call homes!"

"Don't think of them, dear," you said. But there was no conviction in your tone. And somehow your feet were heavy as you set out down the highway—southward. A backward look showed the simple, perfect house beneath its guarding trees, the mouse-gray barn, the magic pasture rolling away into the blue distance. "Some day!" you whispered. A soft hand stole into yours, and then thoughts too sweet for any words walked with you down the long white road.

Moosilauke is a noble mountain, even if it is absurdly easy of ascent. Its blue bulk walls in the southern end of the Ham Branch intervalle with an almost grandiloquent self-sufficiency. It needs no spurs nor ranges to complete the job. Yet without trouble it fits into a barn-door vista, a topaz in a setting of golden hay. When you walk up from the wide meadows, the shaggy slopes of Cannon and Kinsman bearing down upon you, the sensation of space and height on all your senses, and look at Moosilauke through the barn, it is as if your spacious landscape were viewed through the wrong end of a spy glass. The mountain has become a miniature. But it is a miniature clear in outline, perfect in detail, bursting in through the dusty gloom.

So I was viewing it the other morning and reflecting on the barn-door vistas of other days, when a voice roused me. "I wondered how long it would be," said the voice, "before you discovered it."

"Only long enough to let you find it first," I answered. "Do you remember—"

"Do I remember?"—the voice was close to me now. "Why do you think I chose this place?"

"But you never mentioned it."

The voice was very close now. "Ah!" it said, "if I had had to I—I— O, never let me have to, never, never!"

I think I never shall.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE recent bill passed by the Legislature of the State of New York to prevent "joy riding" marked a step in the enrichment of the American tongue. Curiously enough it is not to the cultivated and scholarly, the thoughtful and the refined that the vitality of our speech is due. The wealth of the language, as our material prosperity, comes from below.

As people acquire education the tendency of speech is toward formality, recognized observances, phrases, and expressions that have been sanctioned and established. It is the lower, busy, uneducated world that seeks the short cut, and uses the most convenient word-tool at hand. It is from this direction comes the quick introduction into current speech of figures taken from industrial progress, the inventions,

the arts, the world of affairs, or whatever catches the public attention. For example, the electric cars were scarcely running when "off his trolley" was so neatly descriptive of a certain mental state that it was put into immediate commission. "Get on to his curves" sprang directly from the rooters and holders down of the bleaching boards on the base-ball field, who thus briefly denominated those incursions into higher mathematics which base-ball pitchers discovered to the confusion of batsmen and professors. To add another, it was only a few days ago that our recent Attorney-General announced his preference for "government by megaphone."

By their slang you shall know them. This enrichment of the American tongue reflects the national temperament. It is gay, humorous, possibly reckless, but certainly picturesque and often approaches the higher realms of poetry and philosophy. If it is none of these it does not survive the state in which it was born. "Joy riding," denoting the happy insouciance with which the chauffeur in his hours of ease gives pleasure to his friends by means of his employer's motor car, and now to be legally honored, is one of these expressions. Its buoyancy, as indeed that of the greater part of our slang, may be contrasted with the crude "beastly" and the unmeaning "bally," those two overworked adjectives of our English cousins. Tribute to whom tribute is due.

The whole country now delights in phrases which one Quimbo Appo, as he would say, "handed out" to a "bunch" of legislators during his examination as a witness before the Lexow Committee, a few years ago. It is only necessary to mention the "glad hand," the "frozen smile," the "marble heart" among his contributions to a smiling and receptive public. To these may be added "glad rags," so eloquent of joyous festal preparation.

Two things characterize these phrases. The first, strange to say, is their elegance, the agreeable impression which the sounds leave on the mind. The other is their gayety. They imply a fine, hopeful outlook on life, come weal, come woe. An appreciative visitor, William Archer, has told of the joy to his soul when he first came upon the phrase, "sky pilot." Nor has familiarity rendered the ear insensible to the poetry of "you're not the only pebble on the beach," certainly one of the most gentle and charming reproofs to the selfish that the genius of man has contrived.

The neat serviceableness of our slang and the gentle humor with which it admonishes makes it invaluable to a civilization which daily becomes more impatient with mere words. How better is conversational impotence characterized than by "chewing the rag"? How pertinently is responsibility enforced by "it's up to you." How more confidently is cordial agreement acknowledged than by "Sure"? How better can one modestly ward off flattery than by calling it "hot air," or intimate the swift approach of justice than by "all that's coming to him," or convey the human tragedy, great or small, than by "up against it"?

As M. Prudhomme spoke prose without knowing it, so do we all speak slang. An elderly woman, one of the old school, with a proper scorn of our modern brevity was heard to exclaim, "Well, if that isn't the limit!" and believed it inconceivable that so convenient a phrase was slang. These expressions have not only pervaded our speech, but have invaded the literature of two countries, as all who run may read. Our slang, in fact, finds no keener appreciation than from foreigners. William Archer has been mentioned. In the writings of Pierre de Coulvain, it abounds, and a

An Overlooked
Conversational
Asset

Frenchman recently has devoted a chapter to the Bowery girl's "steady," one of the most delightful and wholesome of our characterizations of the ways of a man with a maid.

The only objection that may be urged against the national tendency that these expressions indicate is that we take perhaps serious matters too gayly. The Tariff Bill has been searched for "jokers," as is termed the attempt, supposedly deliberate, to deceive the people. It is such instances that doubtless prompted Mr. Kipling, in his poem, "The American," to comment on

"The cynic devil in his blood,
That bids him mark his hurrying soul."

We hope it isn't quite so bad as that, but it is "up to us" to disprove it.

ONE cannot imagine Monsieur Sainte-Beuve objecting in advance to a writer who should seek, after his death, to trace the most intimate discoverable connection between his work as an author and his character as a man. One can even imagine his shade, still possessed of the matured principles so highly developed in his later years, and advanced along the path he had so patiently and heroically blazed for himself, following with a good deal of zest the performance of that task by Professor Harper, of Princeton, in his recently published volume. Not that

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he would be wholly flattered by the result. He was too sensitive as to his fame while living, and took too much pains to color, so far as possible in anticipation, the impression posterity should receive of him, to contemplate with satisfaction some features of the portrait his biographer has, logically, and in accordance, in great degree, with Sainte-Beuve's own methods, achieved. But he would recognize the methods, the skill, and loyalty of their application, the fine vitality of the resulting picture, and the peculiar value of the lights with reference to the artist's rendering and distribution of the shadows.

One could easily gather from Professor Harper's pages passages, consecutive and harmonious enough in themselves, that would present the great Frenchman in a most ignoble aspect—envious and spiteful toward his associates; ungrateful, unjust, even treacherous; at times vindictive and cruel, at times selfishly truckling; frankly sensual, with a strange vulgar vanity as to his pretended *bonnes fortunes*,

this latter trait reaching shocking manifestation in his treatment of the memory of Madame Hugo. And again it would be possible to gather from these pages other passages presenting Monsieur Sainte-Beuve in a very different, in an almost irreconcilable, aspect—faithful to conviction; self-respecting, self-denying, self-effacing; following a lofty ideal in humility, laboriously careless of gain, careless of praise or blame; devoted to his country and its best traditions, to his profession and its most exalted aims; avid of justice, of impartiality, of completeness; the proud servitor, champion, lover of Truth, guided, inspired, in a way consumed by his great passion for the difficult and precious tasks she imposed, and by this lifted and purified.

What interests me at the moment is not the accuracy of either of the aspects in which Sainte-Beuve would be presented by such selected pages. It is the curious fact that one lays down Professor Harper's book with the sense that they are not irreconcilable, that, on the contrary, they are consistent, and that the portrait he offers of this extraordinarily gifted and extraordinarily burdened Frenchman is justified, is based on reality, is in harmony with what our deepest consciousness, if duly interrogated, reveals to us of the possibilities of human nature. We are not able to explain, or even to understand how this can be true. It is the hunger to understand that gives us our insatiable appetite for the works of genius, from Shakespeare through Thackeray and George Eliot to Henry James, in which the mysterious truth is studied, pursued, enforced, and never made intelligible, but never left incredible. And Professor Harper's book has in it something of the compelling charm of the greatest experiments in the sounding of the contradictions of our nature. It is a natural temptation in such a study to close upon a note of optimism, to weigh the evil and the good which the inquiry has disclosed and to leave the impression that the latter overbalances the former. But that way great peril lies. The instrument has not yet been invented that can wholly be trusted in such a function. Even could we be sure that the respective scales held all that really should be considered, what human hand could hold them steady, what human eye could be sure of the reading? It is, notwithstanding, the tendency, especially among the English-speaking peoples, to demand that judgment shall be rendered, and, if possible, that it shall sustain the supremacy of what we consider the Right.

But the most conscientious desire for such judgment neither confers jurisdiction nor ensures competency. It is, perhaps, impossible that there shall ever be among us a general recognition of this baffling fact, but neither our instinctive rebellion against the fact nor our inherited and apparently invincible habit of ignoring it affects the fact itself.

A FEW years ago a New York school-girl happened to overhear a discussion among her elders as to the relative importance of English literature and American literature. With the rashness of youth she broke into the conversation. "They are both the same size," she said. Then she went to her own book-shelf and took down two volumes. "Don't you see?" she asked, "one is just as big as the

American
Victorians

other." The volumes were two school manuals prepared by the same writer, a professor of English in one of our oldest universities. Of course, the scale on which the books had been written was entirely different; and the blame for the blunder must be laid on the shoulders of the professor rather than on those of the forthputting maiden. The history of the major branch of English literature, that produced in the British Isles, covers five centuries, while the history of the junior branch, that composed in these United States, stretches back but a scant century. Excepting only Franklin's Autobiography and a few state papers and orations, little or nothing that was written in North America earlier than Irving's "Knickerbocker," need now be read by any one except a professed student of American beginnings. The colonial writings are not books precious for their own sake, and it is only our natural tendency to ancestor-worship which tempts us to overvalue them and to insist on dragging them out into the light.

Of course, American literature is a subdivision of English literature, just as Alexandrian literature is a subdivision of Greek literature. Americans and British alike are to-day all subjects of King Shakespeare. We Americans took over English literature as we took over the English language and the English law. We New Yorkers have the same right of possession in Chaucer and in Milton that

the Londoners have, no more and no less. And any attempt to set American literature off by itself results only in cutting us adrift from our past and in denying to us our honorable descent. The literature of our language was one and indivisible until early in the nineteenth century; and since Irving was followed by Cooper and by Emerson and the rest, English literature has had two currents—British and American, both belonging to English literature beyond all question, since both are composed in the English language. Ours is American, obviously, and theirs is British, because it must include the writers of Irish and Scottish birth. It is to make this inclusion of the Irish and of the Scots that the compilers and editors of the early nineteenth century entitled their collections the "British Poets," the "British Novelists," the "British Essayists."

Of late the London editors and compilers have not been so careful and so exact in the use of adjectives. Mr. Ward called his invaluable volumes the "English Poets," and omitted all the American bards, and in Craik's corresponding series devoted to "English Prose," only one American writer was included, Washington Irving—although if Irving was deemed worthy, it is difficult to discover any reason why Emerson and Hawthorne should have been left out. In Professor Saintsbury's twelve-volume "Periods of European Literature," the writer of the final volume, dealing with the end of the nineteenth century, made no mention of Poe or of Hawthorne or, indeed, of any American author whatsoever.

On the other hand, Professor Knight in his recent "Victorian Anthology," includes Bryant and Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell, Cranch and Whitman—a most extraordinary selection, since it omits Poe and Lanier. And it raises an interesting question; Emerson and Longfellow ought to be included in any anthology of English poetry in the nineteenth century—but are they Victorians? Above all, is Whitman a Victorian? What would Whitman himself have said to the suggestion? And if the poet of Concord fight, the lyrist of "Jonathan to John," and the writer of the requiem on Lincoln are Victorians, what profit had we from the Fourth of July, 1776?

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG

MUCH the most important annual international exhibitions of paintings held in this country are those of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, the causes contributing largely to this superiority being the liberality of the founder of the Institute and the efficient system organized by the Director of the Department of Fine Arts. All the works exhibited, with a few exceptions, are selected from those of between six and seven hundred of the most eminent painters, foreign and domestic, a list of whose names is held by the Department and to whom are sent annually circulars. For the foreigners, these contributions are submitted to juries or advisory committees of painters selected for this purpose and who sit in London, Paris, Munich, and The Hague, the Institute bearing the expense of transportation to Pittsburg of the pictures accepted for the exhibitions. All works thus accepted abroad are hung by the home jury, which, however, sits in judgment on those submitted to it by artists resident in the United States, the Institute paying for the shipment to and from Pittsburg of the works of men who have been invited to send, whether these works are accepted or not. Any artist, at home or abroad, can send his canvas to Pittsburg for submission to this jury at his own expense. It is composed of ten painters, two of whom are foreigners, elected by ballot by all the artists on the Institute's list; but, to save wasted votes, a list of some forty or fifty men who have declared their willingness to serve if elected is mailed to all with this ballot. It is provided that the Director of the Fine Arts shall serve as chairman of this jury of ten, but shall have no vote except in case of a tie. In the year of the first exhibition, 1896, the Director, Mr. John W. Beattie, M.A., went abroad and personally invited the painters to send to the exhibitions and to serve on the juries and committees if selected. The advisory committee of The Hague was created later. In 1902 there was a loan exhibition, and in 1906, none. Sculpture has not been included, though this addition has been pro-

posed; this year there was held in the sculpture galleries on the first floor a very important memorial exhibition of the works of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, at the same dates as the thirteenth annual display of paintings, closing on the 30th of June.

On this occasion there were shown two hundred and ninety-six canvases, and among the painters represented—very few by more than one or two pictures each—some eighty-two were foreigners. The exposition of contemporary European art was thought, on the whole, to be one of the best which the Institute had been able to gather. In the two long main galleries the paintings—with the exception of one of the two special exhibitions of the collection, a group of seventeen of Henry W. Ranger's landscapes in the centre of one of the long walls—were hung in a single row, very well spaced, so that there was no sense of crowding, and presented at their best advantage. In the large transverse gallery through which the visitor entered these *salles d'honneur* he found a special display of the works of Alfred East of London, twenty-five in number. The important "centres" of the exhibition were, Charles Cottet's very large canvas from the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, 1908, a group of mourners in black around the nude dead body of a fisherman in a little village; the portrait of "Mr. Messinger," by Antonio Mancini of Rome, full length, life size, silk hat and frock coat, and also very black; and Abbott H. Thayer's "Stevenson Memorial," the seated winged figure in white, clasping her knee, on a rock inscribed *VAEA*. On one of the long walls hung René Ménard's very beautiful "Judgment of Paris," from the same Salon as the Cottet, but of the previous year, and quite unique in this collection; in one of the smaller galleries was one of Henri Martin's familiar big allegorical renderings, not one of his best, entitled "Bucolique"; one of the four Honorable Mentions was awarded to another large representative canvas, by the English Stanhope Forbes, a lamplit interior with workers on copper; and two of Sorolla's paintings from his recent exhibition in this city lit up two of the walls.

But, in spite of this apparent variety and the

wide field presumably covered, there was not much lighting up of the walls. The visitor's impression was apt to be that this was peculiarly a technical exhibition, for the painters, not

terest outside the question of visual perception, beauty of varied color scheme, grace, charm—was as manifest as it frequently is in modern galleries.

Alfred East's anteroom might have prepared the curious visitor for this painters' exhibition, though the great skill in composition and the high order of imagination revealed here were by no means always to be found elsewhere. Even in his noble and classic landscape there was trouble; his skies were seldom blue and never happy, the pools were always dark, the grain never golden. His favorite light seemed to be like that produced when a very dark cloud suddenly goes over the sun, in which only the massed shadows remain, and the individual ones, from figures and tree stems, disappear. His black-robed nuns, his fauns, even his fête makers (very far from Watteau's), abode in a land not unlike that in Dante's First Circle—"desiring without hope." But, as the deeper emotions are never the hilarious, the mere technical skill here took a subordinate place.

The sympathies of the juries, on the whole, seemed to be rather with those painters who strive to render very vividly a momentary aspect of nature or man, and who—as is well known—evinced a curious

preference for certain aspects. The works of Messrs. Schofield and Lawson and of Miss Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, for example, as contrasted with those of East and Ben Foster, we will say, render with skill the vibration and the chill in the air; there is a suggestion of commerce, enterprise, life, and alertness; there is frequently a beauty of color, but seldom of tone (this beauty obtained at the price of unbeautiful or negligible color in many other places, seldom by uniformly beautiful color); the incident or the scene selected for representation is never of much importance; human interest is not at all necessary; the pictures—valuable as facts—to hang on your walls in a collector's pride of possession are not those to take into your communings on lonely winter eves. Messrs. East and Foster, on the contrary, who are also held in high honor, are concerned with intimacy, quietude, serenity, brooding, beauty which shall be diffused over the whole work, with no mere literalness in any part. It would be difficult to imagine one of the great goldsmith-painters of the early Italian days satisfied with this modern surface and texture and color,



"Girl Crocheting," by Edmund C. Tarbell.

In the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.

pandering to popular taste; and the official awards probably served to confirm him in this impression. Notwithstanding a number of exceptions the general result was the representation of what may be called the modern school of painting—the devotion to technical problems of a certain not very wide range, the search for tone and value rather than color, the absence of splendor, the literal art—not tonal—which strives simply to produce the same impression on the retina as that produced by the actual scene in nature. On entering the first of the long galleries in which the more valuable works were collected the eye was attracted by what was practically the only important spot of positive color, the red of the lady's gown of Miss Beaux's "Mother and Son" at the far end of the room. This lack of pomp of light and color was noticeable. Even in the very few imaginative figure pieces, like Thayer's, the light darkened; even the very few in which the spotted shadows of pure sunlight were attempted rendered only studio sunshine. The absence of the old-fashioned things formerly thought to be essential—such as human in-

the methods which repel intimacy, the absence of loving care in every part. In the nudes, many of the qualities of flesh are sacrificed to the necessity of obtaining the strong first impression of the solidity of the body and its general effect of color and light and shade; in those shown here there was no idealization of face or figure.

The medal of the first class, carrying with it a prize of \$1,500, was this year awarded to Edmund C. Tarbell of Boston, for his "Girl Crocheting," which has been made familiar in Eastern exhibitions, and in which an interior which would have appealed to the old Dutchmen of the seventeenth century is rendered in a manner very different from theirs. The medal of the second class, with a prize of \$1,000, went to George Sauter, of London, for his much larger canvas, "The Bridal Morning," the bride, completely nude, with her back toward us, in her mother's arms, while an attendant stands near with the first garment of her toilet. This pretty idea did not interest the painter and he took no pains to explain the incident; he was interested only in the problem of presenting a nude body against a certain luminous background of such and such a color. To do this he summarized everything,—there was very little modelling in the flesh and no search for local color, the naked bride stood straightly on both feet, the three figures were little more than colored silhouettes, with no action, and the faces indistinguishable. But the general truthfulness of the effect sought was obtained, and there was a very good balance and harmony of color between the blue and white curtain through which the light shone, the green and silver of the mother's gown, the dull reds of the attendant's, and the grayish flesh of the central figure. This harmony of color reappeared in a smaller picture by Mr. Sauter, the shimmering green of young leaves in a "Spring Veil," quite without any drawing. In 1904 he received an Honorable Mention in these galleries.

For the third medal, with a prize of \$500, the jury became more conservative, Bruce Crane's large study of "November Hills," rising nearly to the

top of the canvas, fenced off into varying patches of russets and grays and touched up with slight patches of snow, being one of those paintings quite simply and broadly rendered, and so faithfully that the sentiment of the landscape follows the transcript into its frame. The four Honorable Mentions went to Arnesby Brown, of St. Ives, Cornwall, for his "Cattle at a Gate"; Stanhope A. Forbes, of the Royal Academy, for his large picture of the lamplit interior; E. A. Hornel, of Kirkcudbright, Scotland, a nearly life-size group of two young girls gathering flowers; and Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, of Philadelphia, a smaller canvas of nurses and babies, "In Rittenhouse Square." The methods of the two last-named painters are somewhat extreme, and our visitor found it necessary to place at least the width of the gallery between him and their canvases to prevent his attention being absorbed by these methods to the exclusion of the subject-matter. But at this distance certain truths became apparent—especially in the sunny, snow-spotted Philadelphia square.

Mr. Forbes's interior, "The Village Industry," was one of the most learned works in this exhibition. Nothing was omitted, or slurred over or merely suggested, every detail in the crowded composition, with its double lights, its varying textures, and its innumerable difficulties



"November Hills," by Bruce Crane.

In the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.



"The Village Industry," by Stanhope Forbes.

In the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.

of drawing and of painting, was carefully and truthfully worked out. It was impossible not to admire such well-trained skill, and if it could be said that the artistic interest of the whole was not very great, this reproach could be addressed to many of the world's most famous canvases. Mr. Brown's cattle, also very well painted, though not requiring any such wealth of detail, had for *their* problem the rendering of their warmly sunlit bodies as solid, while the lowering sky behind them should not be, and this problem was solved without any sacrifices.

This task of securing each year a reasonably comprehensive collection of contemporary art is a very difficult one, and notwithstanding

the intelligent organization of the Institute's juries and the ample funds at its disposal, the foreign works sent over have not always answered hopes. This year several of the Paris pictures were thought to be peculiarly unsatisfactory, and some of them were relegated to inferior places in the smaller galleries on the other side of the corridors. The city in western Pennsylvania is a long ways from the European marts, and it has been suggested that a renewal of the purchases formerly made for the permanent collection of the Institute might have a reviving effect on the interest of the English and Continental painters.

WILLIAM WALTON.



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

THE BATHERS.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE SKY-SCRAPER

By Montgomery Schuyler

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO



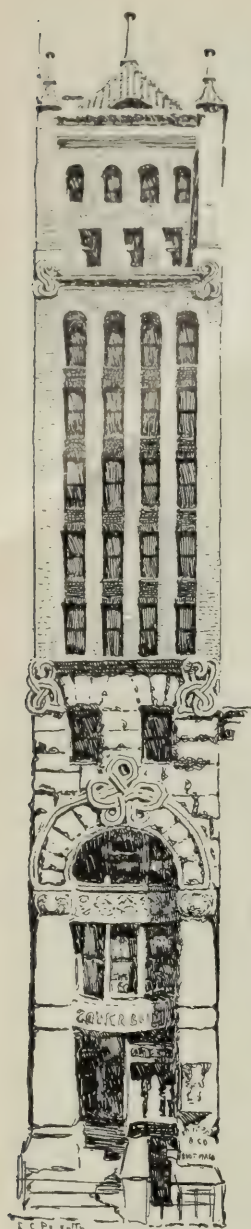
THE occasion of these ensuing remarks is the demolition,—no doubt, when they come to publication, accomplished or plainly impending, already, even while they are making, irrevocably determined,—of “the earliest example of the skeleton construction, in which the entire weight of the walls and floors is borne, and transmitted to the foundations, by a framework of metallic posts and beams.” Such is the proclamation which the doomed front of the “Tower Building” at No. 50 Broadway has for some years made, from a bronze tablet, to the passer-by. Whereas in “1888-9,” to repeat the date of the inscription, an altitude of eleven stories to a latitude of twenty-one feet and six inches was plainly out of the question, except through the mediation of some unfamiliar and unprecedented mode of construction, twenty years later it is found that the ground of lower Broadway has grown too valuable for so humble an erection. The erection which is projected to occupy the site is of thirty-eight stories. And this later altitude is by no means a “record.”

Is there any parallel, in the history of human building, to the rapid and revolutionary process which has raised the building of American towns, within the memory of men who need not be so very old, from a “norm” of five stories to an uncertain and unpredictable height; so high that forty stories are already realized, and fifty are projected by a “conservative” corporation, not as a monument as of Babel, but as a

“practical business proposition”? Probably none. Certainly none. No parallel, but a striking prototype. The prototype is to be found in the building of northern France in the early part of the thirteenth century. A Frenchman born in 1175 and surviving in 1250 might have boasted that he had “rocked the cradle” of Gothic architecture, if not quite that he had “followed its hearse.” For he had at least lived to see it radically differentiated from the Romanesque which had preceded it, and, in one or another of its phases, had held sway for near a thousand years. Such a Frenchman might have seen “the Gothic principle” both virtually germinate and variously effloresce, in the great cathedrals of Paris, Chartres, Rheims, and Amiens. If of a critical turn, he might have noted that this wonderful and fruitful development had all come from the application of a single mechanical expedient. “It is this necessity for a stone roof,” says Fergusson, “that was the problem to be solved by the architects, and to accomplish which the style took almost all those forms which are so much admired in it.” If of a hypercritical turn, our supposititious mediæval friend might even have noted that the development, wonderful as it was, after all failed really to attain this object. The inwardly ostensible “stone roof” continued to be covered with an outwardly ostensible wooden roof. Only such sporadic and unfruitful experiments as the roofs of Seville Cathedral and Roslyn Chapel remain to show that the necessity for a stone roof was felt, as well as the necessity for a stone

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Tower Building,
Broadway, New York.
The earliest example of the
skeleton construction.

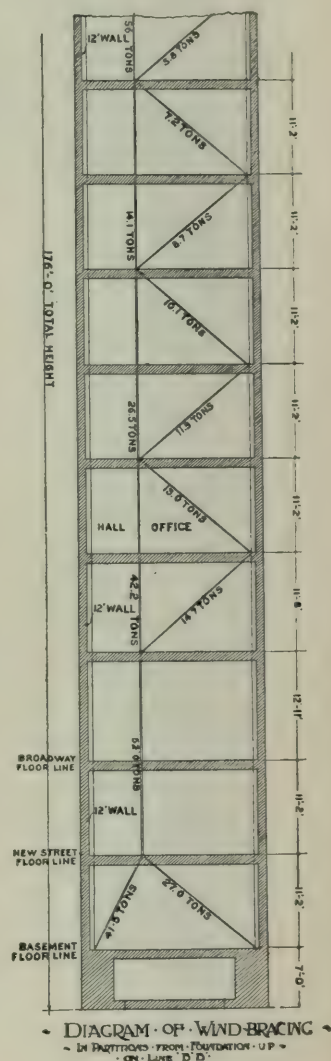
all of a cynical turn, might say that the ultimate motive of the modern structure was as symptomatic of the period as that of the mediæval, that these "skeletons" of our building, after the veneer of masonry had fallen from them, and they were left to assert themselves in their original crudity and starkness, before returning altogether to oxide of iron, might still be, in the majestic Ruskinian phrase, "the only witnesses that remained to us of the faith and fear of nations," the faith in the dollar toward which they so plainly aspired, the fear of "the hell of not making money." "Commodity," in the crowded centres of great cities,

"ceiling," which was what the historian of architecture really "wished to say."

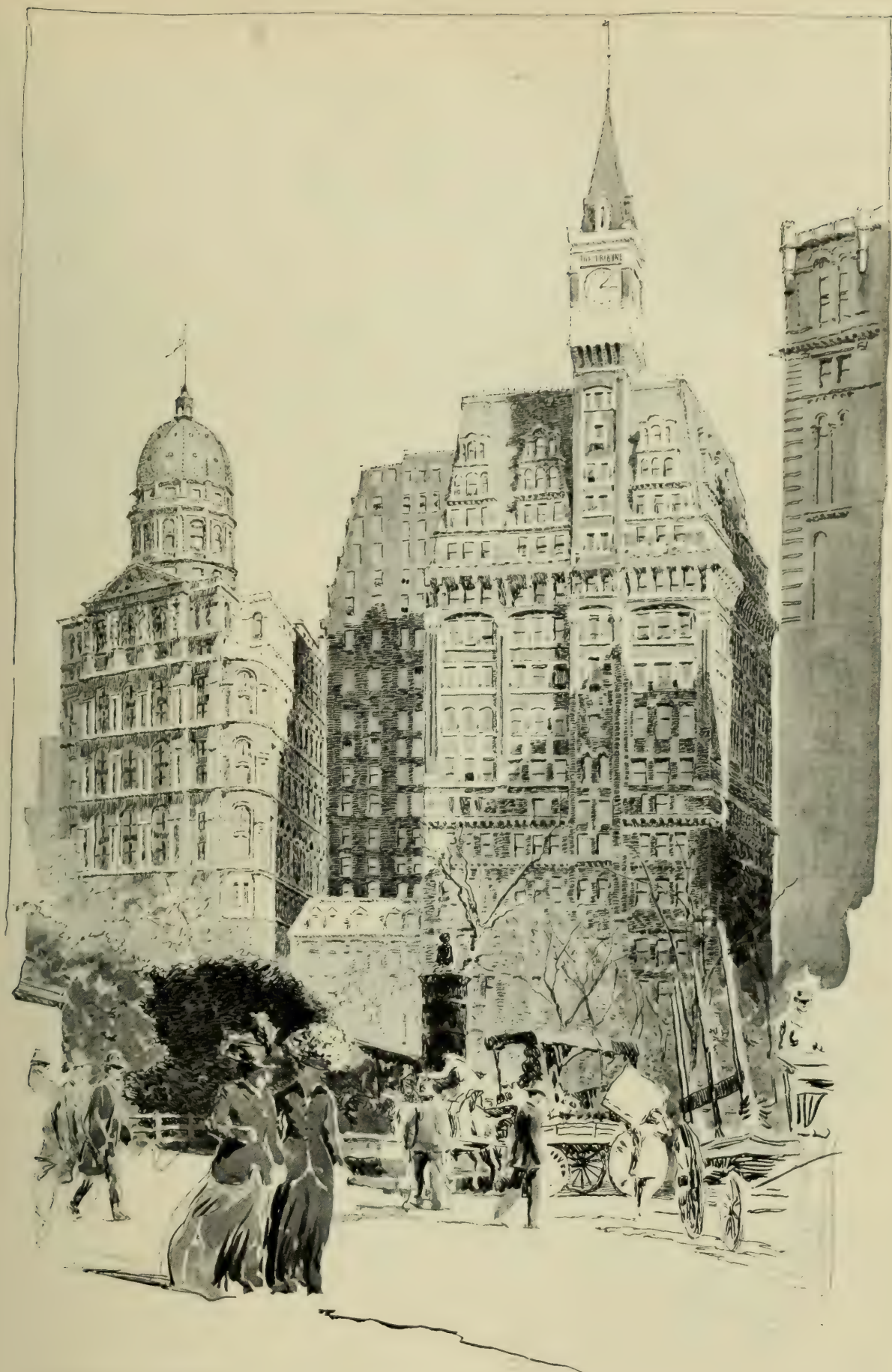
The even more rapid and bewildering development, under his own eyes, of the even more insistent and conspicuous "sky-scraper" may well strike an elderly American who has turned the first corner of the twentieth century, as the earlier development might have struck the Frenchman who had turned the first corner of the thirteenth. Not at all that the sky-scraper has given evidence of architectural achievements comparable, in their probable interest for posterity, with those of the builders of the mighty minsters. But the beginnings of the later development are no humbler and no less respectable than the beginnings of the earlier. To superpose stories so as to make two tiers of tenants "grow" where only one grew before is as respectable and dignified a motive for architecture as to cover a church with a stone ceiling which, after all, is not a roof. The American observer, if at

is as strikingly subverted by these towering structures as comity is defied. And the wonder why they were not devised and built before only grows on study. Paxton's Crystal Palace of 1851, only fill some of its panels with baked clay instead of glass, was already an example of the "skeleton construction." The Tour Eiffel of 1887, only close it in with opaque panelling and increase its provision of "ascenseurs," would be a negotiable "sky-scraper," and even the Saul among the actual, though not among the projected, sky-scrappers. At least, there existed at the date of its erection no structure which so completely fulfilled the current American definition. Nay, there stood in "The Swamp," on Manhattan Island, from 1856 to 1907, a "shot-tower" which was essentially an example of the skeleton construction, that is to say, a building of many stages in which a structural skeleton of metal sustained panels of brickwork which concealed and sheltered its inmates and their operations.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the earliest and the most indispensable of the factors which have enabled the construction of these mighty monsters was the "passenger elevator," and that this was brought into use during the sixties, its first appearance in New York being in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, just lately demolished after a life of close upon half a century. It was at about the same time introduced into the Astor House, then already a generation old. So obvious was the utility of this device that the wonder again is that it had not been brought in to practice long before. "Hoists" are, of course, as old as



Tower Building.



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Tribune Building (after remodelling), New York.

A pioneer elevator building.

Richard Morris Hunt, architect, 1873.

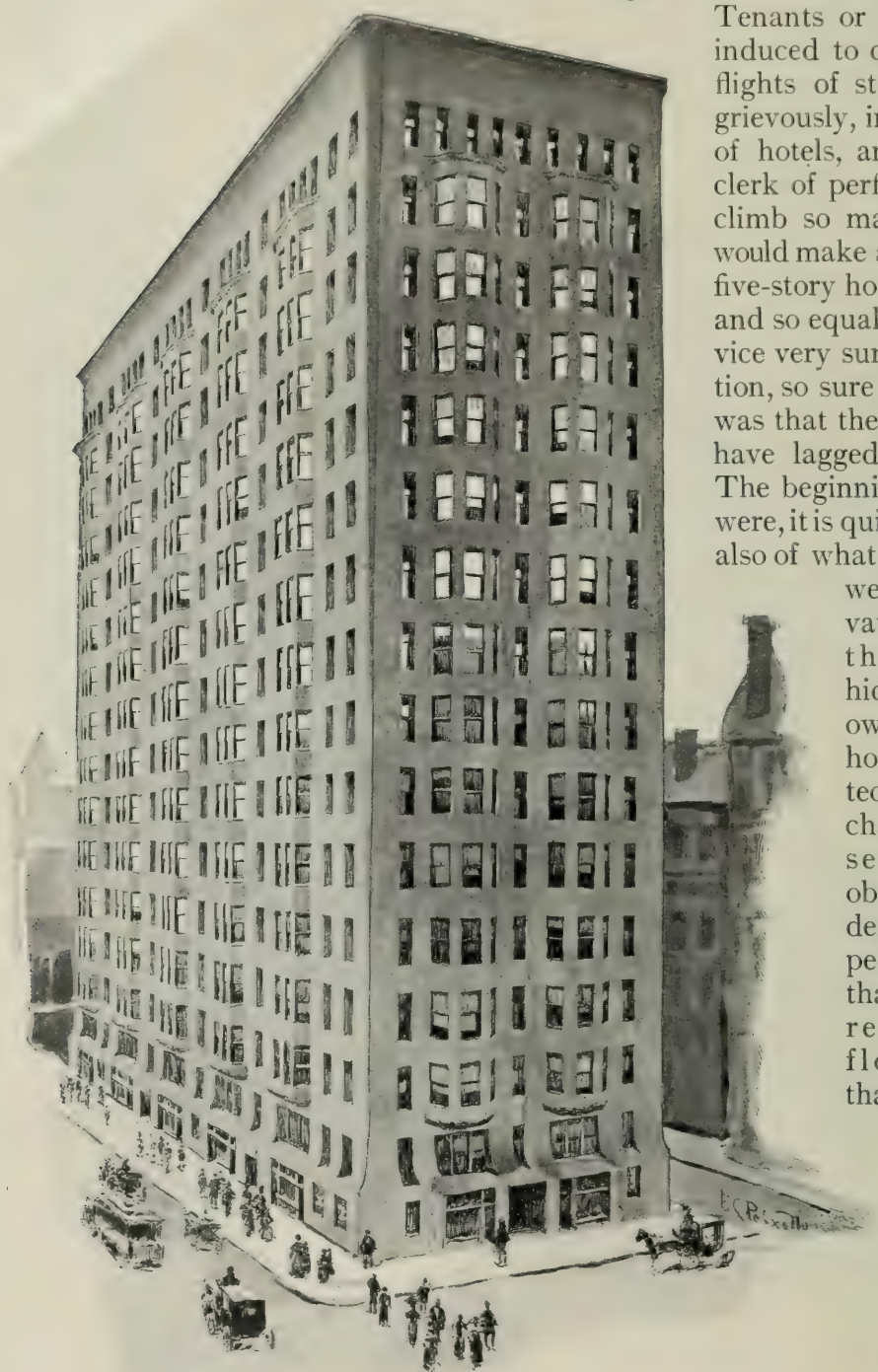
the Dutch warehouses, of which the picturesque-ness is enhanced by the projecting cranes that worked the hoists, doubtless as old as Archimedes. But hotels, even when the Fifth Avenue was built, were conditioned in altitude as were all other buildings not exclusively monumental, by the powers of ascension of the unassisted human leg. Five stories was the maximum for com-

mercial buildings, except that an attical sixth might be added for the discommodation of the janitor, whose name was Hobson, and who had to go where he was sent, which, naturally, was where no "paying guest" could be induced to go. He and his may have taken their outlook on life from slits or bull's-eyes just under the roof. In the cases of hotels, the sixth story was assigned to servants and store-rooms.

Tenants or inmates could not be induced to climb more than four flights of stairs, and grumbled grievously, in the case of inmates of hotels, and accused the hotel clerk of perfidy, when they had to climb so many. A device which would make all the floors, even of a five-story hotel, equally accessible, and so equally desirable, was a device very sure of immediate adoption, so sure that the only wonder was that the supply of it should so have lagged behind the demand. The beginnings of the elevator were, it is quite true, the beginnings also of what, in their earlier stages,

were known as the "elevator buildings." But this development was hidden alike from the owners and keepers of hotels, from their architects, and from the mechanics who set themselves to supply the obvious and clamant demand. It was not expedition, but only relief, that the hotel guests, relegated to the fifth floor, demanded, and that the progress of invention supplied.

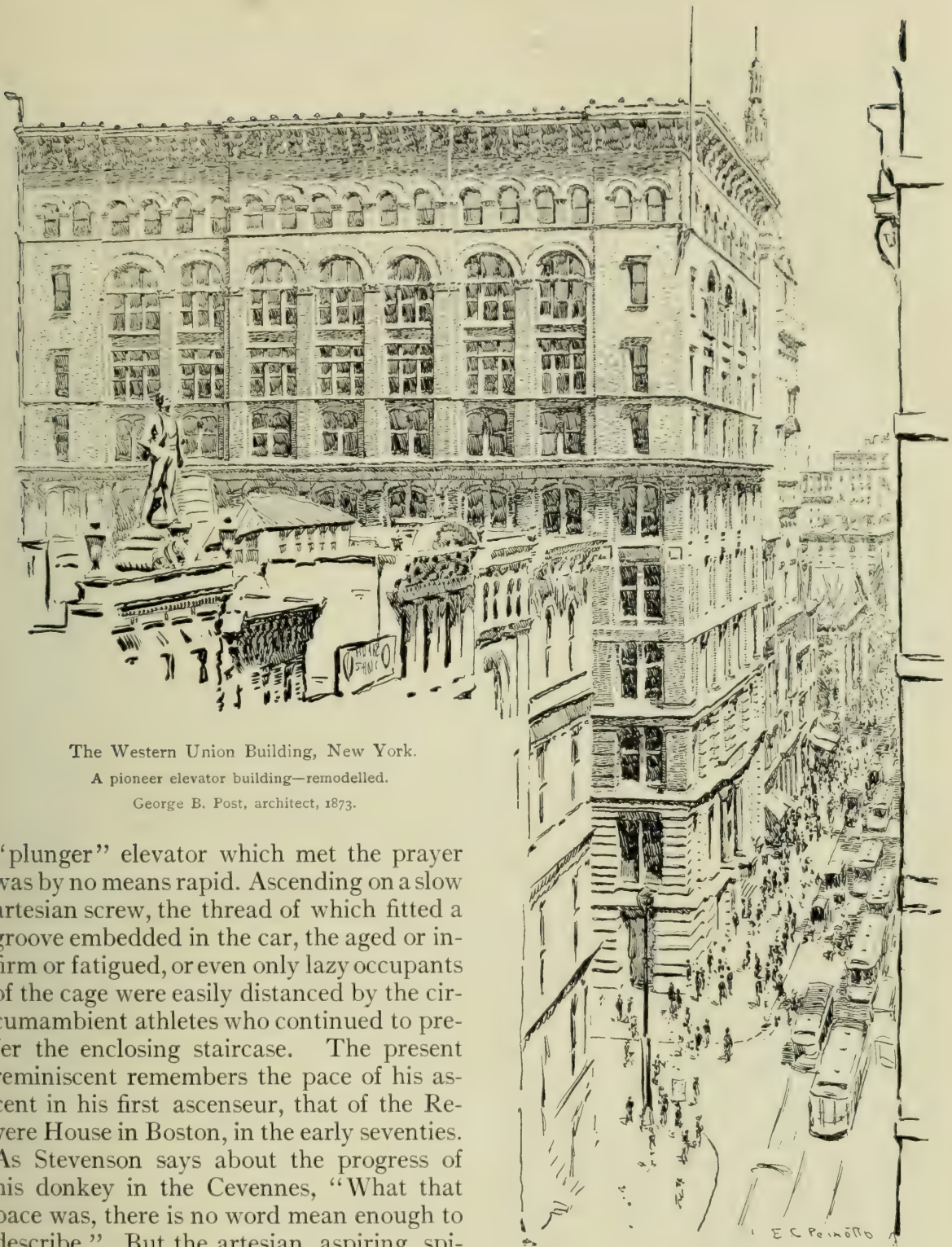
And, "because of their importunity," the hotel keeper and his visible vicegerent, the hotel clerk, entertained the proposals of the mechanic who undertook to make the fifth story as desirable as the second. The transit of the



The Monadnock (older part), Chicago, Ill.

The "transitional" tall building.

Burnham and Root, architects.



The Western Union Building, New York.

A pioneer elevator building—remodelled.

George B. Post, architect, 1873.

“plunger” elevator which met the prayer was by no means rapid. Ascending on a slow artesian screw, the thread of which fitted a groove embedded in the car, the aged or infirm or fatigued, or even only lazy occupants of the cage were easily distanced by the circumambient athletes who continued to prefer the enclosing staircase. The present reminiscent remembers the pace of his ascent in his first ascenseur, that of the Revere House in Boston, in the early seventies. As Stevenson says about the progress of his donkey in the Cevennes, “What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe.” But the artesian, aspiring, spiraling thing was at least safe, being painfully hoisted by means of a solid metallic post which sank underground as far as the car ascended above. How singular to learn that the “plunger type” is not only still in use, but, in some of the latest sky-scrapers where “time is of the essence,” has been chosen in place of the arrangement of ropes and pulleys which seem to promise so much more speed at the price of so much more danger!

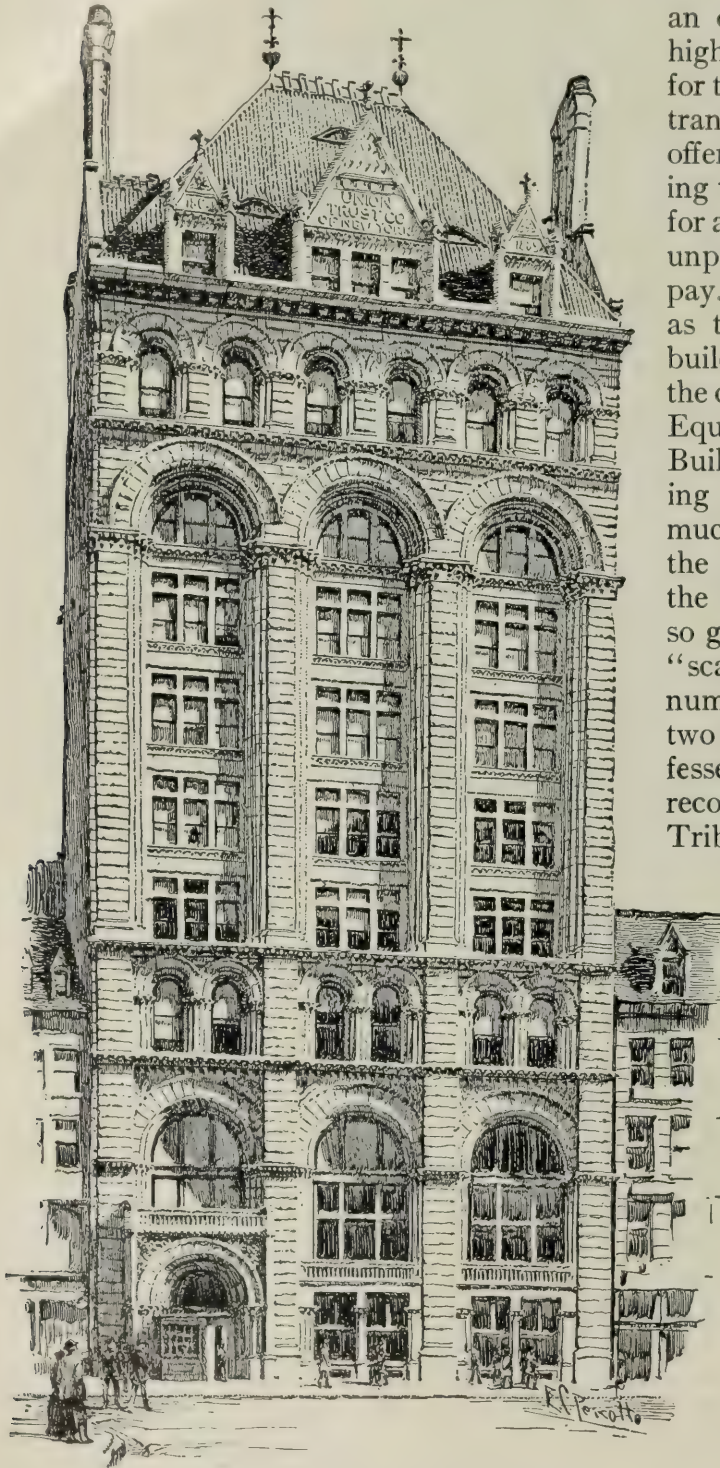
To equalize the desirableness of rooms on the fifth floor with that of rooms on the second remained the humble office of the elevator for nearly or quite a decade. Such a creature of habit is man, and perhaps particularly mechanical man, that, throughout that decade, it did not occur to anybody that the new appliance might enable the construction of taller buildings. The first building in which this discovery was util-

ized in design was the Equitable Building on Broadway, since remodelled, it is true, and now threatened with demolition in favor of a more aspiring successor, but even in its first estate, as projected in 1869, attaining seven stories of offices for rental instead of the theretofore Procrustean five. The addition of two stories now seems timid and tentative enough; then doubtless it seemed audaciously venturesome. The controlling

spirit of the corporation, Henry B. Hyde, was not the man to be deterred from what to him promised profit by lack of precedent. From the first he foresaw the prospects of the higher vertical extension of his building. Mr. George B. Post, though not the designer of the original as he was of the reconstructed Equitable, yet sustained some consultative relation to its construction.

Before it was completed he made, for one of the suites in the additional stories, an offer based on and equalling the highest rents then paid on Broadway for the like accommodations. Mr. Hyde tranquilly doubled the amount of the offer, and the tenant acquiesced, retaining the offices until he sold out his lease for a substantial advance even upon the unprecedented rental he had agreed to pay. Of course, such an object-lesson as this in the advantages of elevator buildings was not thrown away upon the commercial community. Before the Equitable was completed, the Tribune Building and the Western Union Building were projected and under way; much more visibly than the Equitable the products of the elevator. For, in the older building, the stories were so grouped in pairs as to increase the "scale" and to diminish their apparent number, whereas in each of the later two its nine or ten stories stood confessed. Each, by the way, has since been reconstructed by vertical extension; the Tribune Building by a superstructure merely repeating the substructure; the Western Union by a superaddition paying scant respect to the beginnings. Yet it was in their original estate, and with the altitude since so far outgrown, that Professor Huxley found them the most conspicuous objects on Manhattan Island, as he neared it in 1875, and congratulated his hosts that these monuments of mere utility should be thus distinguished, instead of the castle or the cathedral which he would have been apt to find dominating a European town.

A certain timidity accompanied these tentatives, bold as they looked to the wayfaring



The Union Trust Building, New York.

George B. Post, architect.



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Ames Building, Boston, Mass.
Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge, architects.

man, who saw the commercial sky-line suddenly lifted to nearly twice its previous and normal height. The real-estate speculator who puts his speculations into practice is slow to push his "premises" to their logical conclusions. When all the cells of the new honeycomb were found to be tenantable and rentable, the successors naturally bettered the instruction of the pioneer, and "built to the limit."



The Bayard Building, New York.

Louis H. Sullivan, architect.

The limit, the limit of altitude, was none the less fixed, though the level of the fixity was still subject to some dispute, and was admitted to vary with circumstances. "It is looked out for," says the German proverb, "that the trees shall not grow into the sky." It was looked out for that the tall buildings of the seventies and the early eighties should not scrape the sky. The restraining condition, before the introduction of the passenger elevator, had been, as we have pointed out, the powers of ascension of the human leg. Five stories had been found to be the maximum beyond which no tenant would pay rent, and even to which no "paying guest" would ascend without grumblings and reluctations. After the introduction of the passenger elevator the restraining condition was as real, though not, perhaps, so definite. It was the necessity of thickening the walls as they arose, and of occupying more of the total area with the points of support. With the points of support, and with the increasing spaces that must, with an increase of altitude, be reserved for the elevators themselves. But the necessity of thickening the walls and the partitions was the main limiting condition. And also, it is to be borne in mind, while the interior horizontal divisions, the floors, might be of brick arches, turned between beams of rolled iron, yet it was assumed that, for the vertical divisions, the partitions, actual masonry was required. The necessity of making these new and towering structures more securely fireproof was, of course, recognized as an indispensable condition. And the chief lesson of the great fires of Chicago, in 1871, and of Boston, in 1872, was held to be that exposed metal uprights were not to be trusted in a great conflagration.

You see how the thickening of outer and inner walls made necessary by this enormous burden of interior construction operated as an automatic restriction upon altitude, how it provided that the sky-scrapers should not grow into the sky. For more than a decade Necessity directed the efforts of her offspring, Invention, to lightening the load. The rolled iron beams continued to be the framing of the floors. But the brick arches that had been turned between them were replaced by hollow blocks of terra-cotta. Already, in that pioneer, the Tribune Building, "terra-cotta arches"



West Street Building, New York.

Cass Gilbert, architect.

were specified, and constituted one of the novelties of the construction. But even from these it was a long stride to the present accepted construction of arches of hollow tile, with horizontal surfaces above for the reception of the floors, and below for the reception of the ceilings. Other inventors were meanwhile laboring diligently at "fire-proofing" the iron columns with envelopes of baked clay, so that their lesser bulk and

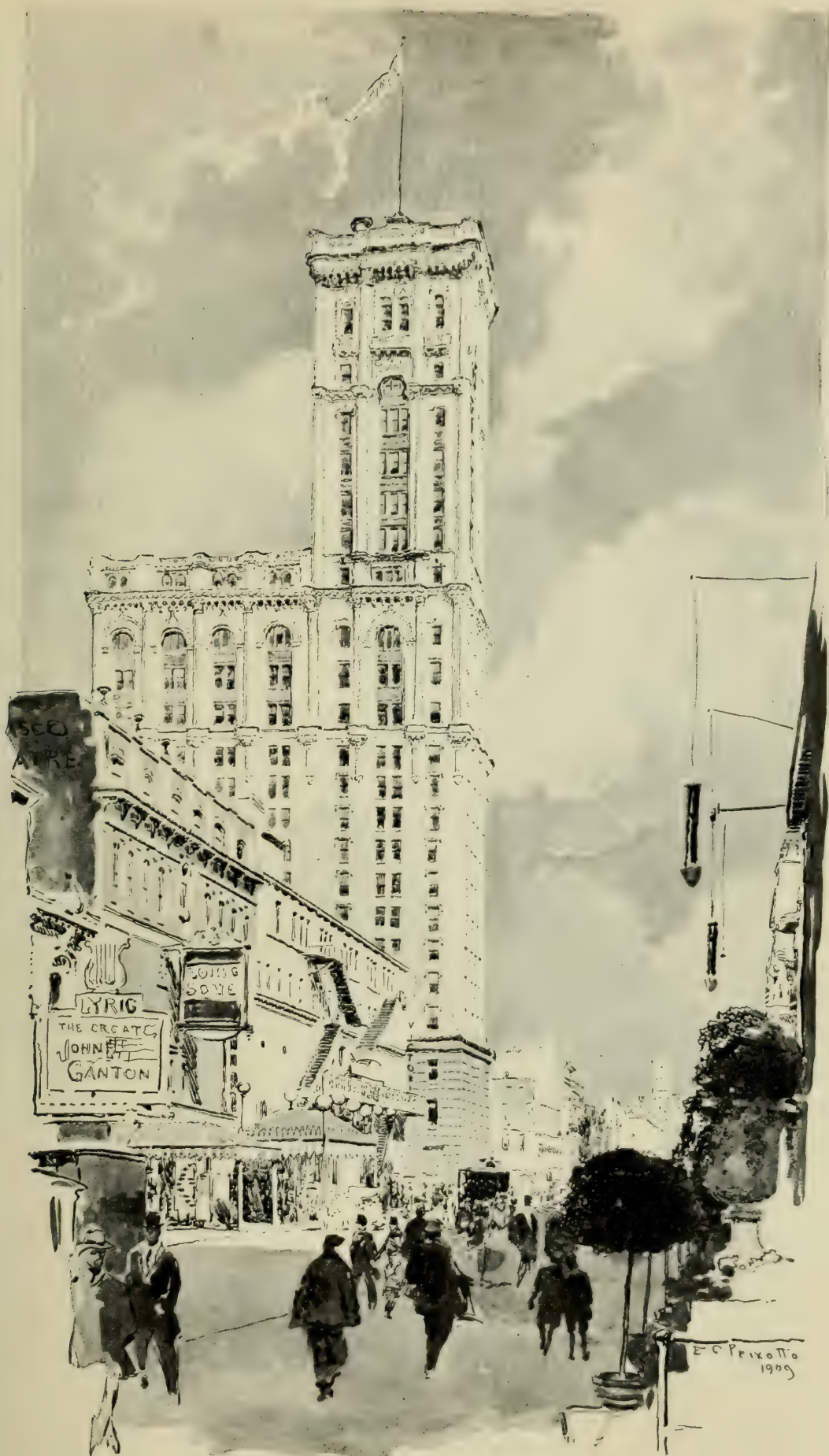
weight might be substituted for the cumbersome, costly, and slowly constructible piers in brickwork. The result of these labors was that the limit of practicable altitude in commercial buildings rose, within a decade, from the nine stories of the Tribune Building, of which one or two, by the way, were added during the construction, and the ten and a half of the Western Union, of which, however, the upper three were con-

tained in the sharply diminishing wedge roof which originally crowned the edifice—to twelve stories, to thirteen, to fourteen, in such cases as that of the Monadnock, in Chicago, to sixteen; from once and a half the level of the ancient sky-line of lower New York to more than twice, to almost three times, that height.

But, in the matter of sky-scrapers, it was not the first but the last step that cost. It is this last step which has brought with it the most perplexing civic problems to which the new building has given rise. Looking back, it seems only strange, not that the step should have been taken, but that it should so long have been delayed. The gestation of Necessity seems to have been singularly protracted. For, logically, if you can protect an interior framework of metal against the elements—the elements being in this case Air, in the form of wind, and Fire—so can you the outer framework. There is no more compulsion to build a real wall of costly, and still more of space-consuming, masonry in the one case than in the other. Yet our constructors were quite a decade in taking that final and obvious step. It was at last the legitimate offspring of necessity. Early in the eighties, to be sure, Mr. Post, in the interior court of the Produce Exchange, had produced an example not only of the "cage" construction, but of the "skeleton" construction, which is not quite the same thing, though the terms are often used interchangeably by architects and engineers. In the cage construction the walls still carry themselves, though they carry nothing else, a metallic frame alongside of them, or embedded in them, taking from them the burden of the interior construction. It is this latter construction, a core of metal embedded in the masonry of the outer piers, which was first fully exemplified in Mr. Jenney's design for the Home Fire Insurance Company, erected in Chicago in 1884, while in the earlier court of the Produce Exchange, considered as a separate building, the "skeleton" construction had already arrived. Not long after the Chicago example, if, indeed, not rather before, Mr. Buffington, of Minneapolis, had produced a "project" which startled the members of his profession, for a building of twenty-eight stories, under a patent of his own for an "Iron Building Construction," which "consists of a con-

tinuous skeleton of iron, commencing on the iron footings and continuing of iron and steel to the full height." This project, however, remains on paper. But there never was a more legitimate birth of "Necessity" than the Tower Building, now doomed. The architect, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, found himself confronted with the imperious necessity, in 1888, of erecting a building as high as would be constructible and rentable, on a Broadway frontage of twenty-one feet and a half, by a depth of over a hundred feet, giving access to a considerably wider building at the rear. According to the regulations of the Building Department, such a building, erected with self-sustaining outer walls of masonry, even if the whole weight of floors and partitions had been assigned to an auxiliary construction of metal, would have been narrowed to a mere corridor and unavailable for rental. It was a Gordian knot that simply had to be cut, and the cutting was the proposal to abolish the walls altogether. Naturally, so drastic a solution was looked upon askance by the authorities, but the permit was at last issued. Columbus had shown how the egg could be stood on end.

Of course the Columbini rushed in at that demonstration conspicuously made in the outer front of a building on Broadway. It ought to be explained that the demonstration nearly coincided with a still further lightening of the interior construction by reason of the popularization of the Bessemer process. It was, in truth, this change in the interior fireproof construction, rather a cheapening than a lightening. The most recent form of floor, with flat arches of hollow tile turned between steel beams, has, it seems, no very marked advantage in weight over the older brick arch turned between beams of wrought iron. Its advantages are that it "dries out" far quicker, that it presents a flat under surface to the plasterer, and particularly that it is far cheaper. The steel beams can now be furnished cheaper than in the early days iron could be had cast, not to say wrought. Already, in the Home Life Building in Chicago, there was an additional record to that of the scheme of construction, being the incorporation into the structure, by Mr. Carnegie's concern, of a specimen steel beam or two, though rather as a trophy of what had been accomplished than as a



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Times Building, New York.

C. L. W. Eidlitz, architect.

"practical business proposition." But it was not long before the proposition became grimly practical. The new and cheapened alembication of iron saved a considerable fraction of the cost of fireproof building. Put that saving into terms of altitude, and you will see what a vertical extension it invited and made possible.

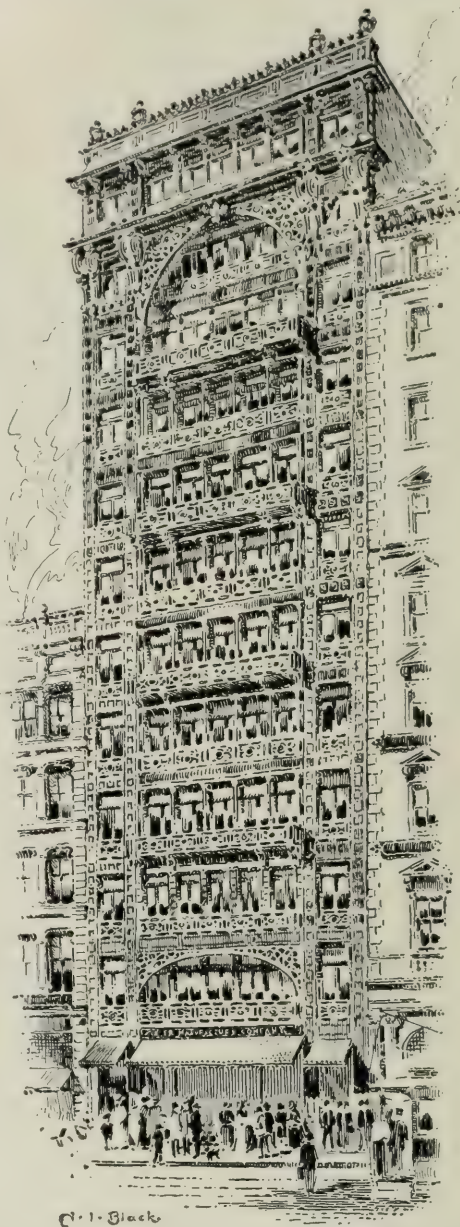
With these advances and object-lessons the limit was, in truth, removed. One no longer perceives how "es ist dafür gesorgt" that the sky-scrapers should not scrape the sky. What, if any, is the limit of the new commercial Babels? As many architects engineers, "promoters," as you may consult to-day, "tot sententiæ." It is true that, as thirty years ago the proportion of total area to be taken up with your enclosing and subdividing walls seemed to form a limit, so you will now find those who place the limit in the proportion of area necessary to be reserved for the elevators themselves which primarily enable the lofty construction. But those who compare the area and the altitude of the Singer Tower, or the Metropolitan Life Tower, those strictly utilitarian erections which tower so far above all the erections of man that have a monu-

mental purpose, the Eiffel alone excepted, and who consider the "practical" projects that threaten to overtop even that, will hesitate to find any effective limitation in this indefinite ratio. The well-meant efforts to fix a limit by legislation to the altitudes which are converting the slits of street between them into Cimmerian and wind-swept ravines have thus far turned out to be either chimerical or futile and ridiculous. They

have also the misfortune of being plausibly, however invidiously, regarded as urged in the interest of those who have already "improved" their landholdings in the commercial quarters of the great cities by building sky-scrapers, and whose pretence of being "affected by a public interest" in opposing the building of other sky-scrapers, is ridiculed by those who have not yet "improved," and who desire to substitute competition for monopoly. Their attitude has already been likened, in print, to the attitude of the British rector, according to *Punch's* British agriculturist: "Pa'sson, 'e gets in 'is own hay, then 'e claps on the prayer for rain." Apparently it must be left to that future, not so far off, in which the multiplication and magnification of the sky-scrapers will become plainly incompatible with the well-being of the communities in which individual interest is permitted to override public interest, to devise some effectual limitation or restriction.

Meanwhile, it is to be noted that, architecturally, the skeleton construction has by no means "found itself." It was not to be expected that a new architectural type should be soon evolved from the exposi-

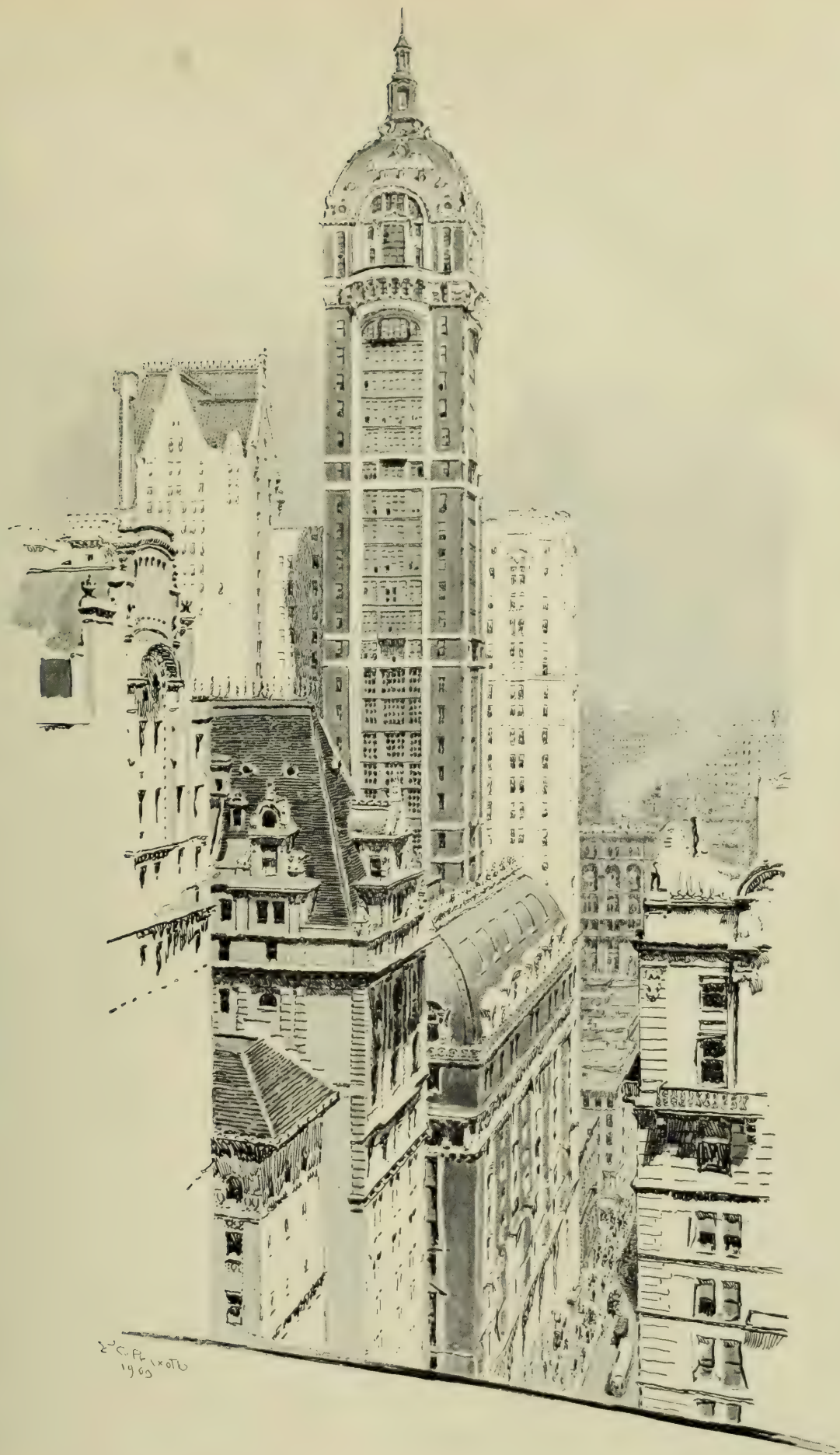
tion of a construction of which, as we have seen, concealment, by means of a "protective envelope," is of the essence. That the sky-scraper is essentially a frame building, not an agglutination of masonry, is, I was about to say, a manifest truth. But it is only during construction that it is manifest. When the building is "closed in," when the panels of masonry that fill up the frames of metal are in place, it is manifest



The Singer Building, 561 Broadway, New York.

The logical sky-scraper.

Ernest Flagg, architect.



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The New Singer Building, New York.

Height from sidewalk to top of construction 612 feet 1 inch.

Ernest Flagg, architect.



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Metropolitan Building.

Height from sidewalk to top of construction 700 feet 3 inches.

N. LeBrun and Son, architects.

no longer. Efforts toward manifesting it have indeed been made, in such hopeful experiments as the Guaranty Building in Buffalo, the Bayard Building in New York, and the Singer Building, by no means to be confounded with that one of the same name and in the same city which wears the "record" tower. But upon the whole it is not an encouraging reflection how much less the skeleton construction has done toward the establishment of an architectural type, toward the creation of an architectural organism, than was done in the transitional tall buildings, when, of the coefficients that have gone to produce the extreme skyscraper, the passenger elevator was the only one in full force and effect. In those transitional buildings, when walls were still walls, the effect of depth and mass inhered in the thickness of the wall, requiring only artistic modelling and modification to elicit and emphasize its impressiveness. In the later development, the smooth expanse of wall, broken only by shallow openings,

with a minimum of what is technically and happily called "reveal," is expressionless, the more that the frame is hidden that would give it the beginning of expressiveness. The architect who would give his wall surface expression comparable to that of his prototypes of real masonry is driven to project his wall for the very purpose of withdrawing it again. True, he may crown it with a factitious and more or less fictitious feature, like the beetling tower of the Times Building, or the pinnacled diadem of the West Street Building, which the uninteresting building beneath lifts into the empyrean to become the cynosure of a justified admiration. But it were too much to say that he has succeeded in realizing in his skeletons such an impressiveness of expressiveness as belongs to the best of the transitional buildings, to the front of the Union Trust in Broadway, to the corniced tower of the Ames Building in Boston, to the towering pylons of the Monadnock in Chicago.

THE HOUSE OF CHANGE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THE wind and the rain they were beating, blowing down,
 All along the highway and all along the lea;
 All the weary miles from the country to the town,
 Long was the road to the one I sped to see.

The casements were shut and the iron gates made fast;
 The heavy door was barred—no welcome there to win.
 'Twas the hand of a stranger that opened it at last,
 And the voice of a stranger that bade me enter in.

And the one that I loved, that I went in haste to seek,
 One I shall seek no more, no more in days to be,
 Closed were her eyes and she did not smile or speak—
 'Twas the first time of all she had no word for me.

All the old familiar things wore an alien air,
 Book and picture, hall and hearth, garden-plot and tree:—
 Naught was there for change, yet change was everywhere,
 And the house that was home was a strange house to me.



Drawn by W. Sherman Potts.

And she used up the rest of that glorious evening in lecturing him.—Page 273.

THE EXPERIMENTER

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATION BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

I



ANNABEL FRASER was taking life very seriously, even so long ago as when Luke Bailey fell in love with her; and as Luke was taking it pretty seriously himself, in his own way, they made quite a pair. She resented—or thought she resented—being fallen in love with for her face. And she was so used to being beautiful and hearing sweet things said about her that very likely she did tire of what would have been the breath of life to most girls. She preserves that pose still, though it is not so necessary as then, and I suspect she is seldom annoyed. Not but that she is splendid now, and will be when her hair is white. Age will touch her only as it does a picture or a statue. But of course thirty-four is different from twenty-six.

The reason Luke had never said those objectionable things was because he couldn't, being too busy thinking them. But Annabel misunderstood and supposed him to be the one among them all who appreciated her for her mental and spiritual traits, and so she decided—quite in cold blood—to like him more than the others. Will was her strong point. She was always talking about it. So she loved him because she willed it. Well, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." There may be some kind of love that can be turned off or on. I'm not competent to judge. But once her mind was made up her slow blood must have quickened toward him, for if ever a boy was made to be loved, it was Luke. I should know. He had no mother when he was a little boy, and so adopted me because I was his next-door neighbor, and laughed when I found him robbing my orchard. I was old and alone, and he came into my life and taught me—wonderful things—love and hope—things that children know.

He was a few years younger than Anna-

bel Fraser, conscious of his youth, and almost tragically anxious to be a good puppy and do as he was told—an attitude always pleasing to the Annabel Frasers.

So they became engaged, and this, so far as I could make out, was the manner of that remarkable transaction. He kissed her. Then they had a tremendous debate about whether she ought to forgive him for it. The forgiveness was accomplished at length, but it took a lot of magazine story dialogue to bring it about. The psychological kind. (She has written a few stories, you know, among her other—duties.)

The kiss had happened under the moon, in a garden with the smell of roses and the flutter of moths, and in the great house behind them a waltz with violins in it . . . and Japanese lanterns. And so he kissed her, being four-and-twenty and a man, and having just received his hospital appointment, and therefore beginning to think about a wife. And she used up the rest of that glorious evening in lecturing him, as I have said, for his joyous and innocent little sin; telling him all about how noble it was just to be friends, and how much there was to be done in the world, and how she had no time for that sort of love, but must work. And he, poor boy! having put the great question to her like a man along with his kiss, must wait through an interminable evening of roses and moonlight and waltz music, while she argued this way and that, and served up sociology—stale as a yesterday's pancake—from her college course. But she said yes, at the end.

These solemn preliminaries over, encouraged by her glorification of a life of work, he shyly told her something about his own ambitions.

But Luke never had the gift of tongues. He probably made his few remarks mumbly, so that she only caught a word here and there. Not enough to understand. (Not that she *could* have understood, anyway.) For I know that when he used to talk it over with me, it would be a jumble

of technical language and boy's slang, made more incoherent by enthusiasm. Nevertheless through it all one thing was clear and intelligible as sunlight—the constant ache of Pity in him and the desire to be of use.

"I couldn't stand it at all, Mater, if it weren't for looking forward to doing my share."

"A physician ought to be more impersonal, I should think," I would say. "Can you do your best when you sympathize so?"

"For a while I can. I suppose I shall go to pieces sooner than if I didn't. . . . But knowing what I do I couldn't do anything else, you know. It may kill me to do it, but it would kill me worse not to, so there it is. . . . But it isn't quite so bad when you are working along the experimental line. Find out something new. There's so much to find out! H—— was trying to fix some guinea-pigs with cerebro-spinal meningitis, the other day. That's one of the mysteries, you know. Meningitis, pneumonia, scarlet fever—and, most of all, yellow fever. We don't know anything at all about them. I'd like to do something that way. Think of being able to save the kiddies from scarlet fever as they are saved now from diphtheria! A man might consider he had lived, eh, Mater?"

As that was the manner of his conversation with me, I supposed him to have talked in much the same way with her. And it is quite improbable that she understood anything of what he tried to tell her. No doubt she waited rather impatiently for him to finish, for she was heart and soul in a scheme of world reformation—meaning settlement work and potted plants at that time, though she has varied it in later years with other methods. Of course little things like the discovery of a disease germ, or skin-grafting, or making a club-foot into a real foot that you can walk with, must seem small matters to one who aims at nothing less than lifting the whole round world nearer the stars by one heave of her capable shoulders. She was patient, however, with Luke's little ambitions, smiling kindly as one does when a good child stammers forth some enthusiastic explanation of his little play with his toys; and he saw her dark eyes smiling at him kindly out of the shadows, and caught his breath at her beauty, and called her an angel and implored her to do with him as she would.

And so they were engaged, and he spent all he had upon a ring, and went back to the hospital to fit himself for his very small share in Annabel's big task of reforming the world. He wrote me letters, all of Annabel—Annabel—Annabel—and sent me pictures of her that I was to be sure to return. And oh! the times I had to be told how good she was, how wonderful! And how altogether contemptible and unfit was Luke Bailey. . . . Then his letters grew less frequent. I heard but little of him for a year, though I understood that he had a reputation for overworking himself. As to Annabel, she got her name in the papers as a society girl who had forsworn the pleasant life she was born to, for charity's sake; and because of her lovely face they all printed her picture, so she was a celebrated person.

II

LUKE wrote excitedly that Annabel was at one of the summer hotels that I could see from my window, and would I please call on her? She was the most wonderful girl in the world, he explained, with as much enthusiasm as though it was a new idea. He was coming in a day or so, himself—had been very busy but never forgot me. I would have gone to great lengths to please that boy. Had he wished to make surgical experiments upon my right hand even to amputation, I should have given it, freely—yet I put off calling on Annabel, saying to myself that she was young and I was old, and she could make the call herself. But she did not care to thus offer the first move, and the days went on until the one when Luke came.

On that June night I lay awake, thinking much about Luke and his lady-love. The stars were thick and bright, the hotels glowed silently among the black billows of the mountains, and the tree frogs were loud in their pleasure at the heavy dew. It was all that a June night should be, except that somewhere a cow was lamenting for her calf. In the night's stillness, her great voice boomed out its elemental grief with perfect regularity. As an arraignment of the conduct of the universe its eloquence was without flaw. I thought sadly of her little hour or two of delight as the soft nose fumbled for her ready milk, and then—the separation, the little creature borne away toward

its brief education for veal, or perhaps killed at once. Shudderingly I recalled a story that they sometimes killed the calf where the mother could see it done, so as to save her that long bellowing distress. For if she saw the end, of course she would know that it was over, and quietly go back to work (after something of a tantrum—rather sport to watch from the other side of the fence) upon her comfortable cud and the production of milk. Oh, well—what of it! One cannot shoulder the griefs of all the sorrowful animals in the world; nor of sorrowful human creatures. There is too much of it. So very much that one is not necessarily a coward to withdraw from it all, as I did, and read and write and think for a lifetime among old, bloodless books; like the monks in the Middle Ages. (Yet, it would be a pity if, having lived out one's life like that, one should conclude at the end of forty years that it had been wasted. Forty years is a good deal when considered in the lump, though when gone it is sand that slipped through the fingers.)

Luke Bailey had chosen the better way of living—that of violent work. But then he was a man and belonged to a new generation. In my young days, there was still the remnant of a notion that the world was being taken care of by a kind of absentee landlord—forgetful, but still one could depend upon the proper thing being done in time. Nowadays people seem to think they have to take a hand in the work. A girl, too, is a very different creature in some ways. Better, of course. I thought with envy of his Annabel's education and her reputation as a golf player, and her settlement work. But of the girl herself I thought with distaste—how she was like a great pink-and-white dahlia with thick petals arranged perfectly, but never touched by bee or humming-bird, or butterfly, or human nose. And there she was now, over among the lights somewhere, and he with her. He had come and I hadn't made that call. He would be offended. He might even not come over to see his old friend. I tried not to be as jealous as if I were only one or two and twenty instead of far past the half-century mark. . . . "If I could only believe she is the right one," I was thinking—and then a pebble tapped against the window. I thrust out my head with its little thin, gray braids bobbing on either side, and

there, looking up, a pale blur against the dark lawn, was the face of Luke Bailey.

"Mater!" he called softly. (The word had been sentimentally agreed upon between us before he went to college, years before.)

"I couldn't go without seeing you, Mater," said Luke.

"I was beginning to think you could. I was trying not to be jealous of Annabel."

He laughed a little. "You needn't be jealous of Annabel." His voice mingled in a ghostly way with the rustle of a sudden gust of wind. "You needn't be jealous of Annabel. She—doesn't want me, after all, Mater—and there's only you."

I threw on a dressing gown and covered my gray wisps of braids with a shawl and stumbled out to him through the dark house. The slow hall clock struck twelve, beginning as I opened my chamber door and ending just as Luke's arms, cold and wet with dew, went around me. And his lips against my old cheek were as cold as though the warmth of life could never return.

I sat on the top step, and he sat at my feet and put his head in my lap—very quiet.

"You aren't to blame her," he said at length, rather sharply, as though I had spoken some of my angry thoughts. "Remember *that*, Mater, always. It's only that she doesn't understand."

"What is it that she doesn't understand?"

"Me—and everything that I believe in most. The necessity of finding out things. The minute she saw me she began about how glad she was I had come, because she had to write a paper on vivisection for her club and wanted me to tell her all I knew about it. A lot of jays want to stop it, you know. They seem to think it's done for fun! They say it has never done a bit of good. They say— Oh—I don't know what they say."

"Well, this evening she talked about what a terrible thing vivisection is. I never saw her so worked up—and said she wanted me to help her write the paper, and—think of this!—to work against vivisectionists with the other physicians that are against them. What could I say? I let her go on. Then I said—I said—that I believed in it, that if it wasn't permitted, the whole science of healing would stop short and come to nothing. I told her that anybody that said that such experiments had

accomplished nothing were either fools or liars, no matter what their names were. I said that I had made experiments myself. I thought that would clinch it—and it did! She stopped talking, and rose up, like—like a queen, or something, and gave me back the ring—as if it were red hot—and went away . . . and . . . and that's about all."

"Give her time. She may see the other side."

"No," he answered apathetically. "I don't think she will. I don't believe she ever does see the other side of anything. People are so, sometimes. She wouldn't hear my case at all. If she had cared she would have listened to what I tried so hard to say. . . . It's such a queer world, Mater. I—I'm rather tired of it. But it's nice that there's always you. . . ."

"She took me by surprise, so. If I'd had any idea what was coming I might have put up an argument. . . . Why, Mater, if you—if you had a baby, and it had diphtheria, wouldn't you bless the horse whose blood was made into antitoxin? Especially as it didn't hurt the horse one one-hundredth as much as docking his tail would? Annabel's horses," he laughed almost tearfully, "have docked tails. When I spoke of it she said, 'Oh, that's different.' She—she just wouldn't hear my case at all, Mater."

"I even tried to quote the Bible a little. —'It is expedient that one man should die for the people'—but she said it didn't mean what I said it did, and that anyhow such a comparison was sacrilegious. I didn't mean it so; only, it was a phrase that happened to be running in my head. '*It is expedient that one man should die for the people.*' It is so sensible. Of course it's expedient. Sometimes a man can accomplish a lot by dying, and if he can he ought to. And why shouldn't an animal die as well as a man? . . ."

"Oh, Mater! If you'd ever been in a hospital—if you'd ever seen the out-patients come in—and what one can do is almost nothing. A little medicine, advice that won't be followed, and then back to tuberculosis tenements or to those places near the sewers where the shadings on the map get so thick that they're black, showing the death rate. . . . But if you get a kiddy on his back where you can take care of him for a while, why, you can straighten him out so that he has a chance of fighting his own

little big battles with the world. You take away the handicap, to a certain extent. So it seemed worth doing—orthopædic surgery did. I did want so to be a big surgeon—one of the way-up ones."

"Didn't orthopædic surgery seem worth while to her?"

"I wouldn't say that, though I never was able to interest her in it. That was because I'm never any good at telling things. I never can say anything the way I want to. If I could only have put it to her the right way—but you see she is one of these people who have such beastly good health always. D'you know I've sometimes thought that health that is too good is a sort of unsoundness. The body that is ignorant of pain has a flabby spot, like an unused muscle. Apollo Belvidere would cut up rough over a little toothache. The calmest faces in the world you'll find among cripples. The quietest eyes I ever saw belonged to a cancer patient. . . . Of course, one has to hate pain. It would be absurd not to do that. And yet—pain is only pain. There are worse things. So many very much worse things. . . ."

"If only Annabel's crowd would spend a little of their own time getting after peddlers' horses and starving cats and dogs—if they'd investigate the gentle country butcher instead of sniffing round the doors of laboratories. . . ."

"Animals—" said Luke—"I guess nobody likes 'em more than I do. Guinea-pigs are such jolly little codgers, and they do so get it in the neck. (Annabel and her friends seem to think we use nothing but dogs—I wonder why?) But, guinea-pigs or dogs—how many bushels of 'em tip the scales against a baby—even a no-count, trashy baby—and when it's a nice baby—one that ought to live for the sake of the race. . . ."

"The truth is, Mater, we're up against it. The world's bound to be not altogether pleasant, any way you fix it. It takes pain to cure pain, and a hair of the dog that bit you—"

"Cruelty? What isn't cruel? Meat comes from the slaughter-house, and I suppose it had a good time chewing its cud. Fish don't like to die, probably, and the hook they're taken with doesn't hurt a bit more than a lot of these experiments they're so hot about. We have to eat

animals to live. Why isn't that as bad as using them to find out things?

"Well—there—I've made you unhappy. . . . Isay, do you remember how you caught me up in your apple tree? I never will forget how you looked up as I looked down. I was scared, and then I saw your mouth corners wiggle, and then you laughed, and I came down, and you had me into the dining-room and gave me some smelly, sticky fruit-cake. . . . That was about a hundred years ago—just about—in a hundred years, a thousand, where'll we all be? Shucks! What's the use of howling because you're hurt? Still, it *is* a major operation, you know, to be turned down like that—and—and there wasn't any anæsthetic." He drew in his breath sharply. "She is the most beautiful woman in the world. . . .

"I go South to-night. I just came up to say good-by to you—and her.

"Havana. Some army doctors are working on yellow fever down there. We are going down there to—to make sure. It may be a rather long job, and I didn't know when I might see you again."

"Yellow fever—why, my *dear*! I can't have you do that. It's dangerous."

He did not answer at once.

"No more than anything else, Mater. We're only going to—to take a look at the mosquitoes, you know. They think they've got the beast that carries the germ. *Culex fasciatus* most call him, though some think *Stegomyia* is a prettier name."

"I should think you could get all the mosquitoes you want right around here."

"Ho! *These*! Shucks! You people don't know anything about mosquitoes up here. All you've got is a poor little *Culex* something or other that does the best he can and doesn't mean any harm. Why, you never saw an *Anopheles*, and as for *Stegomyia*, he *is* a mosquito, I can tell you. There's all the difference that there is between rabbit hunting and going for big game in India."

But I was uneasy. "You know you must take care of yourself. Think of all you can accomplish in a long lifetime, so don't—take liberties with it—now, before it's fairly begun."

"Oh, yes," he said indifferently. Then he brightened up and lifted his head.

"You've no idea what a fascinating thing

this is. It's one of *the* mysteries, you know—yellow fever is, or has been. Finley is pretty sure, but hasn't proved it. It has to be proved. They want to verify the kind of mosquito that does the job, and how long after he bites a patient before he can give it to another—and—oh, a number of things. Just think, Mater! It kills fifty per cent., even when they have care. When they haven't—when it comes down on a city or a military camp, with a rush like fire, then it's nearly ninety per cent. And it isn't an easy death, you know. . . . it isn't nice and clean and dignified—and mysterious. People were exposed over and over again, and it never touched 'em. And others that hadn't been near a case where knocked over, while others in the same house were all right. So what can you make of it? It simply can't be *fomites*. No, Finley is right. And Lazear—you heard about Dr. Lazear?"

His voice dropped to a tone of awe and respect. "He died. After he was bitten. It was in the yellow-fever hospital, and he saw a *Culex fasciatus* biting—and let it bite all it wanted to—though he knew—all *but* the proving—just what would happen. Well it happened. And you can't let a man like that die for nothing, you know. So they're going to prove it so that there can't ever be any more doubt. Sanarelli and the Frenchmen—they think Americans don't know anything. But we'll soon have the laugh on them."

"But what is *your* part in this performance, child? I take it these people are physicians of standing and years?"

"You bet they are! But—oh, well, I'm a choir-boy, an acolyte, a hanger-on, an office-boy. The big guns have to have 'em, you know."

"And you are going to be a bacteriologist as well as surgeon?" said I, my pride in him swelling.

"Ye—es, that's one way of putting it." He laughed slightly.

There was something not quite frank in his manner, but I knew better than to force his confidence.

"Well—if it's nothing worse than entomological big game—I don't like it, though. Yellow fever—you are so much to me," I muttered.

"Am I?" He pushed aside the shawl from my head, and drew forth a wisp of hair, clipping it off with his knife.

"For a mascot," he apologized.

Then he rose, and turning his back, looked long at the distant glimmer of the hotel, with the heaving dark mountains back of it, and the thick brightness of stars above it.

"Queer she couldn't understand," he muttered. "It seems so simple. . . . Well, I'm off. Will you write very often, please? I may not answer regularly, but I think such a lot of your letters. And when there's a quarantine letters can come in easier than they can go out. And tell me—no—*don't* tell me about her. When a thing's done it's done. That's good surgery—make a clean job of it—saw off the bone and tie up the arteries—and forget about it—if you can. . . . Good-by."

He kissed me and very gently loosened my hands from his arm. I was trying to say so many things, chiefly imploring him, as a real mother would have done, to be careful.

At the gate he turned again, for the sake of using the word I loved—"Good-by, Mater."

III

ANY ONE who cares—but not many do—may read of the different circumstances of that great experiment. Of how, in the first place, they went into a little dark, lonely house, "in an open uncultivated field," and the little house was prepared for them with sheets and pillow-cases and all sorts of things that had been fingered by yellow fever. They wore clothing of yellow-fever patients; some of it had been taken from the dead. And so for twenty days they made free with death, slept with it, ate with it—I can't make out whether it was done with military precision and solemn etiquette, or whether they were jolly (the reports are so prim, giving nothing but the essential facts), but I suspect they played poker a bit and sang and strummed their banjos. I rather think they were jolly. Men of that sort are not apt to be solemn when danger is about. But it was unspeakable—that furnishing of the house. There was a loving attention to detail that would have cheered Dante, or the Inquisition. Still, there was one advantage, and that was the absence of mosquitoes. That was the whole object of this part of the experiment, you see—to keep out the mosquitoes. And no-

body in that horrible little place—"So far as possible resembling a ship's hold"—was sick. That meant that *fomites* had nothing to do with it, and that quarantine is of no use whatever.

So then they went to a much pleasanter house, with fresh air and sunshine and clean linen—clean as surgeons understand cleanness. And here, also, there were screens, and half of the house party lived on one side of the screens and the other half on the other side. And again no mosquitoes could come in. But—some *were* in; they were waiting in one half of the house. And that mosquito half of the house you might call the front of battle, if you liked to be heroic about it. Here your officer charges uphill, waving his sword, and fame comes to him who is first over the fortifications.

Here it was that Luke lay down for thirty minutes upon a bed, his chest and limbs exposed; smiling, I don't doubt, that one-sided smile of his; perhaps whistling a soft, tuneless whistle. (He was nearly tone deaf.)

So he gave himself carelessly to what he believed, and what the physicians in charge believed, to be danger of death. I see him lying at his ease, and smiling . . . and somewhere the operatic Siegfried throws aside his operatic clod of earth—

"Denn Leben und Leib,

Seht!—so werf ich sie weit von mir!"

—and then—a mosquito is as effective as Hagen's spear.

For in due course the fever arrived,— "with most unfortunate termination," says the report. But I shall always think he would have come back, if Annabel had wanted him to. The old maid whom he called "Mater" wasn't enough. So he died.

And I'd give something to know whether Annabel still thinks it was done out of curiosity gone mad, and that his fate was the punishment of a just and angry God. Or, doesn't she think at all? Whatever her thoughts are, however, they move in but two dimensions. Thank God I can think in three, even though it is at times a dreary business. But perhaps, later on—wherever it is that Luke is now—one can think in four, and in that way get at the meaning of things that seem to have no meaning now. . . . One can imagine whatever one chooses about those things. One can im-

agine, that the truth will be something simpler and better than what we have imagined.

I had such strange dreams after Luke died—not unpleasant dreams. . . . I thought I was young again—young! I! I thought I was at the beginning of my long loneliness. (Selfishness, as I see it now. What business had I to live alone in that big house? I had a notion of self-culture, God help me!—thought I was going to write in that big lonely library with all those choice old books of my father's—so sat there forty years and did nothing. Forty years!) But in one of the dreams that forty years' mistake had not begun and I was the young girl that still expected a lover. It was dusk—just too dark to read, though I was reading to my eyes' hurt. (The "Decline

and Fall," I think, for I was improving my mind vigorously.) The scent of the narcissus was very strong. And the gate-latch clicked in the old, old way . . . and it was Luke. Luke! who wasn't even born until twenty years after that. . . . And then I woke, and youth was so strong in me that I must light a candle and look in the glass before I could believe that I was old. . . . I wonder if Annabel Fraser ever dreams of him?

They know all about yellow fever, now. He was only one of those who died to find out; and others who still live have undergone the same danger for the same purpose, for the world is full of courage. And in the end, I suspect, not even the Annabels matter, though they do make it hard at times for the world to get forward the way it wants to.

FOR A DEAD LADY

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

No more with overflowing light
Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,
Nor shall another's fringe with night
Their woman-hidden world as they did.
No more shall quiver down the days
The flowing wonder of her ways,
Whereof no language may requite
The shifting and the many-shaded.

The grace, divine, definitive,
Comes only as a faint forestalling;
The laugh that love could not forgive
Is hushed, and answers to no calling;
The forehead and the little ears
Have gone where Saturn keeps the years;
The breast where roses could not live
Has done with rising and with falling.

The beauty, shattered by the laws
That have creation in their keeping,
No longer trembles at applause,
Or over children that are sleeping;
And we who delve in beauty's lore
Know all that we have known before
Of what inexorable cause
Makes Time so vicious in his reaping.

From Rothenburg to the Danube

By Everett Warner • Illustrated
with Etchings by the Author •



DINKELSBÜHL! Dinkelsbühl! I repeated over to myself after my German friend had left me. Could a town with such a ridiculous name possibly be the romantic place which his enthusiasm pictured it? The idea was absurd. Mediæval it might be, but romantic—never!

But I could not dismiss such a peculiar name from my mind in that summary fashion. My thoughts harked back to it continually, and, since the town lay so temptingly near Rothenburg, it was not long before I had decided to heed my friend's advice and investigate it for myself.

It was not a question of "discovering" Dinkelsbühl, he had assured me. That had already been done by the German painters from Munich, and it was rather a question of visiting an artists' haunt before it became an objective point for the ordinary tourist and lost much of its quaintness and charm. Through the coterie of painters who frequented the town many of its more familiar aspects were being exhibited in the large annual picture displays in Munich, and since

"we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have
passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see,"

it would not be long before interest would be awakened in this old imperial town on the Wörnitz.

If the town did indeed so richly repay a visit as my friend seemed to think, I should be wise to anticipate that coming era of popularity, for I knew only too well what sad havoc popularity and its attendant prosperity would make with the original picturesqueness of its streets. In my mind's eye I could already see the devastating influences at work—the coat of new paint spread over the weather stains on venerable walls, the large show windows set into the fronts of old stores, and the



pert, new structures elbowing their way into the formerly unbroken lines of ancient buildings. By the time an electric-lighting plant had been installed, and the town repainted and remodelled until nothing remained that was really ruinous except the prices in the hotels, the citizen would be able to look with great pride on his native town. But the artists who had been the cause

of all its prosperity would regret its vanished charm and seek out some other retreat, for like the ivy they cling to what is old and crumbling into ruin. The melancholy picture which I had conjured up of Dinkelsbühl's financial prosperity and artistic decay proved so affecting that I lost no time in taking down from the shelf my collection of maps, time-tables and guidebooks, with a view to gleaning what preliminary information I might.

For once the indispensable would have to be dispensed with. Baedeker went back on the shelf in short order, as I found there only a few lines in small type, a gratifying circumstance on second thought, as it tended to confirm my friend's statement



The Röderbogen, Rothenburg.

that the town was shamefully neglected by the average tourist.

My study of the time-tables, hardly more profitable, revealed the fact that, by means of a branch line put through from Rothenburg to Dombühl within the last few years, I might travel all the way to my destination by rail at an average speed of seven miles an hour. Now I will not permit myself to make any observations about the Royal Bavarian State Railway which might be

construed as treasonable. I am convinced that travel under such conditions is eminently safe. Nay, I am even grateful to a beneficent government which employs such a thoroughly effective method of preserving the more remote portions of the kingdom in their primal picturesqueness and simplicity.

Nevertheless, I put the time-tables very





Rothenburg sky-line.

firmly back on the shelf and decided then and there upon a walking trip, and before I had done poring over the maps I had so far enlarged upon my original scheme as to include the whole Wörnitz Valley down to Donauwörth, where the little river loses itself in the Danube.

It was not very many days later that I shipped the more cumbersome of the necessary materials for painting and etching to Dinkelsbühl, where I expected to make something of a stay, and, packing a large sketch-book and a few personal requisites in a *Rucksack*, I bade good-by to the hospitable walls of Rothenburg and took the road.

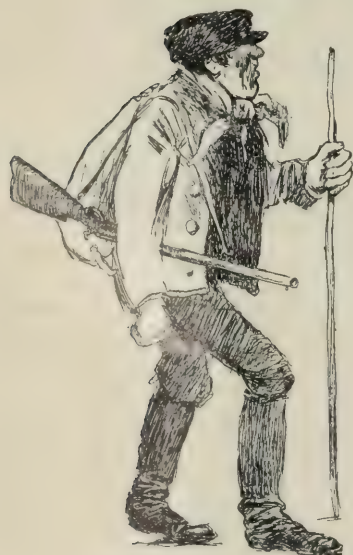
After passing Schillingsfürst, with its uninteresting square castle perched on a commanding eminence, I struck into the dark forest of tall pines, for who would not run the risk of going astray, in exchange for the joys of cross-country walking, where your feet sink noiselessly into a wonderful carpet of velvety green moss, and a partridge whirs up from before your feet, or a startled deer bounds across the path before you?

Moreover, when

measuring off milestones on the dusty highway, the walker's superiority over the rest of creation is not so apparent, and it is difficult to conjure up that feeling of pity for the motorist which, I understand, should fill the breast of every true pedestrian. I am afraid that I attained but imperfectly to this ideal attitude of mind. At nine o'clock in the morning I could rise to it easily, but about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the knapsack was getting heavy, all the genuine compassion I could muster was bestowed on pedestrians.

On emerging from the Schillingsfürst Forest and descending to the valley, I learned from a peasant at work in the fields that I had missed Dombühl completely and come out instead near Wörnitz, a small village situated near the source of the river bearing that name. I was not greatly disturbed at my blunder, for since I was to follow the little stream to the Danube, I had no objection to picking it up a little nearer than I had expected; so, readily reconciled to dropping Dombühl from my itinerary, I pushed on and, before the afternoon was far spent, arrived in Feuchtwangen, where I had planned to make my first halt.

It is by no means an imposing town. The troublous times through which it has passed have left no structures of notable architectural interest except the Stifts and Johannis churches, and of the formidable towers which must once have guarded the





Feuchtwangen Church.

entrances to the encircling wall, nothing remains but a single arch. Yet for the painter it has indubitable charm, not yielded up at first glance, but reserved for him who

gardens. Flower-pots rest on the ledges of the windows that have been opened in the crumbling, circular bastions, and doves fly in and out of the ancient loop-holes, while a sleepy cat suns herself, perhaps in the very opening from which in olden time the town's defenders were wont to pour boiling oil and shower other thoughtful little attentions on the heads of their neighbors from Dinkelsbühl, who nevertheless succeeded in sacking the town on two different occasions.

Feuchtwangen owes its origin to a cloister founded by Charlemagne, if tradition is to be believed, and why should we grovel in the dust of history when the airy flights of legend and tradition are so much more interesting? According to the very pretty tale, Charlemagne was hunting in the Riesgau when he was stricken with a violent fever. Nowhere could he find good water until a friendly dove brought him to a clear spring, and here, restored once more to health, the emperor vowed to build a cloister in token of his gratitude. That this legend at least enjoys a reputable age is shown by the Fountain of the Dove in the market-place, and by the late-Gothic figure in the church, representing the kneeling Charlemagne with a model of the gift church in his hand.

The main body of the present church is Gothic, but the two towers have retained their



A house in the wall, Feuchtwangen.

does not scorn to explore every turn of its crooked, wretchedly paved, and not over-clean streets.

What remains of the old town wall is immeasurably more appealing to the artistic eye than the more perfectly preserved defences of many another mediæval town—the more so since what was designed for the arts of war is now so thoroughly converted to the uses of peace, and all along buildings have been built into and upon the wall, and the former moat turned into blossoming

Romanesque character with little alteration, and in an adjoining garden may be seen the Romanesque arches of a cloister walk, the only surviving remains of an earlier structure which possibly does come down to us from the time of Charlemagne.

Two days in Feuchtwangen were all that my impatience would allow me, since Dinkelsbühl lay less than three hours' walk distant, and I was anxious to satisfy my curiosity concerning it. My way led over many narrow foot-bridges, and across the



A corner in Dinkelsbühl.

most luxuriant green meadows, dotted with friendly little villages, if such clusters of houses may be dignified with that name, but before long the path faded away and I was among the hills, threading alternate patches of pasture and woodland.

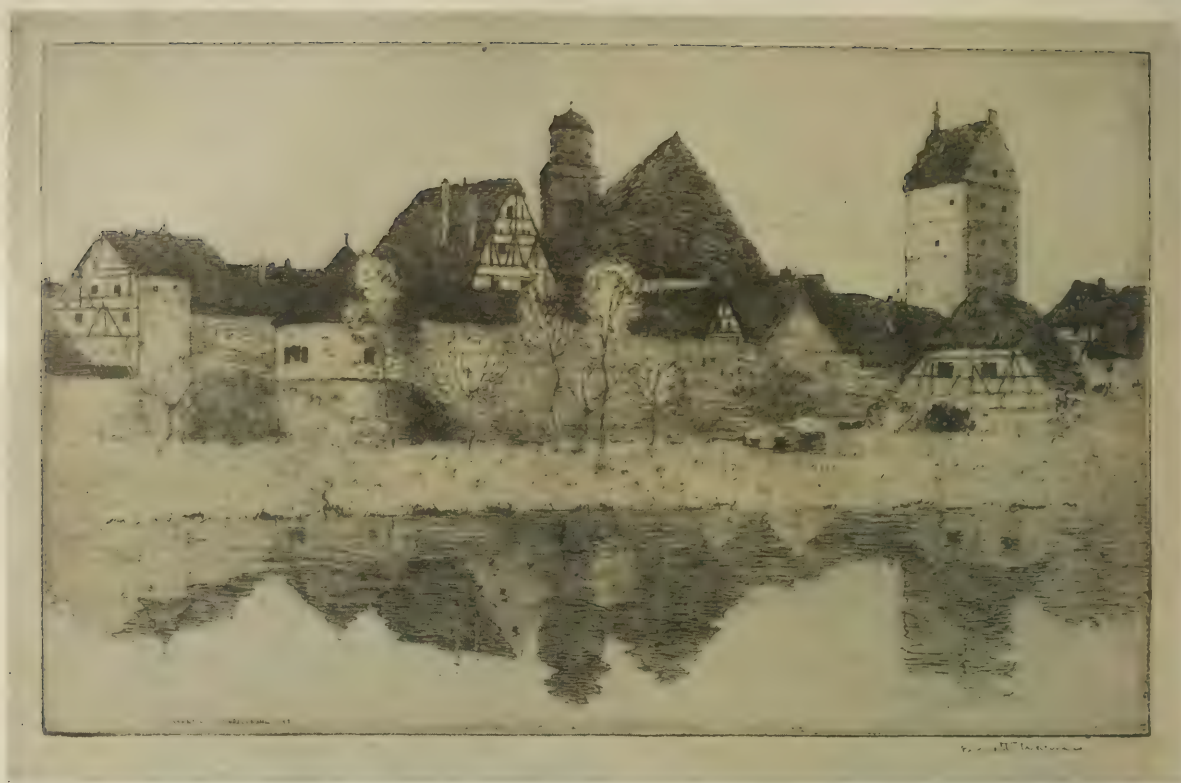
At length, as I gained the summit of a steep hill, the woods left me and gave place to open country, and the ground sloping gently away allowed me a wide prospect over the meadow-lands through which the Wörnitz wound its leisurely way. In the stream's calm surface were reflected the gray walls and dull red roofs of a many-towered town, still some distance away, but near enough so that I could note the unusually sharp gables of the houses and wonder at the gigantic mass of the

church which loomed above them. It was Dinkelsbühl.

As I approached nearer the town, I waived my opportunity of crossing a narrow foot-bridge and entering by the north gate, choosing

instead to skirt along the river, which has been divided so as to serve as a double moat to the town wall. The chief charm of Dinkelsbühl lies in this stretch washed by the Wörnitz. Here stands the old Stadtmühle and the most individual of the score of towers scattered along the line of defence—the Bäurlin's-turm, which starts very belligerently from the ground with





Dinkelsbühl from the river.

courses of heavy masonry perforated with loop-holes and then, as though it changed its mind in mid-air, it tops off with a quaint little cross-timbered *Häuschen* which is used as a dwelling.

The ruddy glow of the setting sun lingered only on the extreme tip of the lofty Wörnitz-tor when I at length crossed the moat and passed through the gloomy archway into the main street, where an occasional lighted window commenced to gleam among the gathering shadows.

Entering the market-place, I paused to admire the splendid ornate façade of a many-storied Renaissance house, and, while taking note of the rich carving and interesting timber work, I was struck with the unusual size of the windows which faced north. What an ideal studio it would make, I thought!

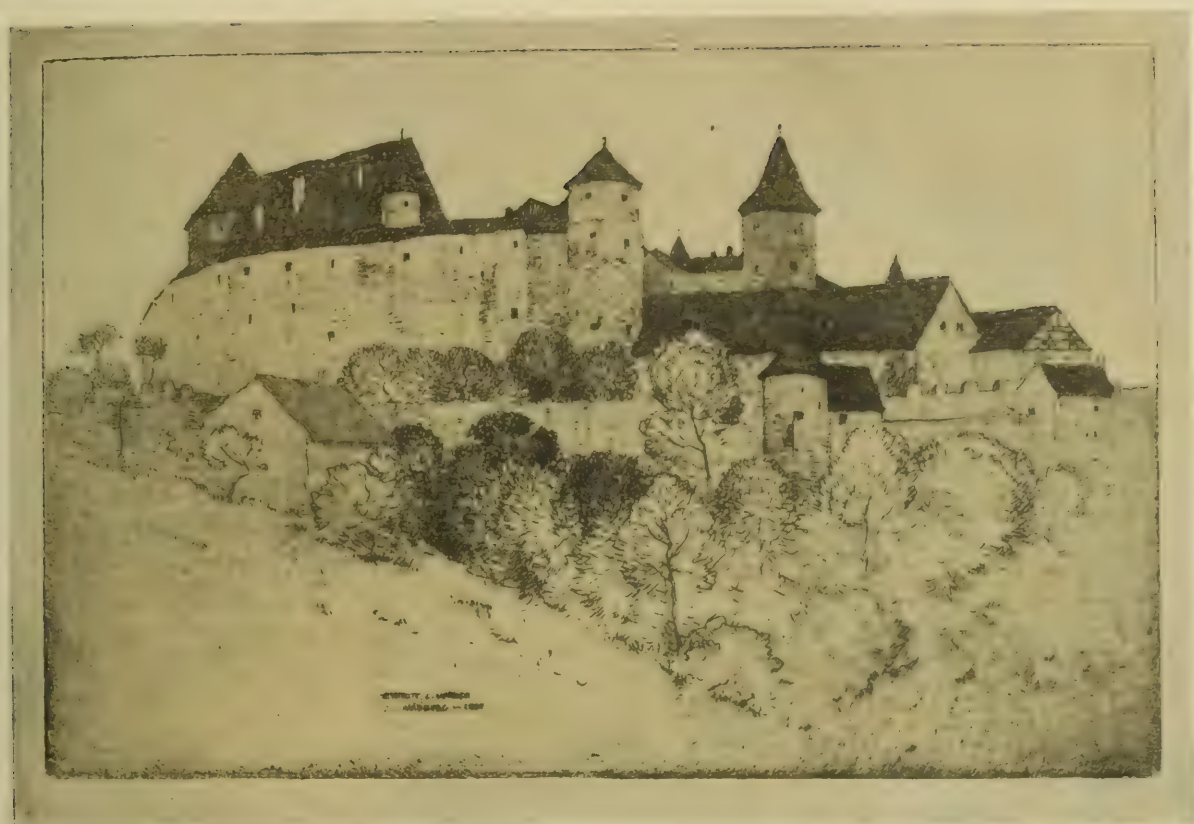
The thought was an inspiration, and a moment later I was beneath the carved portal inquiring if rooms were to rent in the house. Quite apart from the practical advantages which I saw in the windows, I was greatly attracted by the idea of finding a lodging in one of the historic

landmarks of the town. So imagine my delight when a pleasant-faced woman, neatly dressed in black silk, greeted me and told me that one of the front rooms was to rent. Practically the whole side of the large room into which I was shown was of glass, and I took it on the spot.

My lodging was in what was generally known as the "Deutsches Haus," and I did not blame the townspeople for using that simple appellation when I learned the long hyphenated name of the noble family for which the house had been built. What a stroke of luck to have found an admirable studio in a historic house, where even the locks and hinges on the doors testified to the artistic surroundings in which the first occupants had dwelt! It all seemed too good to be true.

It *was* too good to be true, as I learned all too quickly. In the cold light of the following morning the luxurious environment of the noble Grafen seemed much more remote, and I could not shut my eyes to the fact that the furnishings lay under a heavy pall of dust and grime, which for all I know may have had veritable historic associations. Had it been the ashes of her forefathers, my hostess





Harburg Castle.

could not have shown a greater reluctance about disturbing it.

I had been grievously mistaken in my first judgment of her. Usually one finds in the personal appearance of the Frau Wirtin a perfectly accurate index of the comfort and cleanliness of the house, but in this case the black silk dress, which had led me to wonder if I were not dealing with a descendant of the noble family, fallen upon evil days and compelled to take in "paying guests," was merely an accident due to a funeral or some other momentous occasion. For the sake of the splendid window in my room I put up with her Gothic ideas on cleanliness for several days, and it was only when she announced that my occupation of the room imposed on me a moral obligation to take my meals in the dirty little Weinstube which she maintained on the ground floor that I rose in my wrath and moved elsewhere, greatly to her consternation, for she had expected to bleed me for a little higher rent in exchange for the valuable privilege of not eating at her table.

I was quite cured of my desire to experiment further with the mediæval, and my only regret was at leaving my fine studio window, which had the added ad-

vantage that it gave directly on the market-place, and permitted me, in leisure moments, to watch the changing aspects of the square, a busy enough scene on a market day, but with nothing to recall the fact that once the main thoroughfare from Italy passed through Dinkelsbühl and the market-place echoed to the cracking whips of the muleteers who brought northward the costly treasure of the Orient.

At the opposite side of the little square was the great church, and often, as I glanced over at its sculptured portal, I was reminded of Rossetti's lines:

"And on the carven church-door this
hot noon
Lays all its heavy sunshine here without:
But having entered in, we shall find
there
Silence, and sudden dimness, and deep
prayer,
And faces of crowned angels all about."

The interior is of great beauty, not from the richness of its decoration, but rather from the lack of it. A noble simplicity charac-



terizes the soaring vault of the vast nave, and against the unbroken gray tone of the masonry the rich altar paintings gleam like

that I must not linger too long in Dinkelsbühl if I would have favoring weather and friendly skies for the remainder of my trip,

and so one beautiful autumn morning saw me afoot betimes, bound for Nördlingen. It was too long a walk to be made in a day, and, after passing through many noble stretches of forest land, I reached Fremdingen, where I had intended to stop for the night, had I not found both the taverns extraordinarily dirty and uninviting in appearance. "A plague o' both your houses," I thought to myself, and, though it was already late in the afternoon, I made up my mind to push on to the next village, where I certainly could not fare worse.

Sundown found me still on the road, and it was getting dark when the way opened out rather suddenly, and I caught a glimpse of the distant Schloss Baldern outlined against the fading light. Marktoffingen, my destination, was still nowhere in sight, and as my feet refused to carry me much farther, I was beginning to look about me for some convenient haystack in



Old warehouses, Nördlingen.



jewels. I can recall few large churches so free from the jarring notes of injudicious restoration or addition, and repeated visits only served to deepen my first vivid impression of its beauty. It is a tremendously big structure for a town the size of Dinkelsbühl, and the elegant proportions of the interior, and its freedom from detail, make it seem even larger than it is.

A touch of sharpness in the air, and a deepening color in the foliage, warned me

which to pass the night, which was warm and pleasant, when I fell in with a man who told me the village lay just the other side of the nearest hill. When we parted company, he warmly recommended the Gasthaus zum Lamm as the best of two possible stopping places, though I did not put implicit confidence in his endorsement, as he remarked that "so long as you get good beer, nothing else matters much."

It was quite dark when I reached the Lamm, from the windows of which floated

strains of music and the words of a well-known *Trinklied*:

"Grad' aus dem Wirtshaus nun komm' ich
heraus,
Strasse wie wunderbar siehst du mir aus!
Rechter Hand, linker Hand, beides vertauscht;
Strasse ich merk' es wohl du bist berauscht."

On entering the tavern, which I found crowded to overflowing, and heavy with the smoke of bad cigars, I sought the Frau Wirtin and made the customary inquiry about the charge for accommodation.

"Twenty Pfennige" (five cents) "is the price of a single room," she answered to my great astonishment. I barely recovered sufficient natural effrontery to inquire if light was included at that figure. It was.

I will confess that, once irrevocably committed to the room, and following the Frau Wirtin's flickering candle up-stairs, I had some furtive regrets for the haystack under the open sky, but when I reached my quarters, I found that the misgivings due to the alarmingly low price were unfounded. I will not pretend it was a luxurious chamber into which I was shown, but it was reasonably clean, and, to be fair to it, many a better bed has not yielded me half so good a night's rest.

Bent on supper, I descended again to the public room, where I found some difficulty in securing a place until a group of skat players moved over a little to give me room at their table. I was grateful for their courtesy and doubly grateful that, being an entire stranger, I was spared the *Wilkom Trunk*, a peculiar custom of offering every newly ar-



iving friend a drink from all the glasses standing on the table where he takes his seat.

I learned the reason for the crowd when the Frau Wirtin, who approached to learn what I would have for supper, explained apologetically that it was *Gesellschaftsabend*. A passing tourist who chances to read in the local paper an announcement of *Gesellschaftsabend* is apt to miss entirely the note of command underlying the words "politely invited," and to look upon it merely as the voluntary social gathering which the name implies. Nothing could be farther from the truth. When one has lived for some time in a small town like Rothenburg, he learns to regard it as the most amazing of all the strange Bavarian customs, and realizes on what a fearful and wonderful foundation business rests.

Every one of the very numerous taverns or *Wirtschaften* sets apart an evening, usually once a week, and attendance on this occasion is mandatory for any one doing any business whatsoever with the landlord. Woe betide the luckless butcher or baker who shall fail to present himself regularly and consume both food and drink, custom decreeing that he shall drink not less than three half-litre glasses of beer. He may rest assured that his absence will be marked, and that the next morning the servant sent out to buy provisions will pass by on the other side. The successful shop-keeper, who numbers among his customers many tavern landlords, must be prepared to spend very few evenings by his own fire-side, and it would almost seem as if the chief requisites for the small tradesman were an unlimited capacity for beer drinking, coupled with an iron constitution able



to withstand the ravages of *Wirtschaft* cookery, and, last but not least, a capable wife to stay at home and mind the business.

This remarkable system attains the height of its absurdity on the occasion of the *Kirchweih*, which is the annual festival of the small village. For example, where a butcher in one of the larger towns supplies meat to the taverns in a number of small hamlets in the immediate vicinity, it is recognized as quite impossible for him to appear for every *Gesellschaftsabend*. Never-

theless he does not escape entirely, and it behooves him to watch his calendar carefully, for whenever one of these local festivals rolls around he must hie him to the village and take his place at the tavern table.

When he has partaken of the *Wirtschaft* fare, the landlord brings him his reckoning, and, instead of the mark or a mark and a half, which he would ordinarily charge, he solemnly reckons the meal at ten marks, twenty marks, or whatever higher figure he thinks justified by the amount of his trade with the butcher in course of the year. Truly a remarkably roundabout way of obtaining a discount.

The next morning, while settling the most insignificant hotel bill that it has ever been my lot to encounter, I could not help thinking that those who pictured the country innkeeper as a rapacious brigand had certainly never put up at the Sign of the Lamb. Perhaps my own freedom from unpleasant experiences has led me to take a particularly charitable view of the inn-keeper. Personally I have yet to be charged with a bundle of hay, but I understand it has happened.

"How is this, Herr Wirt?" exclaimed the amazed traveller, going over the items of food and drink on his bill. "You have me charged with a bundle of hay."

"Quite right, quite right," responded the landlord readily. "You complained last night of the mooing of a cow in the adjoining stable, and I gave her a bundle of hay to quiet her."

A dense fog blotted out all but the nearest objects when I left the inn, and, as I dared not leave the direct well-travelled

road, I soon covered the few remaining miles which separated me from the chief city of the Riesgau. The very distinctive costumes of the peasants whom I passed along the way served to remind me that I had crossed the Swabian border. The men were almost invariably clad in stiff blouses, made somewhat shorter and fuller than those worn by French workingmen, and ornamented on the shoulders with stripes of coarse but artistic embroidery. For head-

gear, some wore a kind of black fez with a long tassel, and others preferred a ridiculous looking hat, resembling a derby but only a third of the height to which we are accustomed.

Compared with its neighbors, Nördlingen seems closely in touch with progress and civilization, and, as I made my way through its clean, busy streets, I suddenly became conscious of my dusty attire and my unkempt, unshaven condition.

The landlord of the little hotel where I elected to stop eyed my dusty shoes very hard, rather harder than I thought necessary or polite. It was

evident to him that I had been walking. Possibly he was wondering whether I was an itinerant pedler or a Gypsy clock mender, but in Germany pedestrianism is such a popular form of recreation among all classes that a landlord does not necessarily rush to the hasty conclusion that you are a common vagrant simply because you present yourself at his door on foot, bearing your luggage on your back.

Yes, he *thought* he had a room, and he continued to regard me rather sourly. Not until I had filled out the register card which calls for the *Stand* or occupation of a guest, as well as the place from which he hails, did he show the slightest disposition to thaw out; but, his suspicions of me once dispelled, he became genial and overflowing with local pride.

"The Herr Kunstmaler will want to see our museum, which contains some of the finest examples of Herlin and Scheufelin to be found in Germany. And the church, too—just follow this street to the end, turn to the left, and you'll see it before you.



The tower is magnificent and the ascent will repay you—three hundred and sixty-five steps, one for every day in the year. The tower is exactly as high as the church is long, and in all Bavaria is only exceeded in height by the towers of Landshut, Regensburg, and—” but at this point I fled with a hasty word of thanks.

I was travelling in a section practically uncharted by Baedeker, and, during the period of my emancipation from the red book, I did not propose to have any one foisting unnecessary statistics upon me. Once at the end of the street, I took a guilty glance over my shoulder to see if the proprietor of the hotel were still looking, and turned to the right, a manœuvre which carried me away from the “sights” of the town, but which brought me down into the ancient leather-drying quarter, where old warehouses lean over the canal at the most absurd angles.

Except in natural decay, the centuries have brought little change to this quarter, and, being what the Germans call “a friend of the picturesque,” I took a lively enjoyment in following this canal or arm of the Wörnitz through the town and up to the ruined Wasserturm, which arches over the stream at the point where it enters the town walls. I discovered that access could be had to the *Mauergang*, or gallery, which runs along the crest of the wall, and I made almost the entire circuit of the town upon it.

No one could fail to be impressed with the massive character of the watch-towers at the gates. They are not so high, nor so slender and gracefully proportioned as the towers of Rothenburg, nor as quaint and varied as those of Dinkelsbühl, but they give a tremendous impression of strength.

On the outer edge of the wide moat is a charming promenade, but the effect suffers from the fact that the moat has been allowed to dry up, and has been devoted to plebeian pursuits, more useful than inspiring. It is not inconceivable that a traveller in a reflective mood might gaze upon the

moat in Feuchtwangen and repeat to himself the lines:

“I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled.”

In Nördlingen any such flow of sentiment would be checked instantly by the discovery that the chief product of the moat is not romantic red roses, but prosaic red cabbages.

Before returning to the hotel I realized how difficult it is to free one's self from the grip of habit and custom in sightseeing. In spite of my fine phrases about emancipation, conscience kept telling me that I ought not to neglect the regulation sights just because similar things had so often bored me on previous occasions, and kept warning me that I would regret my folly when it was too late. A stern sense of duty led my steps around to the Rathaus with its imposing outside stairway of mixed Gothic and Renaissance styles.

The museum is on the third floor, and I was deeply thankful to the restless conscience that had brought me thither, for it is a very remarkable col-

lection for an out-of-the-way town. Herlin was a native of Nördlingen, and it is natural that the collection of his works should be large and choice, but the collection of pictures by Scheufelin is hardly less notable, and the quality throughout was a genuine surprise to me.

Passing through the market-place on my way to the church, I reflected that mine host of the inn had proved right about the museum, but not even a conscience of the most approved New England type could have compelled me to verify his assertion about the three hundred and sixty-five steps in the bell tower.

A couple of days later I set out for Harburg in a fog that showed an obstinate disposition to stay with me all day. For several mornings it had been troublesome, but usually cleared away about noon. On this occasion it became somewhat lighter during the middle of the day, but I cannot say that it would have been a very serious disadvantage if it had enveloped me closely all the way, for I have



seldom traversed a more uninteresting tract of land.

There was nothing to do but follow the road, which now ran straight as an arrow through perfectly flat, fertile fields, stripped bare of their harvest. There were not even fences to break the monotony, and it would have taken the imagination of a real-estate dealer selling suburban lots to have painted such a dreary expanse in glowing colors.

As I neared Harburg, wooded hills at length gave variety to the landscape, and, heartily sick of the highway, I left it and ascended the hills. The fog was growing thicker with the waning afternoon, but I kept my bearings as best I might, and pushed on cautiously, until I was suddenly aware of the muffled sounds of village life coming up to me from below. A dog barked and a cart rattled across the cobblestones, but I strained my eyes in vain until a momentary lifting of the fog revealed the farther side of a ravine into which I was now descending. There, within a stone's-throw of where I stood, a fortress reared its towers and gables in ghostly silhouette. In a minute the fog rolled in again, and the vision vanished as quickly as though it were an enchanted castle of fairyland.

For me, at least, it did weave a spell of enchantment. From the very first glimpse I fell under the sway of its fascination, and there is nothing in my whole walking trip which I recall with keener pleasure than Harburg Castle.

Possibly an architect would not look twice at it, as it is a rather mixed structure, combining a number of styles and periods, but a painter could hardly fail to be impressed with the profiles which it presents against the sky when viewed from a dozen different points. Then, too, it has that "smack of age," and "relish of the saltiness of time," so dear to the painter's heart.

The older parts, which are at the back of the castle, have weathered the vicissitudes of peace and war for six centuries, and to the very earliest period belongs that massive square tower known as the "Hunger Tower," from the fact that it contains a huge pit with a small aperture at the top, through which prisoners were lowered by a windlass and left to perish.

All this and more the old woman who acts as caretaker told me as I wandered leisurely over the castle on the following day.

A tour of the gallery which runs around the inside of the castle wall made a most delightful termination to my visit. The castle is set high above the town, with a very precipitous descent on the east side, where the river seems to flow almost under the castle walls, and every loop-hole in the thick masonry frames a picture more charming than the last. From this point of vantage the view in clear weather must be very extended in all directions, but as the sky was overcast, and traces of the fog still lingered on the horizon, I was obliged to content myself with the nearer attractions of the landscape—the ancient stone bridge spanning the Wörnitz, and the gleaming reflections of the whitewashed mills beside it.

I was fated not to see the sun again until after my trip was ended, and from Harburg to Donauwörth, the last stage of my journey, I walked under leaden skies in which lurked a threat of the long-delayed autumnal rains. Without any enlivening incident I gained the last rise of ground which separated me from my journey's end, and the Danube lay before me, a small rather muddy stream flowing between flat banks void of any special character. At this point in its course it would require a great deal of hardihood to call it either beautiful or blue.

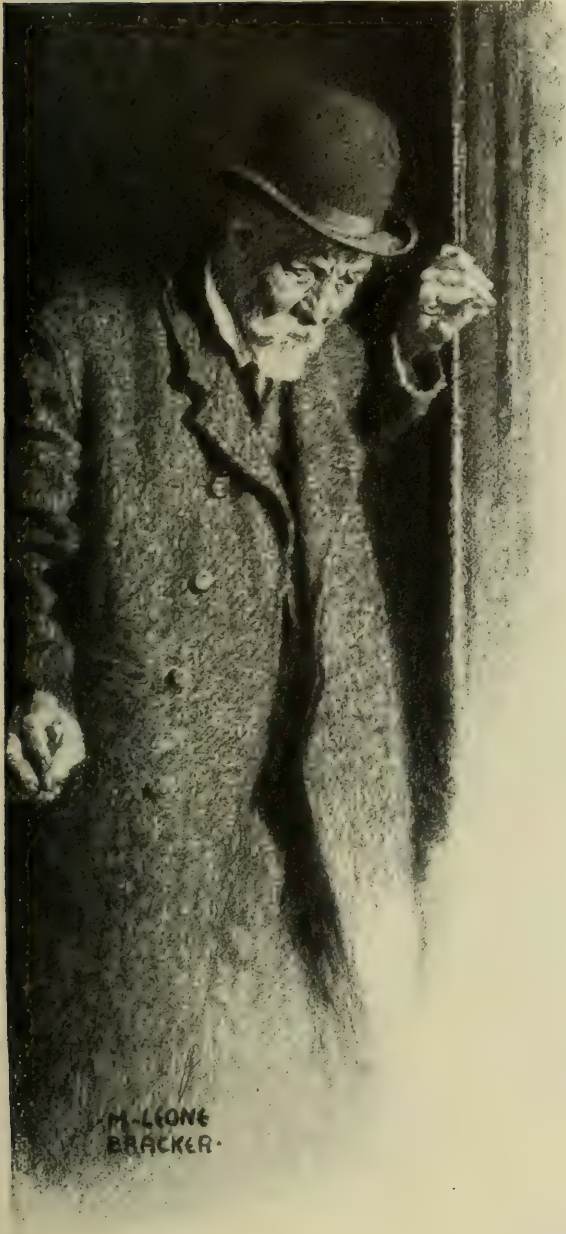
Donauwörth, once a free city of the empire, can still boast a number of picturesque points along the scanty remains of its ancient wall, but it lies more in the main current of trade and travel, and its individuality has been more or less effaced.

There proved to be little of interest to detain me, and, since upon the following day the long expected rain began in good earnest, I was easily reconciled to a speedy departure, and swung myself aboard the train, northward bound. As the train wound slowly up the hill, we crossed a familiar road which I recognized as the route I had traversed from Harburg, and at the summit I had my last glimpse of the Wörnitz. In recollection I have often revisited the quaint towns along its banks, for, as Jean Paul says, "Memory is the one Paradise from which we can never be driven out."

THE LIFTED BANDAGE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER



THE man let himself into his front door and, staggering slightly, like a drunken man, as he closed it, walked to the hall table and mechanically laid down his hat, but still wearing his overcoat turned and went into his library, and dropped on the edge of a divan and stared out through the leaded panes of glass across the room facing him. The grayish skin of his face

seemed to fall in diagonal furrows, from the eyes, from the nose, from the mouth. He sat, still to his finger-tips, staring.

He was sitting so when a servant slipped in and stood motionless a minute, and went to the wide window where the west light glared through leafless branches outside, and drew the shades lower, and went to the fireplace and touched a match. Wood caught and crackled and a cheerful orange flame flew noisily up the chimney, but the man sitting on the divan did not notice. The butler waited a moment, watching, hesitating, and then:

"Have you had lunch, sir?" he asked in a tentative, gentle voice.

The staring eyes moved with an effort and rested on the servant's face. "Lunch?" he repeated, apparently trying to focus on the meaning of the word. "Lunch? I don't know, Miller. But don't bring anything."

With a great anxiety in his face Miller regarded his master. "Would you let me take your overcoat, Judge—you'll be too warm," he said.

He spoke in a suppressed tone as if waiting for, fearing something, as if longing to show sympathy, and the man stood and let himself be cared for, and then sat down again in the same unrestful, fixed attitude, gazing out again through the glittering panes into the stormy, tawny west sky. Miller came back and stood quiet, patient; in a few minutes the man seemed to be-

come aware of him.

"I forgot, Miller. You'll want to know," he said in a tone which went to show an old bond between the two. "You'll be sorry to hear, Miller," he said—and the dull eyes moved difficultly to the anxious ones, and his voice was uninflected—"you'll be sorry to know that the coroner's jury decided that Master Jack was a murderer."

The word came more horribly because of an air of detachment from the man's mind. It was like a soulless, evil mechanism, running unguided. Miller caught at a chair.

"I don't believe it, sir," he gasped. "No lawyer shall make me. I've known him since he was ten, Judge, and they're mistaken. It's not any mere lawyers can make me believe that awful thing, sir, of our Master Jack." The servant was shaking from head to foot with intense rejection, and the man put up his hand as if to ward off his emotion.

"I wish I could agree with you," he said quietly, and then added, "Thank you, Miller." And the old butler, walking as if struck with a sickness, was gone.

The man sat on the edge of the divan staring out of the window, minute after minute; the November wind tossed the clean, black lines of the branches backward and forward against the copper sky, as if a giant hand moved a fan of sea-weed before a fire. The man sat still and stared. The sky dulled; the delicate, wild branches melted together; the diamond lines in the window blurred; yet, unmoved, unseeing, the eyes stared through them.

The burr of an electric bell sounded; some one came in at the front door and came to the door of the library, but the fixed figure did not stir. The newcomer stood silent a minute, two minutes; a young man in clerical dress, boyish, with gray, serious eyes. At length he spoke.

"May I come in? It's Dick."

The man's head turned slowly and his look rested inquiringly on his nephew. It was a minute before he said, as if recognizing him, "Dick. Yes." And set himself as before to the persistent gazing through the window.

"I lost you at the court-house," the younger man said. "I didn't mean to let you come home alone."

"Thank you, Dick." It seemed as if neither joy nor sorrow would find a way into the quiet voice again.

The wind roared; the boughs rustled against the glass; the fire, soberly settled to work, steamed and crackled; the clock ticked indifferently; there was no other sound in the room; the two men were silent, the one staring always before him, the other sitting with a hand on the older man's hand, waiting. Minutes they sat so, and

the wintry sky outside darkened and lay sullenly in bands of gray and orange against the windows; the light of the logs was stronger than the daylight; it flickered carelessly across the ashiness of the emotionless face. The young man, watching the face, bent forward and gripped his other hand on the unresponsive one in his clasp.

"Uncle," he asked, "will it make things worse if I talk to you?"

"No, Dick."

Nothing made a difference, it seemed. Silence or words must simply fall without effect on the rock bottom of despair. The young man halted, as if dismayed, before this overpowering inertia of hopelessness; he drew a quick breath.

"A coroner's jury isn't infallible. I don't believe it of Jack—a lot of people don't believe it," he said.

The older man looked at him heavily. "You'd say that. Jack's friends will. I've been trained to weigh evidence—I must believe it."

"Listen," the young man urged. "Don't shut down the gates like that. I'm not a lawyer, but I've been trained to think, too, and I believe you're not thinking squarely. There's other evidence that counts besides this. There's Jack—his personality."

"It has been taken into consideration."

"It can't be taken into consideration by strangers—it needs years of intimacy to weigh that evidence as I can weigh it—as you— You know best of all," he cried out impulsively, "if you'll let yourself know, how impossible it was. That Jack should have bought that pistol and taken it to Ben Armstrong's rooms to kill him—it was impossible—impossible!" The clinched fist came down on the black broadcloth knee with the conviction of the man behind it. The words rushed like melted metal, hot, stinging, not to be stopped. The judge quivered as if they had stung through the callousness, touched a nerve. A faint color crawled to his cheeks; for the first time he spoke quickly, as if his thoughts connected with something more than gray matter.

"You talk about my not allowing myself to believe in Jack. You seem not to realize that such a belief would—might—stand between me and madness. I've been trying to adjust myself to a possible scheme of living—getting through the years till I go into nothingness. I can't. All I can grasp is



Drawn by M. Leone Bracken

"You must know this—you know your son—you know human nature." —Page 297.

the feeling that a man might have if dropped from a balloon and forced to stay gasping in the air, with no place in it, nothing to hold to, no breath to draw, no earth to rest on, no end to hope for. There is nothing beyond."

"Everything is beyond," the young man cried triumphantly. "'The end,' as you call it, is an end to hope for—it is the beginning. The beginning of more than you have ever had—with them, with the people you care about."

The judge turned a ghastly look upon the impetuous, bright face. "If I believed that, I should be even now perfectly happy. I don't see how you Christians can ever be sorry when your friends die—it's childish; anybody ought to be able to wait a few years. But I don't believe it," he said heavily, and went on again as if an inertia of speech were carrying him as an inertia of silence had held him a few minutes before. "When my wife died a year ago it ended my personal life, but I could live Jack's life. I was glad in the success and honor of it. Now the success—" he made a gesture. "And the honor—if I had that, only the honor of Jack's life left, I think I could finish the years with dignity. I've not been a bad man—I've done my part and lived as seemed right. Before I'm old the joy is wiped out and long years left. Why? It's not reasonable—not logical. With one thing to hold to, with Jack's good name, I might live. How can I, now? What can I do? A life must have a *raison d'être*."

"Listen," the clergyman cried again. "You are not judging Jack as fairly as you would judge a common criminal. You know better than I how often juries make mistakes—why should you trust this jury to have made none?"

"I didn't trust the jury. I watched as I have never before known how to watch a case. I felt my mind more clear and alert than common."

"Alert!" he caught at the word. "But alert on the side of terror—abnormally clear to see what you dreaded. Because you are fair-minded, because it has been the habit of your life to correct at once any conscious prejudice in your judgment, you have swayed to the side of unfairness to yourself, to Jack. Uncle," he flashed out, "would it tear your soul to have me state the case as I see it? I might, you know—

I might bring out something that would make it look different."

Almost a smile touched the gray lines of his face. "If you wish."

The young man drew himself into his chair and clasped his hands around his knee. "Here it is. Mr. Newbold, on the seventh floor of the Bruzon bachelor apartments, heard a shot at one in the morning, next his bedroom, in Ben Armstrong's room. He hurried into the public hall, saw the door wide open into Ben's apartment, went in and found Ben shot dead. Trying to use the telephone to call help, he found it was out of order. So he rushed again into the hall toward the elevator with the idea of getting Dr. Avery, who lived below on the second floor. The elevator door was open also, and a man's opera-hat lay near it on the floor; he saw, just in time, that the car was at the bottom of the shaft, almost stepping inside, in his excitement, before he noticed this. Then he ran down the stairs with Jack's hat in his hand, and got Dr. Avery, and they found Jack at the foot of the elevator shaft. It was known that Ben Armstrong and Jack had quarrelled the day before; it was known that Jack was quick-tempered; it is known that he bought that evening the pistol which was found on the floor by Ben, loaded, with one empty shell. That's the story."

The steady voice stopped a moment and the young man shivered slightly; his look was strained. Steadily he went on.

"That's the story. From that the coroner's jury have found that Jack killed Ben Armstrong—that he bought the pistol to kill him, and went to his rooms with that purpose; that in his haste to escape, he missed seeing that the elevator was down, as Mr. Newbold all but missed seeing it later, and jumped into the shaft and was killed instantly himself. That's what the jury gets from the facts, but it seems to me they're begging the question. There are a hundred hypotheses that would fit the case of Jack's innocence—why is it reasonable to settle on the one that means his guilt? This is my idea. Jack and Ben Armstrong had been friends since boyhood and Jack, quick-tempered as he was, was warm-hearted and loyal. It was like him to decide suddenly to go to Ben and make friends. He had been to a play in the evening which had more or less that motif; he

was open to such influences. It was like the pair of them, after the reconciliation, to set to work looking at Jack's new toy, the pistol. It was a brand-new sort, and the two have been interested always in guns—I remember how I, as a youngster, was impressed when Ben and Jack bought their first shot-guns together. Jack had got the pistol at Mellingham's that evening, you know—he was likely to be keen about it still, and then—it went off. There are plenty of other cases where a man has shot his friend by accident—why shouldn't poor Jack be given the benefit of the doubt? The telephone wouldn't work; Jack rushed out with the same idea which struck Mr. Newbold later, of getting Dr. Avery—and fell down the shaft.

"For me there is no doubt. I never knew him to hold malice. He was violent sometimes, but that he could have gone about for hours with a pistol in his pocket and murder in his heart; that he could have planned Ben Armstrong's death and carried it out deliberately—it's a contradiction in terms. It's impossible, being Jack. You must know this—you know your son—you know human nature."

The rapid *résumé* was but an impassioned appeal. Its answer came after a minute; to the torrent of eager words, three words:

"Thank you, Dick."

The absolute lack of impression on the man's judgment was plain.

"Ah!" The clergyman sprang to his feet and stood, his eyes blazing, despairing, looking down at the bent, listless figure. How could he let a human being suffer as this one was suffering? Quickly his thoughts shifted their basis. He could not affect the mind of the lawyer; might he reach now, perhaps, the soul of the man? He knew the difficulty, for before this his belief had crossed swords with the agnosticism of his uncle, an agnosticism shared by his father, in which he had been trained, from which he had broken free only five years before. He had faced the batteries of the two older brains at that time, and come out with the brightness of his new-found faith untarnished, but without, he remembered, scratching the armor of their profound doubt in everything. One could see, looking at the slender black figure, at the visionary gaze of the gray wide eyes, at

the shape of the face, broadbrowed, ovaled, that this man's psychic make-up must lift him like wings into an atmosphere outside a material, outside even an intellectual world. He could breathe freely only in a spiritual air, and things hard to believe to most human beings were, perhaps, his every-day thoughts. He caught a quick breath of excitement as it flashed to his brain that now, possibly, was coming the moment when he might justify his life, might help this man whom he loved, to peace. The breath he caught was a prayer; his strong, nervous fingers trembled. He spoke in a tone whose concentration lifted the eyes below him, that brooded, stared.

"I can't bear it to stand by and see you go under, when there's help close. You said that if you could believe that they were living, that you would have them again, you would be perfectly happy no matter how many years you must wait. They are living as sure as I am here, and as sure as Jack was here, and Jack's mother. They are living still. Perhaps they're close to you now. You've bound a bandage over your eyes, you've covered the vision of your spirit, so that you can't see; but that doesn't make nothingness of God's world. It's there—here—close, maybe. A more real world than this—this little thing." With a boyish gesture he thrust behind him the universe. "What do we know about the earth, except effects upon our consciousness? It's all a matter of inference—you know that better than I. The thing we do know beyond doubt is that we are each of us a something that suffers and is happy. How is that something the same as the body—the body that gets old and dies—how can it be? You can't change thought into matter—not conceivably—everybody acknowledges that. Why should the thinking part die then, because the material part dies? When the organ is broken is the organist dead? The body is the hull, the covering, and when it has grown useless it will fall away and the live seed in it will stand free to sunlight and air—just at the beginning of life, as a plant is when it breaks through earth in the spring. It's the seed in the ground, and it's the flower in the sunlight, but it's the same thing—the same life—it is—it *is*." The boy's intensity of conviction shot like a flame across the quiet room.

"It is the same thing with us too. The same spirit-substance underlies both worlds and there is no separation in space, only in view-point. Life goes on—it's just transfigured. It's as if a bandage should be lifted from our eyes and we should suddenly see things in whose presence we had been always."

The rushing, eager voice stopped. He bent and laid his hand on the older man's and stared at his face, half hidden now in the shadows of the lowering fire. There was no response. The heavy head did not lift and the attitude was unstirred, hopeless. As if struck by a blow he sprang erect and his fingers shut hard. He spoke as if to himself, brokenly.

"He does not believe—a single word—I say. I can't help him—I *can't* help him."

Suddenly the clinched fists flung out as if of a power not their own, and his voice rang across the room.

"God!" The word shot from him as if a thunderbolt fell with it. "God! Lift the bandage!"

A log fell with a crash into the fire; great battling shadows blurred all the air; he was gone.

The man, startled, drew up his bent shoulders and pushed back a lock of gray hair and stared about, shaking, bewildered. The ringing voice, the word that had flashed as if out of a larger atmosphere—the place was yet full of these, and the shock of it added a keenness to his misery. His figure swung sideways; he fell on the cushions of the sofa and his arms stretched across them, his gray head lying heedless; sobs that tore roots came painfully; it was the last depth. Out of it, without his volition, he spoke aloud.

"God, God, God!" his voice said, not prayerfully, but repeating the sound that had shocked his torture. The word wailed, mocked, reproached, defied—and yet it was a prayer. Out of a soul in mortal stress that word comes sometimes driven by a force of the spirit like the force of the lungs fighting for breath—and it is a prayer.

"God, God, God!" the broken voice repeated, and sobs cut the words. And again. Over and over, and again the sobbing broke it.

As suddenly as if a knife had stopped the life inside the body, all sound stopped. A movement shook the man as he lay face

down, arms stretched. Then for a minute, two minutes, he was quiet, with a quiet that meant muscles stretched, nerves alert. Slowly, slowly the tightened muscles of the arms pushed the shoulders backward and upward; the head lifted; the face turned outward, and if an observer had been there he might have seen by the glow of the firelight that the features, wet, distorted, wore, more than all at this moment, a look of amazement. Slowly, slowly, moving as if afraid to disturb something—a dream—a presence—the man sat erect as he had been sitting before, only that the rigidity was in some way gone. He sat alert, his eyes wide, filled with astonishment, gazing before him eagerly—a look different from the dull stare of an hour ago by the difference between hope and despair. His hands caught at the stuff of the divan on either side and clutched it.

All the time the look of his face changed; all the time, not at once, but by fast, startling degrees the gray misery which had bound eyes and mouth and brow in iron dropped as if a cover were being torn off and a light set free. Amazement, doubting, incredulous came first, and with that eagerness, trembling and afraid. And then hope—and then the fear to hope. And hunger. He bent forward, his eyes peered into the quiet emptiness, his fingers gripped the cloth as if to anchor him to a wonder, to an unbelievable something; his body leaned—to something—and his face now was the face of a starved man, of a man dying from thirst, who sees food, water, salvation.

And his face changed; a quality incredible was coming into it—joy. He was transformed. Lines softened by magic; color came, and light in the eyes; the first unbelief, the amazement, shifted surely, swiftly, and in a flash the whole man shone, shook with rapture. He threw out before him his arms, reaching, clasping, and from his radiant look the arms might have held all happiness.

A minute he stayed so with his hands stretched out, with face glowing, then slowly, his eyes straining as if perhaps they followed a vision which faded from them—slowly his arms fell and the expectancy went from his look. Yet not the light, not the joy. His body quivered; his breath came unevenly, as of one just gone through a crisis; every sense seemed still alive to

catch a faintest note of something exquisite which vanished; and with that the spell, rapidly as it had come, was gone. And the man sat there quiet, as he had sat an hour before, and the face which had been leaden was brilliant. He stirred and glanced about the room as if trying to adjust himself, and his eyes smiled as they rested on the familiar objects, as if for love of them, for pleasure in them. One might have said that this man had been given back at a blow youth and happiness. Movement seemed beyond him yet—he was yet dazed with the newness of a marvel—but he turned his head and saw the fire and at that put out his hand to it as if to a friend.

The electric bell burred softly again through the house, and the man heard it, and his eyes rested inquiringly on the door of the library. In a moment another man stood there, of his own age, iron-gray, strong-featured.

"Dick told me I might come," he said. "Shall I trouble you? May I stay with you awhile?"

The judge put out his hand friendlily, a little vaguely, much as he had put it out to the fire. "Surely," he said, and the newcomer was all at once aware of his look. He started.

"You're not well," he said. "You must take something—whiskey— Miller——"

The butler moved in the room making lights here and there, and he came quickly.

"No," the Judge said. "I don't want anything—I don't need anything. It's not as you think. I'll tell you about it."

Miller was gone; Dick's father waited, his gaze fixed on the judge's face anxiously, and for moments no word was spoken. The judge gazed into the fire with the rapt, smiling look which had so startled his brother-in-law. At length:

"I don't know how to tell you," he said. "There seem no words. Something has happened, yet it's difficult to explain."

"Something happened?" the other repeated, bewildered but guarded. "I don't understand. Has some one been here? Is it about—the trial?"

"No." A slight spasm twisted the smiling lines of the man's mouth, but it was gone and the mouth smiled still.

A horror-struck expression gleamed for a second from the anxious eyes of the brother-in-law, but he controlled it quickly.

He spoke gently. "Tell me about it—it will do you good to talk."

The judge turned from the fire, and at sight of his flushed cheeks and lighted eyes the other shrank back, and the judge saw it. "You needn't be alarmed," he said quietly. "Nothing is wrong with me. But something has happened, as I told you, and everything—is changed." His eyes lifted as he spoke and strayed about the room as if considering the change which had come also to the accustomed setting.

A shock of pity flashed from the other, and was mastered at once. "Can you tell me what has happened," he urged. The judge, his face bright with a brightness that was dreadful to the man who watched him, held his hand to the fire, turning it about as if enjoying the warmth. The other shivered. There was silence for a minute. The judge broke it, speaking thoughtfully.

"Suppose you had been born blind, Ned," he began, "and no one had ever given you a hint of the sense of vision, and your imagination had never presented such a power to your mind. Can you suppose that?"

"I think so—yes," the brother-in-law answered, with careful gentleness, watching always the illumined countenance. "Yes, I can suppose it."

"Then fancy if you will that all at once sight came, and the world flashed before you. Do you think you'd be able to describe such an experience?"

The voice was normal, reflective. Many a time the two had talked together of such things in this very room, and the naturalness of the scene, and of the judge's manner, made the brother-in-law for a second forget the tragedy in which they were living.

"Why, of course," he answered. "If one had never heard of such a power one's vocabulary wouldn't take in the words to describe it."

"Exactly," the judge agreed. "That's the point I'm making. Perhaps now I may tell you what it is that has happened. Or rather, I may make you understand how a definite and concrete event has come to pass, which I can't tell you."

Alarm suddenly expressed itself beyond control in the brother-in-law's face. "John, what do you mean? Do you see that you distress me? Can't you tell clearly if some one has been here—what it is, in plain English, that has happened?"

The judge turned his dreamy, bright look toward the frightened man. "I do see—I do see," he brought out affectionately. "I'll try to tell, as you say, in plain English. But it is like the case I put—it is a question of lack of vocabulary. A remarkable experience has occurred in this room within an hour. I can no more describe it than the man born blind could describe sight. I can only call it by one name, which may startle you. A revelation."

"A revelation!" the tone expressed incredulity, scarcely veiled scorn.

The judge's brilliant gaze rested undisturbed on the speaker. "I understand—none better. A day ago, two hours ago, I should have answered in that tone. We have been trained in the same school, and have thought alike. Dick was here a while ago and said things—you know what Dick would say. You know how you and I have been sorry for the lad—been indulgent to him—with his keen, broad mind and that inspired self-forgetfulness of his—how we've been sorry to have such qualities wasted on a parson, a religion machine. We've thought he'd come around in time, that he was too large a personality to be tied to a treadmill. We've thought that all along, haven't we? Well, Dick was here, and out of the hell where I was I thought that again. When he talked I thought in a way—for I couldn't think much—that after a consistent voyage of agnosticism, I wouldn't be whipped into snivelling belief at the end, by shipwreck. I would at least go down without surrendering. In a dim way I thought that. And all that I thought then, and have thought through my life, is nothing. Reasoning doesn't weigh against experience. Dick is right."

The other man sat before him, bent forward, his hands on his knees, listening, dazed. There was a quality in the speaker's tone which made it necessary to take his words seriously. Yet—the other sighed and relaxed a bit as he waited, watched. The calm voice went on.

"The largest event of my life has happened in the last hour, in this room. It was this way. When Dick went out I—went utterly to pieces. It was the farthest depth. Out of it I called on God, not knowing what I did. And he answered. That's what happened. As if—as if a bandage had been lifted from my eyes, I was—I was

in the presence of things—indescribable. There was no change, only that where I was blind before I now saw. I don't mean vision. I haven't words to explain what I mean. But a world was about me as real as this; it had perhaps always been there; in that moment I was first aware of it. I knew, as if a door had been opened, what heaven means—a condition of being. And I knew another thing more personal—that, without question, it was right with those I thought I had lost and that the horror which seemed blackest I have no need to dread. I cannot say that I saw them or heard or touched them, but I was with them. I understand, but I can't make you understand. I told Dick an hour ago that if I could believe they were living, that I should ever have them again, I should be perfectly happy. That's true now. I believe it, and I am—perfectly happy."

The listener groaned uncontrollably.

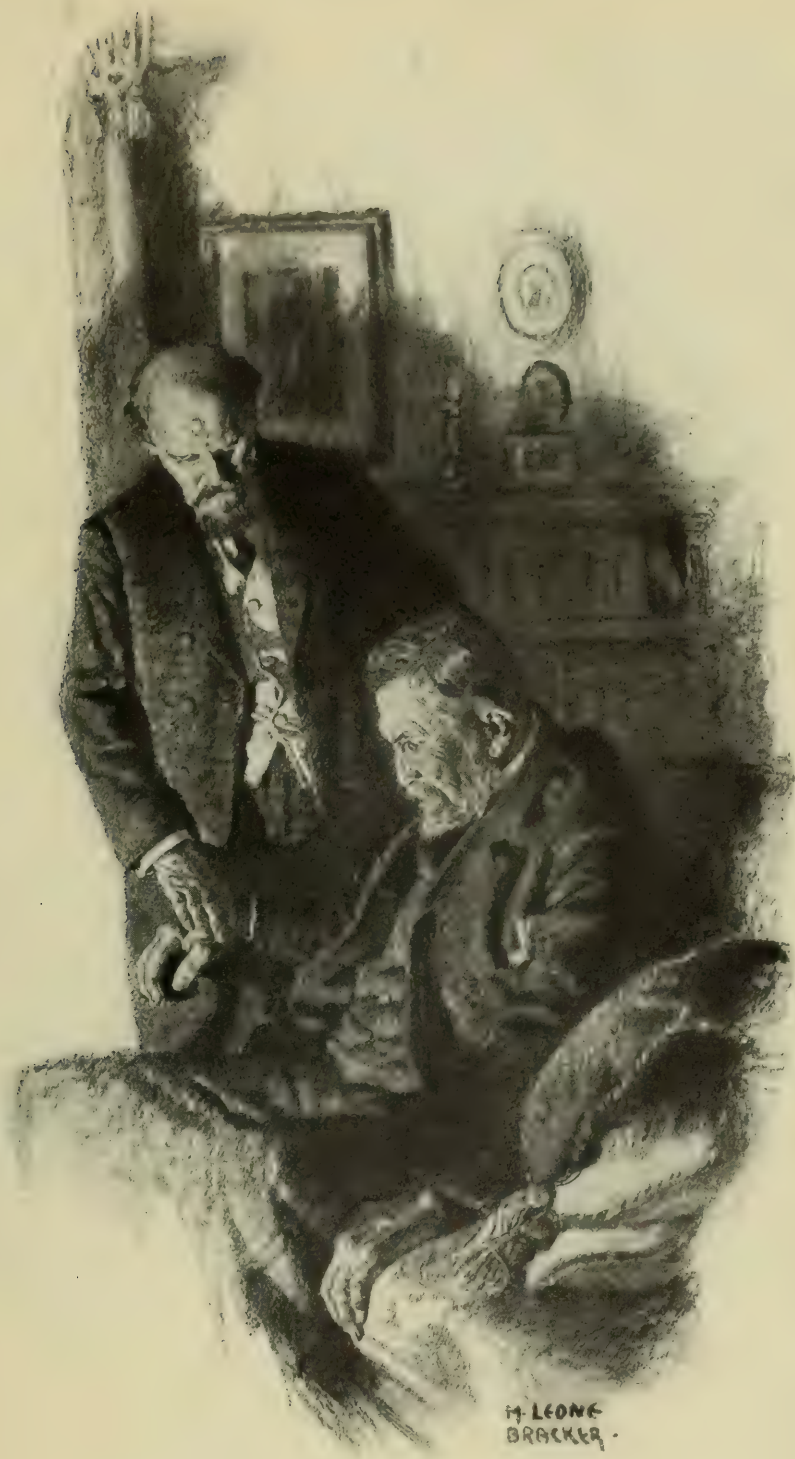
"I know your thought," the judge answered the sound, and his eyes were like lamps as he turned them toward the man. "But you're wrong—my mind is not unhinged. You'll see. After what I've gone through, after facing eternity without hope, what are mere years? I can wait. I know. I am—perfectly happy."

Then the man who listened rose from his chair and came and put a hand gently on the shoulder of the judge, looking down at him gravely. "I don't understand you very well, John," he said, "but I'm glad of anything—of anything"—his voice went suddenly. "Will you wait for me here a few minutes? I'm going home and I'll be back. I think I'll spend the night with you if you don't object."

"Object! Wait!" The judge looked up in surprise, and with that he smiled. "I see. Surely. I'd like to have you here. Yes, I'll certainly wait."

Outside in the hall one might have heard the brother-in-law say a low word or two to Miller as the man helped him on with his coat; then the front door shut softly, and he was gone, and the judge sat alone, his head thrown back against his chair, his face luminous.

The other man swung down the dark street, rushing, agitated. As he came to the corner an electric light shone full on him and a figure crossing down toward him, halted.



"I don't understand you very well, John," he said.—Page 300.

"Father! I was coming to find you. Something extraordinary has happened. I was coming to find you."

"Yes, Dick." The older man waited.

"I've just left Charley Owen at the house—you remember Charley Owen?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you do—he's been here with—Jack. He was in Jack's class in college—

in Jack's and Ben Armstrong's. He used to go on shooting trips with them both—often."

"I remember now."

"Yes, I knew you would." The young voice rushed on. "He has been away just now—down in Florida shooting—away from civilization. He got all his mail for a month in one lump—just now—



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"How is he—how is my uncle?"—Page 303.

two days ago. In it was a letter from Jack and Ben Armstrong, written that night, written together. Do you see what that means?"

"What!" The word was not a question, but an exclamation. "What—Dick!"

"Yes—yes. There were newspapers, too, which gave an account of the trial—the first he'd heard of it—he was away in the Everglades. He started instantly, and came on here when he had read the papers, and realized the bearing his letter would

have on the trial. He has travelled day and night. He hoped to get here in time. Jack and Ben thought he was in New York. They wrote to ask him to go duck-shooting—with them. And, father—here's the most startling point of it all." As the man waited, watching his son's face, he groaned suddenly and made a gesture of despair.

"Don't, father—don't take it that way. It's good—it's glorious—it clears Jack. My uncle will be almost happy. But I

wouldn't tell him at once—I'd be careful," he warned the other.

"What was it—the startling point you spoke of?"

"Oh—surely—this. The letter to Charley Owen spoke of Jack's new pistol—that pistol. Jack said they would have target-shooting with it in camp. They were all crack shots, you know. He said he had bought it that evening, and that Ben thought well of it. Ben signed the letter after Jack, and then added a postscript. It clears Jack—it clears him. Doesn't it, father? But I wouldn't tell my uncle just

yet. He's not fit to take it in for a few hours—don't you think so?"

"No, I won't tell him—just yet."

The young man's wide glance concentrated with a flash on his father's face. "What is it? You speak queerly. You've just come from there. How is he—how is my uncle?"

There was a letter-box at the corner, a foot from the older man's shoulder. He put out his hand and held to the lid a moment before he answered. His voice was harsh.

"Your uncle is—perfectly happy," he said. "He's gone mad."



Pinnacles of Protoceras sandstone.
Centre of Big Bad Lands.

THE BIG BAD LANDS

By N. H. Darton

U. S. Geological Survey

AMONG the most notable but least known wonders of our far west are the Big Bad Lands of South Dakota. They are a portion of the great central plains lying east of the Black Hills and are remote from settlements and lines of communication. They are rarely reached by sightseers and the great tides of transconti-

nental travel sweep far to the north and south. The region has long been famous as a collecting ground for students in quest of fossil bones, and thousands of fine specimens have been obtained for museums in all parts of the world. The bad lands do not present mountains or chasms, woodlands or meadows, but a wilderness of rugged forms

of moderate height carved in soft light-colored rock. There is endless variety in the configuration and the spectacle is a wonderful one, as it lies glittering in the bright western sunlight. Most of the surface is bare of vegetation, and as the area is several thousand square miles the panorama stretches as far as the eye can reach.

For many years this country was reached by a long drive from Hermosa, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, but re-

and east in far-reaching vista. The air is so clear and the contrast between lights and shadows so strong that infinite details of form are discernible with marvellous distinctness. The ground rises into bare ridges or swells into domes, while the intricate mottlings of shadows mark the depths of innumerable canyons. In some of the narrow winding valleys there is a sparse growth of grass or scattered cottonwood trees, but with these exceptions there



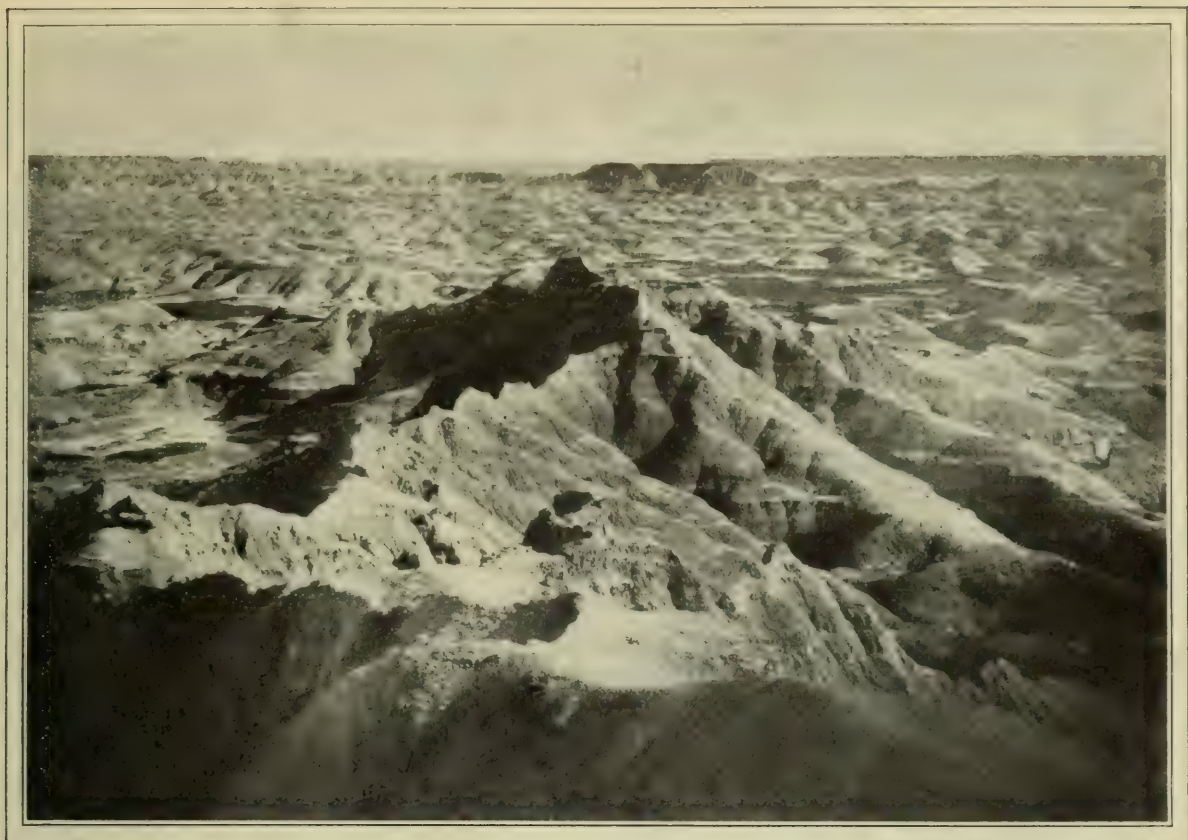
Canyon leading to summit of Sheep Mountain in Big Bad Lands.

cently the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. has completed an extension from Chamberlain westward, which crosses the north edge of the bad lands, and the new C. & N. W. R.R. line from Pierre to Rapid passes a short distance north of them.

The bad lands are not unlike the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in the suddenness with which they open before one's gaze. After crossing Cheyenne River the road rises gradually so that the first view is usually from the edge of a high plateau out of which the bad lands have been cut. They begin at one's feet and extend to the north

is nothing to relieve the eye from the glittering expanse of bare rock.

There are walls and pinnacles, ridges and towers, carved by the rain and wind-blown sand into forms of great beauty and endless variety. Viewed from high points much of the region presents the aspect of a great ruined city of antiquity, built of materials of pale tints of pink, cream, buff and green. Great castles with buttressed walls, pinnacles and towers abound, but crumbling and broken and in confusion of arrangement. High bare walls extend for miles, notched with amphitheatrical alcoves



Looking across a great basin in Big Bad Lands.
In the distance is the plateau occupied by the Sioux Indians in Wounded Knee outbreak.



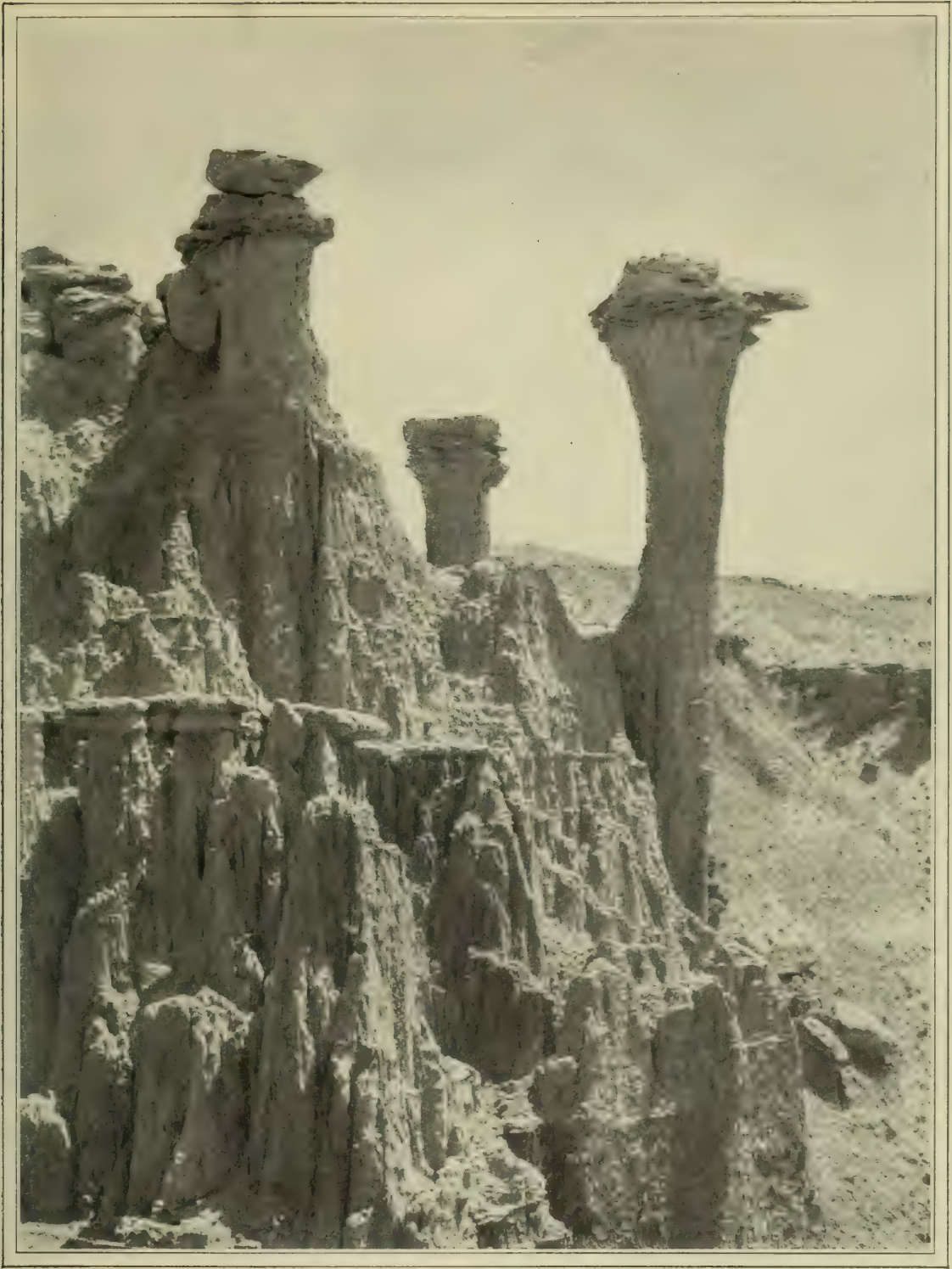
Buttressed spurs on the south side of Sheep Mountain, Big Bad Lands.



"The Pulpit," Big Bad Lands.

and sustained by elaborate buttresses. The highest features rise from 250 to 500 feet above the valleys. Many deep canyons extend into the bad lands which are walled by precipitous cliffs presenting innumerable grotesque forms that change with the point of view. A high central ridge known as Sheep Mountain is one of the most prominent features of the landscape. It is one of

the few remnants of the high plateau from which erosion has carved the bad lands, and the trip is not complete without a climb to its top. It rises less than 500 feet above the adjoining area, but owing to the precipitous sides and the rugged foothold afforded, the climb requires skill and energy. The mountain was named after the mountain sheep which still find pasturage on the grassy



The ostrich rock in centre of Big Bad Lands.

surface of the plateau at its top. The edge of this plateau is a vantage point for a wide area and the views in all directions reveal the most notable bad land scenery in the world. The high bare cliffs of the mountain are carved into infinite variety of form and in places deeply recessed by a maze of canyons. There are many outlying spurs and pinnacles of which several at the south

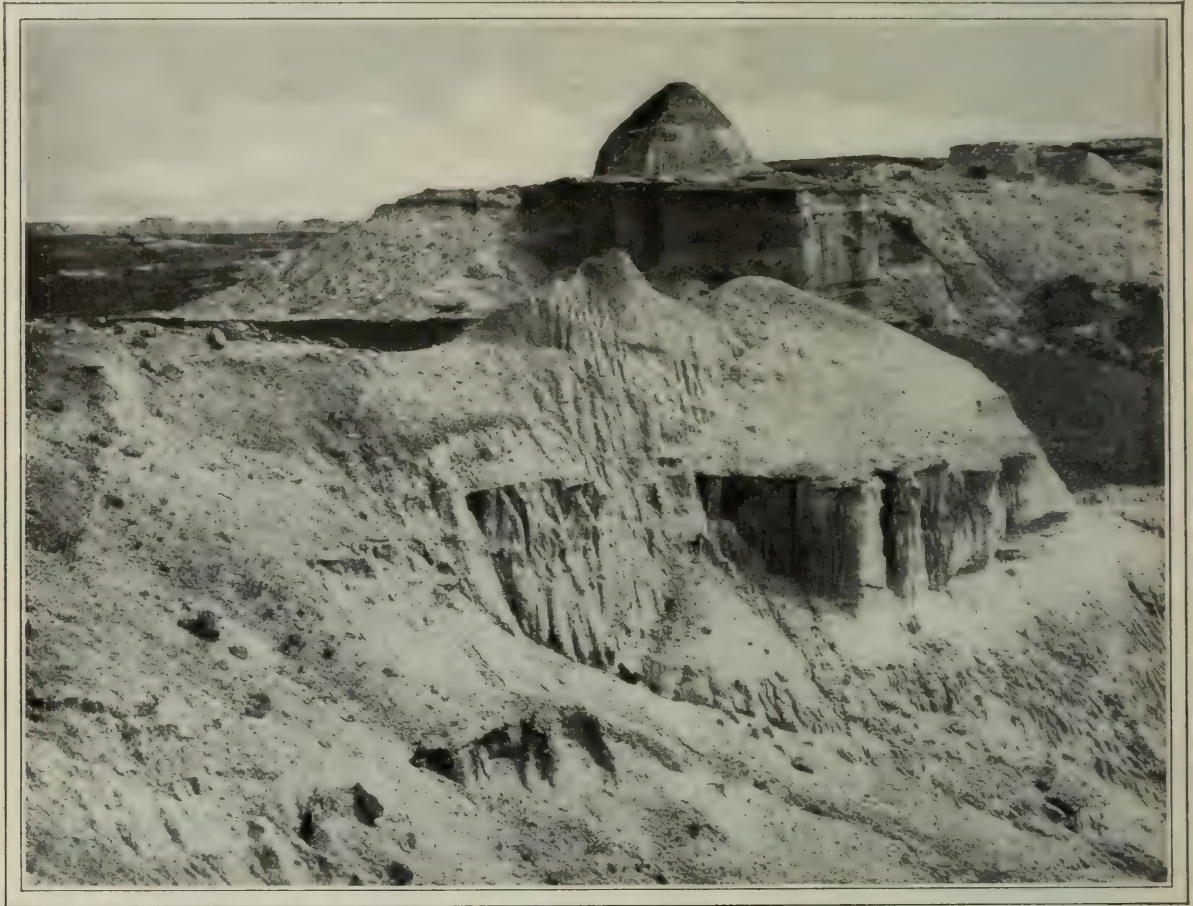
end of the mountain resemble most intricate cathedral architecture on a mammoth scale. The forms are endless in their variety and range from massive symmetry to wild ruggedness.

Originally the entire region of the present Big Bad Lands was a relatively smooth plain built of thick sheets of sand and sandy clay deposited by ancient rivers of Tertiary

times flowing from the west. The bedding of the soft fine-grained sandstone usually is plainly visible in horizontal banding of many delicate shades. Occasional beds of coarse materials mark the course of a strong current of some old river. In recent geologic time, as the geologist views chronology, this region was uplifted as a high plateau, and White River and the south fork of Cheyenne River and their branches began

stone which has protected the underlying sandy clay. Even the thin veins of chalcidony which cut the lower beds form innumerable small ridges.

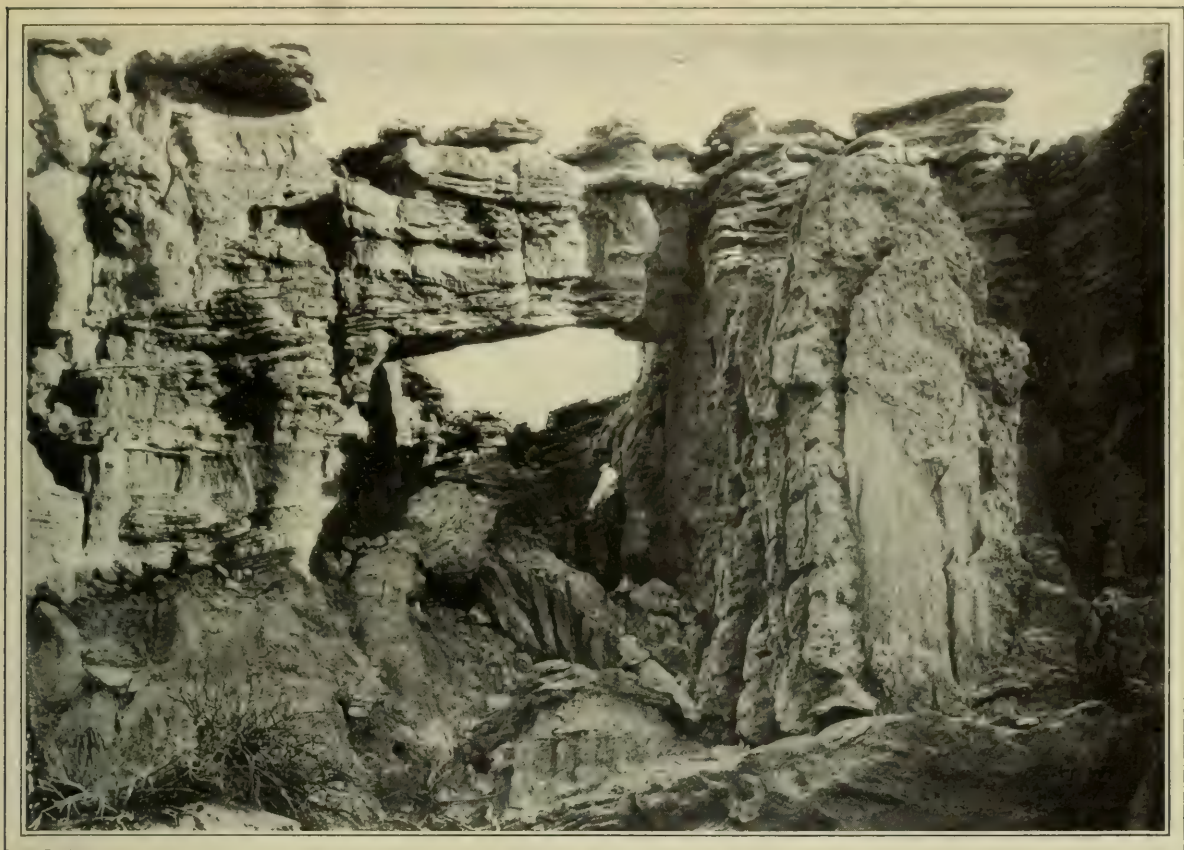
In historic times the Big Bad Lands of South Dakota have had their waves of excitement. The greater part of the area lies within the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, and the remainder of the Sioux nation live in the valleys of Pine Ridge some distance



Pyramid Rock.

cutting deeply into the surface of the plains. Although the streams appear to be insufficient to erode extensively, the rain which falls in spring and early summer comes not in gentle showers but as a typical western cloudburst, and the torrents that then flood the gullies and the valleys continue the erosion that developed this great area of bad lands. The steep declivity and the softness of the massive sandstone are exceedingly favorable conditions for rapid erosion. The material is fairly homogeneous but slight differences in its texture add to the complexity of erosion products. Many pinnacles are due to a capping of hard sand-

south of the bad lands. To these Indians the bad lands afforded unlimited refuge, for in a country so rugged, so wild, so little known and with but few water holes they could easily keep concealed from their pursuers. During the Wounded Knee outbreak a large body of the Indians, after gathering cattle from the settlements near the Black Hills, established themselves on the top of one of the central plateau remnants, south of Sheep Mountain. Here they had food for a long siege and with water obtainable from several springs in the heads of deep canyons, the position was well-nigh impregnable. They here remained



Natural bridge in sandstone.



"Toadstool Park," Sioux Co., Neb.
An outlying area of the Bad Lands.



North of Flour Trail, Big Bad Lands.

in defiance for awhile, but finally they were called in by the other Indians who surrendered near the Agency after the Wounded Knee engagement. An interesting postscript to this episode was the recent suit instituted against the Government by the South Dakota ranchmen whose cattle were stolen and concealed in the bad lands by the Indians at this time.

Of later years, the bad lands have settled into a placid serenity disturbed by few visitors save those in quest of fossil bones. These "bone hunters" are parties of pale-

ontologists and students sent by colleges to collect for their museums, and every season sees one or more "outfits" in the region. They go well provided with food, water and tools, and camp for many weeks while they delve into the rocks for bones. The collections have gone to many museums here and abroad and represent a great variety of remarkable extinct animals of Tertiary times. The scientific side of the Big Bad Lands is fairly familiar to paleontologic and geologic investigators, but for the sight-seeking layman the region is still a virgin field.



JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXVIII

SEEKING ONE THAT WAS LOST



NE may not hate his personal enemy; but one should hate an enemy to mankind. Had I known what fresh cause I had to hate Pushkin, I should not have been so supine.

Since I began to work seriously my practice had increased, and I was so interested in working on my old ladies' case that I was often detained at my office until late at night; and several times on my way home I observed a man acting somewhat curiously. He would keep along behind me, and if I turned back, would turn up a by-street or alley. He was a big, brawny fellow, and I never saw him except at night. At first it had made no impression on me; but at length I noticed him so often that it suddenly struck me that he was following me. Rendered suspicious by my former experience, I began quietly to test him, and was having a very interesting time leading him around the town, when unexpectedly I discovered who he was. It is a singular feeling to find oneself shadowed: to discover that the man who has passed all others indifferently in the crowd has singled you out and follows you, bound to you by some invisible thread, tracking you through the labyrinth of the thoroughfares; disregarding all the thousands who pass with their manifold interests and affairs, and that singling you out with no known reason, he sticks to you through all the mazes of the multitudes. It comes to you gradually, dawning by degrees; then bursts on you suddenly with a light that astonishes and amazes. You are startled, frightened, incredulous; then you suspect, test, and are convinced; you suddenly spring from obscurity and indifference into an object of interest to yourself; and then it becomes an intellectual game between hunter and

hunted. New powers awaken, dormant since the days when man lived in the forest.

When I awoke to the fact that the big man I had noticed was following me, for a moment the sensation was anything but pleasant. My hair almost stirred on my head. The next moment anger took the place of this feeling—indignation that one should dare to shadow me, to spy on my actions. I determined to confront the spy and thwart him. It was not difficult to do; he was an awkward fellow. The game was easier than I had supposed. One night when I had observed him following me, waiting until I reached a favorable spot, I turned quickly with my hand on my pistol, which I had put in my pocket, and faced him under a street lamp, stepping immediately in front of him and blocking his way.

"Otto!"

With a growl he pulled his hat down closer over his brow and, stepping aside, passed on. I went home in a maze. Why should he follow me? I had not long to wait before I was enlightened.

One evening shortly afterward I was about to leave my office when there was a heavy step outside the door, and without a knock the door flew open, and the old Drummer entered. He looked so haggard and broken that I was on my feet in a second.

"What is the matter?" I gasped. "Is any one dead?"

"Vorser! Elsa?—Vere iss Elsa?" He stood before me like a wounded bison at bay, his eyes red with passion.

"Elsa! What!—'Where is she?' Tell me——?"

"Fhat haf you done vit my daughter?"

"Your daughter! What do you mean?" I asked quietly. "I have not seen her since I left your house. Tell me what has occurred."

He soon saw that I knew nothing of her, and his face changed. Yet he hesitated.

"Ze Count said——" He began hesitatingly and stopped, thinking over something in his mind.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Speak her soft, Galley."—Page 316.

It all came to me in a second. That scoundrel! It was all accounted for now—the change in the family toward me—the notice to leave—the spying of Otto. Count Pushkin had used me as a blind to cover his own wickedness. I suddenly burst out into a wrath which opened the old Drummer's eyes. What I said of Pushkin cannot be repeated. What I proceeded to do was wiser. Why had I not pitched him out of the window that first evening, and so have ended his wicked career! I felt as if I were the cause of my friend's wretchedness; of Elsa's destruction. I sat the old fellow down in a chair, and made him tell me all the facts.

He told me that for some time past he and her mother had noticed that Elsa had not been the same to Otto, and Otto had been unhappy, and had thrown up his place; then she had wished to break with him; but they would not let her. And of late she had been staying out a good deal, visiting her friends, she said, and when they urged her to marry Otto, she had always begged off, and Otto was wretched, and they were all wretched. Count Pushkin had intimated that she was in love with me, and that I was the cause of her action. They could not believe it.

"Yet, ze Count—?" The old fellow was not able to go on. I relieved him, and he took up the thread elsewhere, and told of Otto's following me to find out. And two or three nights before there had been trouble; she had come in late; and her mother had scolded her, and insisted on knowing where she had been, and she told her a lie—and they had insisted on her carrying out her agreement with Otto, to which she assented. And this morning she was missing.

The old fellow broke down again. His grief was almost more for Otto than for himself. "He iss a good boy; he iss a good boy," he repeated again and again.

"Maybe, we were too harsh with her, sir, and now she may be dead." He was overcome by grief.

I did not believe she was dead; but I feared for her a worse fate. He still did not suspect Pushkin.

"I will find her," I said. And I knew I should if I had to choke the truth out of Pushkin's throat.

"If you do, I vill bless you, and her mother vill, too!"

I told him to go home and console her mother.

"She has gone to see the preacher. He will know how to console her—and he will help her also."

"Why do you not go to the police?"

"Oh! Ze police! Ze police! Efery one say 'Ze police!' Ze police vill nod do nothings for me. I ham nod von Union-man. Ze haf zeir orders. Ven I hax ze police ze say, 'Don't vorry, Elsa vill come home by-m-by, ven she get readee.'"

I had heard the same thing said about the police, and recalled what I had heard McSheen say to Wringman about keeping them from interfering. But I felt that they were probably right in their views about Elsa.

I had recourse to my detective again, and gave him all the information I possessed.

"Oh! We'll find out where she is," he said, with that inscrutably placid look on his face which I had learned was the veil under which he masked both his feelings and his purposes. "You can tell her father she isn't dead." This in answer to the old man's suggestion that she had been murdered, which I had repeated. Then he added, "But there are worse things than death."

His eyes glistened and he buttoned up his coat in a way he had when there was any sharp work on hand. It always reminded me of a duellist. In a few days he had a clue to the lost girl, and justified my suspicions.

It was as I feared. Pushkin had inveigled her from her home and had taken her to a house which, if not precisely what I apprehended, was not less vile. It was one of those doubly disreputable places which, while professing to be reasonably respectable, is really more dangerous than the vilest den. The girl was possibly not actually at the place now, but had been there. Getting some suspicion of the place, she had insisted on leaving, but the woman of the house knew where she was.

"She is a hard one to handle," said Langton. "She has protection."

"Of the police?"

"Of those who control the police. She has powerful friends."

"I don't care how powerful they are, I will get that girl," I said.

I hesitated what to do. I had not wholly abandoned hope of making up my trouble with Eleanor Leigh. I did not

wish my name to be mixed up in a scandal which probably would get into the papers. I determined to consult John Marvel, and I said so to Langton.

"You mean the preacher? Won't do any harm. He's straight. He's helping to hunt for her, too. I saw him just after I located her, and he had already heard."

I determined to go and see him, and told Langton to keep on following up his clew. When I went to Marvel's house, however, he was not at home. He had been away all day, the girl who opened the door told me. I went to the police station. Marvel had been there and made a complaint about a house, and they were going to send a man around to investigate.

He was a terrible crank, that preacher was, but all the same he was a good sort of a fellow, the officer said. As the man was going in a short while, I determined to accompany him, so waited an hour or so till he was detailed, and then set out. When we arrived the place, for all outward signs of evil, might have been a home for retired Sunday-school teachers—a more decent and respectable little hotel in a quiet street could not have been found in town. Only the large woman, with heightened complexion, Mrs. Snow, who, at length, appeared in answer to the summons of the solemn officer, seemed to be excited and almost agitated. She was divided between outraged modesty and righteous indignation. The former was exhibited rather toward me, the latter toward the officer. But this was all. She swore by all the Evangelists that she knew nothing of the girl, and with yet more vehemence that she would have justice for this outrage. She would "report the officer to the Captain and to his Honor the Mayor, and have the whole —th precinct fired." The officer was very apologetic. All we learned was that, "A lady had been brought there by a gentleman who said he was her husband, but she had refused to let her in." As there was nothing to incriminate her, we left with apologies.

John Marvel's absence when I called to consult him was due to his having got on the trace of Elsa. Another of my friends had also gotten on her trace, and while I was hesitating and thinking of my reputation, they were acting. Miss Eleanor Leigh, having learned through Marvel that

the Loewens were in great trouble, as soon as her school was out that day, went to the Loewens' house to learn what she could of the girl, with a view to rendering all the aid she could. Precisely what she learned I never knew, but it was enough with what she had gleaned elsewhere, to lead to action. What she had learned elsewhere pointed to a certain place in town as one where she might secure further information. It was not a very reputable place—in fact, it was a very disreputable place—part saloon, part dance-hall, part everything else that it ought not to have been. It was one of the vilest dens in this city of Confusion, and the more vile because its depths were screened beneath a mass of gilding and tinsel and glitter. It was known as "The Gallery," an euphemism to cover a line of glaring nude figures hung on the walls, which, by an arrangement of mirrors, were multiplied indefinitely. Its ostensible owner was the same Mr. Mick Raffity, who kept the semi-respectable saloon opening on the alley at the back of the building where I had my office. Its keeper was a friend of Mr. Raffity's, by the name of Gallagin, a thin, middle-aged person with one eye, but that an eye like a gimlet, a face impervious to every expression save that which it habitually wore: a mixture of cunning and ferocity.

The place was crowded from a reasonable hour in the evening till an unreasonable hour in the morning, and many a robbery and not a few darker crimes were said to have been planned, and some perpetrated, around its marble tables.

At the side, in a narrow street, was a private entrance and stairway leading to the upper stories, over the door of which was the sign, "Ladies' Entrance." And at the rear was what was termed by Mr. Gallagin, a "Private Hotel."

Young women thronged the lower floor at all hours of the night, but no woman had ever gone in there and not come out a shade worse, if possible, than when she entered. The Salvation Army had attempted the closing of this gilded Augean Stable, but had retired baffled. Now and then a sporadic effort had been made in the press to close or reform it, but all such attempts had failed. The place was "protected." The police never found anything amiss there. To outward appearance it

was on occasions of inspection as decorous as a meeting-house. It was shown that the place had been offered for Sunday afternoon services, and that such services had actually been held there. In fact, a Scripture-text hung on the wall on such occasions, while close at hand hung the more secular notice that "No excuse whatever would be taken if one lady or gentleman took another lady's or gentleman's hat or wrap."

This gilded saloon on the evening of the day I called on John Marvel was, if any thing, more crowded than usual, and into it just as it was beginning to grow gay and the clouds of cigarette and cigar smoke were beginning to turn the upper atmosphere to a dull gray; just as the earlier hum of voices was giving place to the shrieking laughter and high screaming of half-sodden youths of both sexes, walked a young woman. She was simply dressed in a street costume, and as she walked up through the long room she instantly attracted attention.

The wild laughter subsided, the shrieks died down, and as if by a common impulse necks were craned to watch the newcomer, and the conversation about the tables suddenly hushed to a murmur, except where it was broken by the outbreak of some half-drunken youth.

"Who is she? What is she?" were questions asked at all tables, along with many other questions and answers, alike unprintable and incredible. The general opinion expressed was that she was a new and important addition to the soiled sisterhood, probably from some other city or some country town, and comments were freely bandied about as to her future destination and success. Among the throng, seated at one of the tables, was a large man with two bedizened young women drinking the champagne he was freely offering and tossing off himself, and the women stopped teasing him about his diamond ring, and rallied him on his attention to the new-comer, as with head up, lips compressed, eyes straight before her, and the color mounting in her cheek, she passed swiftly up the room between the tables and made her way to the magnificent bar behind which Mr. Gallagin presided, with his one eye ever boring into the scene before him. Walking up to the bar the stranger at once addressed Mr. Gallagin.

"Are you the proprietor here?"

"Some folks says so. What can I do for yer?"

"I have come to ask if there is not a young woman here—?" She hesitated a moment, as the barkeepers all had their eyes on her and a number of youths had come forward from the tables and were beginning to draw about her. Mr. Gallagin filled in the pause.

"Quite a number, but not one too many. In fact, there is just one vacancy, and I think you are the very peach to fill it." His teeth gleamed for a second at the murmur of approval which came from the men who had drawn up to the bar.

"I came to ask," repeated the girl quietly, "if there is not a young woman here named Elsa Loewen."

The proprietor's one eye fixed itself on her with an imperturbable gaze. "Well, I don't know as there is," he drawled. "You see, there is a good many young women here, and I guess they have a good many names among 'em. But may I ask you what you want with her?"

"I want to get her and take her back to her home."

Mr. Gallagin's eye never moved from her face.

"Well, you can look around and see for yourself," he said quietly.

"No, I don't think she would be here, but have you not a sort of a hotel attached to your place?"

"Oh! Yes," drawled Mr. Gallagin. "I can furnish you a room, if you have any friends."

"No, I do not wish a room."

"Oh!" ejaculated the proprietor.

"I wish to see Elsa Loewen, and I have heard that she is here."

"Oh! you have, and who may be your informant?" demanded the barkeeper, coldly. "I'd like to know what gentleman has sufficient interest in me to make me the subject of his conversation."

"I cannot give you my informant, but I have information that she is here, and I appeal to you to let me see her."

"To me? You appeal to me?" Mr. Gallagin put his hand on his thin chest and nodded toward himself.

"Yes, for her mother; her father. She is a good girl. She is their only daughter. They are distracted over her—disappearance. If you only knew how terrible it is

for a young girl like that to be lured away from home where every one loves her, to be deceived, betrayed, dragged down while——”

The earnestness of her tone more than the words she uttered, and the strangeness of her appeal in that place, had impressed every one within reach of her voice, and quite a throng of men and women had left the tables and pressed forward listening to the conversation, and for the most part listening in silence, the expression on their faces being divided between wonder, sympathy, and expectancy, and a low murmur began to be audible among the women, hardened as they were. Mr. Gallagin felt that it was a crucial moment in his business. Suddenly from under the fur came the fierce claw and made a dig to strike deep.

“To hell with you, you d——d ——! Out of my place, or I’ll pitch you in the gutter or into a worse hole yet!” He made a gesture with one hand such as a cat makes with its claws out.

A big man with a hard gleam in his eye moved along the edge of the bar, his face stolid and his eyes on the new comer, while the throng fell back suddenly and left the girl standing alone with a little space about her, her face pale, and her mouth drawn close under the unexpected assault. In another second she would, without doubt, have been thrown out of the place, or possibly borne off to that worse fate with which she had been threatened. But from the throng to her side stepped out a short, broad-shouldered man, with a sodden face.

“Speak her soft, Galley, —— —— you! You know who she is? That is the angel of the lost children. Speak her soft or —— ——you! you’ll have to throw me out, too.”

The name was repeated over the throng by many doubtless who had not heard her, but there were others who knew, and told of the work that Eleanor Leigh had been doing in quarters where any other women of her class and kind had never showed their face; of help here and there; a hand lent to lift a fallen girl; of succor in some form or another when all hope appeared to be gone.

It was a strange champion who had suddenly stepped forward into the arena to protect her, but the girl felt suddenly that she was safe. She turned to her champion.

“I thank you,” she said simply. “If you

wish to help me, help me get hold of this poor girl whom I have come for. Ask him to let me see her, if only for one moment, and I may save her a life of misery.”

The man turned to the proprietor. “Why don’t you let her see the girl?” he said.

Gallagin scowled at him or winked, it could scarcely be told which. “What the —— is it to you? Why can’t you keep your mouth for your own business instead of interfering with other folks? You have seen trouble enough doing that before.”

“Let her see the girl.”

“What business is it of yours whether I do or not?”

“Just this—that when I was away and my wife was starvin’, and you never givin’ her nothin’, and my little gal was dyin’, this here lady came there and took care of ’em —and that’s what makes it my business. I don’t forgit one as helped me, and you know it.”

“Well, I’ll tell you this, there ain’t no gal of that name here. I don’t know what she’s talkin’ about.”

“Oh! Come off! Let her see the gal.”

“You go up there and look for yourself,” said the proprietor. “Take her with you if you want to and keep her there.”

“Shut your mouth, d—n you!” said Talman. He turned to Miss Leigh.

“She ain’t here, lady. He’d never let me go up there if she was there. But I’ll help you find her if you’ll tell me about her. You can go home now. I’ll see you safe.”

“I am not afraid,” said the girl. “My carriage is not far off,” and with a pleasant bow and a word of thanks to the proprietor, whose eye was resting on her with a curious, malign expression, she turned and passed back through the room, with her gaze straight ahead of her, while every eye in the room was fastened on her; and just behind her walked the squatty figure of Red Talman. A few doors off a carriage waited, and as she reached the door she turned and gave him the name of the girl she was seeking, with a little account of the circumstances of her disappearance and of her reason for thinking she might be at Gallagin’s place. She held out her hand to the man behind her.

“I don’t know your name or what you alluded to, but if I can ever help any of your friends I shall be very glad to do what I can for them.”

"My name's Talman. You've already done me a turn."

"'Talman!' 'Red—'! Are you the father of my little girl?"

"That's me."

"What I said just now I mean. Let me know. Good-night."

"Good-night, ma'am."

The man watched the carriage until it had disappeared around the corner and then, after a glance at the workingman who passed him, he returned to the saloon. He walked up to the bar, and Gallagin advanced to meet him.

"If you are lyin' to me," he said, "you better not let me know, but you better git that gal out of your place and into her home, or the first thing you know there will be a sign on that door."

The other gave a snarl.

"I am puttin' you wise," said Talman. "There's trouble brewing. That's big folks lookin' for her."

"I guess Coll McSheen is somethin' in this town still."

"He's a has-been," said Talman. "He's shot his bolt."

"You ought to know," sneered Gallagin.

"I do."

"That the reason you take no more jobs?"

"It's a good one."

"Have a drink," said Gallagin, with a sudden change of manner, and he did him the honor to lift a bottle and put it on the bar.

"I ain't drinkin'. I've got work to do."

"Who's your new owner?"

"Never mind, he's a man. I'm your friend. Send the gal home or you'll be pulled before twenty-four hours."

"You're runnin' a Sunday-school, ain't you?"

"No, but I'm done workin' for some folks. That's all. So long. Git her out of your house if she's here. Git her out of your house."

He walked down the room, and as he passed a table the big man with the two women accosted him.

"Who's your friend?" he asked with a sneer.

Talman stopped and looked at him quietly, then he said: "That man up there,"—with his thumb over his shoulder he pointed toward the bar—"that man there has been a friend of mine in the past and

he can ask me questions that I don't allow folks like you to ask me. See? I have known a man to git his neck broke by buttin' too hard into other folks' business. See?"

Wringman, with an oath, started to get out of his chair, but his companions held him down, imploring him to be quiet, and the next moment the big bouncer from the bar was standing beside the table, and after a word with him Talman made his way through the crowd and walked out of the door.

XXIX

JOHN MARVEL'S RAID

HAD any one of the many detectives who were engaged in all sorts of work, legitimate and otherwise, in the limits of that great city, been watching among the half-sodden group of loafers and night-walkers who straggled through the side street on which opened the "Ladies' Entrance" of Mr. Gallagin's establishment along toward the morning hours, he might have seen a young woman brought from the door of the ladies' entrance, supported by two persons, one a man and one a woman, and bodily lifted into a disreputable looking hack of the type known as a "night-hawk," while the dingy passers-by laughed among themselves and discussed how much it had taken to get the young woman as drunk as that. But there was no detective or other officer on that street at that hour, and but for the fact that a short, squatty man, nursing a grievance against an old pal of his, and turning over in his mind the unexpected kindness of a young woman and a threadbare preacher in an hour when all the rest of the world appeared to have turned against him, was walking through the street with a dim idea of beginning a quarrel with the man who had deserted him, the destination of the drunken woman might never have been known. Red Talman's heart, however, callous as it was, foul with crimes too many and black to catalogue, had one single spot through which any light or feeling could penetrate. This was the secret corner, sacred to the thought of his one child, a little girl who alone of all the world truly thought him a good man. For John Marvel, who had helped his wife and child when he lay in prison and had been kind to

him, he entertained a kindly feeling, but for the young lady who had taken his little girl and taught her and made her happy when the taunts of other children drove her from the public school, he had more than a liking. She and John Marvel alone had treated him in late years as a man and a friend, and a dim hope began to dawn in his mind that possibly he might yet be able to save his girl from the shame of ever truly knowing what he had been.

So, when the man, with his hat over his eyes, who had helped put the young woman in the carriage, re-entered the house and the drunken woman drove off with her companion, Red Talman, after a moment of indecision, turned and followed the carriage. He was not able to keep up with it, as, though the broken-kneed horses went at a slow gait, they soon outdistanced him, for he had to be on the watch for officers; but he knew the vehicle, and from the turn which it made he suspected its destination. He turned and went back toward Gallagin's. When he reached the narrow, ill-lighted street, on which the side entrance opened, he slipped into the shadow at a corner and waited. An hour later the hack returned, a woman got out of it and, after a short altercation with the driver, ran across the pavement and entered the door. As the hack turned, Red Talman slipped out of the shadow and walked up to the front wheel.

"Which way you goin'?" he asked the driver, who recognized him.

"Home," he said.

"Gimme a ride?"

"Git up." He mounted beside him and drove with him to a dirty saloon in a small street at some little distance, where he treated him and let him go. A half-hour afterward he rang the bell of the family hotel which he had visited with an officer the day before, and asked to see the lady of the house. She could not be seen, the woman said who opened the door.

"Well, give her this message, then. Tell her that Galley says to take good care of the girl that he just sent around here and to keep her dark."

"Which one?" demanded the woman.

"The one as was doped, that come in the hack."

"All right."

"That's all," said Talman, and walked off.

The self-constituted detective pondered as he passed down through the dark street. How should he use his information? Hate, gratitude, and the need for money all contended in his breast. He had long harbored a feeling of revenge against McSheen and Raffity and his understrapper, Gallagin. They had deserted him in his hour of need and he had come near being hanged for doing their work. Only his fear of McSheen's power had kept him quiet. The desire for revenge and the feeling of gratitude worked together. But how should he use his knowledge? It behooved him to be prudent. Coll McSheen and Mick Raffity and Mel Gallagin were powerful forces in the world in which he moved. They could land him behind the bars in an hour if they worked together. At last he solved it!

He would go to a man who had always been kind to him and his. Thus it was, that just before light that morning John Marvel was awakened by a knock on his door by a man who said a sick person needed his services. When he came down into the street in the dim light of the dawning day, there was the man waiting in the shadow. He did not recognize him at first, but he recalled him as the man told the object of his visit at such an hour, and old John was soon wide awake. Still he could scarcely believe the story he was told.

"Why, she can't be there," he protested. "A friend of mine was there to look for her day before yesterday with the police, and she was not there."

"She is there now, and if you pull the place you'll get her all right," asserted the other.

"I'll go there myself."

"No use goin' by yourself."

"I'll get the police——"

"The police!" The other laughed derisively. "They don't go after the Big Chief's friends—not when he stands by 'em."

"The 'Big Chief'?"

"Coll McSheen."

"Mr. McSheen!"

"He's *it*!"

"It? What? I don't understand."

"Well, don't bring me into this."

"I will not."

"He's at the bottom of the whole business. He's the lawyer. He owns the place—'t least, Mick Raffity and Gallagin and Smooth Ally own the places; and he owns them. He knows all about it and they

don't turn a hand without him. Oh! I know him—I know 'em all!"

"You think this is the girl the lady was looking for?"

"I don't know. I only know she went there, and Gallagin showed his teeth, and then I called him down and got the gal out. I skeered him."

"Well, we'll see."

"Well, I must be goin'. I've told you. Swear you won't bring me into it. Good-night."

"I will not."

The man gazed down the street one way, then turned and went off in the other direction. John was puzzled, but a gleam of light came to him. Wolffert! Wolffert was the man to consult. What this man said was just what Wolffert had always insisted on: that "the White Slave traffic" was not only the most hideous crime now existing on earth, but that it was protected and promoted by men in power in the city, that it was, indeed, international in its range. He remembered to have heard him say that a law had been passed to deal with it; but that such law needed the force of an awakened public conscience to become effective.

Thus it was, that that morning Wolffert was aroused by John Marvel coming into his room. In an instant he was wide-awake, for he, too, knew of the disappearance of Elsa, and of our fruitless hunt for her.

"But you are sure that this woman is Elsa?" he asked as he hurriedly dressed.

"No—only that it is some one."

"So much the better—maybe."

An hour later Wolffert and John Marvel were in a lawyer's office in one of the great new buildings of the city, talking to a young lawyer who had recently become a public prosecutor, not as a representative of the city, but of a larger power, that of the nation. He and Wolffert were already friends, and Wolffert had a little while before interested him in the cause to which he had for some time been devoting his powers. It promised to prove a good case, and the young attorney was keenly interested.

Only, he said, it would take some little time to prepare to make the raid, and he must have the evidence to secure a conviction.

"Who's your mysterious informant, Mr. Marvel?" he asked.

"That I cannot tell you. He is not a man of good character, but I am sure he is telling me the truth."

"We must make no mistakes—we don't want these people to escape. Why not tell?"

"I cannot."

"Well, then I shall have to get the proof in some other way. I will act at once and let you hear from me as soon as I have the facts. In fact, I have a man on the case now. I learned something of it yesterday, and a part of what you say I already knew."

John and Wolffert came away together and decided on a plan of their own. Wolffert was to come to see me and get Langton interested in the case, and John was to go to see Langton to send him to me. He caught Langton just as he was leaving his house to come to my office and walked a part of the way back with him, giving him the facts he had learned. He did not know that Langton was already on the case, and the close-mouthed detective never told anything.

When they parted Langton came to my office, and together we went to the District Attorney's, who, after a brief talk, decided to act at once, and accordingly had warrants issued and placed in the hands of his Marshal.

Aroused by my interest in the Loewens and by what Langton had told me of Miss Leigh's daring the night before, I secured the Marshal's consent to go along with them, the District Attorney having, indeed, appointed me a deputy Marshal for the occasion.

I do not know what might have happened had we been a little later in appearing on the scene. As, after having sent a couple of men around to the back of the block, we turned into the street we saw three or four men enter the house as though in a hurry. We quickened our steps, but found the door locked, and the voices within told that something unusual was going on. The high pitched voice of a woman in a tirade and the low growls of men came to us through the door, followed by the noise of a scuffle. A thunderous knock on the door, however, brought a sudden silence.

As there was no response either to the knock or ring, another summons even more imperative was made, and this time a window was opened above, a woman thrust her head out and in a rather frightened voice asked what was wanted. The reply

given was a command to open the door instantly, and as the delay in obeying appeared somewhat unreasonable, a different method was adopted. The door was forced with an ease which gave me a high idea of the officer's skill. Within everything appeared quiet, and the only circumstance to distinguish the house from a rather tawdry small hotel of a flashy kind was a man and that man, John Marvel, with a somewhat pale face, his collar and vest torn and a reddish lump on his forehead, standing quietly in the doorway of what appeared to be a sitting-room, and the woman whom I had formerly seen when I visited the place with a police officer, standing at the far end of the hall in a condition of fright bordering on hysterics. I think I never saw men so surprised as those in our party were to find a preacher there. It was only a moment, however, before the explanation came.

"She's here, I believe," said John, quietly, "unless they have gotten her away just now."

His speech appeared to have unchained the fury of the woman, for she swept forward suddenly like a tornado, and such a blast of rage and abuse and hate I never heard pour from a woman's lips. Amid tears and sobs and savage cries of rage, she accused John Marvel of every crime that a man could conceive of, asserting all the while that she herself was an innocent and good woman and her house an absolutely proper and respectable home. She imprecated upon him every curse and revenge which she could think of. I confess that, outraged as I was by the virago's attack, I was equally surprised by John Marvel's placidness and the officer's quiet contempt. The only thing that John Marvel said was:

"There were some men here just now."

"Liar! Liar! Liar!" screamed the woman. "You know you lie. There is not a man in this house except that man, and he came here to insult me."

"Where are the men?" asked the Marshal quietly of the woman, but he got no answer except her scream of denial.

"They were after me," said John, "but when you knocked on the door they ran off."

Another outpour of denial and abuse.

John Marvel had been troubled by no such scruples as had appeared to me. He was not afraid for his reputation as I had been for mine. And on his way home he had had what he felt to be, and what, far be

from me to say was not, a divine guidance. A sudden impulse or call as he termed it, had come to him to go straight to this house, and, having been admitted, he demanded the lost girl. The woman in charge denied vehemently that such a girl had ever been there or that she knew anything of her, playing her part of outraged modesty with great show of sincerity. But when Marvel persisted and showed some knowledge of the facts, she took another tack and began to threaten him. He was a preacher, she said, and she would ruin him. She would call in the police, and she would like to see how it would look when an account came out in the newspapers next morning of his having visited what he thought a house of ill repute. She had friends among the police, and bigger friends even than the police, and they would see her through.

John quietly seated himself. "Well, you had better be very quick about it," he said, "for I have already summoned officers and they will be here directly."

Then the woman weakened and began to cringe. She told him the same story that she had told me and the policeman when we had called before. A young woman had come there with a gentleman whom she called her husband, but she would not let her stay because she suspected her, etc., etc.

"Why did you suspect her?"

"Because, and because, and because," she explained. "For other reasons, because the man was a foreigner."

John Marvel, for all his apparent heaviness, was clear-headed and reasonable. He was not to be deceived, so he quietly sat and waited. Then the woman had gone, as she said, to call the police, but, as was shown later, she had called not the police, but Gallagin and Mick Raffity and the man who stood behind and protected both of these creatures and herself, and the men who had come in response had been not officers of the police, but the three scoundrels who, under a pretence of respectability, were among the most dangerous instruments used by Coll McSheen and his heelers. Fortunately for John Marvel, we had arrived in the nick of time. All this appeared later.

Unheeding her continued asseverations and vituperations, the Marshal proceeded to examine the house. The entire lower floor was searched without finding the

woman. In the kitchen below, which was somewhat elaborate in its appointments, a number of suspiciously attired young women were engaged, apparently, in preparing to cook, for as yet the fire was hardly made, and in scrubbing industriously. Up-stairs a number more were found. For the moment nothing was said to them, but the search proceeded. They were all manifestly in a state of subdued excitement which was painful to see, as with disheveled hair, painted faces and heaving bosoms, they pretended to be engaged in tasks which manifestly they had rarely ever attempted before. Still there was no sign of Elsa, and as the proprietor declared that we had seen every room except that in which her sick daughter was asleep, it looked as though Elsa might not have been there after all.

"Let us see your daughter," said the officer.

This was impossible. The doctor had declared that she must be kept absolutely quiet, and in fact the woman made such a show of sincerity and motherly anxiety, that I think I should have been satisfied. But at this moment a curious thing occurred. Dixey, who had been following me all the morning and had, without my taking notice of him, come not only to the house with us, but had come in as well, began to nose around and presently stopped at a door, where he proceeded to whimper as he was accustomed to do when he wished to be let in at a closed door. I called him off, but though he came, he went back again and again, until he attracted the officer's attention. The door was a low one, and appeared to be the entrance only to a cupboard.

"Have we been in that room?"

The woman declared that we had, but as we all knew it had not been entered, she changed and said it was not the door of a room at all, but of a closet.

"Open it!" said the officer.

"The key is lost," said the woman. "We do not use it!"

"Then I will open it," said the Marshal, and the next moment the door was forced open. The woman gave a scream and made a dash at the nearest man, beside herself with rage, fighting and tearing like a wild animal. And well she might, for inside, crumpled up on the floor, under a pile of clothing, lay the girl we were searching for, in a comatose state. She was lifted

carefully and brought out into the light, and I scarcely knew her, so battered and bruised and dead-alive the poor thing appeared. Dixey, however, knew, and he testified his affection and gratitude by stealing in between us as we stood around her and licking the poor thing's hand. It was a terrible story that was revealed when the facts came out, and its details were too horrifying and revolting to be put in print, but that night Madam Snow's hotel was closed. The lights which had lured so many a frail bark to shipwreck, were extinguished, and Madam Snow and her wretched retinue of slaves, bound to a servitude more awful than anything which history could tell or romance could portray, were held in the custody of the Marshal of the United States.

XXX

JOHN MARVEL LOSES HIS PLACE

It was the duty of the street-car company under their charter to run through cars every day or forfeit their charter.

Under the compulsion of this requirement to run through cars, the management of the street-car line, after much trouble, secured a few men who, for a large price, agreed to operate the cars. But it was several hours after the regular time before the first car ran out of the shed. It made its way for some distance without encountering any difficulty or even attracting any attention beyond a few comments by men and women walking along the streets or standing in their doors. A little further along there were a few jeers, but presently it turned a corner and reached a point in a street where a number of boys were playing, as usual, and a number of men were standing about smoking their pipes and discussing, with some acrimony, the action of the meeting which had called the strike, and with some foreboding the future. As the car stopped for a moment to take on a woman who had been waiting, a number of the boys playing in the street began to jeer and hoot the motorman, who was evidently somewhat unaccustomed to handling his car, and when he attempted to loosen his brake, and showed therein his unskilfulness, jeers turned into taunts, and the next moment a few handfuls of rubbish picked up in a gutter, were flung at him. In a

twinkling, as if by magic, the street filled, and vegetables taken from in front of a neighboring shop, mingled with a few stones, began to rattle against the car, smashing the windows with much noise. The rattling glass quickly attracted attention. It was like a bugle call, and in a minute more the road was blocked and a dozen youths sprang upon the car and a fierce fight ensued between them and the motor-man and conductor, both of whom were soundly beaten and might have been killed but for their promise to give up their job and the somewhat tardy arrival of the police who had been promised, but had appeared on the scene only after the riot had taken place. This collision, which was begun by a lot of irresponsible boys, was described under glaring headlines in all of the afternoon papers as a riot of vast dimension. The effect of the riot, great or small, was instantaneous and far-reaching throughout the entire section. That evening the entire population of that section had changed from an attitude of reasonable neutrality to one of hostility. It was a psychological moment. The spark had been dropped in the powder. Next day it was as if war had been declared. There were no neutrals left. All had taken sides.

Before many days were out the strike had progressed so far that, instead of its being a small body of men engaged in cessation of work, with pacific methods of attempting to dissuade others who wished to continue their work from doing so, or by some more positive form of argument known as picketing, of preventing new comers from taking the places of those who had struck, it had developed into an active force whose frank object was to render it impossible for any man to take or hold a position as an employee of the railway company. It was not so much that meetings were frequently held and the measures advocated constantly grew more and more violent, nor that occasional outbreaks occurred, as that the whole temper of the people was becoming inflamed, and the conditions of life affected thereby were becoming almost intolerable. The call of the company on the Mayor, as the representative of the public, to grant them protection, was promptly, if somewhat evasively, replied to. No man knew better than Coll McSheen how to express himself so that he might be understood

differently by different men. It had been one of his strong cards in climbing to the altitude which he had reached. But the idea that the police would render efficient aid to the company was openly and generally scoffed at in the quarters where the strike prevailed. It was boldly declared that the police were in sympathy with the strikers. This report appeared to have some foundation, when one cold night, with the thermometer at zero, a fire broke out in the mills owned by Mr. Leigh's Company, and they were gutted from foundation to roof. It was charged on the strikers, but an investigation showed that this charge, like many others, was unfounded; at least, as it alleged a direct and intentional act. The evidence proved conclusively to my mind that the fire, while of incendiary origin, was started by a gang of reckless and dissolute youths who had no relation whatever to the strikers, but whose purpose was to exhibit their enmity against a company which was held in such disfavor generally.

It was only an expression of the general feeling that had grown up in the city under the influence of the strike—one of the baleful offspring of the condition which McSheen and Wringman and their like had been able to produce from the conflict which they had projected and fostered. The wretched youths who were arrested, told under the sweating process a series of wholly conflicting and incredible lies, and in time two of them were convicted on their own confessions and sent to the State prison, and the strikers who had not yet resorted to extreme measures of violence got the credit of the crime.

The continued spread of the strike and of sympathy with it had already reached large proportions. The losses to business and to business men and the inconvenience to even the well-to-do classes were immense and when calculated in figures were quite staggering. The winter had set in with sudden severity. The suffering among the poor was incalculable. There was not a house or shop in the poorer districts where the pinch of poverty was not beginning to be felt. The wolf, which ever stands beside the door of the poor, had long since entered and cleaned out many of the small dwellings which the summer before had been the abode of hope and of reasonable content. Only the hu-

man wolves who prey on misfortune battered and fattened; the stock-brokers who organized raids on "the market," the usurers who robbed the poor more directly, but not more effectively, the thieves of one kind or another alone prospered. The cry of hunger increased while bitterness without and within had long since begun to be universal, so long as to be scarcely heeded throughout the poor quarters. The efforts of philanthropy, individual and organized, were exercised to the utmost, but the trouble was too vast to be more than touched on the outer fringe. The evil which Mr. Leigh had predicted had come to pass and his prophecy had been far more than verified. Many of the young women, turned from their factories, had disappeared from the places which knew them before and found their way to haunts like Mel Gallagin's "Gallery" and others less splendid, but not more wicked. Only in the sphere in which persons of extraordinary accumulation moved, like the Canters and the Argands, was there apparently no diminution in their expenditure and display. Young Canter and his comrades still flaunted their vast wealth in undisguised and irresponsible display, but older and saner heads were beginning to shake when the future was mentioned. The reefing of sails for a storm whose forerunners were on the horizon, was already taking place, and every reef meant that some part of the crew which had sailed the ship so far was dropped overboard.

The devil is credited with the power to raise a tempest, certainly tempests are raised, but sometimes even the devil cannot quiet them. Such was the case with the strike. McSheen, Wringman and Co. had been completely successful in getting the strike of the Leigh employees underway: when it started, they privately took much pride in their work. Wringman received his wage and gratified his feeling of revenge for Mr. Leigh's cool contempt of him on the occasion when he called to demand terms of him. McSheen had a score of longer standing to settle. It dated back to the time when Mr. Leigh, looking with clear eyes at his work, gave him to feel that at least one man knew him to the bottom of his mean scoundrelly soul. For a while it appeared as though Mr. Leigh would be irretrievably ruined and McSheen and his

friends and secret backers like Canter would secure easy possession of the properties his power of organization had built up; but suddenly an unlooked for ally with abundant resources had come to Mr. Leigh's assistance in the person of an old friend and the ripened fruit of their labors had been plucked from their hands outstretched to grasp it. And now having raised the tempest these gamblers could not calm it. In other words, having started a strike among Mr. Leigh's operatives for a specific purpose, it had spread like a conflagration and now threatened to destroy everything. The whole laboring population were getting into a state of ferment. Demands were made by their leaders such as had never been dreamed of before. Unless the thing were stopped, there would be a catastrophe which would ruin them all. This was the judgment that McSheen and Canter and Co. arrived at. And this was the conclusion that Mr. Canter, Sr., announced to his son and heir, Mr. Canter, Jr., at the close of an interview in which he had discussed his affairs with more openness than he usually employed with that audacious young operator. "The fact is," he said, "that we have failed in the object of our move. We have not got hold of Leigh's lines—and his men are returning to work while ours are just beginning to fight—and instead of getting his properties, we stand a blessed good show of losing our own. McSheen couldn't deliver the goods and there is the devil to pay. Why don't you stop your——nonsense and settle down and marry that girl. She's the prettiest girl in town and— Well, you might go a good deal further and fare worse. If you are ever going to do it, now is the time."

Mr. Canter, Jr., shrugged his shoulders. "How do you know she would have me?" he asked with a sort of grin which was not altogether mirthful. He did not feel it necessary to impart to his parent the fact that he was beginning to have strong doubts himself on the subject. But Canter, Jr., was no fool.

"Well, of course, she won't, if you go spreeing around with a lot of blanked huzzies. No decent woman would. But why the deuce don't you drop that business? You are getting old enough now to know better. And you can't keep hitting it up as you have been doing. There's a new system coming in in this town, and you'll get in

trouble if you don't look out. Get rid of that woman."

Young Canter for once came near disclosing to his father the whole situation and telling him the truth. He however contented himself with his usual half light assurance that he was all right—and that he was going to settle down. He could not bring himself to tell him that he found himself bound with a chain which he could not break, and that "that woman" would not be gotten rid of. She in fact threatened not only to make a terrible scandal if he attempted to leave her, but actually threatened his life.

However, he determined to act on his father's advice. He would break off from her and if he could carry through his plans he would marry and go abroad and remain until the storm had blown over and "that woman" had consoled herself with some other soft young millionaire. It was thus that young Canter once more became a prominent figure in my little drama.

Among all the people affected by the strike none suffered more, I believe, than John Marvel. I never saw any one more distressed by the suffering about him. Others suffered physically, he mentally, and in the reflexive way which comes from overwrought sympathies. Where gloom and dull hate scowled from the brows of the working class, sadness and sorrow shadowed John's brow, though at need he always had a smile and a cheery word for every one. He was soon reduced to his last suit of clothes, and as the cold increased, he went about overcoatless and gloveless, walking like fury and beating his arms to keep himself from freezing, his worn overcoat and gloves having long since gone with everything else he had to help some one needier than himself. "Take a long, deep breath," he used to say, "and it will warm you up like a fire. What does a young man need with an overcoat?" What, indeed, with the thermometer at zero and rapidly slipping still lower! "Those I grieve for are the old and the sick and the young children."

However this was, he was busier than ever—going in and out among his poor; writing letters, making calls, and appealing to those able to give, and distributing what he could collect, which, indeed, was no little, for the people at large were sympathetic with suffering and generous to poverty. And

his ablest assistant in the work was Wolffert. I never knew before what one man's intellect and zeal consecrated to a work could accomplish. He worked day and night, organizing relief associations; looking after individual cases; writing letters to the press and picturing conditions with a vividness which began to make an impression on all sides. He counselled patience and moderation on the part of the poor, but made no secret of his sympathy with them, and where he dealt with the injustice shown them it was with a pen of flame. The conservative papers charged that his letters added fuel to the flames already blazing. It was possibly true. Certainly, the flames were spreading.

As the strike proceeded and violence increased, those evidences of sympathy which came in the form of contributions grew less, and at last they began to fail perceptibly. The press, which had begun with expressions of sympathy with the strikers, had, under the impending shadow, changed its tone and was now calling on the authorities to put down lawlessness with a strong hand; demanding that the police should be ordered to protect the property and lives of citizens, and calling on the Mayor to bestir himself and call on the Governor for aid.

In this state of the case John Marvel, wishing to see what could be done to ameliorate the conditions about him, called a meeting of his congregation at his church one evening just before Christmas, and when the time came the little chapel was crowded to suffocation. It was a sombre and depressing looking crowd that thronged the aisles of the little building. The people thought that somehow some good would come of it, and many who had never been inside the walls before were on hand. I went in consequence of a talk I had with Marvel, who had casually mentioned Miss Eleanor Leigh's name in connection with the first suggestion of the call. And I was rewarded, for seated far back in the crowd, with her face a little more pallid than usual and her eyes filled with the light of expectancy and kindness, sat Eleanor Leigh. She was dressed with great simplicity; but her appearance was not the less attractive, at least, to me. She smiled from time to time to some acquaintance in the sad-looking throng, but I had a pang of jealousy to see how her gaze followed John Marvel, and

one other member of the assembly, whose presence rather surprised me, Wolffert's.

After a brief service, John Marvel in a few touching and singularly apt words, explained the reason for having called them together, irrespective of their church relation, and urged that the blessed season which was accepted by Christendom as the time of peace on earth and good will to all men was drawing near, they should all try to lay aside personal feeling and hates and grievances, and try what effect kindness and good will would accomplish. He asked that all would try to help each other as formerly, and trust to the Divine and Merciful Master to right their wrongs and inspire compassion for their sufferings. He referred to the terrible development that had just been made among them—to the sudden arousing of the law after years of praying and working, and with a word of compassion for the poor creatures who had been misled and enslaved, he urged patience and prayer as the means to secure God's all-powerful help in their distress. His words and manner were simple and touching and I do not attempt to give any idea of them or of their effect. But I somehow felt as though I were hearing the very teaching of Christ. He would call on one who was their friend as they knew, the friend of all who needed a friend, to say a few words to them. He turned to Wolffert, who walked forward a few steps and turned, made a brief but powerful statement of the situation, and counselled patience and forbearance. He knew their sufferings, he said—he knew their fortitude. He knew their wrongs, but patience and fortitude would in time bring a realization of it all in the minds of the public. What was needed was to make known to the world the truth, not as changed and distorted by ignorance or evil design, but as it existed in fact. They had a more powerful weapon than bullets or bayonets, the power of truth and justice. His own people had been preserved by Jehovah through the ages by the patience and fortitude He had given them, and God's arm is not shortened that He cannot save nor His ear dulled that He cannot hear. He used the same illustration that John Marvel had used: the unexpected arousing of the law to defend and save poor ignorant girls, who were being dragged down to the bottomless pit by

organized infamy, under the protection of men who had made themselves more powerful than the law. He told of John Marvel's going to find Elsa, and referred to the aid he had received from others, those connected with the railway line on which the strike existed; and he counselled them to await with patience the justice of God. Efforts were being made to furnish them with fuel.

It may have been Wolffert's deep, flashing eyes, his earnest manner and vibrant voice, which affected them, for, though he held himself under strong restraint, he was deeply affected himself; but when John Marvel, after a brief prayer, dismissed them with the benediction, the people, men and women, passed out in almost silence and dispersed to their homes, and their murmured talk was all in a new key of resignation and even of distant hope. I felt as though I had shaken off the trammels of selfishness that had hitherto bound me, and was getting a glimpse of what the world might become in the future.

The press next morning had a fairly full notice of the meeting—the first that had ever been given to the work done through the chapel and its minister. The chief notices in it were the connection of the minister with the case of Elsa Loewen and the attack on the system made by a Jew. One paper had the heading:

"JEW AND CHRISTIAN."

Another's headline ran:

"PREACHER MARVEL VISITS A
BAGNIO."

and it was only below that it was made plain that John Marvel had gone thither to rescue a lost girl.

That day about noon Mrs. Argand received a call from her counsel, the Hon. Collis McSheen, who unfolded to her such a diabolical scheme to injure her property interests in common with those of every other important property holder in the city, by a wicked Jewish wretch and his fellow in mischief, who professed to be a preacher of the Gospel in a chapel which she had largely helped to build for the poor, that between fright and rage the good lady was scarcely able to wait long enough to sum-



mon the Rev. Dr. Capon to her house. The Hon. Collis did not mention the fact that one of his own houses was at that moment closed through the act of this scheming parson, nor that he was beginning to shake over the idea that the investigation beginning to be set on foot in consequence of the meddlesomeness of this same person might reach uncomfortably near his own door, and that he was sensible that a force was being aroused which he could not control.

The Reverend Doctor Bartholomew Capon visited his parishioner and was quite as much upset as she herself was over the information received from Mr. McSheen. Dr. Capon had but an indifferent opinion of Mr. McSheen. He knew him to be a protector of evildoers, a man of loose morals and low instincts, but he was a man of power of the brute kind and of keen insight into the grosser conditions. And his views as to the effect on property of any movement in the city were entitled to great respect, and property, to the Doctor's mind, was undoubtedly a divine institution. Moreover, a Jew who assailed it must have some ulterior design. And to think of his having been permitted to speak in his chapel! So Dr. Capon returned to his home much displeased with his assistant and, sitting down, wrote him a note immediately.

This note John Marvel received next morning in his mail. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Marvel will call at the Rector's office to-morrow, Tuesday, at 11.30 promptly.

("Signed) BARTHOLOMEW CAPON, D.D.,
Rector, etc., etc."

The tone of the note struck even John Marvel and he immediately brought it over to me. We both agreed that the Doctor must have read the account of the raid on Madam Snow's and of his presence there when the officers arrived, and we decided that, notwithstanding the curtness of the summons, it was due to John himself to go and make the simple statement of the matter. We felt indeed that the interview might result in awakening the living interest of Dr. Capon in the work on which we had embarked and securing the co-operation not only of himself but of the powerful organization which he represented as rector

of a large church. Dr. Capon was not a bad man; in fact, in his own way, which was the way of many others, he tried to do good. He was only a worldly man and a narrow man. Like Simon, he believed that there was a power in money which was unlimited. Wolffert, who knew him, used to call him "Dr. Caiaphas."

At 11.30 promptly John Marvel presented himself in the front room of the building attached to the church, in one corner of which was the Rector's roomy office. A solemn servant was in waiting who took in his name, closing the door silently behind him, and after a minute he returned and silently motioned John Marvel to enter. Dr. Capon was seated at his desk with a number of newspapers before him, and in response to John's "Good morning," he simply said, "Be seated," with a jerk of his head toward a chair which was placed at a little distance from him, and John took the seat, feeling, as he afterwards told me, much as he used to feel when a small boy, when he was called up by a teacher and set down in a chair for a lecture. The Rector shuffled his newspapers in a sudden little accession of excitement, taking off his gold-rimmed glasses and putting them on again, and then taking up one, he turned to John.

"Mr. Marvel, I am astonished at you—I am simply astounded that you should have so far forgotten yourself and what was due to your orders, as to have done what I read in this sheet and what the whole press is ringing with."

"Well, sir," said John, who had by this time gotten entire control of himself, and felt completely at ease in the consciousness of his innocence and of his ability to prove it. "I am not surprised that you should be astounded unless you knew the facts of the case."

"What facts, sir?" demanded Dr. Capon. "Facts! There is but one fact to be considered—that you have violated a fundamental canon."

"Yes, I know it would look so and I had intended to come yesterday to consult you as to the best method——"

"It is a pity you had not done so, that you allowed your sense of duty to be so obscured as to forget what was due alike to me and to your sacred vows."

"But I was very much engaged," pursued John, "with matters that appeared to

me of much greater importance than anything relating to my poor self."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Rector. "Cease! Cease your pretences! Mr. Marvel, your usefulness is ended. Sign that paper!"

He picked up and held out to him with a tragic air a paper which he had already prepared before John Marvel's arrival. John's mind had for the moment become a blank to some extent under the unexpected attack, and it was a mechanical act by which his eye took in the fact that the paper thrust into his hand was a resignation declaring that it was made on the demand of the Rector for reasons stated which rendered it imperative that he sever his connection with that parish.

"I will not sign that paper," said John quietly.

"You will not what?" The Rector almost sprang out of his chair.

"I will not sign that paper."

"And pray, why not?"

"Because it places me in the position of acknowledging a charge which, even if true, has not been specifically stated, and which is not true whatever the appearances may be, as I can readily prove."

"Not true?" the Rector exclaimed. "Is it not true that you allowed a Jew to speak in your church, in my chapel?"

"That I did what?" asked John, amazed at the unexpected discovery of the Rector's reason.

"That you invited and permitted a man named Wolffert, a socialistic Jew, to address a congregation in my chapel?"

"It is true," said John Marvel, "that I invited Mr. Wolffert to speak to an assemblage in the chapel under my charge and that he did so speak there."

"Uttering the most dangerous and inflammatory doctrines—doctrines alike opposed to the teaching of the Church and to the command of the law?"

"That is not true," said John. "You have been misinformed."

"I do not wish or propose to discuss either this or any other matter with you, Mr. Marvel. Your usefulness is ended. You will be good enough to sign this paper, for you may rest assured that I know my rights and shall maintain them."

"No, I will not sign this paper," said John Marvel, "but I will resign. Give me a sheet of paper."

The Rector handed him a sheet, and John drew up a chair to the desk and wrote his resignation in a half dozen words and handed it to the Rector.

"Is that accepted?" he asked quietly.

"It is." The Rector laid the sheet on his desk and then turned back to John Marvel. "And now, Mr. Marvel, allow me to say that you grossly, I may say flagitiously, violated the trust I imposed in you when——"

John Marvel held up his hand. "Stop! Not one word more from you. I am no longer your assistant. I have stood many things from you because I believed it was my duty to stand them, so long as I was in a position where I could be of service, and because I felt it my duty to obey you as my superior officer, but now that this connection is ended I wish to say that I will not tolerate one more word or act of insolence from you."

"Insolence?" cried the Rector. "Insolence? You are insolent yourself, sir. You do not know the meaning of the term."

"Oh! Yes I know it," said John, who had cooled down after his sudden outbreak. "I have had cause to know it. I have been your assistant for two years. I bid you good morning, Dr. Capon." He turned and walked out, leaving the Rector speechless with rage.

I do not mean in relating Dr. Capon's position in this interview to make any charge against others who might honestly hold the same view which he held as to the propriety of John Marvel's having requested Leo Wolffert to speak in his church, however much I myself might differ from that view, and however I might think in holding it they are tithing the mint, anise, and cumin and overlooking the weightier matters of the law. My outbreak of wrath, when John Marvel told me of his interview with the Rector, was due, not to the smallness of the Rector's mind, but to the simple fact that he selected this as the basis of his charge, when in truth it was overshadowed in his mind by the fact that Leo Wolffert's address had aroused the ire of one of his leading parishioners, and that the Doctor was thus guilty of a sham in bringing his charge, not because of the address, but because of the anger of his wealthy parishioner. Wolffert was savage in his wrath when he learned how John had been treated. "Your church is the church

of the rich," he said to me; for he would not say it to John. And when I defended it and pointed to its work done among the poor, he said: "Don't you see that Dr. Caiaphas is one of its high-priests and is turning out its prophets? I tell you it will never prosper till he is turned out and the people brought in!"

As soon as it became known in his old parish that John had resigned he was called

back there; but the solicitations of his poor parishioners that he should not abandon them in their troubles prevailed and Wolfert and I united in trying to show him that his influence now was of great importance. So he remained with his people and soon was given another small chapel under a less fashionable and more spiritual rector. I think Eleanor Leigh had something to do with his decision.

(To be continued.)

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

[In many English churches before the Reformation, a little lamp was kept continually burning, called the Lamp of Poor Souls. People were reminded thereby to pray for the souls of those dead whose kinsfolk were too poor to pay for special prayers and masses.]

ABOVE my head the shields are stained with rust,
The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part.
Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and dust,
Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears.
The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,
But not for him. O unforgotten tears,
He was so young!

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.
Into what vast dread dreams, what lonely lands,
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,
Far from my hands?

Cradled is he, with half his prayers forgot.
I cannot learn the level way he goes.
He whom the harvest hath remembered not
Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers;
Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine,
When He treads softly down His starry stairs
And whispers "Thou art Mine."

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.
Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.
Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,
And dreaming, look for me.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears."

PARISIAN WEDDING PARTIES

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

WHEN it was announced that Mademoiselle Jeanne de R—— was about to become the bride of Count Maurice de S—— the news created quite a stir in the upper circles of Parisian society, especially as the marriage would unite two very old and much-respected families, well known for their fortunes and high social standing. At that time I had not been long in the French capital and was a frequent visitor at the de R——'s, Jeanne and I having become fast friends during the year we spent together in an English boarding school.

Shortly after the engagement had been

made public I received an invitation to be present at the *Soirée du contrat*, and although I was vaguely familiar with the fact that the signing of a contract was an indispensable ceremony, to which only relatives and most intimate friends were invited, yet I did not know exactly what proceedings took place, and what is more, I did not dare ask! There was nothing left but to wait and see.

On the appointed evening I arrived at the given time, and after an excellent dinner, at which all members of both families were present, we repaired to the great drawing-room, where the chairs had been arranged in a semicircle about two small round tables. Presently two grave old gentlemen, the family notaries, who had not been seen to smile during the whole dinner, took their seats in front of the tables, and when we were all assembled the elder commenced to read a long *mémoire*, which he announced he had compiled with the help of his colleague. Then, to my utter amazement, he began to name all the possessions of the future bride and bridegroom: so many bonds and mortgages, so many houses, farms, woodlands, prairies, articles of personal adornment, furniture and jewels; the ways in which they might be used or disposed of; what would happen in case no children were born of the marriage; in case of death of one or the other of the parties. In fact, all the misfortunes, all the most terrible and saddest events had been foreseen, and cold chills began running down my back as I heard each new case mentioned. I was indignant! Positively revolted. Why were miserable questions of business allowed to foreshadow the charming union of these two young people, who had known and loved each other since childhood, and whose true and pure affection was innocent of all monetary interests? Could not all this have been spared them?

The next day I frankly opened my heart to Jeanne and her mother, explaining the sensations I had experienced the previous



The Notary.

evening, and saying that in my country, when two persons were about to marry, as long as there was love on both sides and the man was able to support his wife, all such questions were usually left undiscussed.

They both listened to me somewhat astonished, and then Madame de R——, whose great good sense has always convinced me, replied smilingly:

"But, my dear, for us marriage is not only the joining of two young and loving hearts. We go further and consider the generations to come, the founding of a new family—a home. As every one knows the first years are often the most difficult, and we therefore take precautions to smoothe the paths of our children, by settling, in their presence, all business matters—once and forever, and arranging things so that the new life may develop under the best of circumstances."

And in spite of myself I couldn't help admitting the force of her arguments.

The State not acknowledging the religious ceremony, a marriage at the City Hall is an obligatory formality which, for true believers, however, is considered a boresome duty and nothing more. As in the case of my friend Jeanne, the two young people, accompanied by the four chosen witnesses and the members of their families, go to the office of the Mayor in whose district they reside, the afternoon previous to the one set for the church ceremony, and there the Mayor reads them the Articles of the Code and pronounces them man and wife in the name of the law.

I had been invited to join the bridal *cortège*, but being in mourning I declined, and the following day near noon when I entered St. Phillippe du Roule I found the church already crowded with representative members of Parisian society.

Accustomed to being escorted to a seat by an usher, I lingered in the doorway and patiently waited for one to appear. In front of me all the *prie-dieux* were arranged to form pews, as in English churches, and before the altar stood two velvet-covered chairs. The first few rows of seats were reserved, probably for members of the *cortège*. As I stood there observing all this, numerous persons passed

me and, to my surprise, I found they seated themselves. Timidly I advanced, as anxious and as self-conscious as though everybody was watching me, when in reality the edifice was filled with whispered "*Bon jours*" and "*Comment allez-vous?*"

All at once, two enormous, gorgeously dressed Swiss, who, halberd in hand, were stationed in front of the entrance, threw open the great doors and the wedding party entered. Preceded by the Swiss, Jeanne, leaning on her father's arm, advanced down the long aisle. As the halberds resounded on the floor a triumphal march burst forth from the organ-loft.

Following the bride

and her father came the bridesmaids and ushers, two by two, and I shall never forget my surprise when I saw Madame de R—— and the bridegroom himself bringing up the rear of the long *cortège*. I remarked that the men all wore frock-coats, a thing done but by members of the very best and highest cosmopolitan society in Paris, evening dress being used by the generality for almost every formal function, no matter at what hour it takes place.

After High Mass had been said and the final benediction pronounced, Monsieur de R—— stepped forward, offered his arm to his daughter, and the whole wedding party reformed, while the Swiss led the way to the sacristy. The assembled guests fairly elbowed each other in their haste to



The Mayor.

arrive first and congratulate the newly wedded pair, and for nearly an hour the little sacristy was overflowing with people, all smiling and bowing, complimentary phrases and felicitations upon their lips.

Having succeeded in embracing Jeanne and pressing the Count's hand, I stepped aside to survey the whole scene, and the human comedy that was enacted there was most interesting to behold. Evidently at such functions people come to see and to be seen. Old friends greeted one another, rival social leaders posed to their best advantage, and from the fragments of conversation that reached my ears I gathered that Mademoiselle S——, of the Opera, sang "Isolde" divinely; that Monsieur So-and-So's race-horse did not come up to ex-

pectations, and various other frivolities that to me were most amusing because they were so entirely foreign to their surroundings.

Finally when the Swiss decided that all persons had had an opportunity to shake hands with the family, they rapped on the floor with their halberds, and this time the Count offered his arm to his bride, leading the way down the aisle and out of the church, where the brilliant sunshine lit up their happy young faces, and caused the crowd of curious outsiders to murmur complimentary words as they descended the church steps toward their carriage. And what a carriage! Instead of timidly concealing the fact that they are newly married, in France every couple seems anxious that all partake of their joy, and so, according to their means the families decorate the interior of the white-cushioned *coupé* with cut flowers or branches of orange blossoms, while the liveried coachmen wear great *boutonnieres* and have streaming white ribbons tied to their whips.

The average bourgeois wedding takes place much in the same way, in Paris. The *mariage en grand style* is a most formal affair, where every one tries to ape *le grand monde* without knowing just exactly what he is trying to imitate, and in consequence the whole atmosphere is very stiff and cold, resembling a funeral more than anything else.

Almost invariably the whole bridal party lunches at one of the famous cafés on the Grand Boulevards, and late in the afternoon they start in landaus for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, some people thinking this as essential to the wedding as the ring or the veil.

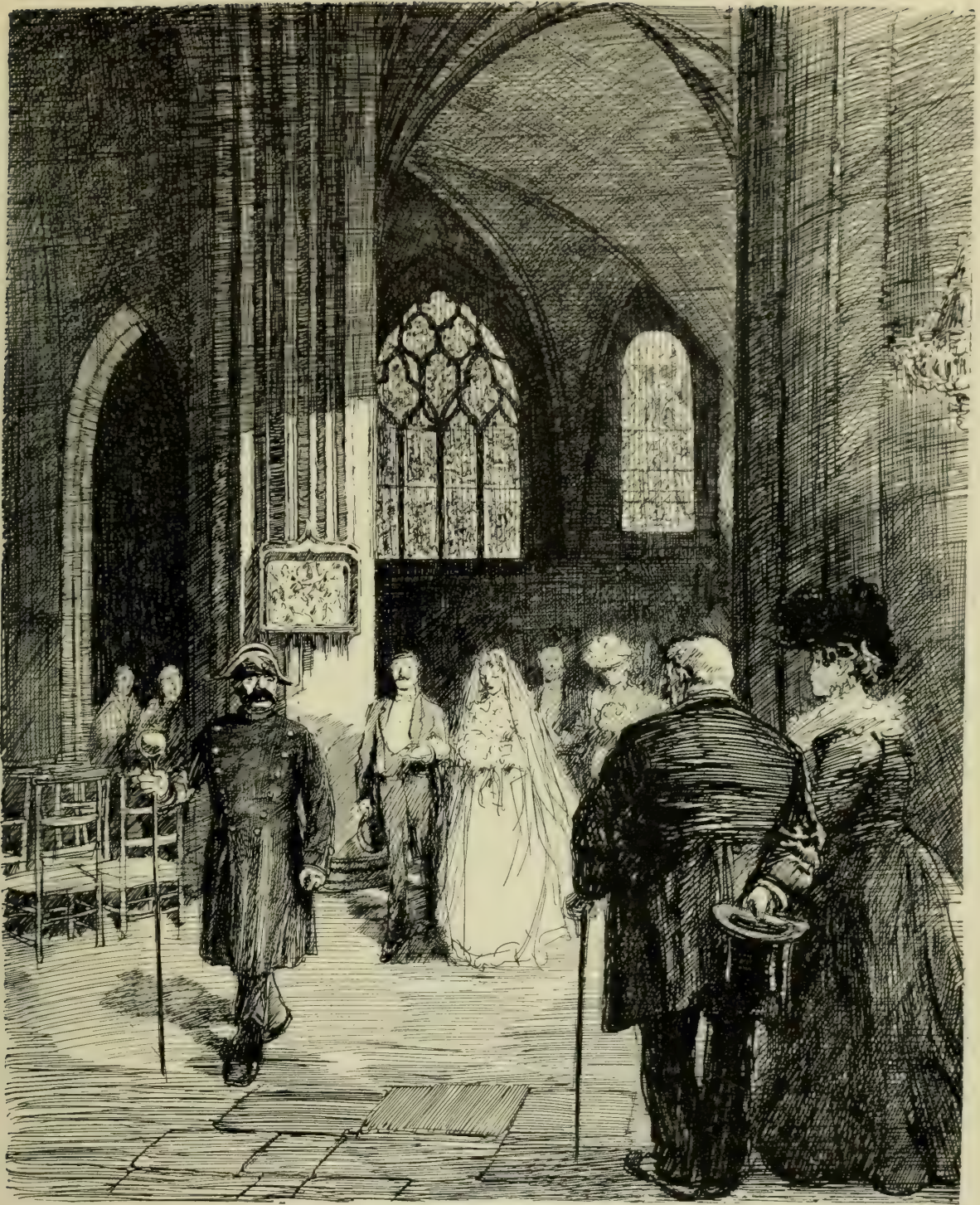
"Why, I shouldn't think myself really married if we didn't drive down the Champs-Élysées," declared a little friend of mine when we were discussing the plans for her wedding. And there you have it, though the once fashionable custom has become almost as hackneyed as the "Lo-hengrin" bridal chorus.

As to the third-class marriage it is by no means the least interesting, and a *roman du peuple* having occurred in my own surroundings, I watched its humorous development with keen attention.

My husband employs in his studio a young man, Auguste by name, who had



The "Suisse."



The wedding procession.

once been an orderly in the army. He is the *Maître Jacques* of the household, caring for the studio, the palettes, and brushes; posing when he is needed, running errands, waxing the floors, and serving at table when occasion requires. He is always gay, good-humored and happy to be alive, for as he works he sings

"*C'est pour la paix que mon marteau travaille.*"

I have often wondered if it was the

human sentiments embodied in that song, together with his (Auguste's) quality of being an *homme sérieux* that made an impression on Marie, our cook, a fine, honest, hard-working girl in whom we have all confidence.

To be brief, love declared itself in the pantry before either my husband or I had remarked the symptoms, and one morning I was most surprised when Marie, blushing and embarrassed, came to me and an-

nounced that an indescribable something drew her toward Auguste, and she asked my permission to regard him in a light other than that of a friend. I congratulated her on her choice, assured her we were willing, and she betook herself to the kitchen, her cheeks aflame, her eyes radiant with happiness.

At noon, when my husband returned

for luncheon, ere I had opened my mouth he announced:

"My dear, I've truly a piece of news for you. Auguste is in love with your cook. He told me so this morning, and you must not be surprised to see his parents come here to ask you for Marie's hand."

The following Sunday, Auguste, with an air of deep mystery, informed me that his



At the sacristy.



Promenade in the Bois de Vincennes.

parents would arrive in Paris that very afternoon, and he begged leave to meet them at the station.

"And would Madame deign to receive them? For they have something important to communicate."

I was somewhat embarrassed. Scarcely over twenty myself, and married but a short time, the idea that two old people should come to ask me for the hand of a girl eight or ten years my senior rather troubled me. Then timidity seized me and I sought out my husband and declared that I would just as soon dispense with the ordeal. He laughed heartily at me and exclaimed:

"What? Why in your own house that would never do. Your girl has neither

father, mother, nor any close relative, and in her eyes you represent the paternal and maternal authority she has lost. You wouldn't purposely offend all those good people who are so devoted to you by refusing to receive the homage they intend paying? If you are truly as frightened as you pretend, I'll come and help you through."

At three o'clock, precisely, the chambermaid announced Monsieur and Madame Nouvel. An elderly man in a frock-coat and a derby hat, an old woman wearing a flower bonnet and bearing a basket on her arm—two real types of Seine-and-Marne peasants—advanced toward me, followed by Auguste, beaming from ear to ear, attired in his best suit plus red gloves and the most extraordinary green tie I have

ever seen. Auguste presented his parents and I begged them to be seated.

"Madame," stuttered the old man in a thin, visibly nervous voice, "we have come for the happiness of our young man to ask the hand of Mademoiselle Marie, your cook."

At these words two large tears rolled down the mother's cheeks and she hastily mopped them off with her enormous red-and-yellow handkerchief.

I replied that I was much flattered for Marie; that I knew her and Auguste both very well, that doubtless they were made to understand each other, and for my part I should be very glad to see them united, but that it would be better, perhaps, to question Marie herself, and be sure of her opinion in the matter. I rose and was about to ring for her to be sent for, when the old man motioned me to stop.

"One moment, just one, Madame, if you please. We must not forget to talk about the business matters. Our son has economized 600 francs (\$120). We intend making him a present of 400 more, together with his wedding suit. We will also pay for the dinner and the church ceremony. Furthermore, our son will inherit a third of our property when we shall no longer be above ground. It is a *joli parti*, as you see. Now, will you have the kindness to tell us what the young lady possesses?"

I was indignant at this barter. How did I know what Marie possessed? I was about to reply to the effect that her brave heart, her honesty, and her good humor ought to be sufficient, when my husband came to the rescue.

"Monsieur Nouvel," he said, "Marie has economized 1,500 francs, 500 of which are in the bank and the other 1,000 in bonds of the Northern Railway Company. There is also a trousseau composed of underwear and household linen, a half dozen of each article." (Where he got his information was more than I knew.) As he continued enumerating the other things, at each new piece the old people's faces kept lighting up, and when he announced that he offered the young folks a hundred dollars as a wedding gift, they could hardly control their astonishment and shook their heads until I couldn't help thinking that they resembled a couple of Chinese magots.

When he had finished my husband rang

for Marie. Pretty soon the door opened and she entered, her eyes fixed on the floor, her cheeks so red that I was almost frightened.

"Marie," said I, "here are Monsieur and Madame Nouvel, who have come to ask your hand for their son. What shall I reply?"

"Say 'Yes,' Madame if you please."

Then the old people rose and embraced the girl tenderly.

"Now, you, my son," added the father.

Auguste came forward, clumsily turning a ring between his fingers.

"Mademoiselle," he gasped.

"Monsieur," she replied, making a courtesy and holding out her finger. He slipped on the ring and kissed his betrothed on both cheeks. The old mother could no longer control herself.

"Do you remember, Louis?" she hiccupped to her husband, who himself was wiping his eyes with a handkerchief no smaller than the one used by his companion.

By this time Marie was sniffing and Auguste had grown very pale.

"Come, come, my friends," volunteered my husband, a trifle anxious as to where the tearfulness would end. "Come, come. This is the happiest day of your lives. We must drink in its honor."

He rang. Armandine appeared with a tray on which was a bottle of Barsac and some biscuits. Although Marie's friend and confidante, I was amazed at her discretion, for she appeared not to notice the presence of any one, and left the room without turning her head.

"Here is the good health of the newly betrothed," proposed my husband, and we all lifted our glasses.

In a few moments they all retired with many thanks and blessings.

"Well, my dear," said my husband a few days later, "perhaps you had better begin to prepare for the ceremony. You know it is my duty to lead Marie to the altar and yours to see that she has the necessary papers."

"Oh, we have plenty of time."

"Perhaps, but it is a longer job than you fancy. For my part, six weeks is hardly sufficient for me to aid Auguste to get things straightened out. Think of it! The poor boy must produce his birth papers, his military book, an extract from his Civil Code proving his citizenship, a certificate proving him to be of good moral



Auguste presents his parents.

character, and a paper signed by both parents giving their consent to his union. Besides all this, the marriage must be published at least two weeks beforehand at the City Hall, and the banns announced for three consecutive Sundays in the church."

"Heavens! And Marie?"

"Well, both parents being dead, she must not only have their death papers but those of her grandparents, and you must be careful to find out that she has no living relative who might come forward at the last moment and protest. Of course, she must have her own birth papers and her certificate of baptism (in fact they both need them for the church) as well as a *billet de confession*."

It is needless to say that I set about my task immediately, and before I had finished I understood why the divorce rate is so low in France. For if it takes half as long to sever the knot as it does to tie it, I don't wonder people think twice before meddling with the business.

Of course, there were questions of bridal gowns, veils, wreaths and a thousand other little things that are always interesting to women, and I must admit that Marie busied her head more about my costume than her own. One morning I surprised her and Armandine standing in front of my open wardrobe, engaged in a warm discussion as to my toilet.

"Madame really ought to wear the gray

gown with her big feather hat," remarked my maid.

"No, you'll see. She'll wear the blue one. It's more dressy," replied the bride-elect.

So when the wedding day arrived the blue gown was donned, much to Marie's delight.

We had many and long discussions as to the bridal costume. Marie, whose practical mind dominated her sentiments, wishing it to be of black woollen goods, so that she "might wear it again."

"Huh! I shouldn't feel I was married unless I wore white," retorted Armandine.

"But I shall have a veil, and orange blossoms in my hair and for a bouquet," retorted Marie.

"Pooh! People will think you're a widow!"

This was the last straw. Coquetry gained the day, and white was decided on.

It was Armandine who dressed the bride's hair and arrayed her in her frock, while our two concierges took possession of Auguste's robust hands and literally sweat blood trying to make them go into a pair of gloves that must have been two sizes too small. They despaired several times, but at length the deed was accomplished, much to Auguste's discomfort, however, for though happy at being properly gloved, he could not move a finger and was miserable because he had lost the entire use of his hands.

Besides the bride, the groom, his parents and ourselves, the wedding party was composed of Armandine and a neighboring chamber-maid, a dragoon (Auguste's brother), an omnibus driver (an intimate friend of both parties), and several other young people whom I had never seen before.

At eleven o'clock, when a white up-holstered landau, gorgeous with its shiny nickel lamps, followed by an eight-seated brake and two ordinary cabs drew up before the door, everybody in the quarter rushed out to see the bridal party descend, pile in, and drive off for the civil ceremony.

As Saturday is the popular wedding day for people of the working classes, when we entered the City Hall there were already half a dozen couples, seated one behind the other on the low red-velvet benches, patiently waiting their turn for their knots to be tied.

We took our places and listened to the Mayor, who, wearing his great tricolored scarf and standing behind a desk, reeled off the Articles of the Code as though

anxious to be rid of his tiresome duty. As one by one the couples departed, we kept moving up and taking their places until at length it was Marie's turn.

Though much calmer than the bride, I was unable to understand a word that was said—so fast did the ceremony proceed. But, then, perhaps my attention was attracted by a very humorous chap who seemed to think it his duty to liven up the party by cracking jokes about everything and everybody. When, finally, the Mayor dismissed us, the whole *cortège* descended into the street, and as St. Gervais is just across the way, they spurned the carriages for such a short distance and throwing her train over her arm, the bride led the way to the church.

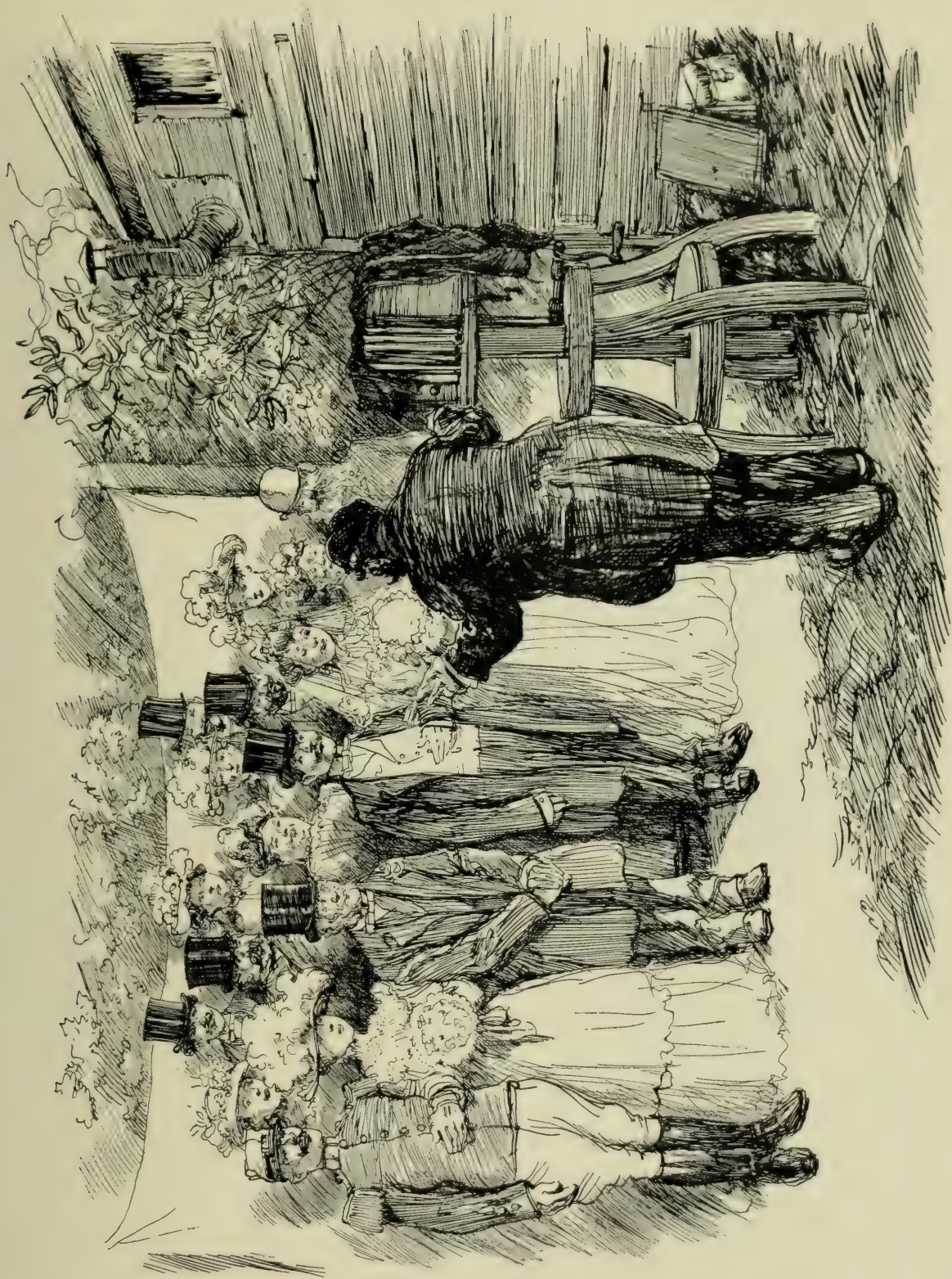
At the doors we were met by the "Confrérie de Ste. Philomène" a society to which Marie belonged. Their banner headed the procession, and then followed all the members wearing the blue ribbon of the order about their necks, white wreaths, and long tulle veils which ill-concealed the dress of shop-girls and chamber-maids who had stolen the time from their luncheons in order to be present at the wedding.

Then came the Swiss, and finally the bride, leaning on my husband's arm.

Mass was said at the altar of the Virgin, the Curate pronounced a short discourse, the "Confrérie" sang a couple of hymns, and after the benediction we made our way to the sacristy. Here the head of the "Confrérie" stepped up to Marie, embraced her, and divested her of the blue ribbon and silver medal that hung about her neck. Then all the society ranged themselves in a row and Marie passed in front of them, kissing each one separately. These were her *adieux de jeune fille*. By the time she reached the end of the line, two great tears were glistening in her eyes, and she turned toward us to thank "Madame and Monsieur" for the honor they had done her. The little sacristy was overflowing with neighboring store-keepers and tradespeople, all anxious to have a peep at the young couple, for Marie and Auguste are much loved in the quarter.

There were more hand-shakings, and finally we all set off for luncheon at a restaurant. There we left the party having promised to join them for dinner.

Near seven o'clock we arrived at a large



They had been photographed at St. Mandé.



Our party arrived for dinner.

pavilion on the Avenue St. Mandé, well known for serving *Dîners de Noce*, and where, for five francs a head, one can obtain *Filet de Sole Marguery*, *Chevreuil perigeux* and champagne!

Our friends had not yet arrived and as we sat in a little garden waiting for them to come, I watched with interest various other wedding parties that drove up to dine.

Their dress was less correct than in the morning. The emotion was over, and they were now free to sing and shout as they pleased. One thing in particular I remarked; all these people, most of them workmen or very small commercial dealers wore frock-coats, that uniform of ceremony which the *peuple* in France bring

out on grand occasions only. Some of the men had grown stouter, others thinner, since the days when their clothes were new, and most of the coats were decidedly out of style. All these good people had the deepest respect for the waiters in evening attire, and many of them tried to address the *Garçons* in superior tones that were miserable failures. The waiters, conscious of their prestige, used and even abused it, and their familiarity was shockingly amusing.

Amid the tumult of song and the blasts of trumpets our party arrived. They had ridden round the lake in the Bois de Vincennes, danced at St. Mandé, and been photographed at Joinville. In fact, they had drained the cup of pleasure to its very dregs.

"Such a heavenly day, Madame," exclaimed Marie, as we walked in to dinner.

Every one seemed ravenous, and the conversation did not become general until the meal was well advanced. Then the dragoon began telling trooper's tales, father Nouvel explained to his neighbor how he made a \$60 income by raising rabbits, while the omnibus driver recounted his exploits against the automobilists, his enemies.

At dessert, when the champagne was brought on, everybody became reanimated. My husband rose and proposed the health of the bride and groom, wished them long life and happiness amid thundering applause.

Then old Monsieur Nouvel got up, coughed, and said:

"Monsieur and Madame, how are we ever going to thank you for the honor you have done us?"

Then wishing to add something that would particularly please me, he hoped I would thank my family (for him) for having brought me into the world! He men-

tioned all their names, which he had learned for the occasion, but after he had pronounced them he could get no further and was obliged to retire after I had assured him that I would transmit his message.

Then followed more toasts and finally songs. Marie was called on and responded with the "Monastery Bells," while her husband, after assuring us that his hammer worked in the interests of humanity alone, favored us with a patriotic ditty in which, from all I could understand, the "Germans broke their fiddles because they had French souls." Father Nouvel quavered "*Je sais attacher les rubans*" and his wife hummed a dear old peasant song. There were still others, most of them patriotic or sentimental, yet not a single vulgar verse marred the evening's enjoyment.

At length a waiter announced that the dance hall was open. This was our cue to withdraw, and so we took our leave after wishing them all much pleasure and happiness.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS

By J. Laurence Laughlin

I



THE close of the nineteenth century was marked by the rise of an unmistakable moral sentiment and philanthropy. The air came to be filled with an ardent altruism. A glowing idealism began to mark our literature and our academic activity. Its chivalrous desire to make the world better is still with us, and we all have a distinct feeling of pride that our kind have been able to bring such altruism to fruition. Whatever the exciting cause—whether or not the outcome was the immigration from England of the fine spirit set aflame by Maurice, Kingsley, Green, and Morris—our own generation here has felt the touch of a passion for righteousness the like of which has not been known for many a decade. It is a thing to be proud of; a thing which increases our faith in man,—in spite of the

ugly dragons which it is obliged to drive out of its pathway. Possibly the sordid meanness of selfish struggles for power and wealth in politics and industry, in these last decades, has given a need to which this spirit was an immediate response. This zeal to make bad things better appeals to all of us high and low; and so far as in us lies we all wish to help on the coming of the dawn.

In this spirit, which aims to further, rather than to hinder, the progress of kindness among men, and to spread farther and extend deeper the curative processes in society, it will be permitted, I am sure, to examine searchingly the aims and methods by which the so-called "new philanthropy" is trying to work out its undeniably lofty purposes. No doubt any one who attempts to question any part of the programme is in danger of being misunderstood and of being vehemently set upon as a hostile, cold-blooded, and unsympathetic outsider; but even at that risk, one who is really inter-

ested in seeing the reign of better things become a permanent condition of our life will be justified in the hope that he will be at least granted the possession of an honest purpose. When a dog-sledge party is being sent to rescue a lost explorer in the arctic snows, it is not hostility, but real vital wisdom, to insist that the expedition shall go with food and supplies sufficient for all possible needs, and not with empty sleds driven only by excitable enthusiasts.

The course of this admirable renaissance of philanthropy has now run so long that we are in a position to take stock of results, and to put the methods to some tests of common sense. And as the finest and best results have appeared in the social settlements planted in our various centres of population, they will be the subject of our examination. Here, it may be necessary again emphatically to protest against any possible misinterpretation of one's motives. This examination is made in an honest belief that the usefulness of such institutions may be increased, and not lowered, by forcing a kindly and thorough discussion of their aims, methods, and limitations. If any and all discussion is regarded as an indication of unfriendliness, then such discussion is all the more necessary as a means of breaking down the barriers of a narrowness that is unwilling to bear any light. The crust of habit in any course of action, especially if quasi-religious, is not always a sign of perfection. And, of course, those in our settlements who have given the most real service to others are the very ones who are most generous in welcoming suggestions, and most anxious for any criticism which is constructive and not destructive. For no one could possibly wish to minimize the good and the service which some splendid characters like Samuel Barnett and Jane Addams are now doing for their fellow men. Any way, their fame is too securely founded for any lesser persons to detract from by word or implication, even if they wished,—which they do not.

II

At the very outset the inquiring mind is obliged to ask of the Social Settlements: What is the objective; and what are the conscious means of reaching that objective? That they wish to do good is to be admitted

at once; but that is not enough. Intelligent service must have a definite purpose. More than that, even if the purpose is clear, and all agree in its desirability, it is of great interest to know by what methods that purpose is to be reached. Even if there is agreement as to the end, there may be honest differences of opinion as to the wisdom of specific means.

In its origin, the settlement was the creation of non-religious altruism. In England, although Toynbee Hall was the suggestion of an English clergyman, Mr. Barnett, the initial movement came from non-clerical sources. In this country, the social settlement undoubtedly came forth because the churches were either sunk in self-contented inaction and not doing the work of practical Christianity, or because they were unable to satisfy the upward striving of the masses for better ethical guidance. It is the social settlement which has stung the church into action, not the church the social settlement. And, no doubt, the distinctly religious appeal is an obstacle to success, especially where divers nationalities and beliefs are crowded together in the poorer districts. Therefore, by way of differentiation, it cannot be said that it is the aim of the settlement to teach any particular religious creed. Possibly the real trouble with some of the churches is that they have been so long occupied with dialectics about the devitalized tenets of theology that people have reacted against all creeds; and the kindly disposed have gone off where they can find emphasis put upon the introduction into conduct of an active service to others. If it be assumed that religion is a way of introducing into conduct a code of ethics based on service to others, it may be said that the settlement, as an institution, has, to a certain extent, superseded (or done the work of) the church. By divesting service to others of religious dogma, it has succeeded in drawing into altruistic work those who, by nature or training, were not likely to be reached by the church of to-day.

When we try to express how the aim of service to others is to be carried out in the settlement we touch the crux of the whole matter. Toynbee Hall was founded, said Barnett, to carry a message to the poor expressed in the life of brother men. That is, if new ideals, or new principles of ethics, were to be implanted in those who had

wrong ideals, or none at all, they must be enacted in the lives of those who come to live in the settlement. Edward Denison said as early as 1867: "Those who would teach must live among those who are to be taught,"—which, after all, was the rule of Loyola for the Jesuits, and it is undeniably true. It may be said, in passing, it is the reason why the economic education of the Mississippi Valley cannot be carried on from New England or the Atlantic seaboard. In short, the distinctive advance on the methods of some churches was the practical means of bringing into contact at the social settlement different classes of society who possessed different social and ethical standards, but who were at present so dissociated in work, residence, and education that they were growing apart. This separation of interests, although due to increasing population, enlarged production, the growth of our cities, accumulation of wealth, and other such forces, was nevertheless the cause of suspicion, envy and hatred, and contained in it the possibilities of permanent class consciousness based on the unfortunate belief that the interests of the classes were divergent. Anything which would bring about a better understanding between the rich and the poor would be of advantage to both: the rich, or the employing classes, could be brought to see the point of view of the poor, or the working class, and thus be enabled to know why they did what to them seemed foolish, or inexplicable things; and the poor could be made to see that the rich were not always revelling in operas, balls, and tables of Levi, but that many of them were human beings, who also wished to help others wherever a sane and practicable method were shown to them; and that altruism had also inspired the fortunate to work for the help of the unfortunate.

III

THE aims and methods of social settlements are both easy and difficult to state; and the reason for this delphic statement is not far to seek. The poverty and the misery of many, the existence of wrongs in industrial and municipal life, the hostile strife between laborers and employers, and the existence of vicious practices due to a low moral sense, have set remedial forces into action. The settlement represents a part of

the crusade for industrial, civic, and moral improvement; while the movement also involves the very essentials of the whole problem of abolishing poverty. It is easy, therefore, to say truly that the settlement aims to advance every agency which will work for righteousness. On the other hand, the aims must be more definite than this, and the methods ought to be worked out to accomplish the practical ends; still, it is difficult to express with great exactitude the precise policy of the settlement, and, *a fortiori*, the precise methods to be followed out. In fact, almost all the leaders in settlement work agree in stating that they have no definite policy, and they also mention the diversity of problems in different neighborhoods, and the necessity of first learning the peculiarities of their constituency before fixing on any definite policy. Yet, while the particular work of each settlement may differ from that of another, there are certain general aims common to all, which may be regarded as characteristic of what is now sometimes called a "movement."

The whole big problem attacked is that of making the world better. How the church has proposed to do this we all know; and we know the measure of its success. The settlement, however, has a fairly definite and local programme. It hunts out the spots in our cities where there is the least knowledge, the worst conditions, and the greatest lack of ameliorating forces, in order to introduce the practical means of raising the material and moral standard of those living there. And yet it must act under the guidance of some general principles. Its purpose is wide—almost despairingly wide. On its economic side, it must face practically the whole problem we discussed in "The Abolition of Poverty."* But it includes more than this: it aims to cover also the elevation of the moral and civic standards of its constituency. This is the reason why the residents are sometimes surprised to find that the paving of an alley is tied up with the civil service reform of the city; or that the control of the "white slave" traffic in their own bailiwick is also a matter of national concern. They are really concerned with principles and problems of general import, involving many fields of inquiry, political, economic, and moral. To improve the race is a staggering task, but idealists do

* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, June, 1909.

not shrink from any task. One, therefore, watches and inquires for their policy in this great undertaking with a fascinated interest like that with which one might in person follow an army as it goes into action.

What is the strategy, and what is the tactics of this settlement army? What is the plan of operations, and how is the plan to be carried out? The purpose is to overcome evil and to advance schemes for the progress of society in industrial, civic, and moral ways. Here we are met with a difficulty at the start,—one which results from the fact that the settlement army is a citizen or volunteer force: there is no organized strategy. Here and there are some conspicuously fit officers, and here and there are some obviously unfit ones. From the fit ones, we get the best idea of the plan so far as it has been evolved. At the start, they will tell you, they think the strategy can be worked out only by experience in the field; that they have very little use for economic West Points; that science has very little help to give. This view seems to apply not only to the discovery of the ultimate purpose, but to the practical methods to be followed. Such an attitude is much the same—to change the illustration—as if medical progress should be expected to come more effectually from physicians engaged in actual practice, than from the scientific laboratories of Pasteur or Erlich. In fact, the discovery of a principle may—and has—changed the whole character of therapeutics. If the cause of a disease be discovered in a new microbe, then the methods of prevention of that disease would be radically changed from the former treatment.

We may speak similarly of the great central economic problems which confront the resident of a settlement. Of these the chief one is to find the principle to be followed if we should hope to raise the material comfort of the poorest paid wage-receivers. Poverty, like disease, is what we hope to remove. Is this end to be reached only by the work of residents in the practical experience of settlement life, or by the study of trained economic investigators—or by both allied? It is obvious, of course, that settlements are not the only places in which students of economics may come into intimate relationship with the conditions of the very poor. Many persons who have never seen a settlement may yet be thoroughly in-

formed of, and closely in sympathy with, the struggle of the lowly for a better existence. Of course, it is actual experience, no matter whether it is within or without a settlement, which is to be regarded as the necessary condition of a correct prescription for the economic ills of society. But, even on this wider ground, may it not be asked whether experience is the sole requisite for a true insight into the problem of correcting these ills?

Immediately, we are obliged to inquire as to the qualities of mind and heart which are needed in such a search. In making an economic analysis of stated facts, and in rightly arriving at causes, it is patent that a thorough economic training is of the first importance. No one in his senses would think of allowing an untrained layman to determine whether the high temperature of a sick patient were due to typhoid fever or to appendicitis. And when the settlement resident is required to pass judgment upon, or to take a personal share in, an economic dispute, it is quite possible that an error may be committed, unless the person is competent to think accurately in the subject and to grasp all the elements of the problem. To follow the immediate promptings of the heart may result in more ill than good—and only too late bring the conviction that after long years of service no real progress has been made in solving the difficulty. Mitigating present suffering—or social nursing—is essential to any bad situation; but it is a larger and better task to work out the preventive principle lying behind the facts of suffering. And yet, how can the investigator possibly make any penetrating study of causes at work in a bad economic situation unless he can get into close touch with all the facts? There are economists who spin their theories in the closet, and whose symmetrical, metaphysical systems satisfy all the demands of an analytical mind, except to explain the actual facts of life. On the other hand, there are those who know only facts, and who have no power to classify or organize them, or to discover causes at work. The truth can never be reached by either class of these extremists. The principles needed to guide us in the complexities of daily life can be obtained only by those competent to discover causes and who are also in a position to get all the results of experience. To stake all

on experience is, therefore, to ignore half of the process. This is the old dispute as to the possibility of arriving at economic truth solely by induction,—a method which no longer receives much support.

Social settlements are, of course, not laboratories where the hypotheses of cold-blooded theorists are to be tried out experimentally at the expense of human victims; far from it. But they should be places where principles of economics, carefully ascertained by sound method, should be relied on and applied in actual conditions as they arise. That is, the settlement needs the results of economics as much as medicine needs the results of the scientific laboratories. It is wrong to put the case as in the following words: "The settlement stands for application as opposed to research; for emotion as opposed to abstraction; for universal interest as opposed to specialization." There can be no safe basis for application and emotion without previous research and study of causes. It was Arnold Toynbee himself who said "that thought and knowledge must now in philanthropy take the place of feeling"; and also that "if we cannot live by bread alone neither can we subsist solely on nectar and ambrosia."*

IV

WHAT, then, as to the qualifications of the usual settlement resident for such serious work as determining on the objective to be followed? Let me disclaim the slightest intention of depreciating or of even speaking in a possibly patronizing way of zeal. It is a necessary part of an altruistic service, and it deserves our respectful admiration. But zeal alone is, as every one knows, not enough for this social duty. Beyond it and the possession of tact, sympathy and moral earnestness, the settlement guide should be entirely competent to act as teacher and judge in the complicated economic questions which underlie the problem of improving the condition of the very poor; or, if untrained, such person should have the discretion to avoid becoming a partisan and assuming the whole matter in question as settled by those only who happen to be nearest and most emphatic as to facts alone. Not infrequently

the ranks of settlement residents are filled with women who go to the settlement, as women in the middle ages went to the cloister. Besides willingness, there is often little to recommend them as fitted for the important tasks before them, and for which a rigorous professional training should be exacted. Indeed, the practical question has already been raised, at least in one university, of forming a special course of study designed to prepare persons of ability, having an altruistic ambition, for a career in practical philanthropy. Certainly, the day of untrained persons in social nursing ought to have gone by as entirely as it has in medical nursing.

All that has been said may have been regarded as applying only to subordinate helpers, and not to those in authority; but it should also apply more strongly to those in a position to determine the general policy of a settlement. As we look over the field, do we conclude that the directors of the settlements are those who have first shown their pre-eminence by ability, training, and approved capacity to settle serious economic problems? Nor does one mean by this to exact agreement with any obsolete economics, or any preconceived point of view, but the ability to think in the subject rationally and to have intellectual grasp on serious economic topics. Is it right, or even expedient, to give the entire direction of the policy of a settlement to a person, no matter how good and amiable, who has had no thorough training in economic and civic studies—to say nothing of hygiene and law? The head of a settlement often is, but should not be, a preacher of special tenets. To an individual that may be allowed, but not to a director of an institution representing the joint activities of those coming from poor and rich alike. A preacher of duty, of service to others, every worker must be. But personal vanity and cock-sureness should be sunk in public duty; and policies should be determined upon only after careful discussion by judicial persons who are interested in narrowing, rather than in widening, the gap between social classes. One of the reasons for the lessening influence of the church is the poor quality of some of the clergy; and if the workers in the settlements show lack of training and ability, their institutions also will surely lose prestige.

* F. C. Montague, "Johns Hopkins Univ. Studies," VII, pp. 26, 28.

V

KEEPING in mind the desire of the settlement to bring about a higher level of satisfactions for the workingmen, at least one industrial objective is to assist in securing "a living wage." What has the method based on experience brought forward to accomplish this end? Of course, the same policies are not followed in all settlements, since the individual views of the person who dominates the institution is usually reflected in the special forms of activity; but the attitude toward wages and the unions is more or less the same in many settlements. Perhaps the common form of interest is in the struggle of the poor to better their material condition. Obviously this is to be accomplished through higher wages. Then, what methods have the most intelligent leaders in the settlement movement suggested for this purpose? Although no two persons would state the method alike, yet there is a prevailing attitude characteristic of the current thinking in and about settlements—and that is the recourse to legislation. Just as the labor element try to force an eight-hour day by legislation, so throughout the settlements one hears often the wish to establish a minimum wage by legislation. Recourse to law to change industrial conditions is evidently popular. Apropos of the anthracite strike, if peace had been maintained, it was suggested that public sympathy would have urged legislation on the minimum wage, after the manner of New Zealand. Here we have an example of the results following from the methods arrived at by experience.

It is precisely in such a case that the method by experience needs correction by science and a wider knowledge of principle. Time and again economics has shown that legislation is futile, if not in accordance with the economic laws of the market. Nor does one have to go far afield to discover that, if wages have fallen below a living rate, it is not merely a question of demand; it is also a question of supply. If the supply of unskilled labor is so abundant at a particular point of competition in a city district that pitiable conditions result, it is no remedy to legislate as to what wages ought to be. Laws fixing the prices of goods or of labor are now regarded as the evidence of a mediæval mind. If wages are

too low, they can be raised either (1) by reducing the supply of competitors, or (2) by increasing the demand for labor. By reducing supply is not meant massacre, but the transfer to other points where supply is short, or the elevation of the worker by increasing his industrial productivity. To fix a legal minimum wage is merely to transfer to the user of labor the responsibility for the excess of supply of labor over which he has no control. We all wish that the laboring man should have increased consumption, and no one is cold-blooded and unsympathetic who insists that this increased consumption cannot be obtained by legislation, but by conformance to laws which permanently regulate the price of labor. As explained elsewhere,* increased consumption is a function of increased productivity, or an increased demand relatively to supply of that particular kind of labor. This view is not the outcome of an individualistic philosophy any more than the law of gravity is individualistic. But it is a definite correction which science can make to any induction from experience alone which seems to rely on legislation as a means of securing results.

There is, however, an allied matter on which the settlements are clearly in the right, and in which they are likely to be of great service. One way of influencing the productivity of laborers is through a modification of their standard of living. It is not a hopeless or unsympathetic mind which believes that improvement is within the control of the laborer himself; and that permanent progress is most likely to come in this way rather than by external influences such as legislation. And yet the dual nature of the problem is such that environment as well as internal change is effective. The rise of the standard, to be sure, is largely a matter of character and morals. Although its results are economic, the forces affecting the change of standard are mainly un-economic. Here, then, we have a field for the fullest activity of the settlement; and one of the expressed aims of the settlement has been to raise the standard of living. In a very important way, so far as the standard can be touched by environment, legislation is a powerful help; and all ethical and idealistic impulses, emotion

* "The Abolition of Poverty," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, June, 1909.

and stimulus to the heart, have here an undisputed place. It is possible that the matter of changing the standard is the chief and most useful function of the social settlement. Indeed, it gives the key to such a plan as that of Toynbee Hall.

No doubt many who have passed out of the sordid byways of Whitechapel into the artistic and cultured atmosphere of Toynbee Hall have tried to formulate the principle by which the residents influenced the life of the neighborhood. Would not the injection of men living a life of culture and comfort into a region of poverty and misery only aggravate differences? Toynbee himself hoped to dedicate his life to the "social expression of culture." Obviously, the existence of these cultivated Oxford men in Whitechapel does not directly raise the wages, or increase the consumption, of the poor. But their very presence there, without patronizing, unmistakably sets before those who have not had it a sample of democratic helpfulness and fulness of life which must help in the formation of a higher standard of living. The man who comes from a damp basement tenement to the warm parlors and cheerful club rooms of Toynbee Hall will get a stimulus toward trying to improve his own lot. More than that, he will get a helping hand and intelligent assistance. If the spirit of improvement is introduced, the practical means of carrying it out is sure to be found in one way or another. Therefore, to the extent that the settlement is creating a new spirit of progress and improvement it has an unquestioned future. Given the purpose which is to be put into action, the really difficult question is as to how the purpose may be carried out. If the concrete methods be asked for, according to which the poor are to get higher material rewards, then the aid of economic training is essential. The principles by which men progress up the scale of wages and comfort cannot be settled by emotion as opposed to research.

It is, moreover, the function of the settlement residents to put principles to concrete tests. They, more than most others, are placed where they must have practical results. Examples of effective work by the settlement are found in the enforcement of sanitary and smoke ordinances, in meat inspection, in laws to secure proper fire escapes in factories, and to obtain protection

to workmen from dangerous machinery. Metaphysical abstractions are useless; principles must be translated into rules of action for every-day life. The mechanic in the shop comes to know whether a tool does its work well or not; yet he may not know the principles of the science of thermodynamics or electricity by which his tool was constructed. So, very often a settlement worker may accomplish good results under good principles, without knowing much as to the constructive processes by which the principles were arrived at. Although some mechanics are inventors, few could have devised the machine they work with; and, likewise, while some residents may have capacity and training to work out a constructive policy, the most of them must accept the rôle of following the rules laid down by their leaders. In the main, to bring into contact elements which are of mutual benefit, and to mediate between alienated classes, so that common bonds of interest and feeling are established, are important things for the content of any community. The aim is right, even if errors are made in carrying it out.

Even though the settlement wishes to bring about larger material rewards for the poor, and even though it aims especially at raising the standard of living, it consciously plans to do more. Civic and moral ends are always in its programme. As a result of seeing much of those who are least happy and comfortable the resident gets no exalted idea of the existing industrial organization. Consequently, a reaction in favor of a better industrial system is likely. The present form of society tried under conditions due to the imperfection of mankind is almost certain to be contrasted with another form of society conceived under ideal conditions such as would follow a perfected human nature. Hence, there is in the settlement a not infrequent sympathy with socialism. If settlement residents are not avowed socialists, yet avowed socialists always find a congenial atmosphere in the settlement.

Most of our settlements are placed where they must deal with masses of newly arrived immigrants. Indeed, the questions centring about immigration, their care on arrival, the protection of women, the duty of giving them intelligent civic instruction, and the like, are constantly emphasized by those in direction of settlements. Perhaps

one of the most praiseworthy qualities in a settlement worker is that of sympathy, and the ability to show a stranger that his point of view is understood. In thus opening the mind to what is passing in the foreigner's thoughts and feelings the settlement worker comes into close contact with all the forms of antagonism to government of the autocratic kind now existing in the countries of the immigrants' nativity. Obviously the most pronounced type of that antagonism—especially when it cannot be continued against our free institutions as it was against European absolutism—takes the form of socialism. The newcomers, fresh from the activity of foreign agitation, are full of socialistic doctrines especially of the metaphysical sort. The settlement resident may listen sympathetically to the eloquent analysis of the wrongs of capitalism, hear difficult economic propositions glibly discussed and disposed of, hospitably encourage full and free discussion, and give rooms for the meeting of any and all kinds of thinking whether socialistic or anarchistic. There can be no real dissent from the wisdom of this method; for free discussion is doubtless the best preventive of radical error. But how as to the original purpose to bring about a better understanding between different classes of society? Is this to be accomplished by hearing and sympathizing with only one class in society? Does free discussion mean the presentation of only one side of a difficult question? When the radical socialists newly arrived are warmly welcomed in the rooms of the settlements, do they hear anything of the errors of Marx, or of the impossibilities of socialism? If the settlement allows itself to think only in terms of one class, and in antagonism not only to another class but to all organized society, as established by the long experience of the race, then it is certainly not creating but preventing a better understanding between different parts of society. Such a situation, of course, is not to be found in all settlements. Whatever this tendency to socialism may have been in the past, it is quite evident it is very much less active in settlements at the present time.

VI

SINCE raising the standards of living is a slow process, it would be natural to ex-

pect that attention would be directed to improving the quality of neighborhood life. Perhaps this is what the resident has in mind in speaking of wishing to give to the hard worker more life. In trying to ascertain the purpose of social settlements, we find the following interesting statement from Jane Addams:*

"The residents are actuated, not by a vague desire to do good which may distinguish the philanthropist, nor by that thirst for data and analysis of the situation which so often distinguishes the 'sociologist,' but by the more intimate and human desire that the workingman, quite aside from the question of the unemployed or the minimum wage, shall have secured to him powers of life and enjoyment, after he has painstakingly earned his subsistence; that he shall have an opportunity to develop those higher moral and intellectual qualities upon which depend the free aspects and values of living. Thus a settlement finds itself more and more working toward legal enactment, not only on behalf of working people, and not only in co-operation with them, but with every member of the community who is susceptible to the moral appeal."

In similar vein, it is declared that it is the aim of the settlement to express the meaning of "life" in forms of activity; and we also meet the idea that what men want is "life and not theories about life."

It is obvious that we should know what is meant by "life." That is, what moral ideas are conveyed by this expression? Such an object is clearly ethical; and the ethical code is briefly contained in the word righteousness. Whose conception of life, and whose idea of right and wrong are to be expressed? In actual fact, of course, it is the conception of the one individual who has the force to lead in any given situation. Grant that we wish to secure for the workmen powers of enjoyment, and the opportunity to develop higher moral and intellectual qualities, by what definite steps can these things be gained? Again, it is hinted that the effective means is legislation. Certainly many things in a bad environment can be bettered by legislation; but, on the other hand, the weaknesses of heredity cannot be thus removed. In fact, the problem of abolishing wrong is beyond the powers of legislation, and can be funda-

* "Annals of the American Academy," May, 1899, p. 50.

mentally touched only by work which will change the ideals and character of specific persons. It is a moral, not a legislative process; it must work from within and not from without. The prevalence of the policy of resort to legislation as a cure for industrial evils is characteristic of the day, if it is not also characteristic of the settlement.

More than this, it is said that the group of toilers have in many respects a different ethical code from that of the well-to-do. The former are readier with their sympathy and less selfish and more generous than the latter. The cautious and reserved policy of a well-fed, well-educated charity visitor as against the quick responsiveness of the poor is, perhaps, evidence of the emphasis on foresight which partly accounts for the present difference in the relative conditions of each. The fable of the ant and grasshopper is old. But, further than this, the two groups are said to differ in their ethical attitude on primary questions. Yet in the main, one very much doubts if the two groups, such as the employers and employees, can be separately classified on the basis of a different code of ethics. The laborer is set on gaining his end in the struggle for higher wages; so is the employer in holding his own for the accumulation of wealth. Both are actuated by selfish motives, and many in both classes are apt to depart from what is right. There is no monopoly of right and justice on either side. One man sins in disregarding his duty to his operatives; the other in his duty to his employer; one keeps his men for long hours in unsanitary rooms; the other will make work, and throw biting acid on his enemy's horse. As soon as a workman comes up from the ranks and becomes a successful boss over others, he shows the same disposition to bully and take advantage of his laborers which he so resented when he was the under dog. The moral regeneration needed should reach both those above and those below. The moral line cannot be drawn between the employer and the employed.

Back of all the ethical differences is, undoubtedly, the feeling that the worker is not receiving his just distributive share. Hence he may regard as justifiable what to others is hitting below the belt, because in a limited knowledge of the world it seems essential to the success of his purpose. This case discloses clearly the true relations of economics

to ethics, of research to emotion. It is not possible to say what is right or wrong until the causes and effects are known; and a scientific analysis is as necessary to a basis of ethical judgment as is the cause of death to the verdict of a coroner's jury. If light-minded persons, incapable of serious economic analysis, get a wrong, or very superficial, notion as to the causes producing a pitifully low rate of wages in certain instances, they may apply emotion, or legislative correction, in a way to cause great damage. The widest and deepest insight into economic distribution is a condition precedent of any correct moral judgment, or of a programme of social reform.

It is a matter greatly to be deplored, if philanthropic zeal be stirred up and applied in such ways that after decades of effort it is reluctantly to be admitted that no progress has been made, and that the same old conditions exist only for more people than before. Unless there is a cordial and mutually respectful relation between science and social reform, there is not likely to be much permanent good accomplished. Yet, even if such a relation cannot be established, the settlement will still have certain fields to work in, which are certain to yield good fruit. In municipal and social reforms, such as quickening public opinion, developing neighborly kindness and sociability, lightening drudgery by recreation, and aiding in the work of organized charity, the settlement has a large and important work. But in industrial questions, except so far as it gives industrial and manual training—which can be carried out in a comprehensive way only by the public itself—the settlement cannot hope to do much to raise the actual level of wages and comfort. By raising the standard of living in spots, to be sure, some indirect influence may be exercised on the rate of wages. It is in its power, however, to do a higher thing: it can continue its efforts to touch the conscience of the community and to create among the lowly a sense of the brotherhood of all men. Much may be done to establish democratic relations between all our classes; but industrial democracy can come about only when there is a generally diffused knowledge of the true principles affecting the incomes of society, so that a comprehending public will accept what is justified by intelligence, and so that some will not war against others on the basis of prejudice and ignorance.

THE LUCK OF A BOOK FARMER

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD E. SMITH



HAVE very good reasons for remembering the year 1904, and especially June 1 of that year. For one thing, when noon came I had worked just a year and eight hours for Mr. Jonathan Burwell, on his farm overlooking the Mohawk Valley, and then after dinner we made a bargain for another year.

"My year was up last night, sir," said I, after he had shoved his chair back from the table, "but I thought I would put in this morning for good measure."

Mr. Burwell's eyes closed a little—a trick he had—and then he said:

"Have another piece of pie while we talk it over."

It was cream custard pie, but I had eaten so much fried chicken with hot biscuits and gravy that I couldn't do it, and I said so.

"I've been thinking I'd raise you a dollar a month for the next year, if you stay," he said.

"Make it twenty-five cents a week and I'll do it," said I.

"No," said he. "You've had \$18 a month, and that's fifty cents better than anybody else is paying. In fact, I don't see where the money is to come from to pay what I'm offering—um—unless I get a chance to trade horses with old Dunlap again."

He grinned, then, for he had beat old Dunlap out of forty dollars at least that very morning; and I had to grin, too, for it was done so slick. Well, there was no use of arguing with him, and so I took his offer.

But that isn't all that happened. While I was cultivating the corn that afternoon I saw Mr. Burwell go down the road to the farm joining us on the south, the Ogden place, and then cut across into the gulf, as we called it. The gulf was a deep gulch at the back of the Ogden farm. A big spring came out at the head of the gulch and both sides were lined with trees down to the bottom. I reckon that was the coolest place in the county, but what Mr. Burwell went down there for was more than I could guess,

and I was puzzled the more because I'd seen him going there before. However, in less than ten minutes a neighbor came up from town bringing the mail, and then out comes Miss Nellie, and says:

"Where's papa, Jacob?"

"He's just gone over to the gulf to cool off, I reckon," said I.

"The idea!" said she. "Then you'll have to go and tell him to come home."

"I'll be glad to go if you say so, Miss Nellie," said I; "but he told me to keep the cultivator hot, and——"

"Oh, that's all right, Jacob," she said. "Tell him I sent you. He'll frown and say, 'She hadn't ought to take you from the work,' and then he'll say, 'I suppose you had to come when she told you to,' and then he'll smile and say, 'All right, Jacob, hurry back'—you know how it'll be."

She was right about his humoring her. She was his only child, and as pretty as they grow, and educated, too. Why, she'd graduated already, though she was only twenty. Mr. Burwell often said he enjoyed the fun of making money as much as anybody, but the most he cared about it was to give her as good advantages as any of the swells in town had. Of course, I hurried to the gulf, but Mr. Burwell did not smile, as we had expected. He jumped up and, swinging a big hammer as if he would brain me, he said:

"What ye sneaking around following me for?"

He had been breaking some red kind of stone with the hammer, and when I saw that, I wasn't much scared by his actions; I told him what Miss Nellie said, and then I added:

"It looks like you wanted to be secret about that red rock you've been breaking, and all I've got to say is that if you think I'll blab about it, you don't know me, and you'd better discharge me at once."

His face changed, then.

"That's so," he said. "I never had a man keep his mouth shut as close. Um—you know what the rocks are?"

"No, I don't *know*, and I don't aim to ask," I said. "But they look like the iron ore I used to work in——"

"That's it," he said. "The whole gulf's an iron mine, and I guess you knew it the moment you saw the stuff, seeing you worked in a bed of it up in Jefferson County. Now you keep still until I get title to the farm, and I'll make you foreman of the gang when I begin development work."

I calculated I shouldn't have to wait more than a year for that job, for I'm lucky, but things don't always happen as I expect.

When we got home, Miss Nellie met us in the front yard.

"Here's a postal from Ogden's nephew," she said, holding it up. "He's to reach the Falls at four o'clock. You wanted to be called, if necessary, you know, so I sent Jacob."

"That's right, Nellie," said Mr. Burwell. "I knew you wanted me the moment I set eyes on Jacob. Um—we'll all be as friendly as we can to young Mr. Ogden. It's no more than right we should, seeing his uncle was our nearest neighbor for so many years. We must make him feel comfortable."

As Miss Nellie turned away, her eyes half closed, just as her father's did when he was making a bargain, and I knew she was thinking he was up to some kind of game when he was talking about being friendly to the young man. And it was a slick game, too, but of course I didn't show any interest in what was said and done then.

As I said, the Ogden farm joined ours on the south. It lay where the land began to pitch down into the valley. The house was small and old, the barn was worse, and the whole place was grown up to weeds and quack and briars. I have heard that Mr. Burwell used to complain about the eyesore as much as anybody, but for the last year or so before old Ogden died (he'd been dead about a week when his nephew came), there wasn't a man in the country that showed any sort of friendly interest in the old crank but Mr. Burwell.

Did I call old Ogden a crank? Well, that's what he was. He'd been a machinist in his day. Then he bought the farm and said he'd show people how to raise big crops. And he did it, too, for a time; but he lost his grip, some way, the place went to the bad, and when he found he had to die soon he made a will leaving the farm to

some kind of asylum down in the valley, unless a nephew of the same name living in New Jersey, somewhere, would come up and raise a crop on one acre that would sell for a thousand dollars. And the crop was to be raised within two years of taking possession.

The will as first written called for a five-hundred-dollar crop, but the price was raised, and just why no one seemed to know or care, at that time, though I had an idea, which I kept to myself.

Well, Mr. Burwell soon hitched up his roadsters and drove away. It made me smile to think how the young man would feel when he came to see his farm, especially if he really were a farmer, as everybody said he was. But I never was more mistaken in my life. As Mr. Burwell was driving up past the place, he said to the young man, joking, of course:

"You see you've got a good start with blackberries, already. I've heard that cultivated berries pay big money, sometimes."

"Not blackberries," said Ogden. "At least not big enough for me. Strawberries do with hill culture, but as for me, I like string beans. The land lies right and looks right for beans, too."

"Um, I'm afraid the quack'll give you a lot of trouble if you try beans," said Mr. Burwell.

"Oh, I don't mind quack," said he, as cheerfully as if quack were as easy to get rid of as dandelions. "The heavier the quack, the better the soil."

He was talking as if he was really determined to try his luck; and so he was. Mr. Burwell set him down as about as much of a crank as old Ogden had been. But this is not to say the young fellow did not examine the land. He looked at every rod of it, and he would have seen the ore if Mr. Burwell hadn't thought to send me down and hide what was in sight. When he was done, he said:

"It needs humus and it needs lime, but it's got the making of the best soil I ever saw. Best of all, it slopes to the south, and then there's the spring for irrigation. I think I can make it show up as well as Uncle Ben wanted me to do."

Mr. Burwell said it was hard work to keep from laughing when he said that, especially as the soil was underlaid with limestone, a few feet down, and it cropped out along the road. But what he did first of all

seemed more foolish yet, for in spite of the slope he laid three lines of tiles under the patch, 66×660 feet large, that he laid out for beans. At the upper end of each line of tiles he put in an elbow, and so with added tiles made openings from the drains to the surface. Then above these openings he fitted iron pipes painted black. I had to ask what they were for.

"You know a chimney makes a draft, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," said I.

"Of course you do," said he. "Well, these iron chimneys will heat up in the sun and make a draft that will draw the cold air out of the drains, and they will then draw the warm air into the drains from the lower ends. So, when spring comes I'll put them at work, and the warm air will warm up the soil all around the drains and clear up to the surface. My soil will be ready for beans two weeks at least ahead of any other around here."

"Will those pipes keep the frost from nipping your early beans?" said I.

"Why, yes, to some extent. The ground being warmer will protect them; but I have another plan for fighting frost, as I'll show you when the time comes."

In the meantime Mr. Burwell hired him for the harvest—two dollars a day, and worth the money, as I had to admit, though I hated him for his airs. Between hay and oats he had a few days off, and he put in the time ploughing under the weeds on his patch. Next he spread on a ton of quicklime and harrowed it in, after which he put on a ton of phosphate (he called it "a mixture of potassium sulphate and acidulated rock!"), and harrowed that in. Last of all he sowed Canada peas in drills.

Did I say he had determined to try his luck? Well, the old saying, "A fool for luck," came true. Rain fell just right, the weather was coolish, and along in August the vines were a foot deep, and solid, as one may say, all over the patch. Then he ploughed them under and, after spending more money for phosphate, he sowed vetch and cowhorn turnips, "for a cover crop to plough under next spring," as he said.

His luck in rains changed then, but he put a big ram at the spring in the gulf and it throwed the water right to the head of the patch. It was a sight to see his stuff grow after that, but it was just dis-

gusting to hear him talk about it. And that wasn't all that roiled me, either. He had a big lot of books sent up from his old home—he was living at his place, then—and nothing would do but we must all go down and look at them standing on shelves, and tell him how much we appreciated that sort of thing; at least, Mr. Burwell did, but I didn't. Then he kept bringing books up to our house; and they weren't all about farming, either. Some of them were poetry—I looked to see—and one day I heard Miss Nellie say to her mother:

"It does seem good to have some one in the neighborhood with some culture, doesn't it?" And her mother smiled when she said, "Yes, dear, it does indeed."

Of course, he didn't talk poetry to Mr. Burwell and me. It was all about his books on soils and crops and "rations"—especially rations for the stock. He said it was a waste of land to let cows run to pasture, and that one acre of land like ours could be made to supply two head of stock with hay or fodder. Mr. Burwell humored him, of course; but when we were alone together, he said to me:

"The boy's got his head full of his book nonsense, but he means well, and when we've taken the conceit out of him he'll make a farmer all right. Of course he knows some things now. He's learned how to work up soil from those market-gardeners down near New York, and I'm thinking that if his uncle's will hadn't called for a thousand instead of five hundred he might have won out, even though no one ever got more than three hundred out of an acre down in the valley."

He laughed softly when he'd said that, but he didn't say anything more.

That winter Ogden went to the Falls and got work in a livery stable.

"Couldn't you get a better job?" I heard Miss Nellie ask him.

"Yes, in a way," he said, "but the wages are better there, and you know I need every cent I can get."

I don't know why Miss Nellie asked that question, but I know that the work did not keep him out of society. Why, before the winter was over he was lecturing in one of the churches. I heard him once, but that was enough for me. He generally talked about birds and posies and what he called the wonders of nature; and when I heard



Drawn by Howard E. Smith.

"Will those pipes keep the frost from nipping your early beans?" said I.—Page 352.

him he said everything in the world—even the steel in an axe—was made up of little bits that he called molecules, “just as a sand-bank is made up of grains of sand,” he said. Then he said all of the molecules were all the time in motion and not one of them touched the other. Huh! Some of the people thought he was saying something great; but I had used an axe in my time, and always found the edge tolerably firm.

Still he had some sense. He got chummy with the owner of the stable, who said he helped business, and so he was able to buy what he called “old stable sweepings” at a bargain. He put fifty loads on his bean-patch in March, and ploughed them in, for the snow went off early that spring; and it went from his bean-patch first of all, on account of that aeration business, he said. After he ploughed the ground he kept his harrows—dish and smoothing—going about all the time. Some snow fell, of course, before the end of the month, but it did not lie a day on his lot. Finally he spread on another ton of his “potassium sulphate and acidulated rock”—huh!—and worked that in. Then on May 1 he put in his beans.

“It’s all right now,” said Mr. Burwell, that night. “The frost’ll mow his crop for him. I was getting scared over the way he has handled that land. It’s the best piece of ground in the State for any crop. I think he stood to win, if he hadn’t been in such a hurry to plant; but now it’s all off, and he’ll soon pack up for home.”

I felt relieved about the beans myself, but I wasn’t so sure that the young fellow would go back to New Jersey; though, of course, I didn’t say anything about that.

Of course, we all watched his patch after that. Ogden kept his chimneys drawing every warm day, and he plugged them at four o’clock every afternoon to stop the draft for the night. The soil dried out rapidly, but he made little ditches between all the rows—east and west—and he kept the irrigation ram thumping whenever water was needed—“about an acre inch at an application,” as he said. Nobody ever saw such beans in our country, nor better anywhere. And the more they grew, the more nervous the young fellow seemed to get. Or if he didn’t, I did. Anyway, I got in the habit of taking a quiet look at the patch every night; and I generally saw him out beside it, if the weather was anyway

cool. He had two thermometers tied to a stick with a wet rag around one of them, and he told Mr. Burwell that they would tell when frost was due.

No frost came, however, and time passed until the 15th of May; and the weather records kept at the Falls showed that we’d never had a frost after that date.

“It’s just as I said, sir, ‘a fool for luck,’” I said to Mr. Burwell, that afternoon.

“It may be so,” he said, “but there’s a sign of frost in the air this minute.”

He shut his eyes about half-way and then wet his finger in his mouth and held it up in the air.

“We’ll have some frost here for sure,” he continued; “but whether it will touch his warmed-up slope, who knows?”

We went about our work and said no more, but both of us were thinking about the frost and the chance of getting an iron mine. After supper I had to hitch up a carriage-horse for Mrs. Burwell and Nellie, who said they were going to some kind of church doings down at the Falls, and then I walked down the road and cut across the meadow to the head of his bean-patch.

“If he sees me,” thinks I, “I’ll tell him I came to learn his trick of keeping off the frost, as he was telling me when we talked about the chimneys.”

He was always glad to talk about such things, and I knew I could fool him out of thinking I was spying on him. There was no moon that night, but the stars were bright as they always are on a frosty night, and I could see everything. I was expecting to find him out with his thermometers working, but not a sign of him could I see; and then I noticed that there was no light in the house. Seeing that almost took my breath, for the same minute I saw the water was running into the waste-drain from his irrigation-pipe, and it occurred to me that there was the chance to make sure the frost would cut those beans for good and all.

First I knocked at the door to make sure, and when I got no answer I hurried home. Mr. Burwell was in the yard looking at the sky.

“Come on, sir,” said I. “Ogden’s gone away and we’ll just help the frost a bit. We’ll just turn on the irrigating stream and see that the whole patch is wet. The evaporation will cool things off, as he is always telling, and the frost’ll do the rest good and slick.”



Drawn by Howard E. Smith.

"Nellie and I had become very friendly."—Page 356.

"That's so," he said, and then he stopped. "It's malicious mischief in the eye of the law; and what's more, the risk is too big, no matter how much I may lose if I don't do it."

"All right, sir," said I, "if that's the way you feel about it; but I can't afford to lose the job of foreman of a mine gang, risk or no risk. So if you are scared, I'll go alone."

That settled it. He went, and we gave the patch one of the "acre inches" the young fellow was always talking about. We calculated to give a little more, but we heard a team coming up the road, and just dropped everything and went home.

I've an idea Mr. Burwell was feeling pretty nervous when we got there. Anyway, he kept saying, "It's a good thing I've always been friendly to him. It always pays to be friendly." Then when we cleaned our shoes, I noticed that he was extra careful to get the dirt out of a crack where he had a patch on one heel. I had to laugh quietly at that, for the dirt was from the road, and even if it had been from the bean-patch, no one could have told the difference. So, all things considered, I was feeling pretty well when I went to bed, and all the better, maybe, because Mrs. Burwell and Nellie had not come in yet.

Next morning Nellie did not come down to breakfast. Mrs. Burwell said she needed more sleep, and Mr. Burwell said "All right," in a way that showed he was thinking of something else. We'd seen frost when we were doing the chores, and when we went out after breakfast the frost was still there.

"It looks all right, sir," said I.

"Yes," he said. "I never saw one as late as this before. Your job on the mine gang is all right; of course I'm a little anxious for a look."

We were on the way to the barn, but just then we heard a noise at the gate, and both of us turned. What we saw was young Ogden coming in. He was having some trouble shutting the gate, and when that was fixed he came on rubbing his hands into all kinds of shapes.

"Just you keep shut and let me do the talking," said Mr. Burwell. "He's seen the beans, and he's taking it hard." Then, as the young man came near, he continued, as cheerful as ever:

"Good morning, Ben. You're out early, eh?"

"Thank you, sir. Ye-es, sir. It's earlier

than I ever called before. But when I saw what you had done for the beans I just had to come and—and—I don't hardly know how to go on, sir."

"Now see here, young man," said Mr. Burwell firmly, "I don't know what you are talking about; but if you have anything to say just begin at the beginning and tell us all about it."

With that young Ogden pulled himself together.

"I'll try to, sir," he said. "It was all on account of that iron ore in the gulf. You see, the lawyer who drew Uncle Ben's will told me, last winter, that the sum to be secured from an acre of ground was raised from \$500 to \$1,000 at your suggestion, and I connected that fact with your interest in the ore. He offered to bring suit to annul the will, but I didn't care to do that. It wasn't necessary to do that, anyhow."

He paused for a moment while his mouth twitched as if he were trying hard not to laugh, and then he went on:

"The fact is, I wanted to make good under the will just to show what I could do, and I had my reasons for doing that. Of course I felt a little hard toward you. I see now that I was wrong and that I ought to have told you that Uncle Ben brought that ore from a mine in Jefferson County, intending to fool somebody into buying the farm for an iron mine. If I'd told you about it, everything would have been all right, I hope, but seeing, as I supposed, that you were working a game on me, I thought I'd get even in a game of my own. You see, sir, Nellie and I had become very friendly—ah—we were engaged, sir. So I told her and Mrs. Burwell about the ore and the—ah—what I thought about your wanting me to fail with the beans so you could bid in the farm at the sale, and—well, sir, they agreed to my plan, though Mrs. Burwell told me I'd be sure to lose if I locked horns with you. Anyway, she went with us last night, sir, as you know, and after the social we were married.

"I forgot all about the beans until after Mrs. Burwell and Nellie came on home. Then I hurried out for a look, and found the water running around all the rows. It was the one thing that could have saved them, and it was what I was intending to do from the first. Then I hunted for the tracks to learn who had done it, and found

that while I was treating you—ah—as I did, you were down here saving my crop for me. And all I seem able to do, sir, is to acknowledge my error.”

He stopped and began twisting his hands as he did when he was coming in from the gate. Mr. Burwell had listened to what he had been saying without a twitch of the face or a motion. Now he looked from Ogden to the house, looked back to Ogden, gave a glance at me, and then, looking at Ogden again, he said:

“When we came out, wife said Nellie wasn’t feeling very well. Perhaps if she knew you were here she’d be better soon.”

Then he turned to me, and closing his eyes a bit, he said:

“I think, Jacob, there’s nothing more to be said by any of us on this subject, but—um—it may be I was a little too close in making the bargain for the year with you. I think—um—I think I will make the raise twenty-five cents a week, as you wanted, instead of the dollar a month.”

WOMEN AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS UNDER THE ROMAN REPUBLIC

By Frank Frost Abbott



SOME day the story of the “emancipation” of the Roman woman will be told. It will set forth the steps by which she gradually freed herself from the mastery of the *paterfamilias*, gained control of her dower, the privilege of holding property in her own name, and, except for the absence of political rights, a more favored position before the law than her husband held. I have no intention of attempting to tell that story here. My purpose is merely to bring together a few facts from the history of the late Republic, that may throw some light upon the rôle which women played in the political life of the Roman people during that period.

Tombstones record the virtues of many Roman matrons, and it is easy to see from them what the Roman’s ideal of womanhood was and what he thought properly fell within and outside the range of a woman’s activities. The prevailing sentiment is illustrated by the well-known epitaph on the tomb of Claudia outside the walls of Rome: “Stranger, what I have to say is quickly told; stop, and read it to the end. Here is the unbeautiful tomb of a beautiful woman. Claudia was the name her parents gave her. Her husband she loved with her whole heart. Two sons she bore; of them the one she leaves on earth, the other

she buried beneath the sod. Charming in discourse, gentle in mien, she kept the house, she made the wool. I have finished. Go thy way.” Claudia was the devoted wife and mother, who gave an air of grace and charm to the home life, and skilfully directed the affairs of the household. She was the ideal matron of the good old days, whose influence on public life came from the example which she set to others in performing faithfully and well the duties which fell to her lot, from the respect which her husband had for her judgment, and from the training which she gave her sons.

But time brought changes with it. Roman women never won nor claimed an equal share with men in public affairs, but they found means, as civilization advanced, to make their influence felt more and more directly and effectively in the management of them. However, even in the stormy days of early Rome, when the mailed hand ruled, tradition is fond of recording the large part which women played in the affairs of state. It recounts to us in the pages of Livy the pathetic story of Horatia and her Alban lover and the heroic death of Lucretia, with its tragic results for the line of Tarquin. It gives us the story of Tarquinia, the Roman prototype of the notorious Catherine of Russia, whose boldly conceived plans and whose determination, unweakened by a single touch of justice or of mercy, carried her

husband to the throne. It sketches for us the masterful and resourceful Tanaquil, who saved the realm for her foster-son, Servius Tullius, and directed him perhaps in those great reforms which have made his name famous in the early history of the city on the Palatine.

It is a pleasant thing to turn from the deeds of violence which the names of Horatia, Tarquinia, and Lucretia suggest, and to recall the fact that the first woman mentioned in the legendary history of the city of Rome was an apostle of peace, and a successful one, too. When a Sabine people, enraged at the treacherous seizure of their women at a festival, had rashly entered Roman territory, had been overwhelmed by the army of Romulus, and were face to face with the cruel treatment which the primitive practices of war prescribed for the conquered, Hersilia, the wife of Romulus, in the name of the Sabine wives of the Romans, met her victorious husband as he entered the city on his triumphant return from the campaign, and prevailed upon him to pardon her kinsmen and even to make them Roman citizens. It is a pleasant thing to recall the fact that Numa, the prototype of the righteous, peace-loving king, drew his inspiration from Egeria, and that her counsel directed him in the policy which made Rome for many years, as the myth of Numa tells us, a mighty influence for peace and harmony throughout central Italy. Perhaps in real life there was never an Hersilia who prevailed upon her husband to make peace. The story that Tanaquil quieted the people after the death of Tarquin by her clever speech from the upper story of the palace may be a pure myth, but the Roman of a later day, when the legends of the early period grew up, evidently thought these situations not improbable, or he would not have made them a part of the history of Rome.

When women do first appear on the political stage in historical times it must be confessed that the setting is not quite so romantic nor is the cause for which they stand so serious as is the case with these women of prehistoric days, yet the movement which they lead is more characteristically feminine. The date is 195 B. C., and the question at issue a sumptuary law. Just after the disastrous battle of Cannæ, when Rome needed to use all her resources

against Hannibal, and when a display of wealth by the rich might have stimulated a class feeling which would have been disastrous in the national emergency, the Opian law was passed forbidding any woman to have more than half an ounce of gold, to wear a parti-colored garment, or to ride in a chariot within the city or within a mile of it, except for religious purposes. But in 195 the stress of war was over; prosperity had returned; women wished to enjoy their privileges once more, and succeeded in persuading two of the tribunes to propose the repeal of the law. But they did not content themselves with this preliminary move. The bold methods which they used in carrying their plans to a successful issue shocked the sedate historian Livy, who tells us that "the matrons could be kept at home neither by persuasion, nor by a sense of modesty, nor by the authority of their husbands. They blocked up all the streets of the city and the approaches to the Forum, importuning men as they came down to the Forum to vote for the restoration of their rights. The leader of the party opposed to them was Cato, who held display in dress and the new woman in like abhorrence. These are the two topics upon which he descants in his indignant speech against the repeal of the law. He cynically asks the women: "Are your ways more winning in public than in private and with other women's husbands than your own? And yet not even at home ought you to concern yourselves with the laws which are passed or repealed here. Our fathers have not wished women to manage even their private affairs without the direction of a guardian; they have wanted them to be under the control of their parents, their brothers, and their husbands. We, by our present action, if the gods permit it, are letting them go into politics even, we are letting them appear in the Forum, and take a hand at public meetings and in the voting booths." Cato closes his appeal to the men with this gloomy picture of the future: "Pray, what will they not assail, if they carry this point? Call to mind all the principles governing them by which your ancestors have held the presumption of women in check, and made them subject to their husbands. Though they have been restrained by all these, still you can scarcely keep them in bounds. Tell me, if you let

them seize privileges and wrest them from you one by one, and finally become your equals, do you think that you can stand them? As soon as they have begun to be your equals they will be your superiors." Lucius Valerius, the champion of the women, replied to this fiery oration of Cato by recounting the sacrifices which women had made for the state in the past, and by asserting that they were not now taking a hand in public affairs for the first time, and that they should have a share in the good times which had returned to the city. "Magistracies, priesthoods, triumphs, insignia of office, the prizes and spoils of war may not come to them," he said. "Elegance in adornment and dress—these are their insignia; in these they delight and glory." Two of the tribunes had announced their intention to veto the repeal bill, and in their final tactics the Roman women seem to have anticipated political methods which are not unknown to-day. They beset the doors of these officials in a solid phalanx, and did not give over their demonstration until the tribunes promised not to oppose them. The repeal bill was passed by unanimous vote in the assembly, and Cassius Dio, the historian, tells us that "the women put on some ornaments right there in the assembly and went out dancing."

From this time on to the middle of the next century a dozen or more attempts were made to limit by statute expenditure on dress, at dinners, and at funerals, but they were all ineffective. We may suspect that the silent or organized opposition of the women brought many of these measures to naught, but history throws no light on the point.

They did protest, however, a century or more later when, as Valerius Maximus tells us, no man dared take up their cause. The members of the Second Triumvirate were hard pressed for money in the year 43 B. C., in equipping an army for the impending struggle with Brutus and Cassius, and published an edict requiring fourteen hundred of the richest women to make a valuation of their property, and to contribute such portion of it as should be required. The women affected by this proclamation at first appealed to the sister of Octavianus and to the mother and the wife of Antony to enlist their support against the execution of this arbitrary measure, but meeting with only partial success, as Appian in his "His-

tory of the Civil Wars" tells us, they came down to the Forum, forced their way to the tribunal of the triumvirs, whose acts no man dared question, and protested vigorously through their spokesman Hortensia, the daughter of the great orator Hortensius: "Let war with the Gauls or the Parthians come," she said, "and we shall not be inferior to our mothers in zeal for the common safety; but for civil wars may we never contribute, nor even assist you against one another." It was Hortensia who enunciated on this occasion, for the first time in history, so far as I know, the principle of "no taxation without representation." "Why should we pay taxes," she cried, "when we have no part in the honors, the commands, the state-craft, for which you contend against one another with such harmful results?" Appian informs us that "when Hortensia had thus spoken the triumvirs were angry that women should dare to hold a public meeting when men were silent, . . . and they ordered the lictors to drive them away from the tribunal, which they proceeded to do until cries were raised by the multitude outside, when the lictors desisted and the triumvirs said they would postpone till the next day the consideration of the matter."

We hear nothing more of the concerted action of large bodies of women until we come to the *conventus matronarum*, or "the little senate," as the biographer of the Emperor Heliogabalus calls it. This body held its meetings on the Quirinal and by its decrees settled questions of dress, precedence, and the use of carriages. The ancient historians are inclined to scoff at the deliberations of this assembly, but some modern courts might not be sorry to have the troublesome questions of court dress and official etiquette decided peacefully by a majority vote of court ladies. A feminine critic might even say with some justice that the deliberations and acts of "the little senate" at this period were as important as those of the senate made up of men. Before leaving this branch of our subject it may be interesting to recall the fact that, among the political posters found on the walls of Pompeii recommending certain candidates to the attention of voters, one is signed by two women; but women do not seem to have taken a very active part in the support of political candidates.

If we knew the history of the escape of woman from her position of tutelage in the family, we should probably learn a great deal about her influence on public affairs. Unfortunately we know only the concrete results, not the influences which brought them about. The betterment in her condition was a natural result of the advance of civilization, and possibly all the advantages which she had gained by the middle of the first century B. C. would have come to her even if she had remained passive and contented with her position. In point of fact much of the improvement in her lot resulted from a change in public sentiment which found no expression in law. And yet there were certain statutes which materially improved her position, and the fact that we know nothing of organized support of these measures by women would seem to be merely an accident of history. The vigorous and successful attack which we have seen them making on a sumptuary law in the second century, and their protest against taxation in the first century before our era make it reasonably certain that they would actively support those projects of law which would give them a greater measure of liberty and happiness in their everyday life. The great improvement which woman's position in the family underwent will be clear if we call to mind her status in the early period. Her consent to a marriage was not necessary; the matter was arranged by the fathers of the bride and bridegroom. On marrying she passed under the complete control of her husband, who could, with the approval of the family council, inflict corporal punishment on her, or even put her to death. Her property passed into her husband's hands and her earnings became his; he could dispose of his estate by will as he pleased, and, under the best conditions, as an heir to her husband's property she stood on the basis of a daughter, and the inheritance which came to her was managed by a guardian appointed under the will. In course of time the conception of marriage upon which these practices rested underwent a complete change. The theory grew up that marriage was a contract which, like other contracts, required the free consent of the two people concerned, and could be dissolved if they wished it. As in other partnerships, the two contracting parties stood on an equal footing;

the wife controlled her property and willed it as she pleased. Even an unmarried woman, by a fictitious marriage which was at once dissolved, could secure a guardian of her own choice and through him manage her fortune as she pleased. It is significant that the most important of these changes, so far as they were brought about by legislation, came after the close of the Second Punic War, and, therefore, followed closely on the repeal of the Oppian law.

Although history has not left us an account of the circumstances under which these laws were passed, so that we hear little more than has been given above of the united political action of women, we *do* hear much of the great influence exerted by individual women under the late Republic. To begin with the earliest authentic instance of the sort, a woman may well be given credit for initiating the great revolution in society and government which, beginning toward the close of the second century before our era, worked itself out into the democratic empire of Julius Cæsar and the dyarchy of Augustus, for Plutarch is probably right when he intimates that Tiberius Gracchus, the forerunner of the revolution, drew his inspiration and the direct impulse to his land reforms from the teachings and admonitions of his mother Cornelia, and from what we know of her character it would seem highly probable that she trained her other son Gaius to take up the work of his brother at the point where Tiberius left it when he fell a victim to his political enemies. She spent her declining years in her villa near Misenum. Here she was visited by many of the distinguished men of the time and kept the memory of her sons alive by recounting their deeds and their hopes. Through her the cause for which Tiberius and Gaius died lived after their death, and we may well believe that some of the men who carried on their reforms went out from this little circle about Cornelia.

In the next century a woman of a far different type made her influence felt in a similar way through the circle of brilliant men whom she attracted to her. The salon of Clodia on the Palatine and in her villa on the seashore at Baiæ drew together the foremost politicians, poets, and orators of the time—men of the older generation, like Cicero and Metellus, young men like her

brother Clodius, the brilliant and erratic tribune, or Cælius, whom Cicero calls "the best-informed politician in Rome." "The burning eyes" of Clodia, which Cicero celebrates in his fierce attack upon her, her brilliant wit, her versatile character, her skill as a dancer, her abandon and bohemianism, her Claudian pride and contempt for popular opinion are all marks of that fiery southern temperament which could find no middle course between love and hate, which would hesitate for no scruple and be thwarted by no obstacle from gratifying her desires or satisfying her thirst for revenge, which would be as fickle as it would be relentless toward fickleness in others. It is her glory and her misfortune that her character and exploits have been painted by the most gifted poet, the greatest orator, and one of the most brilliant wits of her time. She tired of Catullus, and he poured upon her all the vials of his wrath and scorn. She failed to ensnare Cicero, and she avenged herself upon him by driving him into exile and taking his property from him. She was jilted and laughed at by the once-devoted Cælius, and consequently brought a charge of attempted murder against him and almost compassed his ruin. Whether she deserves the abuse which Catullus heaps upon her in his later poems, whether she merits the epitaph of the "three-cent Clytemnestra" which Cælius puts upon her, or is "the Palatine Medea" that Cicero paints her in his defence of Cælius, we may never know. At all events she was one of the most striking figures of the period and exerted a tremendous influence upon the public life of her time, upon the fortunes of individual politicians, and upon the fate of the Republic, and this is the side of her life in which we are interested here. It will be remembered that it was the primary object of the First Triumvirate to break the prestige of the senate. This could be accomplished in no better way than by robbing it of one of its greatest leaders and by humiliating him personally. The case against him must be one which would appeal to the masses, and the hand of the triumvirs must not be disclosed in the attack. All these conditions pointed to Cicero. He was the great orator of the senate and a recognized leader in it. He had exposed himself to popular wrath by executing the Catilinarian conspirators

without granting them an appeal to the popular assembly. In Clodius circumstances put in the hands of the triumvirs the tool to be used. To accomplish his object, Clodius had himself elected to the tribunate; he brought against Cicero the charge of putting citizens to death without due process of law, and secured his banishment and the confiscation of his property. Perhaps Clodius was a radical by nature, and perhaps his political sympathies or his hope of advancement by the triumvirs induced him to make this attack upon Cicero, but the success of it called for fixity of purpose, for years of preparation, and the surmounting of innumerable obstacles, and Clodius was erratic and unstable. Who or what held him up to his purpose and drove him on through every hinderance to the accomplishment of it? Is it not probable that Clodia's savage hate for Cicero, who had repelled her advances, as Plutarch tells us, helped to keep her brother true to his purpose? Her influence over him was boundless, and, knowing her temperament, we can be sure that she would not stop until she had satisfied her desire for vengeance. This theory of the situation is strengthened by what Cicero writes to his friend Atticus in the year before his banishment of the calls to battle of "the ox-eyed one," and by the anxiety which he feels during his exile to know what she is saying and doing. It is confirmed by the vindictiveness with which she pursues Cicero's wife and daughter during his absence from Rome. Clodia had a share, then, in delivering the first fatal blow to the senate. Senatorial government would not have survived indefinitely and the revolution would have come about in time had it not been for her fierce hatred of Cicero which made itself felt through her pliant brother, but her political leadership was one of the instruments in the hands of fate which put an end to the old régime. One woman, therefore, Cornelia, set the revolution in motion; another, Clodia, brought the movement to a climax.

The period of the triumvirs saw women play a new rôle in politics. Leaders strengthened their political relations with one another by intermarriage, very much as the ruling houses of Europe do to-day, and such marriages had a profound influence on the course of events at several critical

moments. The theory mentioned above, that marriage was a contract which the two parties entering into it could terminate at will, lent itself readily to the new political methods which have just been mentioned. A politician upon some plausible pretext could put away his wife, and could enter into a new marriage relation more consonant with his new political plans. Julius Cæsar seems to have been the first statesman to adopt this political policy systematically by marrying as his first wife the daughter of the democratic leader, Cinna, and upon her death by taking in marriage Pompeia, the granddaughter of Cinna's great opponent, the dictator Sulla. By this means he came into close relations with the leaders of both the great political parties. The other most noteworthy cases of the sort are those of Julia, Octavia, and Scribonia, and they deserve a moment's notice. The political compact into which Cæsar and Pompey entered at Luca in 60 B. C., known as the First Triumvirate, was cemented in the following year by the marriage of Pompey to Cæsar's daughter Julia. Though more than twenty years younger than Pompey, her devotion to him, her beauty, and her personal charm, won her Pompey's affection and respect, and her tact preserved friendly relations between her father and her husband up to her untimely death in 54 B. C. It is a significant proof of her political influence over the triumvirs that the renewal of their agreement took place the year before her death, and that the breach between the two members of the combination who survived after the death of Crassus began within a year and a half after her decease. Pompey wished to bury her remains on his Alban estate, but the Roman people, in grateful remembrance of the service which she had rendered to the state and to the cause of peace, insisted upon giving her a public funeral and upon burying her in the Campus Martius.

So helpful had Julia been in maintaining a cordial feeling between the two leaders that on her death Cæsar offered his grand-niece Octavia in marriage to Pompey, but Pompey declined the proposal. Fate had reserved her for another political alliance and imposed upon her the rôle of an advocate of peace in still more trying circumstances. When Cæsar and Pompey passed off the stage, their places as masters of

the state were taken by Octavianus and Antony, who watched each other with suspicious eyes as Cæsar and Pompey had done. By 40 B. C. the bond which held them together was strained almost to the snapping point, but, fortunately, by the treaty of that year they were brought together again, and the clouds of civil war which had hung over the country were for the time dispelled. But the soldiers of the two armies had come to see the efficacy of political marriages, and insisted upon the marriage of Antony to Octavia, who was the sister of Octavianus. Antony, with the remembrance of Cleopatra still in his mind, hesitated, but the soldiery forced his acceptance of the proposal. The part which Octavia played from this time on in averting war is so well known that it needs no detailed recital here. When the powers of the Triumvirate expired by limitation at the close of the year 38 B. C., when Octavianus was suspicious and discourteous in his treatment of Antony, when Antony had given up all attempts to reach an understanding with him, it was Octavia who crossed over to Italy and prevailed upon her brother to renew the alliance. In the mean time Antony's relations with Cleopatra were well known in Italy and excited great indignation against him and sympathy for Octavia. Octavianus planned to augment these sentiments to his own advantage by ordering his sister to leave Antony's house where she was staying in Rome. This she firmly refused to do. Devoted as she was to Antony, stronger than her devotion to him was her desire to avert a war between her husband and her brother and to keep the East and the West in harmony. Cleopatra's object, if Ferrero's acute analysis of her policy is correct, was also political. "She hoped by marrying Antony to save Egypt from the common fate of the other Mediterranean peoples, the fate of servitude to Rome." She had tried to attain her end through Cæsar, but failing in her plan with him, sought to carry it out through Antony. It was a desperate political game played by two women for the favor of one man. Both were beautiful, brilliant, and accomplished women of the world. Both had shown themselves to be skilful women of affairs: Cleopatra, in the management of Egyptian interests and in the far-sightedness of her policy;

Octavia, in securing troops and supplies for her husband's Armenian campaign and in cleverly arranging a basis for a compromise between Antony and Octavianus when all others had failed. The stakes for which Cleopatra played were the secure establishment of her dynasty, the independence of Egypt, and the upbuilding of a great Oriental monarchy in Egypt and Asia. Octavia played to win the Eastern revenues, to save Italy from financial ruin, to protect the Empire from a possible division into two parts, while civil war trembled in the balance. The people of Rome watched the duel between these two women with intense interest. Not only the noble character of Octavia and the indignities put on her appealed to their sympathies, but they felt, as they had in the case of Julia, that peace, prosperity, and the integrity of the Empire were staked upon her success in defeating the wiles of Cleopatra. She failed. Yielding to the entreaties of Cleopatra, in 32 B. C., Antony sent a message to Rome divorcing Octavia, and war followed.

Another woman sacrificed on the altar of politics was Scribonia. Octavianus hastily married her in 40 B. C. to secure an alliance with Sextus Pompeius, who controlled the Mediterranean, and as precipitately divorced her two years later when he felt prepared to cope with Pompeius.

This constant intermarriage between the families of leading politicians, which is illustrated by the cases of Julia, Octavia, and Scribonia, brought many of these families into blood relationship to one another and went far to make the ruling aristocracy a close corporation. A "new man" had very little chance of election to the consulship if he were pitted against a Metellus or a Cornelius, who could rely not only upon the support of the Metelli or the Corneli, but also upon the many other powerful families with whom they were allied by marriage. That marriages should be arranged largely on political grounds was a natural development, given the basis upon which the Roman aristocracy rested. This aristocracy was made up of those who held office, or whose ancestors had held office. That fact separated it from the rest of the social world and gave it its exclusiveness. That fact connected it with what was most distinguished in the society and history of the past, and conferred upon it the right to

highly prized privileges, insignia, and marks of social distinction. Social and political ambition, therefore, could be gratified by the attainment of one object only, political success, and to this end men and women devoted their most earnest efforts. From this union of society and politics each took its color in large measure, and by it the character of Roman women during the last years of the Republic was profoundly influenced. What the effect of such an alliance is upon politics can be appreciated from a glance at English conditions to-day or from a study of certain periods of French history in which women have played an important rôle behind the scenes in public life. Where such conditions exist, the policy of the government is determined by the salon as well as by the parliament, and political preferment comes largely through social influence. Cæsar's engaging personality, for instance, his dashing manner, and his chivalrous bearing counted largely in his political success. A Marius or a Cincinnatus would have had small chance of winning the prizes in public life. Intrigue is likely to play an important part under such conditions, while revenge and jealousy, personal likes and dislikes will color political aims and methods. A cursory reading of Roman history for the last two decades of the Republic shows the presence of these characteristics in it. They come out clearly, for example, in the brief analysis which has been made of Clodia's share in the politics of her time.

The reflex effect of these conditions on women was equally noteworthy. They made women astute, well-informed, and experienced politicians. Their effect is well shown in the character and career of Servilia. Her antecedents would naturally incline her to the party of reform, since her mother was Livia, sister of Marcus Livius Drusus, the tribune of 91 B. C., who met a violent death because he advocated an increase in the size of the senate and the concession of citizenship to the Italians. With such influences about her in early life, we are not surprised to hear of her in 78 B. C. as the wife of the democratic leader Marcus Junius Brutus, who cast in his lot with Lepidus in the armed revolt against the senate and the Sullan constitution. From this time on for a period of twenty-five years she was actively interested in politics, and no

history of this quarter-century is adequate which does not take her into account as a political factor. Her first husband, as we have just noticed, was Marcus Junius Brutus, the radical leader of 78 B. C.; her second husband, Silanus, the democratic consul of 62; her half-brother was Cato of Utica, her lover, Julius Cæsar, while her son and her two sons-in-law were respectively the conspirators, Marcus Brutus, Cassius, and the triumvir Lepidus. In this list we have most of the powerful leaders of the late Republic, and over these men, with the possible exceptions of her first husband and her brother Cato, she exercised a great influence. We know from the "Correspondence" of Cicero and from Plutarch that many of the moves which they made were dictated or advised by her. Could we know all the facts Servilia would undoubtedly take her place as one of the most important political figures of the closing years of the Republic. Her influence was always cast with the radicals except during the years immediately following Cæsar's death, when the position of her son Brutus induced her to lend her support to the senatorial party. As the wife of Silanus she made her house a democratic centre. It was here that Cæsar met her. Notoriously fickle as he was in love affairs, he continued in his devotion to her to the end. It was probably her remarkable intellectual qualities, and perhaps her charm of manner, rather than her beauty, which kept him constant. As a mark of his admiration he presented her with a pearl in 59 B. C., which, according to Suetonius, was valued at a quarter of a million dollars. It is significant that this gift was made during the year of Cæsar's first consulship, in which he brought in his first great reform bills and his measures in favor of his two colleagues in the newly formed Triumvirate, Pompey and Crassus. Servilia was in a position to influence Cæsar, therefore, at the very beginning of his active career. That she used it effectively is clear enough from a covert reference in one of Cicero's "Letters" of this year to a sudden change in Cæsar's policy in the affair of the notorious informer Vettius, a change which, from Cicero's words, we should naturally attribute to Servilia. Cæsar's intimate relations with her probably continued from this time up to his death, and it would be of great interest to

know what part of his policy was suggested by her, and how much he owed to her advice and to her social and political influence in carrying it out successfully. Cæsar was a skilful, resourceful politician and did not need the open assistance of Servilia, so that contemporary accounts are silent on this point. But with his death the situation changed. The "liberators," as Cæsar's assassins called themselves, were without purpose or plans. As Cicero says in the light of the murder and of the helplessness of the conspirators after its accomplishment: "Our courage has been that of men; our plans, those of children." The party was without a leader and without organization. Of the conspirators, Decimus Brutus, Cimber, and Trebonius gladly seized the pretext of taking up their provinces to hurry away from Rome. Marcus Brutus and Cassius shut themselves up in their houses in Rome until, from fear of the mob, they thought it wiser to withdraw from the city. Cicero was completely disheartened at the lack of foresight and concerted action which the movements of the conspirators showed, and retired into the country. The republican cause was left without a single leader of weight in the capital. It was this situation, and the danger threatening her son Brutus which forced Servilia to come out openly as one of the leaders of the senatorial party. It must have been a bitter thing for her to join with those who had murdered Cæsar, but her son Brutus was of the number, and that fact constrained her. The tragedy of the situation would be brought home to her still more keenly if Cæsar was the father of Brutus, as some of the ancient writers believed. With Marcus Brutus and Cassius, upon whose military operations in the East the success of the Republicans depended, Servilia was in constant communication, and they turned to her so frequently for advice as to exasperate Cicero, who seemed to find her policy too often determined by a desire rather to protect her son than to further the interests of the party. In like manner Cicero thought it incumbent on himself to oppose her vigorously when she tried to prevent the senate from declaring her son-in-law Lepidus a public enemy. It was at her house that a meeting of Cicero and the conspirators who were still in Rome was held, and it was she who

directed the deliberations of the gathering and asked each one present to state his view of the situation. She was present, too, at the eventful council of war held at Antium in June, 44 B. C., shortly before the departure of Marcus Brutus and Cassius for the East, and she took a leading part in the discussion there. Her political influence at this time is well shown by the promise which she made on that occasion to bring the senate to repeal one of its decrees to which the conspirators objected. Probably no one of the men present could have made such an undertaking with any hope of success.

This meeting was also attended by her daughter Tertulla and her daughter-in-law Porcia. The marriage of her son to the last-mentioned woman a few years before was a bitter disappointment to Servilia. Porcia was the daughter of Cato, who had been unwearying in his attacks on Cæsar and the other two members of the triumvirate, and the widow of Bibulus, Cæsar's stubborn aristocratic colleague in the consulship of 59 B. C. Porcia was as uncompromising as her father, as devoted to the aristocratic tradition as her first husband, and Servilia viewed with anxiety the influence of such a wife upon the weak and impressionable Brutus. If the latter part of Brutus's career, which is so hard to understand, were analyzed in the light of the influence exerted upon him by Servilia and Porcia, much of his vacillation and inconsistency could be explained. In the years immediately preceding Cæsar's death, the mother and the wife can never have worked in harmony in directing the political action of Brutus, and we can help our understanding of his course by taking into account at one moment the dominance of Servilia, at another, that of Porcia. So, for instance, Brutus's consent to join the conspiracy against Cæsar's life, after receiving so many marks of Cæsar's affection and favor, should be laid, in part at least, to the door of Porcia. Servilia can have had no hand in it, and probably knew nothing of his participation in the enterprise.

It is strange that no writer of fiction has ever thought of making Fulvia his heroine. Ambitious, jealous, cruel, avaricious, and vengeful, she made herself mistress of Rome, and ruled Italy with a capricious tyranny, which surpassed even that of the

triumvirs. She married in succession Clodius, Curio, and Antony. To recount their careers is to recite the wildest political excesses of the period of revolution. It was Clodius who for nearly two years held Rome firmly in the grip of his armed bands of desperadoes, overawing the courts and the assemblies and at times even scoffing at the triumvirs and their legions. His career came to an end in a manner befitting such a man. He was killed in a street brawl in 52 B. C. by the faction of Milo, a rival leader. Fulvia married her second husband, Curio, therefore, just before the outbreak of the war between Cæsar and Pompey, when his wild career was at its height. This "most accomplished rake," as Velleius Paterculus styles him, transferred his political allegiance so many times that it is a bewildering task to follow him. His sympathies were first with the bourgeoisie, later he was a conservative, finally a democrat, and in each of his affiliations joined the extreme faction of his party. Shortly after he married Fulvia, Cæsar purchased his services for 100,000 sesterces, as current gossip reported. It was money well spent. For six months during the critical year 50 B. C., Curio single-handed held the senate at bay, and by his clever parliamentary tactics and his appeals to the populace prevented Pompey and the conservatives from carrying through any one of their measures against Cæsar. It was Curio who, according to the current opinion of the times, finally "lighted the torch of war," as Velleius puts it, by inducing Cæsar to cross the Rubicon and advance upon Rome. He was one of the first victims of the war, but Fulvia found a worthy successor to him in Mark Antony. What part she had in spurring Clodius and Curio on to their audacious acts we cannot say, but her course of action after her marriage to her third husband is a matter of history. When Cæsar was struck down, no party and no leader seemed capable of action. The conspirators had looked no further than Cæsar's death, and were without plans. Octavianus, Cæsar's heir, was in Epirus, and Antony, the consul, suspecting further designs on the part of the conspirators, and not knowing their strength, made no move. But this situation of turmoil and confusion was the breath of life to Fulvia. At her instance, Antony took possession of Cæsar's papers, forged docu-

ments to suit his own purpose, reorganized the Jacobin clubs, which had served Clodius so well, stirred the populace to indignation at Cæsar's murder, and began the hasty recruiting of troops. It was these measures which forced Brutus, Cassius, and their fellow-conspirators to leave Rome and to abandon Italy to Antony and Fulvia. Her political career reaches its most dramatic point during the months of proscription after the formation of the Second Triumvirate, and after the battle of Philippi in 42 B. C. She rioted in the carnage and confiscation which followed the return of the triumvirs to Rome in 43 B. C., and when the head of Cicero was placed in her hands she pierced with a golden needle the tongue which had scored her first husband Clodius and branded Antony in the Philip-pics. After 42 B. C. she was practically in control of Italy. She had elevated her brother-in-law Lucius to the consulship, and with his help cowed Octavianus, sowed dissension throughout Italy, and brought the country to the verge of an armed con-

flict. Only the prompt action of Octavianus's general, Agrippa, in shutting up her adherents in Perugia and reducing that city by a siege, saved Italy from the horrors of another civil war. Thwarted by this reverse in her efforts to precipitate war in Italy, she crossed to Greece with three thousand troops, and, although Antony refused to see her, the bitter feeling which she had stirred up induced him to embark for Italy and lay siege to Brundisium. The war was on in earnest, but at this critical moment Fulvia died, and with her disturbing influence at an end, Antony and Octavianus quickly came to an agreement.

Fulvia typifies the spirit of unrest, disorder, and passion which characterizes the closing years of the Republic as perfectly as Livia, the proud, self-contained, far-seeing, tactful woman whom Octavianus married two years after Fulvia's death, personifies the ideal of the new régime. But Livia belongs to the Empire, not to the Republic, and is outside the limits set for this paper.

PLUS AND MINUS

By Alan Sullivan



It was at the close of a dreary winter day that three men sat in front of a great fireplace in a well-known city club—three men whose distinctive personalities were revealed by the yellow light of leaping flame. Around them was the subdued atmosphere which men of affairs look for and appreciate in their social haven, an array of deep yawning leather chairs and broad flat tables littered with periodicals, an expanse of sober-colored carpet into which the foot sank noiselessly. Their talk had drifted unconsciously from the topics of the day to what might be termed individualities—they were expressing not so much their opinions as themselves, and—old cronies all—each offering to friendly vivisection was made in sincerity and received with courteous respect.

Penrose, the artist, a tall, slight, delicate man, was speaking, slowly and thought-

fully. "It is curious," said he, "how very few things do really interest and hold us; we live in such a kaleidoscope that our attention is continually diverted to some new phase—color scheme—to speak professionally, and as our minds grow agile in movement they seem to lose retention. Perhaps it's our interpretation of things that is at fault. Personally, I am deeply conscious of loss in this respect."

The others did not speak at once; they were wondering how Penrose could complain of a deadened sensibility—Penrose, who had mixed into his paints such a quintessence of delicate feeling and perception that his work was prized above that of any modern artist.

At last Stevenson, the ironmaster, broke in: "My dear fellow, if Hulett or myself had entered that complaint there would be reason in it; but you—you see things that we are blind to and cannot realize till we

get the chance of buying your paintings, and that doesn't come any too often."

"Perhaps I will be more clear if I put it another way. There are things which one may think are not worth the effort to obtain; some other one makes the effort and does obtain. Now, although we still question the value of that particular thing to ourselves, we begin to be just a trifle disgruntled, because some one else has decided otherwise, and acted upon that decision."

"Heavens, Penrose," put in Hulett, "that sounds remarkably commercial to come from such an untainted source as yourself!"

The others both laughed, and Hulett continued: "What do you feel the need of? You've got the world to paint, and the world wants you to paint it. Stevenson makes steel rails and is haunted by tariff reform, and I manufacture cloth and fight the labor unions. You don't want to change places with us, do you?"

"No, I don't. I suppose it's all due to that unrest which some good-natured poet has called divine, but honestly I am impressed by what you men are doing. You feed thousands; you create wealth; you strengthen the nation—and, curiously enough, my keenest impression is not about my own work but Stevenson's."

The latter turned in his seat and looked at Penrose: "What is it, old man?"

"It's the trip I took with you two years ago. It seems to grow more vivid every day; I have forgotten much, but never that!"

Inquisitive to see the picture of his own work in the artist's mind, Stevenson said: "Tell us, just as you see it now."

The slight figure in the big chair began to speak very quietly.

"I went on board a steel ship, one-eighth of a mile long, and took possession of as perfect a cabin as I ever had on the Cunard. I was borne across a great inland ocean to a place where another ocean plunges into it, was lifted up, and in twelve hours had gone another two hundred miles."

Stevenson chuckled—"We had her wide open for his benefit, Hulett," but Penrose continued:

"Then I came to great caverns that went down into the very bowels of Mother Earth. Here a regiment of huge machines were tearing and gnawing at mountains of iron ore, and dropping it by the ton into steel

cars. The cars were hurried away to the water's edge, and were seized by some kind of mechanical monster, and their contents literally upset into gaping pockets. The pockets emptied themselves into the steamers that lay beside them, at the rate of ten thousand tons in six hours. Across the water they swept to long docks where machines with titan arms and hands plunged them into the holds of the ships, scooped out the ore and flung it into other cars. These bore the ore to other artificial mountains, from which the furnaces were fed with fuel and stone and iron. Night and day they roared and vomited molten metal, out of which the dross was blown by a cyclonic blast. Then came the rolls—monumental, resistless, inflexible—they received the steel billets, crushing, flattening, shaping, till out of heat and toil and power came the steel rails, miles and miles of them, as I watched. All this without the touch of a human hand. Now that is something I can never forget, and I see it all more vividly than the greatest canvas of the greatest painter—and yet I call myself an artist," he added, half contemptuously.

Stevenson's gray eyes were riveted on the speaker. It was all true—just as Penrose had told it. It was his work—good work—and he knew it; and yet he had never looked on it in this way; he had been too much a part of the picture himself to appreciate its magnificent proportions. A curious idea came into his mind, and, anxious to prove it, he turned to Hulett.

"Impressions are in order, Hulett, tell us yours—the impression above all others."

The latter sat gazing studiously into the red coals. "Well," he said at length, "oddly enough, my memory goes back thirty years. I had just left Yale, and was having a fling before shouldering my burdens, and had drifted up into Canada, moose shooting. We, the guide and I, had been out all day, and when night came were miles from camp; it had been a hard day, too, on snow-shoes, and I was about all in. Dark found us on top of a ridge looking down into a spruce-covered hollow; pretty inhospitable, I thought, till the guide raised his hand and pointed.

"'Look,' he said—'Smoke——'

"Smoke sure enough it was, a thin wreath of it curling over the tree tops. We dived down the slopes and in a few minutes

found the camp. It was a Hudson Bay trapper's—a big teepee made of skins and bark—about twenty feet in diameter, and pointed like a Pierrot's hat. We lifted the flap and looked in. The trapper, a fine old chap, was mending snares, and his wife and daughter—the latter a perfect beauty—were sitting on rabbit-skin rugs and making snow-shoes. The place was spotless and a fire crackled in the middle of it all—I tell you I never saw anything so inviting in my life."

"Youth, youth, ever blessed youth," murmured Stevenson, but Hulett raised an insistent hand and went on:

"There was mighty little there, and I knew it, but what there was, was complete. There lay the beauty of it. The old fellow welcomed us with the manner of an aristocrat—asked not a single question, except were we hungry. The women got kettles and things, and he went outside, dug in the snow, and brought in some partridge and rabbits and fish, and put them all in the pot together; then they made dough-boys—delectable balls of flour and grease—and put those in. They had tea, and made that, and when all was ready waited on us with a grave solicitude that I have only seen equalled in the chief steward of this club. When we had finished, they gave us robes to sleep in, and as I rolled over, I noticed that the old woman had already started to mend my socks.

"It seemed only a few moments till I woke, but it was morning; our breakfast was ready, and it was as good as our supper. When I was leaving, I noticed a red sandstone pipe the old boy had been smoking, and offered to buy it. He took it out of his mouth, and said: 'It is yours.'

"And now listen. He put us on our trail, and when I insisted on his taking money, he simply drew himself up like the gorgeous old pagan he was, and said:

"'No, no—you would have done the same for me,' and was off like a shot.

"Now, gentlemen, would I?—That's the question I have been asking myself periodically ever since. His interpretation puts mine to shame nine times out of ten; he had nothing, but he gave much, and gave it with grace and modest confidence, looking for nothing. He had the largeness of heart which the competition in our lives is choking to death. I tell you that terrapin and

pommery have not killed the savor of that stew, and I don't intend that they ever shall. Stevenson suggests 'youth.' I am with him to a point, but that old fellow had youth and sweetness of spirit while we seem to be getting dried up before our time. Well, you have it, and I expect it's hardly the kind of impression you were anticipating—eh, Stevenson?"

The ironmaster had just lit a cigar and was intently watching the dwindling end of a match. "Well, I don't exactly know," he answered; "I almost did expect something like that, although my knowledge of your tastes does not associate you with stews and dough-boys. I have some kind of an elemental idea in my head that we are all more or less pagans, or would like to be sometimes—just periodically. We profit by our civilization, of course, hugely, but there are some primitive joys we miss on account of it. We are apt to get so infernally refined that we become unnatural. Do you remember Bishop Blougram in Browning, how he

'Rolled him out a mind
Long crumpled, till creased consciousness lay
smooth.'

That's what most of us need—to get the wrinkles out of our mental compositions. I did once, completely and absolutely—it's my one great impression.

"After the Steel Trust took over our plant, I went abroad. It had been heavy work; you know perhaps that our people were the biggest independents outside the Carnegie lot, and when the smoke had cleared away and papers were signed, I went over and stayed in Algiers. I wanted to get away from everything and everybody, so moved on west till I came to a little town called Kroubs, a white-washed patch not far from the edge of the Sahara. The people were practically all natives, Moors, Nubians, and Arabs, with perhaps half a dozen French.

"All that part of Africa was under French military rule—it was a grazing country—and Kroubs was really the head-quarters of the business for the province. I stayed in a small Arab hotel fronting the main street, and lived on coffee, dates, eggs, and black bread, and spent most of the time picking up languages and poking my nose into other people's business. One morning I got up early and sat at the window before

sunrise. The sky had been purple all night and was just showing a little pink, and across the road was a big sheep-pen, with high stone walls around it and a heavy, narrow wooden gate. I could look right into it, and see hundreds of sheep packed like sardines in a case, and presently an Arab chief came up all dressed in white with a couple of Nubians behind him. The two were like ebony statues, big, tall, and beautifully built; all they wore was a loin cloth, and they carried gourds for water-bottles. I noticed the chief had a big iron key hanging from his girdle, and with this opened the gates. You could hear the old wrought-iron hinges creak a mile away in the stillness, and the Nubians stood one on each side as the sheep came out. There was just room for one at a time, and, as I live, the Nubians had a name for each sheep, and they knew it as they were called, and turned right or left one after the other. Now, mind you, there was not a sound, except the shuffle of their trotters and the queer words these big black men were saying in a curious, guttural chuckle of a voice, and yet the sheep knew their shepherd.

"Pretty soon the yard was empty—that white-clad Arab relocked the gate, and his flocks stood waiting behind the Nubians. Then they turned off into the plains—long, low ridges, just like ground swells covered with short grass. The Arab disappeared, and I watched the others, one going south and the other east. They dwindled as they went, those black pillars with their white patches following after, until they dropped out of sight behind a lift of the desert. I rubbed my eyes and stared. It seemed somehow that a corner of a curtain had

been thrown back and I had had a glimpse into days when Abraham's herdsmen watched their sheep. It seemed as if those same Nubians had been guarding those same flocks in just that way every day since the world was young, and all the time I kept saying to myself: 'The sheep knew their shepherd.' Now that was the most impressive thing I ever saw."

There was a long silence around the fireplace as Stevenson finished. Something of the mystery and beauty of the scene was in the minds of the three and they were loath to part with it, when a door opened and two men entered—one of them was speaking rapidly.

"The whole thing might have been avoided with a fractional loss. It was pure carelessness—alarm system out of order—engines did not arrive till too late. It was a mistake in wiring; got their positives and negatives confused, and there was no current."

Stevenson smiled contentedly across the hearth at the others. "That's it—that's what I was after—for electricity substitute life; we don't know what it is, but we can produce it; and it has, in every case, these elements, apparently conflicting, but, as a matter of fact, absolutely necessary for the performance of work. Otherwise you get a dead wire. If we happen to be positives, we must have our negatives—somewhere, somehow. And in our own cases there seems to be no doubt about it."

"The artist and the blast furnace," put in Hulett.

"The ironmaster and the sheep," chuckled Penrose.

"The manufacturer and the dough-boys," concluded Stevenson.

THE ETERNAL THEME

By Curtis Hidden Page

THE years are flying, love,
And youth is dying!
Then seize this hour, my sweet,
And pluck life's flower,
Lest, having never lived,
We die deceived.

SPECULATION AND STOCK EXCHANGES

By Samuel H. Ordway

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THE growth and development of stock exchanges is one of the most striking features of the last century. Their activities are characteristic of what is best and of much that is worst in the financial and commercial world of to-day. They influence and affect the community vitally, for they not only furnish the machinery necessary to the success of the gigantic financial enterprises which make practically effective modern discoveries and inventions, but, by tempting the people at large within the whirl and grasp of that machinery, often ruin and destroy their fortunes and their lives. Naturally, they have long been the subject of careful study by economists and sociologists, and of bitter criticism by a large part of the community and of the press. Wide differences of opinion have developed, ranging from the views of those who argue that the facilities afforded are so essential to modern business and finance that there should be no restriction of their activities, to those of others who urge that the abuses inherent in the system call for its absolute abolition, or at least for drastic State control. The problem is difficult, and must be solved by study and experiment rather than by *a priori* reasoning or arbitrary legislation. While there is not space here to cover the ground adequately, an attempt will be made to outline in a general way the form and chief characteristics of the leading stock exchanges and the nature of speculation itself, so as to make more intelligible the questions involved and the methods suggested for the correction of existing abuses.

Markets came into existence as soon as men acquired property and began to buy and sell; in the course of time, as these markets were organized and regulated by convention or by formal rules, they became exchanges. Commodity exchanges have existed from the earliest times, but security or stock exchanges are comparatively modern. Although some of the existing stock

exchanges in Europe claim great antiquity, they were of very small importance until within the last one hundred and fifty years. Certain securities were issued and dealt in to some extent prior to that time, but it was not until governments became large borrowers, and the form of business organizations known as corporations became common, and began to issue and endeavor to dispose of their securities to the public, that stock exchanges began to assume their present importance. They are now absolutely necessary to the transaction of modern business in modern forms. Their function is, primarily, to supply a place where purchases and sales can readily be made, and where prices are fixed by the volume of transactions which take place on them, and, secondarily, by providing a wide, continuous, and open market, to furnish the necessary machinery for the raising of the enormous amounts of capital required by governments and private enterprises. The exchanges as such do not transact any business, but merely supply a place where information can be obtained and transactions executed, and they surround the business transacted upon their floors with such regulations as seem to them necessary for the protection of their members and the public.

Since it is a fundamental human instinct to desire to acquire wealth, there flock to these exchanges not only those who desire to dispose of securities which they have for sale, and those who desire to invest in such securities, but also all those who believe that by the exercise of their knowledge and judgment as to future events and changes in prices they may secure a profit from their transactions. These latter are commonly known as speculators. In a broad sense, all dealings in commodities and securities are speculation, but that word is generally used to indicate operations having in view the securing of a profit from fluctuations in prices, and to exclude ordinary trading and investment, and it is in this sense that the word is used in this

article. Fluctuations are the cause of speculation rather than speculation the cause of fluctuations.

However subject speculation may be to criticism because of unsound methods or excesses, it is economically reasonable and proper, and even necessary to the true development and operation of the functions of the exchange. As with commodities, so with securities, the law of supply and demand will sooner or later have a controlling effect upon prices, the demand for securities being ultimately determined by their earning capacity. So also the successful progress of the country and of the enterprises organized therein, good crops, and general business prosperity, on the one hand, and crop failures, floods, earthquakes, pestilence, wars and rumors of wars, and general business depression on the other hand, necessarily have a very great effect upon the prices of securities.

It is the proper function of the speculator to forecast the effect of all these considerations upon the course of prices, and by his transactions to discount them. The fundamental characteristic of speculation is the assumption of risks, and the speculator is to some extent an insurer against those risks. So far as he is reasonably well informed as to the facts, and possesses good judgment as to the effect of passing events and as to coming events, his transactions tend to regulate prices and to make more gradual fluctuations which without his operations would be often violent and even ruinous. One of the most important and valuable functions of the exchange being the fixing of prices, to the end that it may always be possible for the owner of securities to turn them into cash at a fair price at short notice, and for the purchaser of securities to be able to buy them in the same way, it is necessary to the proper performance of this function that the transactions upon the exchange should be large in amount, continuous, and, free. The operations of the speculator tend to promote this necessary end.

Notwithstanding the important and valuable assistance which the speculator thus lends to the promotion of the legitimate objects of exchanges, speculation as actually conducted is not always accompanied by good results. Where speculation is excessive, or based upon insufficient knowl-

edge of the facts or unsound judgment as to the future, or conducted upon insufficient capital, it frequently does an enormous amount of harm. It is the avowed intention of all exchanges to make the necessary regulations for the control of business, so that what is good and useful may be conserved and what is evil and injurious may be repressed. Like most human institutions, stock exchanges are imperfect, and have not accomplished all that they have intended to accomplish, much less all that they ought to accomplish, and the evils which have grown up in connection with the transaction of business upon their floors are notorious and have led to a widespread demand for reform.

The leading stock exchanges of the world are the New York Stock Exchange, the London Stock Exchange, the Paris Bourse and the Berlin Boerse. There are many others of considerable importance, among which are the exchanges at Vienna, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Manchester, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Although their general objects are much the same, they differ materially in their organization and rules.

The New York Stock Exchange is an unincorporated voluntary association, limited to one thousand members, governed by a board of governors consisting of forty members, in addition to the president and treasurer. Seats upon the Exchange are very valuable, selling at the present time for about \$80,000. The origin of this Exchange dates back considerably more than one hundred years, to a time when brokers used to meet informally under a tree on Wall Street near Pearl. At that time there were few, if any, rules governing transactions, but a more organized form was adopted in 1792, and the present exchange was organized in 1817. Its constitution declares that its objects are to maintain "high standards of commercial honor and integrity among its members, and to promote and inculcate just and equitable principles of trade and business." A larger volume of business is transacted upon its floor than upon any other exchange in the world. The average annual transactions in stocks amount to more than \$15,000,000,000, and the average annual transactions in bonds amount to nearly \$1,000,000,000.

Originally the members acted solely as brokers or agents, but for many years it has

been customary for them to act also as dealers for their own account. Probably the majority of the members now speculate to a greater or less extent, and certain members, known as traders, do little or no business as brokers, but buy and sell almost wholly for their own account.

A class of members known as specialists has also developed of late years, who deal in one or more special securities to the exclusion of others, and are largely employed by other members who wish to buy or sell those securities. Each member is responsible to every other member with whom he deals for his transactions, but there is no guarantee thereof by the entire body of members or by the Stock Exchange itself. The regular rule is that all transactions must be carried out and settled for on the following business day, the custom of the Exchange thus differing from those in Europe, where there are fortnightly or monthly settlements.

There is no rule governing the margins to be required by a broker of his customers; that subject is left to mutual agreement, but margins are usually insisted upon. The rate of commissions is strictly regulated. Wash sales, that is, fictitious transactions, are forbidden; being difficult of detection, they undoubtedly occur, although probably not to the extent generally supposed. The rules and customs of the Exchange are in accord with the law of the State of New York, and all wagering transactions are prohibited; in other words, every transaction must be not only enforceable under the rules of the Exchange but also at law.

Members are forbidden to deal on the floor of the Exchange in securities which are not formally listed by the Exchange; that is, in any securities which have not passed the scrutiny of the Committee on Stock List, which requires the filing of full financial statements by the company whose securities are to be listed. There is, however, an unlisted department, so called, by which a comparatively small number of securities are admitted to dealings upon the Exchange although they have not passed the formal examination necessary to full listing. This unlisted department is being gradually reduced, and it is to be hoped will soon disappear except for interim or temporary securities. The Stock Exchange does not guarantee or in any way

approve the financial standing of any of the corporations whose securities are admitted to the list, or the value of the securities, but merely endeavors to secure and make public balance sheets and full statements of the affairs of such corporations, and to assure itself of the regularity of the securities issued and listed. The investing and speculating public is expected to form its own judgment as to the financial standing of each corporation and the value of its securities.

Members of the Exchange are not allowed to be members of or to do business upon or with the members of any other security exchange in New York City. Members are allowed, however, to deal on the "Curb" in securities not dealt in upon the Exchange. The "Curb" is an informal and practically unorganized market for securities occupying a portion of Broad Street near the Stock Exchange. Any one may deal on the "Curb," but the majority of the transactions originate with members of the Stock Exchange. Owing to lack of organization and control over persons dealing there, and the absence of any adequate scrutiny of securities dealt in, swindling operations and scandalous misconduct frequently occur, and are proof of the necessity of careful organization and rigid control, in some form, of all large markets for securities.

The London Stock Exchange is also an unincorporated association, and in general does not differ very much in its rules and methods from the New York Stock Exchange. There are, however, some important differences. Settlements are made fortnightly instead of daily; that is, when a man buys or sells securities it is not necessary for him to carry out the transaction and settle for the same until the next settlement day. There is upon the London Stock Exchange a class of members, known as dealers or jobbers, who are forbidden to act as brokers or agents, but are permitted to buy and sell only for their own account. Owing to the existence of these dealers, it is generally the custom for brokers having orders to execute for customers to go to the dealers and make their transactions with them instead of with other brokers. This adds somewhat to the cost of the transaction to the customer, but the system is defended on the ground that it enables purchases and sales to be made more certainly

and more speedily. As in New York, so in London, there are no rules governing margins as between broker and customer; but margins are unusual, most of the business being done wholly on credit. Members who are brokers and not dealers are not forbidden to buy and sell for their own account, and are sometimes speculators.

In 1877 a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate the London Stock Exchange and to recommend measures to correct certain conditions which had been widely criticised. The Commission sat for more than a year, and made an elaborate report suggesting some minor reforms, most of which, however, were urged upon the Exchange, for its own action, rather than upon Parliament for legislation. Changes in the general methods of doing business were not recommended.

The Paris Stock Exchange, or Bourse, differs very materially from the New York and London Stock Exchanges. It is really a government institution, limited to seventy members, who, although elected by the governing body, must be approved by the French Minister of Finance, and are appointed by the President of the Republic. Memberships have sold as high as \$500,000. Every member is responsible for the transactions and indebtedness of every other member. They act solely as brokers or agents, and are forbidden by law to deal for their own account or to be interested in any other commercial enterprise. Dealing is generally "for the account," with fortnightly settlements, as in London. Margins are seldom required from customers, and most of the transactions "for the account" are wholly on credit until the settlement. The books of members are subject to official inspection. The French Bourse proper, known as the Parquet, deals in so limited a number of securities, is under such stringent laws, and is so thoroughly a government institution that there has grown up an open board of brokers, known as the *Coulisse*, which has finally received a sort of recognition, and meets within the precincts of the Bourse itself. The *Coulisse*, although to some extent controlled and regulated by the State, corresponds in some respects to the New York Curb. Any one may deal there, but only in securities not listed on the Parquet, or Bourse proper.

As a result, transactions in the *Coulisse* are frequently larger than in the Parquet.

The Berlin Stock Exchange, or Boerse, again differs materially from the others which have been referred to. It is really an open board of brokers, where any one may come and for a nominal fee do business subject to the general laws of Germany. The rules of the Exchange are much less numerous and rigid than those of the other exchanges. Most of the transactions are "for the account," with monthly settlements. As a general rule, margins are not required. There is no regulation as to the rate of commissions. As the persons dealing upon the Boerse are not subjected to any scrutiny and comparatively little control by the Exchange itself, the transaction of business has been accompanied by difficulties and abuses which have led to the severest criticism. This was the condition of affairs prior to 1896. In 1892 an Imperial Commission was appointed to investigate the Exchange and recommend measures of reform. After sitting for nearly two years, it made an elaborate and valuable report suggesting important changes. Owing, however, to the pressure of public opinion resulting from the evils above referred to, and to the activity of the Agrarian party, the Reichstag went far beyond the recommendations of the Commission and adopted, in 1896, a law of the most drastic character, which attempted to control and end the existing evils, but went to such extremes as to disorganize business in Berlin and throughout Germany, and, as a result, to a large degree, drove it from the country. The law created a State Commissioner, and gave him general supervision and control over the Exchange. It provided minute regulations for the issuance of new securities and for the receipt and handling by brokers of their customers' securities. It attempted to prevent short sales by forbidding all dealings for future delivery in grain and flour, and all dealings for the account in mining and industrial securities, and further provided that in all other cases no transaction for future delivery or for the account should be valid or enforceable unless both parties thereto had theretofore entered their names in a special Exchange Register. The object of these latter provisions was to prevent short sales of certain commodities and securities absolutely, and

to prevent short sales of all other commodities and securities by unregistered persons, that is, by the public generally.

This German law, therefore, attempted to do the very things which have been so generally advocated of late in this country, that is, to prevent manipulation, to restrict short sales, and to prevent what is known at stock-gambling by the uninformed public. Briefly, it was a disastrous failure. Legitimate business was largely driven out of the country, and was transacted upon the London and Paris exchanges through *remissiers*, who acted as local agents for foreign brokers. With very few exceptions, persons speculating in securities and commodities refused to register, and such transactions as took place in Germany were subject to the risk of repudiation. In some cases speculators dealt on both sides of the market, that is, bought and sold the same security at the same time; if the security went up, they endeavored to carry out the transaction in which they had bought and repudiated the other; if it went down, they insisted upon their sale and repudiated their purchase. Even where honest dealers intended to carry out their transactions, it often happened that, in case of their death, their executors were compelled to treat the transactions as illegal. As a result, such business as was done in Germany fell largely into the hands of large banks. The injury to German business and to Germany's financial prestige was so enormous that public opinion gradually changed, and in course of time came to demand the repeal or amendment of the law, and in 1908 the law was very materially amended so as practically to do away with the system requiring the registration of speculators and to permit short sales of securities within certain limitations. The experience of Germany is valuable and instructive, and shows the danger of injury to legitimate and necessary business resulting from extreme efforts by the State to control and eliminate the evils connected with speculation.

Clearing-houses exist in all the leading exchanges for the purpose of offsetting and clearing purchases and sales of securities and the indebtedness therefor. They are similar in purpose and character to the clearing-houses maintained by the banks of all large cities. They were adopted in Europe nearly fifty years ago. In this coun-

try the Philadelphia Exchange was the first to organize a clearing-house, in 1870. The New York Stock Exchange was the last to do so, in 1892. While stock-exchange clearing-houses certainly facilitate undesirable speculation and manipulation, they are essential to the transaction of the legitimate business of the exchanges, and greatly reduce the strain upon the banks and the money market during periods of great activity.

As already stated, there can be no doubt that many and serious evils have grown up in connection with speculation and transactions upon stock exchanges. What is commonly known as stock gambling, and *is* virtually gambling, although the forms of law are observed and the transactions are legal and enforceable, has increased enormously, and demands most serious consideration, since it tends to demoralize a large part of the community. Its evils are aggravated by the tendency to do business upon very small margins, the result of which is that many speculators are closed out and lose their all as the result of comparatively small fluctuations, such as are certain to occur in all markets. Since the broker's income increases with the volume of his customers' transactions, he is tempted to urge excessive speculation, upon insufficient margins, and in many cases the wholly unjustifiable operations of the uninformed speculator of small means are due to the advice and frequently to the solicitation of his broker. Large operators possessing great capital and a superior knowledge of financial events frequently manipulate prices in such a way as to make large profits for themselves and at the same time to injure, and even ruin, many of their smaller competitors and the speculating public. In addition, these manipulators and other speculators frequently spread false rumors and misrepresent facts in order to cause violent fluctuations and induce timid holders to close out their commitments.

Besides these evils, there are undoubtedly many cases of misconduct on the part of individual brokers. Recent failures have uncovered illegal and even criminal acts upon the part of brokers for which the present laws seem to provide little punishment and no sufficient remedy. Some brokers who are not guilty of actual crime undoubtedly engage in improper practices, for example, by rehypothecating their cus-

tomers' securities for more than they themselves have loaned upon them, by lending them, and by trading against their customers; that is, making a sale for their own account to offset the customer's purchase and then delivering his stock to make good their own sale, thus virtually "bucketing" the order. There is bitter complaint also that specialists sometimes take advantage of the various orders which they receive in their own special securities and, by dealing in them for their own benefit, make a profit at the expense of their customers. This class of evils is, of course, analogous to other crimes and wrong-doing which occur even in the most civilized land. They can no more be eradicated by legislation than murder or theft, but the fact that they exist leads to popular criticism of the exchanges and of the whole system.

In addition to the evils already mentioned, there are many swindling operations which have no connection with the exchanges, but which have their home in the same neighborhood and are to some extent confused with the exchanges in the public mind. These consist of the organization and exploitation of unsound corporations and the distribution and sale of their worthless securities by means of false or deceptive advertising and circulars. A class of tipsters has also grown up who advertise in certain of our newspapers, which are open to the severest criticism for accepting and publishing such advertisements, and who do not differ in any respect from the tipster or tout at a race-course.

All of these swindlers endeavor to cloak their operations under the form of legitimate stock transactions, and frequently advertise themselves as members of some so-called stock exchange; although no such exchange exists, the victims are apparently unable to distinguish it from the regular exchanges, and lose large sums of money by investing in securities which, if they have any legal existence, certainly have no real value. The distinction between the latter class of transactions and those conducted on the legitimate exchanges should be emphasized, for, while there are evils connected with the best exchanges, the more serious evils, and those most subject to criticism, have no connection with them, but arise from the activities of outsiders. Mining stocks are a specially favorite field

for these swindlers, and seem to have a peculiar attraction for credulous investors, because of the mystery which surrounds them, the large profits occasionally made in them, and the extravagant promises which promoters hold out to unwary readers of advertising literature. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a loss results from such operations. The existing laws are sufficient, if properly enforced, to punish and to some extent to prevent many of these swindles. Under the laws of the State of New York, and of most of the other States, the obtaining of money by false pretence is larceny, and in the worst cases the main difficulty in punishing those guilty is to catch them and to find some one who is willing to come forward with the evidence. Where, however, the swindler confines himself to prophecy as to the outcome of his scheme, and refrains from stating any definite facts, the law affords no sufficient remedy. In such cases the public must protect itself by refusing to be entrapped by specious and alluring advertisements and circulars which on careful reading will be found to assert nothing but possibilities and hopes.

Those evils, however, which seem to be inherent in stock speculation and the transaction of business on stock exchanges, such as excessive speculation, doing business on insufficient margins, manipulation of prices, short selling, and other matters already mentioned, are not so easily corrected. They are in all cases so intimately connected with legitimate and necessary transactions that extreme caution is required in undertaking legislation to prohibit them.

A large part of the community and many influential papers have for a long time advocated a law to prevent so-called stock gambling. There are distinguished economists who claim that even such transactions as may be described as virtually gambling, by adding to the breadth and freedom of the market, perform a useful function in the business life of the nation. But even if this theory be sound, the individual misery and ruin which result seems to be too high a price to pay, and it would undoubtedly be desirable to eliminate such operations if that could be accomplished without at the same time obstructing and limiting legitimate transactions, which are not only desirable and necessary in themselves, but essential to the existence of such

a market for securities as must be provided if the business of the nation is to be done and to develop and progress. The form of the various transactions is identical. The difference between them rests not merely in the intention of the parties but frequently in a state of mind which in many cases cannot be described as an intention and often changes from day to day. So long as they are in form legal and binding contracts to deliver and receive securities, which can be enforced by either side, there seems to be no practicable method by which they can be classified in certain cases as legitimate and in others as illegitimate; any effort to do so would be almost certainly futile, and would do vastly more harm to business than it would good to the community. Of course, it must be remembered that this statement does not apply to wagering transactions, where there is no intention to make a binding contract, but which amount merely to a bet upon fluctuations in prices, that is, what is ordinarily known as "bucketing." These transactions are not only illegal, but are crimes in the State of New York and in many other States, and are contrary to the rules of all of the leading exchanges.

Serious complaint has been made, and justly, of the injury done to the community by speculation upon margin. This system is the foundation of a large part of the great speculative structure, and undoubtedly increases enormously the volume of speculative transactions. The so-called lambs and suckers who speculate in Wall Street generally do so upon small margins, which are insufficient to withstand even the natural fluctuations of the market. The result is that they lose their all, and thereafter bitterly assert that some indefinite large interests caused the fluctuations with intent to ruin them. In most cases their losses are due solely to the fluctuations which occur in every market, against which a small margin, unless backed by ample capital, is a wholly insufficient protection. The probability is that if those speculators paid in full for whatever they bought, their losses would be extremely small as compared with their losses under the present system, and in many cases, as they are apt to be purchasers rather than sellers, there would be in the long run no loss at all, but a profit. Undoubtedly this is a very serious evil, but the

question is in the last analysis one of credit, which is always a most dangerous subject of legislation. The California Legislature has undertaken to forbid dealings on margin, and the constitutionality of the law has been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, but the law is a dead letter. Our whole financial and business structure is founded upon credit, and any attempt to provide that in any large class of transactions there shall be no dealings upon credit, while it may protect certain people, is likely to do damage to vastly more.

So, also, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to devise any safe system of legislation to restrict the manipulation of prices. No one has yet been able to suggest a form of statute which will prevent improper manipulation of prices and will at the same time permit legitimate transactions on a large scale.

Short selling has been the subject of constant attention and very serious criticism from the public and the press. It is difficult to see why it is economically or morally wrong to agree to sell something that one does not possess but expects to obtain in the future, any more than it is to agree to buy what one has not the money to pay for at the present time but expects to have the money to pay for later on. Contracts and agreements to sell and deliver in the future commodities which one does not possess at the time of the contract are common in all forms of business. The manufacturer sells what he has not yet produced; he must do so to keep his factory open and his hands employed the year around; the farmer agrees to sell his growing crop; the contractor agrees to deliver the house built of bricks he has not yet purchased and with labor he has not yet contracted for; and so on *ad infinitum*. While undoubtedly the short selling of securities may temporarily cause a serious lowering of prices and even a panic, still in the long run it tends to steady prices and to prevent both rising and falling markets from going to extremes. It must be remembered that the man who has sold short must some day buy back in order to return the stock he has borrowed to make the short sale. If short sales were prevented, or even substantially limited, it would be possible for daring manipulators to run prices up to an abnormal height, from which they would come down with a crash

that would ruin all involved, as in the case of the South Sea bubble and John Law's Mississippi Scheme. Short sales made by speculators whose judgment enables them accurately to forecast the future, increasing as prices mount upward, always tend to prevent extremes from being reached.

Outside, therefore, of the crimes of individuals, which the criminal law ought to punish, those features of stock speculation which are most often and most severely criticised are so closely interwoven with the necessary system of dealing in securities that it is largely impracticable and dangerous to attempt to correct them by legislation. This does not mean, however, that there is no remedy. There is a remedy, and it is in the hands of the stock exchanges. By virtue of their great powers over their members—powers all the greater because the exchanges are unincorporated and therefore not controlled by the strict letter of a charter or of the general corporation laws—they are able to make and enforce such rules as will subserve the best interests of their members and the public, and can punish and largely prevent a misuse of the opportunities afforded by their own existence and by the laws regarding transactions in securities. The officers and governors of the New York Stock Exchange are men of long experience and great intelligence. They know what is being done, or if not they can easily find out. They can demand to see the books of any member. They can call him before them, summon witnesses, and conduct a short investigation without legal forms or the law's delays, and enforce substantial justice. If they find that excessive manipulation of certain securities is going on through a few brokerage houses, a hint from them, backed by their power of discipline, to those involved in the manipulation would receive immediate attention. If they find by common report, or by the complaint of customers, that certain brokers are in the habit of unduly encouraging excessive speculation, or of doing business on too slender margins, or of dealing against their customers, or of misusing their securities, an investigation will speedily show the facts and enable the governors to impose such punishment as will be a deterrent in future. The New York Stock Exchange has been very prompt and severe in its punishments where the misconduct on the part

of members has been publicly disclosed. It has, however, not always been so ready to investigate their methods before any public disclosure of wrong-doing, although the Street may be full of rumors and the members generally know that something is wrong.

The time has come for the stock exchanges to grapple boldly with the evils in the present system, which are undoubtedly increasing, and, by controlling and preventing them, not only to put an end to the serious criticism now levelled against what is known as "Wall Street," but to protect the community in future. It will not do for them to seek to maintain the privacy of a club, and to say that they are voluntary associations attending to their own business and that no responsibility rests upon them to enforce higher standards, or to endeavor to detect and prevent misconduct before the crash occurs. While they are not incorporated or legally subjected to any public duty, nevertheless they are in the control and government of large organizations which are transacting business essential to the welfare of the community, and in which very large numbers of their fellow-citizens are immediately and vitally interested. They must be regarded as quasi-public institutions, and undoubtedly constitutional laws could be devised to subject them to State supervision and control, to the end that the evils referred to should be regulated and prevented. It is true that such supervision and control, and such methods as would have to be embodied in State legislation, would probably not be so effective to correct the evils as the voluntary action of the exchanges, if they would only undertake to do all that it is in their power to do. Public opinion upon this subject is growing, and undoubtedly demands to-day that the stock exchanges should set their houses in order, to the end that well-founded criticism of their methods should be satisfactorily met. If they recognize this public opinion, and assume the plain duty which lies before them, they can eradicate existing evils, so far as it is possible to do so, before the millenium. If, however, they are unwilling to do so, and prefer to allow matters to go on as they are, and the misuse of their facilities to increase, they must expect that public opinion will demand, as it ought to demand, that, even though it be not fully effective, the State should at least make the effort to regulate things itself.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IS display among those most plentifully provided with the means therefor going out of fashion? Are the rich, even the newly rich, losing the habit which for so long made them the butt of the comic papers—court jesters to King Demos—and adopting new views, new devices, new relations with the public?

If comparison be made with the facts a little more than a century ago, on the eve of the Revolution, for France, a little earlier for England, a very good case for the affirmative could be made out. For these two countries there is one incontestable and portentous difference between the past and the present. The rich no

Are the Rich
Hiding?

longer possess certain means of lavish display which to the remainder of society must be wholly lacking. Look, for example, at the matter of travelling. It is not easy for us to imagine whole peoples, with the exception of a small privileged class, absolutely without the power to move from the places in which they were born save on foot, bound to the native town or estate, as completely as the Russian serf or the negro slave, peoples to whom the very conception of a public conveyance was for the mass as unthinkable as that of an automobile or an aeroplane. Now among such peoples the display of wealth by those who had it, in connection with travel alone—the costly coaches, the trappings of horses ridden or driven, the retinue of attendants, the robes of the master and mistress, the liveries of servants, the whole *équipage*—was the established custom, as much expected and observed as clean linen now-a-days; and accepted as completely by the mass, unquestioning and hopeless, as a fixed element in the general plan of things. It was but one of many evidences of the practically impassable gulf dividing the rich from the rest of the community.

Of course, no such gulf ever existed between a class and the mass of the American people, save so far as there was an exception in the Southern States during the existence of slavery. But it is within the memory of men who do not like to think themselves very old, that there was in our country an impressive remnant of vast difference in display between the rich and

the non-rich. Until relatively recent times display was regarded by those having the means for it, as a natural and almost inevitable mode of making manifest the possession of wealth, as a legitimate part of the enjoyment to be derived from such possession. If this were, as it was, especially the view of those to whom wealth was a novelty, particularly the women—the Mrs. Potiphars of the first half of the last century, so exquisitely presented by George William Curtis—it must be remembered that new wealth was more common than old, and that the women, for the most part, had the spending of it. To this class publicity was as the breath of their nostrils. They took, and made, every possible opportunity to show themselves and their wealth, or the visible, tangible evidence of it, to their fellow beings. Wealth accrued so rapidly in the hands of numbers unaccustomed to the handling of it, without standards, conventions, restraints, that it was inevitable that they should first of all seek to demonstrate and parade it, to demonstrate it by parade. It was the stage of evolution where there was consciousness among the rich of material difference between them and the non-rich, but not of anything approaching class distinction.

That came later, or the desire for it, and with it the thirst for exclusiveness. This was not wholly a mere thirst. It was in part the aversion from the multitude due to the formation of tastes which the multitude did not share or understand, tastes luxurious, it is true, but often refined. But probably with the majority exclusiveness became an aim from much the same motive as that of the previous display. There was a feverish impulse to establish a substantial distinction between the rich and the non-rich. But it prompted withdrawal from the public gaze rather than voluntary exposure to it. Its expression is in the closely guarded “cottages” of Newport, in lieu of the monstrous Saratoga hotels of the fifties. It tended to the creation by the rich of a *monde* of their own, with fairly defined and narrow limits, a sufficient theatre for all desirable display by its members. This, I think, is the process now going on in this country. It is not, obviously, wholly admirable. Some of its results are dis-

agreeable enough, some unwholesome and even vicious. But at least it is gradually tending to abate the offensive form of vulgarity for which our land was once noted. In time the better possibilities of it will develop, whether in sufficient strength to redeem the others remains to be seen.

THERE is only one thing stupider than the average person's travels—and that is the book written to describe them.

We all know how it began—back in those remote ages when stage-coach and chaise were in use; when one passed swinging highwaymen at Tyburn; and the chapmen found books about Jonathan Wild and Cartouches their

"best sellers." In those days it took

a certain amount of courage to travel—and a certain amount of cash, too; unless one were a *picaro* and wrote "*Lazarille de Tormes*" afterward, which very few travellers did, as a matter of fact. But now it takes more courage not to travel than to travel; more courage to read the literature of the subject than to pass through the adventures described. It is a curious matter, the way in which a travel book is born. One goes abroad—family or friends beg, in the affectionate unrestraint of leave-taking: "Write lots of letters—long ones, remember!"—And one obliges them, of course—to fill in the time between going to the post-office and sitting down at the *table-d'hôte*; and then, I don't know just how many months afterward, some one says: "You ought to collect those letters, you know, and publish them"; and one *does* collect them; finally, one publishes them with a dedication, "To Blank—, at whose suggestion these travel sketches were prepared for the press." Oh, it is easily understood, this temptation to write books of travel; but so is the temptation to kill readily understood, though we deplore the practice. It is time that a paternal government took steps against the depletion of our forests through the diversion of wood-pulp to travel literature.

Do you know John Sanderson's "The American at Paris?" Sanderson was a Philadelphia school-master of the early nineteenth century; his letters home fill two little volumes. "I had partly the intention, in writing these letters, to dress them up one day into some kind of shape for the Public." He tells us this in his preface; and any reader of his letters may see for himself that Sanderson speaks

true. And yet he has his picturesque touches. On one side of the Boulevard de la Madeleine, he tells us, lay a sad-looking garden. "I asked a Frenchman whose it was; he says, 'it is the Minister of Strange Affairs,'"—M. Guizot's. Mildly humorous, this; and Sanderson lays claim to being nothing more than "a snapper of unconsidered trifles." It is the vice of books of travel that they *are* mildly humorous: otherwise they would not cheat us of our time. Fortunately, contemporary travel books exist only for the pictures' sake. It is taking an unfair, unexpected advantage to peek into the text and see what is written there. They say that Gautier first wrote his book on Spain; then, on the proceeds, went south to see if the country lived up to his description of it. Like most pleasant anecdotes of genius, the legend is suspect. But how much better it would be if travellers were definitely forbidden to describe any countries except those that they have yet to see! Besides the spur to the imagination, think of the great gain in this: there would be much less written. For we have travelled everywhere, we twentieth century folk; we will go a thousand miles to escape staying at home with our dull selves. It is by means of travel that we get in our bragging, too; first, we brag of home while we're abroad; returned, we brag of what we've seen.

"I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it," Sterne writes in his "Journey"; and by Smelfungus he politely designated the learned Dr. Smollett. "'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit,' said he." A bilious person like Tobias Smollett, who dragged a sick body through France and Italy, and lived just long enough to tell the tale and perish, could never find a publisher to-day. The travel books of our times are one thing, at least: enthusiastic. Travel must be idealized if we are to make books of it. But why make books at all? Travels in themselves are well enough—the trouble lies precisely in trying to make capital out of them. Vincent says in Mistral's "Mirèio," the fiftieth birthday of which we have been celebrating:

Tambèn a soun plesi, lou viage,
Et l'oumbro dóu camin fai óubrida la caud;—

"all the same, travels have their delights; and in the road's shadiness we forget its heat." What we cannot forget, however, is the probable dulness of Vincent's journal, had he kept one.

THE best way to know that sub-conscious self of which we hear so much is to know it through our dreams. And by this I mean quite simply the dreams one dreams while one is asleep, not while one is awake. Dreams seem to be stirrings into unusual activity of this sub-conscious, remembering, in all its cells, the past of the race. I contend that if we gave these stirrings due attention we should learn extraordinarily

Dreams and the
Sub-conscious

much of what this race of ours has been through in past ages. It is, for example, very illuminating that pain plays so great a part in the emotions as we have them in dreams. We all know that the pain of dreams is often acute beyond what the actual painful experiences of waking life can induce in us. The only forces (barring great griefs) which will produce the same impressions, in degree and kind, are music and poetry; not all music, nor all poetry, but the music which reproduces moods very closely, and the poetry in which there is a preponderant measure of that quality which we call Celtic.

One finds oneself harking back to this notion of Celtic quality, indeed, whenever one ponders the recollection of certain dream impressions. There is something in the Celtic race—this oldest of the European civilizations, which least has embraced reality and been taught by it, least has kept step with the changes of progress, little learned, and nothing forgotten—that tells us what were the by-gones of that group of humanity to which we belong. Gaining little from the revelations of science and the exact practise of daily, orderly, industrious living, and receiving the lessons of life apparently only through the medium of the intuitions, all its channels of receptivity seem to be turned toward the voices of the inside. It is as if we could quite plainly see how man had once been a mere bundle of susceptibilities, gathering pain and joy from immemorial sources in nature herself—a reed in the wind.

If we experience pity in our dreams it will not be for many of those conditions which move to sympathy the busy mortals of to-day. And this, again, is very illuminating. The sub-conscious cells know nothing obviously as yet of some of our paramount modern interests. They know nothing of universal suffrage, of political equality, of the emancipation of women, or the social brotherhood. You may dream of such things (the chances

are that you won't), but, if you do, they will awaken no response, there is no pathway made down which they will echo reverberatingly into the deep places of the soul. You will dream none of your great dreams with the stuff of which your daily waking thoughts are made; none of those dreams so shaking and permeating that body and mind keep the saturation of them through hours of waking activity, making the actual remote, and tangible forms transparent mist-shapes through and beyond which the Vast shows. The materials of these unforgettable dreams are simple and primal. Their joys have the primitive intensity of their pains. Their loves have cruelty and fatefulness, the cruelty and fatefulness of the race when it was young.

I can have no respect, certainly, for the intelligence of my sub-conscious life if I judge it on the thought of its appreciation of the laughable. Fear, and passion, and the sense of mystery were great in the life of our forebears, but interludes of mirth were few, and they were made, it seems, of coarse fibres. Primitive man did not know humor as we know it. It is mankind gallantly struggling with his fate, who, for his own protection, creates this sense for himself in the process of his making. And so it is the buffoonery of a silly action—some such buffoonery as might strike the sense of the comical of a Calabrian peasant to-day—that excites hilarity in dreams. The old Greeks, with their musical modes built upon semi-tones, and again the extreme moderns, like a Debussy, who can translate the sound of water and the color of moonlight into tone, reproduce the stammerings of man—his *balbutiements*—in the face of cosmic events. Our dreams are just such stammerings. What makes the poet or musician great who interprets such moods is the measure of his sense of the stored-up passion of all the ages of the world contained in those sounds the surge of which, as from beyond shut doors, beats up for a moment to his ears. Yet this sense, which a Charles Martin Loeffler or a Maeterlinck can give us in one happy phrase, may be ours, any chance night, with a million-fold the power and evocativeness, when we slip over the border of sleep, in some dream the details of which, but a little later, will have the insubstantiality of a wraith, and whose very outlines we may hesitate to recall for a futility that shames us, an inconsequence that seems to sever them from all the human experience of intelligent man.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

SOME NOTABLE PAINTINGS AT THE SEATTLE EXPOSITION

THE Department of Fine Arts at the Seattle Exposition occupies a building that is ultimately to become a part of the University of Washington—a building containing eight galleries, four below and four above. Two of the lower rooms are devoted to a retrospective exhibition of works by deceased masters, loaned by various art institutes and from private collections.

Though of decidedly uneven merit—for some of them are of more than doubtful origin, while others are excellent examples of the masters they represent—they form upon the whole an interesting display, and a surprising display, too, when one stops to consider the remoteness of Seattle and the easily comprehended reluctance of collectors to part with their pictures for so long a journey and so long a time.

Unfortunately, however, they have been hung without thought of grouping—English portraitists, Barbizon landscapists, and Italian and Dutch masters elbowing each other for wall space. In these days of commercial activity, when every article of price (and many not of price) is most carefully displayed to set off its full value, why is it that our current art exhibitions have not fallen into line and endeavored to display their pictures in the most attractive manner possible? The Secessionists in Munich, perhaps the first to appreciate this point of view, have done much in this direction, and no one who saw the Lenbach Exhibition a few years ago will ever forget the effect of its beautifully toned galleries with their garlands of dried laurel, their clipped trees in tubs and, above all, the careful and judicious spacing of their pictures, each of which in consequence showed to its very best advantage.

Similar ideas have prevailed of late in New York to a certain extent and have been used to advantage. Here at Seattle, however, the pictures have been simply hung upon the walls and each left to tell its own story. And this is surely to be regretted. Aside from their æsthetic appeal for educational reasons alone (and this aspect of an exhibition is not to be

overlooked), a systematic grouping of the various schools would have been a great aid to the public's appreciation. One heard enough eager groping for knowledge and enough intelligent criticism in these galleries—though the larger proportion of the public was undoubtedly attracted primarily by the “pretty”—to wish that the more discriminating class of visitors could have been aided in their enjoyment by a careful segregation of the pictures.

There are upon the walls enough paintings of each school to have formed an instructive display. That of the Barbizon men, for instance, would have been really noteworthy. Corot's familiar art is represented by a number of fine examples, notably his beautiful “Just Before Sunrise,” loaned by the Art Institute of Chicago—peasants in a boat-load of hay among feathery willows, with a subtle suggestion of a village beyond, the whole bathed in that delicious pearly atmosphere of poetry which was Corot's most precious legacy to the world of art. His grave and impressive “Giant Willows,” in a more sombre and dramatic note, is also here. There are two robust Courbets, and Daubigny's brilliant art is exemplified by several important pictures, including his “On the French Coast,” a fine breezy canvas thoroughly impressionistic in the right sense of the word. There are, too, several characteristic wood interiors by Diaz, but this artist is seen in his most interesting mood in a little canvas called “The Lovers”—she white and flower-like, he dark and swarthy, seated in a dusky boscage against a circle of golden light, opalescent, jewel-like, glowing—a painting which, despite its small size, is executed with rare breadth and vigor and with a peculiarly fine discrimination in the matter of textures. Here surely was material enough for a handsome wall devoted to the French romanticists.

There are enough canvases in the manner of the great English portraitists to have given a good notion of the ideals of that school. It would certainly have been a less interesting group than the Frenchmen, for though the great seventeenth-century English names appear in the catalogue they are for the most part unworthily represented. We find, to be sure, familiar canvases by Reynolds, Gainsborough,

Hoppner, and Kneller, but none to compare with the great examples to be seen in the museums of London or Paris. This group, however, would have contained a real masterpiece by an Englishman of later date: the "Portrait of Joachim," by George Frederick Watts—a picture which, in addition to its undoubted technical qualities, its rich tone, the sureness and breadth of its handling, the simplicity of its *facture*, has what so few paintings ever possess: a soul. And who can say wherein this quality lies? Is it to be found in the eyes, introspective, slightly downcast, turned inward as it were, or is it to be found in the palpitant nostril or in the superbly modelled hand, temperamental, slender, white, and ghostly, that lightly touches the bow? In whatever feature it may reside, the spirit of the master mind surely emanates from this remarkable picture—a rare mingling of mood, the adequate portrayal of an artist's soul seen through another artist's eye.

There are but few paintings by the Italian masters, and these mainly unimportant examples of the later men. Among the Dutch and Flemish pictures, however, are some worthy specimens: a good Rubens, several characteristic Teniers, a Rembrandt portrait, and a really notable canvas by a comparatively unknown artist, Paul Moreelse. His wholly charming "Portrait of a Lady" is a beautiful piece of painting, especially the head and the hand that holds the gloves, while the richly embroidered gown—at variance with the usual Dutch tradition of sombre black and white—fairly glows with scarlet and gold, recalling the warm canvases of Titian's youth and rendering appropriate the carved *cinque-cento* frame which at first sight seems irrelevant around this Flemish lady.

These pictures by the older masters occupy two galleries to the right of the lower atrium. The two galleries to the left and the four galleries above are devoted to works by contemporary painters, mostly Americans. Among them there is also a goodly showing by the earlier American landscape painters, pictures which would have been seen to far greater advantage had they been brought together on one wall. As it is, they pass almost unperceived, save to the diligent searcher, submerged as they are by their showier and more modern neighbors. Yet the Seattle Exposition contains some noteworthy examples of their work. There are, for instance, two poetic Wyants—one his important "In the Still Woods." There

are one or two of Minor's deep-toned "Even-tides," and a good example of Kensett's art, and several fine Blakelocks—one of which, his "Ghost Dance," replete with imagination and glowing with color, is worthy of a place of honor, rather than a place above the line. Homer Martin's "On the Seine," imbued with the familiar charm of his finer canvases, depicts the same feathery line of poplars fringing the river bank that is seen in his deservedly admired canvas in the Metropolitan Museum.

Our painters of the day make a brave showing, and in looking over their work one cannot help but be impressed by the saneness of their point of view, by their sobriety and lack of faddishness, by the sincerity and conviction of their methods. For the most part they take their art very seriously and work upon the modern theory that nature cannot be studied too long nor too closely. Yet not all have gone in for the ultra-modern movement—the doctrine of "Whatever is, is beautiful." "The Eight" stand nearest this point of view, yet it is a far cry indeed from their methods to the vagaries of the French and Germans—of Matisse and his school for example. Of our realist group, Robert Henri shows among other things his striking and seductive "El Tango," her shawl aflame with poppies; and John Sloan, his "Coffee Line," full of gloomy Zolaesque pessimism, painted by a man who feels and feels deeply; while Charles Hawthorne exhibits several able realistic studies, large and manly and of marked distinction and style.

In striking contrast to their ideals are the painters of a more academic point of view and with a quicker sense for the beauty of the classic—men like William Paxton, whose carefully modelled "Glow of Gold" shows Gérôme's influence in its impeccable rendering of line and form; or George DeForest Brush, whose beautiful little "Weaver," a canvas of rare and exquisite quality, almost lost in a corner, shows the same sincere spirit. Louis Loeb's "Summit"—the eternal struggle of youth—is conceived in a similar mood, and so is Irving Couse's "Connoisseur," one of his best canvases.

In a broader vein of painting, Sargent is represented by his portrait of "Mrs. Fiske Warren"; Smedley by his well-known "Book-lovers"; John W. Alexander by his "Butterfly," a suave harmony in greens with well-placed crimson spots; and Irving Wiles by one of his very ablest canvases, his portrait of Mrs. Gilbert, strong, forceful in characterization, and



The Fine Arts Building.
Seattle Exposition.

painted with ease and breadth. Hugo Ballin shows a number of decorative paintings, and in this same class may be included Frederick Ballard Williams's beautiful "Court of the Beloved," with its sumptuous, glowing figures and draperies; and Robert Reid's "Canna," a harmony in cool grays, lavenders, and blues. Benson strikes his brilliant out-door note in a number of sunny canvases, but one misses with regret his fellow Bostonian Tarbell, and among the figure paintings the works of Chase and Melchers.

Our landscapists show to excellent advantage, emphasizing their claim to recognition as leaders in their realm to-day. They, too, follow no one line of tradition, deviating, according to their various temperaments, toward realism,

romanticism, or impressionism, solving their own problems in their own special ways, and thus, to the unthinking, giving color to the saying, "There is no really American art to-day!" But is not this very variety of their product the best proof of its living quality, its seeking for the highest development and its ultimate success, for is it not through struggle and competition that effort succeeds?

In the strong group that has taken up the standard of realism, Edward Redfield stands a leader. He shows here in Seattle a number of his works, among them, the "Harbor of Boulogne," which has been duly praised in the annual shows, and deservedly, for it is forceful in presentation, simple, yet full of detail, and painted with astounding vigor. Paul Dougherty

strikes a similar vigorous yet more tragic note in his sombre "Pirates' Cove."

Ranger falls between this group and another: realist in his "Getting Ship Timber," a sparkling wood interior; romanticist in his beautiful "Noank Street," a view down the broad thoroughfare to a little knot of flimsy houses and the water beyond, the whole canvas aglow with russets and yellows and suffused like a Claude Lorraine in ambient light. Emil Carlsen shows two of his best works: a big oak-tree standing among tawny wheat stacks, against a lowering sky, and a dramatic marine—billows pounding against a frowning cliff.

Among the true romanticists, Charles Melville Dewey certainly takes very high rank. It would only need his beautiful "Sunshine and Shadow" to substantiate his claim to this distinction—a group of great trees overshadowing a tiny house, handsome in design, mellow in color, seen with the emotional element as the controlling force. Near it hangs W. Granville-Smith's "Old Mill," a moonlight conceived in a similar romantic vein, subtle and true in values and, with his "Golden Birches," seen with a true poet's vision. Arthur B. Davies sends several examples of his very individual and highly imaginative art, and Ben Foster is worthily represented by his "October End."

Impressionism has had two splendid champions in the late John Henry Twachtman and Childe Hassam, each represented in this exhibition by four or five remarkable pictures. The group by Twachtman is especially noteworthy, as so little of his work has been exhibited of late. His "Greenwich Hills" suffers in the artificial light, but his altogether delightful "Niagara" in the gallery above fairly sparkles with opalescent color.

Childe Hassam sends his well-known

"June"—nudes among the flowering laurel—and his "Sunlight Through the Leaves," a veritable *tour de force* of light and atmosphere. His "Golden Head, Isle of Shoals," hangs in a panel with Claude Monet's "La Seine à Lavacour," and a comparison is invited—surely without detriment to either painter. Nevertheless, this little canvas of Monet's is a truly representative one, with fleecy clouds skimming through a summer sky. But, though thoroughly charming and breezy, it is outshone by another of his own paintings in the same room: "Les Saules," a group of feathery willows, quivering with violets, grays, and greens, soaked with light and atmosphere. This gallery seems the room of impressionists, for, besides the pictures just alluded to, it contains works by Sisley and Boudin and by the younger men of the same school: Maufray, Loiseau, and D'Espagnat. Several examples of Monticelli's beautiful art are hung in an adjoining gallery. Aside from these impressionists, foreign painters are rather scantily represented—a few pictures by the modern Dutchmen, a beautiful sketch of a woman's head by Lenbach, and Gérôme's well-known "Grief of the Pasha" being about the only canvases worthy of note.

Two smaller rooms are devoted to a display of E. S. Curtis's remarkable photographs of Indians and Indian life, precious documents of high artistic merit, and a few sculptors exhibit their works in the upper atrium. Bessie Potter Vonnob shows some of her charming statuettes, and Louis Potter has sent a remarkable group of figurines, mostly of Alaska life, able, instinct with life, and full of character, and peculiarly appropriate in this Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition.

ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO.





MR. ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA IN HIS HUNTING COSTUME.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

By Theodore Roosevelt

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

I.—A RAILROAD THROUGH THE PLEISTOCENE



THE great world movement which began with the voyages of Columbus and Vasco da Gama, and has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity and complexity until our own time, has developed along a myriad lines of interest. In no way has it been more interesting than in the way in which it has resulted in bringing into sudden, violent, and intimate contact phases of the world's life history which would be normally separated by untold centuries of slow development. Again and again, in the continents new to peoples of European stock, we have seen the spectacle of a high civilization all at once thrust into and superimposed upon a wilderness of savage men and savage beasts. Nowhere, and at no time, has the contrast been more strange and more striking than in British East Africa during the last dozen years.

The country lies directly under the equator; and the hinterland, due west, contains the huge Nyanza lakes, vast inland seas which gather the head-waters of the White Nile. This hinterland, with its lakes and its marshes, its snow-capped mountains, its high, dry plateaus, and its

forests of deadly luxuriousness, was utterly unknown to white men half a century ago. The map of Ptolemy in the second century of our era gave a more accurate view of the lakes, mountains, and head-waters of the Nile than the maps published at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, just before Speke, Grant, and Baker made their great trips of exploration and adventure. Behind these explorers came others; and then adventurous missionaries, traders, and elephant hunters; and many men, whom risk did not daunt, who feared neither danger nor hardship, traversed the country hither and thither, now for one reason, now for another, now as naturalists, now as geographers, and again as government officials or as mere wanderers who loved the wild and strange life which had survived over from an elder age.

Most of the tribes were of pure savages; but here and there were intrusive races of higher type; and in Uganda, beyond the Victoria Nyanza, and on the head-waters of the Nile proper, lived a people which had advanced to the upper stages of barbarism, which might almost be said to have developed a very primitive kind of semi-civilization. Over this people—for its good fortune—Great Britain established a protectorate; and ultimately, in order to get

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We would gather on deck around Selous to listen to tales of strange adventures.—Page 390.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

that bygone age represented by close kinsfolk in Europe; and in many places, up to the present moment, African man, absolutely naked, and armed as our early paleolithic ancestors were armed, lives among, and on, and in constant dread of, these beasts, just as was true of the men to whom the cave lion was a nightmare of terror, and the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros possible but most formidable prey.

This region, this great fragment out of the long-buried past of our race, is now accessible by railroad to all who care to go thither; and no field more inviting offers

easy access to this new outpost of civilization in the heart of the Dark Continent, the British Government built a railroad from the old Arab coast town of Mombasa westward to Victoria Nyanza.

This railroad, the embodiment of the eager, masterful, materialistic civilization of to-day, was pushed through a region in which nature, both as regards wild man and wild beast, did not and does not differ materially from what it was in Europe in the late Pleistocene. The comparison is not fanciful. The teeming multitudes of wild creatures, the stupendous size of some of them, the terrible nature of others, and the low culture of many of the savage tribes, especially of the hunting tribes, substantially reproduced the conditions of life in Europe as it was led by our ancestors ages before the dawn of anything that could be called civilization. The great beasts that now live in East Africa were in

itself to hunter or naturalist, while even to the ordinary traveller it teems with



A Baobab tree, Mombasa.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

interest. On March 23, 1909, I sailed thither from New York, in charge of a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian, to collect birds, mammals, reptiles, and plants, but especially specimens of big game, for the National Museum at Washington. In addition to myself and my son Kermit (who had entered

the South African war; the former by birth a Scotchman, and a Cambridge man, but long a resident of Africa, and at one time a professional elephant hunter.

We sailed on the *Hamburg* from New York—what headway the Germans have made among those who go down to the sea in ships!—and at Naples trans-shipped to



Mr. Roosevelt saying good-by in the Mombasa station.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Harvard a few months previously), the party consisted of three naturalists: Surgeon-Lieut. Col. Edgar A. Mearns, U. S. A., retired, Mr. Edmund Heller, of California, and Mr. J. Alden Loring, of Owego, N. Y. My arrangements for the trip had been chiefly made through two valued English friends, Mr. Frederick Courtney Selous, the greatest of the world's big-game hunters, and Mr. Edward North Buxton, also a mighty hunter. On landing we were to be met by Messrs. R. J. Cuninghame and Leslie Tarleton, both famous hunters; the latter an Australian, who served through

the *Admiral*, of another German line, the East African. On both ships we were as comfortable as possible, and the voyage was wholly devoid of incidents. Now and then, as at the Azores, at Suez, and at Aden, the three naturalists landed, and collected some dozens or scores of birds—which next day were skinned and prepared in my room, as the largest and best fitted for the purpose. After reaching Suez the ordinary tourist type of passenger ceased to be predominant; in his place there were Italian *officiers* going out to a desolate coast town on the edge of Somaliland; missionaries,



Train on the Uganda Railway.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

German, English, and American; Portuguese civil officials; traders of different nationalities; and planters and military and civil officers bound to German and British East Africa. The Englishmen included planters, magistrates, forest officials, army officers on leave from India, and other army officers going out to take command of black native levies in out-of-the-way regions where the English flag stands for all that makes life worth living. They were a fine set, these young Englishmen, whether dashing army officers or capable civilians; they reminded me of our men who have reflected such honor on the American name, whether in civil and military positions in the Philippines and Porto Rico, working on the Canal Zone in Panama, taking care of the custom-houses in San Domingo, or serving in the army of occupation in Cuba. Moreover, I felt as if I knew most of them already, for they might have walked out of the

pages of Kipling. But I was not as well prepared for the corresponding and equally interesting types among the Germans, the planters, the civil officials, the officers who had commanded, or were about to command, white or native troops; men of evident power and energy, seeing whom made it easy to understand why German East Africa has thriven apace. They are first-



Natives at a railway station,
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



Mr. Roosevelt, Governor Jackson, Mr. Selous, and Dr. Mearns, riding in front of the engine on the way to Kapiti.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

class men, these English and Germans; both are doing in East Africa a work of worth to the whole world; there is ample room for both, and no possible cause for any but a thoroughly friendly rivalry; and it is earnestly to be wished, in the interest of both of them, and of outsiders too, that their relations will grow, as they ought to grow, steadily better—and not only in East Africa but everywhere else.

On the ship, at Naples, we found Selous, also bound for East Africa on a hunting trip; but he, a veteran whose first hunting in Africa was nearly forty years ago, cared

only for exceptional trophies of a very few animals, while we, on the other hand, desired specimens of both sexes of all the species of big game that Kermit and I could shoot, as well as complete series of all the smaller mammals. We believed that our best work of a purely scientific character would be done with the small mammals.

No other hunter alive has had the experience of Selous; and, so far as I now recall, no hunter of anything like his experience has ever also possessed his gift of penetrating observation joined to his power of vivid and accurate narration. He has



The array of porters and tents looked as if some small military expedition was about to start.—Page 400.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

killed scores of lion and rhinoceros and hundreds of elephant and buffalo; and these four animals are the most dangerous of the world's big game, when hunted as they are hunted in Africa. To hear him tell of what he has seen and done is no less interesting to a naturalist than to a hunter. There were on the ship many men who loved wild nature, and who were keen hunters of big game; and almost every day, as we steamed over the hot, smooth waters of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, we would gather on deck around Selous to listen to tales of those strange adventures that only come to the man who has lived long the lonely life of the wilderness.

On April 21 we steamed into the beautiful and picturesque harbor of Mombasa. Many centuries before the Christian era, dhows from Arabia, carrying seafarers of Semitic races whose very names have perished, rounded the Lion's Head at Guardafui and crept slowly southward along the barren African coast. Such dhows exist to-day almost unchanged, and bold indeed were the men who first steered them across the unknown oceans. They were men of iron heart and supple conscience, who fronted inconceivable danger and hard-

ship; they established trading stations for gold and ivory and slaves; they turned these trading stations into little cities and sultanates, half Arab, half negro. Mombasa was among them. In her time of brief splendor Portugal seized the town; the Arabs won it back; and now England holds it. It lies just south of the equator, and when we saw it the brilliant green of the tropic foliage showed the town at its best.

We were welcomed to Government House in most cordial fashion by the acting Governor, Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, who is not only a trained public official of long experience, but a good field naturalist and a renowned big-game hunter; indeed I could not too warmly express my appreciation of the hearty and generous courtesy with which we were received and treated alike by the official and the unofficial world throughout East Africa. We landed in the kind of torrential downpour that only comes in the tropics; it reminded me of Panama at certain moments in the rainy season. That night we were given a dinner by the Mombasa Club; and it was interesting to meet the merchants and planters of the town and the neighborhood as well as the officials. The former included not

only Englishmen but also Germans and Italians; which is quite as it should be, for at least part of the high inland region of British East Africa can be made one kind of "white man's country"; and to achieve this white men should work heartily

of British East Africa are not suited for extensive white settlement; but the hinterland is, and there everything should be done to encourage such settlement. Non-white aliens should not be encouraged to settle where they come into rivalry with



R. J. Cuninghame, known to the Swahilis as "Bwana Medivu," the Master with the Beard.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

together, doing scrupulous justice to the natives, but remembering that progress and development in this particular kind of new land depend exclusively upon the masterful leadership of the whites, and that therefore it is both a calamity and a crime to permit the whites to be riven in sunder by hatreds and jealousies. The coast regions

the whites (exception being made as regards certain particular individuals and certain particular occupations); but there are large regions in which it would be wise to settle immigrants from India, and there are many positions in other regions which it is to the advantage of everybody that the Indians should hold, because there is as yet



Our first camp, Kapiti Plains Station, on a bare, dry
From a photograph

no sign that sufficient numbers of white men are willing to hold them, while the native blacks, although many of them do fairly well in unskilled labor, are not yet competent to do the higher tasks which now fall to the share of the Goanese, and Moslem and non-Moslem Indians. The small merchants who deal with the natives, for instance, and most of the minor railroad officials, belong to these latter classes. I was amused, by the way, at one bit of na-

tive nomenclature in connection with the Goanese. Many of the Goanese are now as dark as most of the other Indians; but they are descended in the male line from the early Portuguese adventurers and conquerors, who were the first white men ever seen by the natives of this coast. Accordingly to this day some of the natives speak even of the dark-skinned descendants of the subjects of King Henry the Navigator as "the whites." designating the Europeans



The askaris and porters drawn
In front of the tent stood the men in two lines; the first containing the
From a photograph



plain covered with brown and withered grass.—Page 401.

by Edmund Heller.

specifically as English, Germans, or the like; just as in out-of-the-way nooks in the far Northwest one of our own red men will occasionally be found who still speaks of Americans and Englishmen as “Boston men” and “King George’s men.”

One of the Government farms was being run by an educated colored man from Jamaica; and we were shown much courtesy by a colored man from our own country who was practising as a doctor. No

one could fail to be impressed with the immense advance these men represented as compared with the native negro; and indeed to an American, who must necessarily think much of the race problem at home, it is pleasant to be made to realize in vivid fashion the progress the American negro has made, by comparing him with the negro who dwells in Africa untouched, or but lightly touched, by white influence.

In such a community as one finds in



up in line to greet us.

fifteen askaris, the second the porters with their head men.—Page 400.

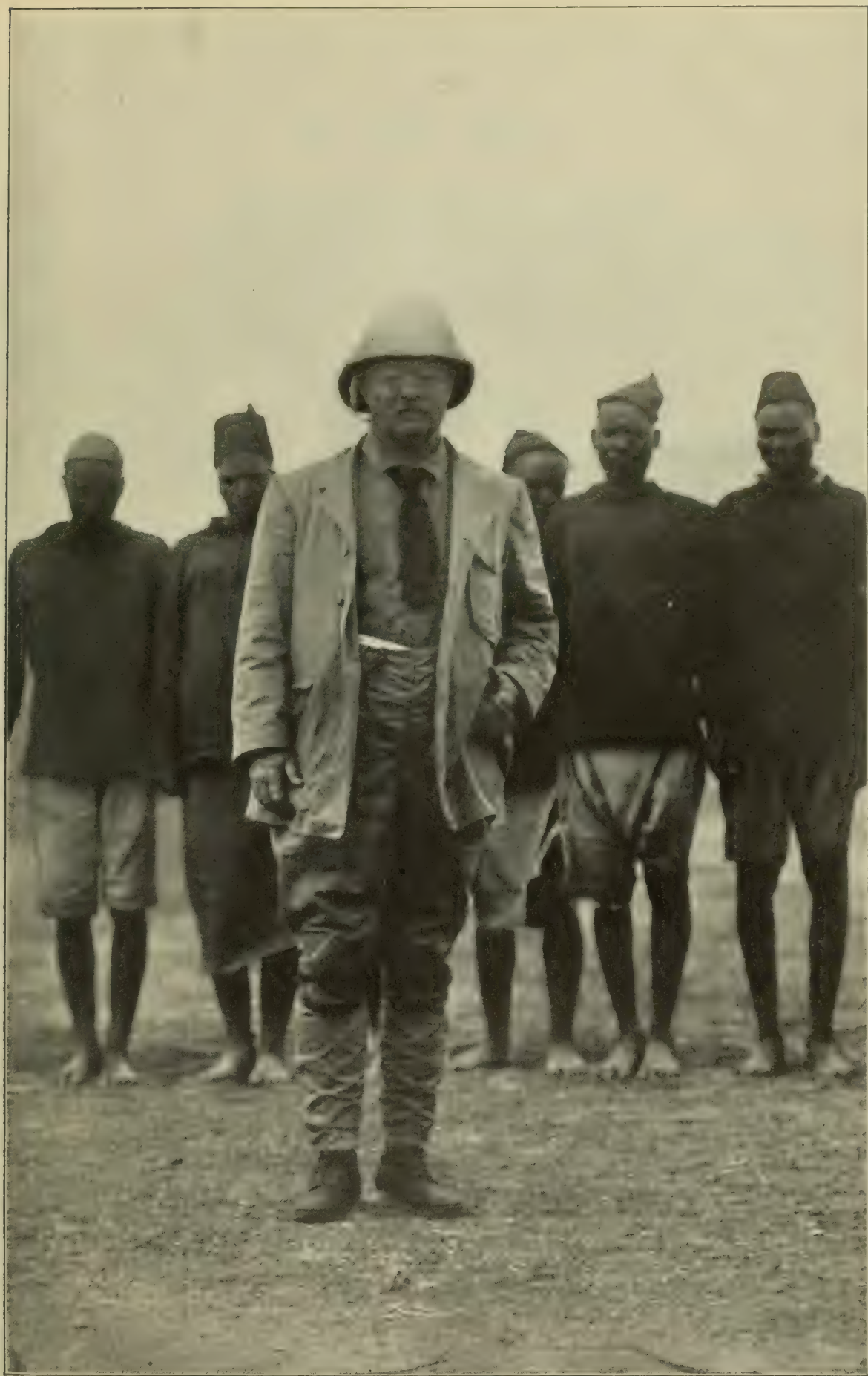
by Edmund Heller.

Mombasa or Nairobi one continually runs across quiet, modest men whose lives have been fuller of wild adventure than the life of a viking leader of the ninth century. One of the public officials whom I met at the Governor's table was Major Hinde. He had at one time served under the Government of the Congo Free State; and, at a crisis in the fortunes of the State, when the Arab slave-traders bid fair to get the upper hand, he was one of the eight or ten white men, representing half as many distinct nationalities, who overthrew the savage soldiery of the slave-traders and shattered beyond recovery the Arab power. They organized the wild pagan tribes just as their Arab foes had done; they fought in a land where deadly sickness struck down victor and vanquished with ruthless impartiality; they found their commissariat as best they could wherever they happened to be; often they depended upon one day's victory to furnish the ammunition with which to wage the morrow's battle; and ever they had to be on guard no less against the thousands of cannibals in their own ranks than against the thousands of cannibals in the hostile ranks, for, on whichever side they fought, after every battle the warriors of the man-eating tribes watched their chance to butcher the wounded indiscriminately and to feast on the bodies of the slain.

The most thrilling book of true lion stories ever written is Colonel Patterson's "The Man-eaters of Tsavo." Colonel Patterson was one of the engineers engaged, some ten or twelve years back, in building the Uganda Railway; he was in charge of the work, at a place called Tsavo, when it was brought to a complete halt by the ravages of a couple of man-eating lions which, after many adventures, he finally killed. At the dinner at the Mombasa Club I met one of the actors in a blood-curdling tragedy which Colonel Patterson relates. He was a German, and, in company with an Italian friend, he went down in the special car of one of the English railroad officials to try to kill a man-eating lion which had carried away several people from a station on the line. They put the car on a siding; as it was hot the door was left open, and the Englishman sat by the open window to watch for the lion, while the Italian finally lay down on the floor and the German got

into an upper bunk. Evidently the Englishman must have fallen asleep, and the lion, seeing him through the window, entered the carriage by the door to get at him. The Italian waked to find the lion standing on him with its hind feet, while its fore paws were on the seat as it killed the unfortunate Englishman, and the German, my informant, hearing the disturbance, leaped out of his bunk actually onto the back of the lion. The man-eater, however, was occupied only with his prey; holding the body in his mouth he forced his way out through the window sash, and made his meal undisturbed but a couple of yards from the railway carriage.

The day after we landed we boarded the train to take what seems to me, as I think it would to most men fond of natural history, the most interesting railway journey in the world. It was Governor Jackson's special train, and in addition to his own party and ours there was only Selous; and we travelled with the utmost comfort through a naturalist's wonderland. All civilized governments are now realizing that it is their duty here and there to preserve unharmed tracts of wild nature, with thereon the wild things the destruction of which means the destruction of half the charm of wild nature. The English Government has made a large game reserve of much of the region on the way to Nairobi, stretching far to the south, and one mile to the north of the track. The reserve swarms with game; it would be of little value except as a reserve; and the attraction it now offers to travellers renders it an asset of real consequence to the whole colony. The wise people of Maine, in our own country, have discovered that intelligent game preservation, carried out in good faith, and in a spirit of common sense as far removed from mushy sentimentality as from brutality, results in adding one more to the State's natural resources of value; and in consequence there are more moose and deer in Maine to-day than there were forty years ago; there is a better chance for every man in Maine, rich or poor, provided that he is not a game butcher, to enjoy his share of good hunting, and the number of sportsmen and tourists attracted to the State adds very appreciably to the means of livelihood of the citizen. Game reserves should not be established where they are detrimen-

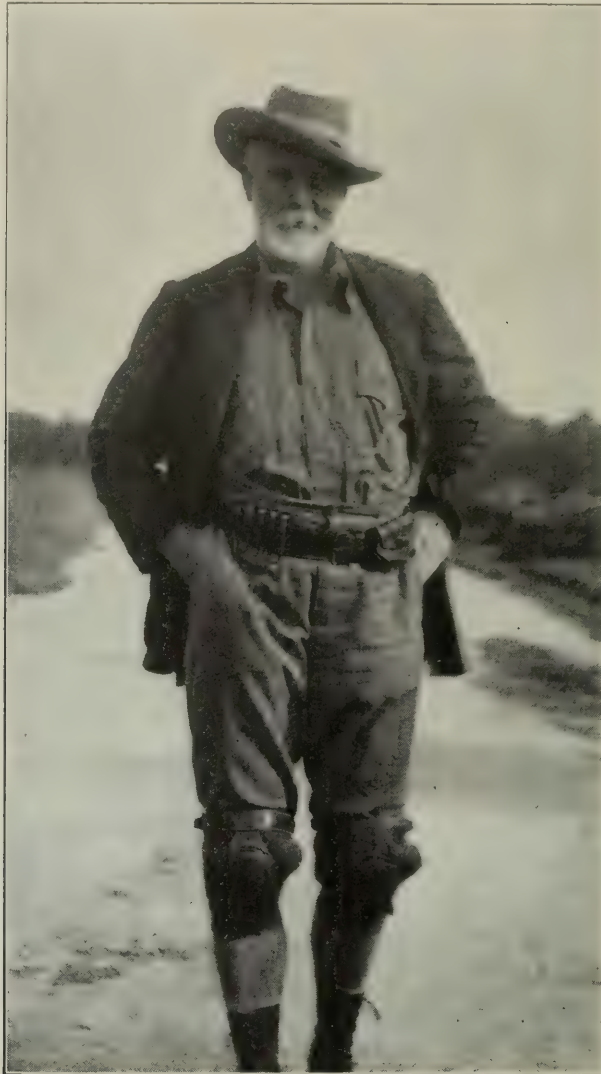


Mr. Roosevelt and some members of his caravan.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

tal to the interests of large bodies of settlers, nor yet should they be nominally established in regions so remote that the only men really interfered with are those who respect the law, while a premium is thereby

enemies, the dangerous carnivores, were killed, would by its simple increase crowd man off the planet; and of the further fact that, far short of such increase, a time speedily comes when the existence of too



F. C. Selous.

From a photograph by W. N. MacMillan.

put on the activity of the unscrupulous persons who are eager to break it. Similarly, game laws should be drawn primarily in the interest of the whole people, keeping steadily in mind certain facts that ought to be self-evident to every one above the intellectual level of those well-meaning persons who apparently think that all shooting is wrong and that man could continue to exist if all wild animals were allowed to increase unchecked. There must be recognition of the fact that almost any wild animal of the defenceless type, if its multiplication were unchecked while its natural

much game is incompatible with the interests, or indeed the existence, of the cultivator. As in most other matters, it is only the happy mean which is healthy and rational. There should be certain sanctuaries and nurseries where game can live and breed absolutely unmolested; and elsewhere the laws should so far as possible provide for the continued existence of the game in sufficient numbers to allow a reasonable amount of hunting on fair terms to any hardy and vigorous man fond of the sport, and yet not in sufficient numbers to jeopard the interests of the actual settler,

the tiller of the soil, the man whose well-being should be the prime object to be kept in mind by every statesman. Game butchery is as objectionable as any other form of wanton cruelty or barbarity; but to protest against all hunting of game is a sign of

necessary to remove a large measure of the protection formerly accorded them, and in some cases actually to encourage their slaughter; and increase in settlement may necessitate further changes. But, speaking generally, much wisdom, much foresight,



Porters and their tents.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

softness of head, not of soundness of heart.

In the creation of the great game reserve through which the Uganda Railway runs the British Government has conferred a boon upon mankind, and no less in the enactment and enforcement of the game laws in the African provinces generally. Of course experience will show where, from time to time, there must be changes. In Uganda proper buffaloes and hippos thrive so under protection as to become sources of grave danger not only to the crops but to the lives of the natives, and they had to be taken off the protected lists and classed as vermin, to be shot in any numbers at any time; and only the great demand for ivory prevented the necessity of following the same course with regard to the elephant; while recently in British East Africa the increase of the zebras, and the harm they did to the crops of the settlers, rendered it

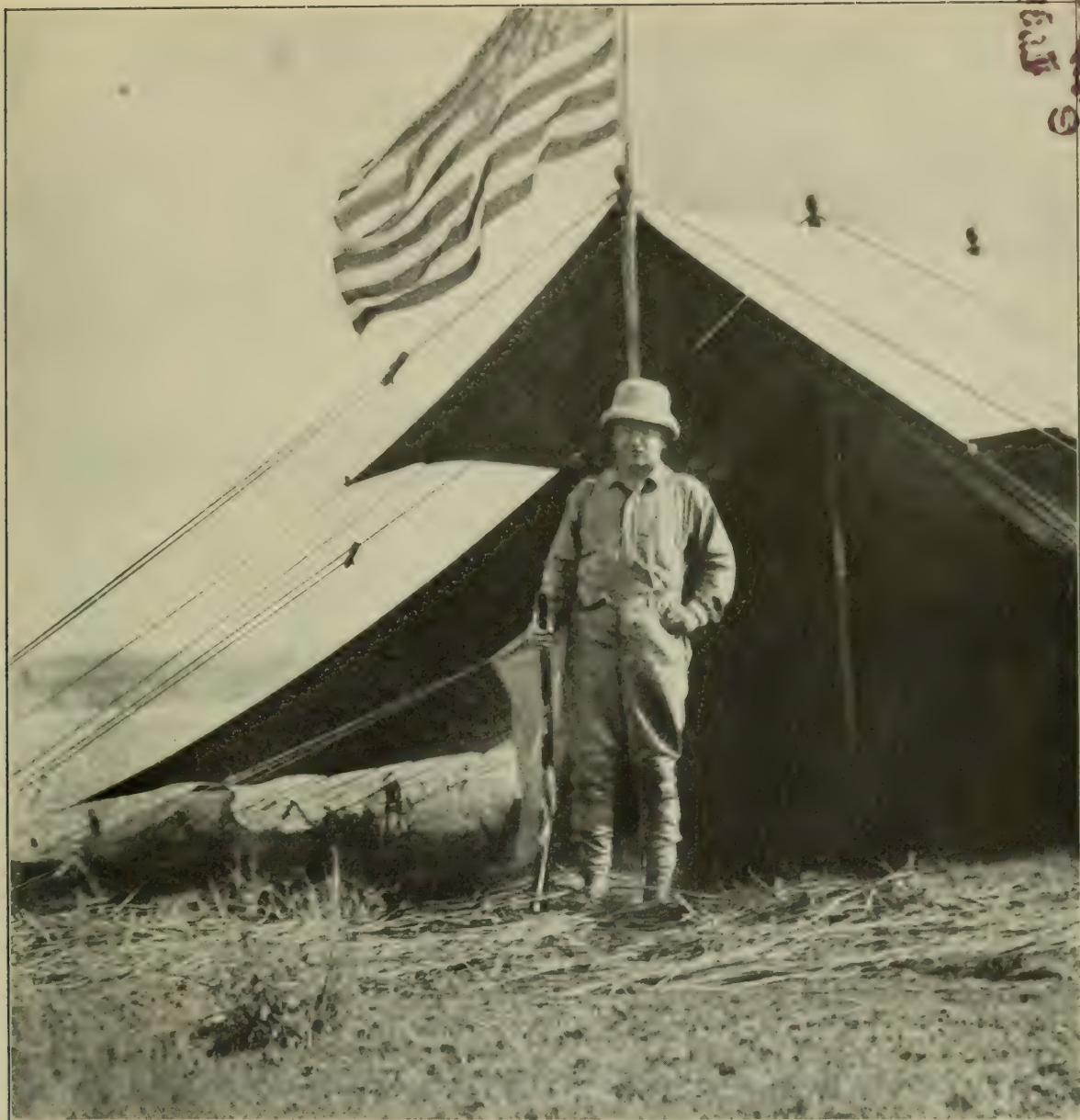
highly creditable to both Government and people, has been shown in dealing with and preserving East African game while at the same time safeguarding the interests of the settlers.

On our train the locomotive was fitted with a comfortable seat across the cow-catcher, and on this, except at meal-time, I spent most of the hours of daylight, usually in company with Selous, and often with Governor Jackson, to whom the territory and the game were alike familiar. The first afternoon we did not see many wild animals, but birds abounded, and the scenery was both beautiful and interesting. A black-and-white hornbill, feeding on the track, rose so late that we nearly caught it with our hands; guinea-fowl and francolin, and occasionally bustard, rose near by; brilliant rollers, sun-birds, bee-eaters, and weaver-birds flew beside us, or sat unmoved

among the trees as the train passed. In the dust we nearly ran over a hyena; a year or two previously the train actually did run over a lioness one night, and the conductor brought in her head in triumph. In fact, there have been continually mishaps such as could only happen to a railroad in the Pleistocene! The very night we went up there was an interruption in the telegraph service due to giraffes having knocked down some of the wires, and a pole, in crossing the track; and elephants have more than once performed the same feat. Two or three times, at night, giraffes have been run into and killed; once a rhinoceros was killed, the engine being damaged in the encounter; and on other occasions the rhino has only just left the track in time, once the beast being struck and a good deal hurt, the engine again being somewhat crippled. But the lions now offer, and have always offered, the chief source of unpleasant excitement. Throughout East Africa the lions continually take to man eating at the expense of the native tribes, and white hunters are continually being killed or crippled by them. At the lonely stations on the railroad the two or three subordinate officials often live in terror of some fearsome brute that has taken to haunting the vicinity; and every few months, at some one of these stations, a man is killed, or badly hurt by, or narrowly escapes from, a prowling lion. The stations at which the train stopped were neat and attractive; and besides the Indian officials there were usually natives from the neighborhood. Some of these might be dressed in the fez and shirt and trousers which indicate a coming under the white man's influence, or which, rather curiously, may also indicate Mohammedanism. But most of the natives are still wild pagans, and many of them are unchanged in the slightest particular from what their forefathers were during the countless ages when they alone were the heirs of the land—a land which they were utterly powerless in any way to improve. Some of the savages we saw wore red blankets, and in deference to white prejudice draped them so as to hide their nakedness. But others appeared—men and women—with literally not one stitch of clothing, although they might have rather elaborate hairdresses, and masses of metal ornaments on their arms and legs. In the region where one

tribe dwelt all the people had their front teeth filed to sharp points; it was strange to see a group of these savages, stark naked, with oddly shaved heads and filed teeth, armed with primitive bows and arrows, stand gravely gazing at the train as it rolled into some station; and none the less strange, by the way, because the locomotive was a Baldwin, brought to Africa across the great ocean from our own country. One group of women, nearly nude, had their upper arms so tightly bound with masses of bronze or copper wire that their muscles were completely malformed. So tightly was the wire wrapped round the upper third of the upper arm, that it was reduced to about one-half of its normal size; and the muscles could only play, and that in deformed fashion, below this unyielding metal bandage. Why the arms did not mortify it was hard to say; and their freedom of use was so hampered as to make it difficult to understand how men or women whose whole lives are passed in one or another form of manual labor could inflict upon themselves such crippling and pointless punishment.

Next morning we were in the game country, and as we sat on the seat over the cow-catcher it was literally like passing through a vast zoological garden. Indeed no such railway journey can be taken on any other line in any other land. At one time we passed a herd of a dozen or so of great giraffes, cows and calves, cantering along through the open woods a couple of hundred yards to the right of the train. Again, still closer, four waterbuck cows, their big ears thrown forward, stared at us without moving until we had passed. Hartebeests were everywhere; one herd was on the track, and when the engine whistled they bucked and sprang with ungainly agility and galloped clear of the danger. A long-tailed straw-colored monkey ran from one tree to another. Huge black ostriches appeared from time to time. Once a troop of impalla, close by the track, took fright; and as the beautiful creatures fled we saw now one and now another bound clear over the high bushes. A herd of zebra clattered across a cutting of the line not a hundred yards ahead of the train; the whistle hurried their progress, but only for a moment, and as we passed they were already turning round to gaze. The wild creatures were in



A large American flag was floating over my own tent.—Page 400.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

their sanctuary, and they knew it. Some of the settlers have at times grumbled at this game reserve being kept of such size; but surely it is one of the most valuable possessions the country could have. The lack of water in parts, the prevalence in other parts of diseases harmful to both civilized man and domestic cattle, render this great tract of country the home of all homes for the wild creatures of the waste. The protection given these wild creatures is genuine, not nominal; they are preserved, not for the pleasure of the few, but for the good of all who choose to see this strange and attractive spectacle; and from this nursery and breeding-ground the overflow

keeps up the stock of game in the adjacent land, to the benefit of the settler to whom the game gives fresh meat, and to the benefit of the whole country because of the attraction it furnishes to all who desire to visit a veritable happy hunting ground. Soon after lunch we drew up at the little station of Kapiti Plains, where our safari was awaiting us; "safari" being the term employed throughout East Africa to denote both the caravan with which one makes an expedition and the expedition itself. Our aim being to cure and send home specimens of all the common big game—in addition to as large a series as possible of the small mammals and birds—it was necessary to carry

an elaborate apparatus of naturalists' supplies; we had brought with us, for instance, four tons of fine salt, as to cure the skins of the big beasts is a herculean labor under the best conditions; we had hundreds of traps for the small creatures; many boxes of shot-gun cartridges in addition to the ordinary rifle cartridges which alone would be necessary on a hunting trip; and, in

a large American flag was floating over my own tent; and in the front line, flanking this tent on either hand, were other big tents for the members of the party, with a dining tent and skinning tent; while behind were the tents of the two hundred porters, the gun-bearers, the tent boys, the askaris or native soldiers, and the horse boys or saises. In front of the tents stood



Kermit Roosevelt and R. J. Cuninghame preparing to take pictures.

short, all the many impedimenta needed if scientific work is to be properly done under modern conditions. Few laymen have any idea of the expense and pains which must be undergone in order to provide groups of mounted big animals from far-off lands, such as we see in museums like the National Museum in Washington and the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The modern naturalist must realize that in some of its branches his profession, while more than ever a science, has also become an art. So our preparations were necessarily on a very large scale; and as we drew up at the station the array of porters and of tents looked as if some small military expedition was about to start. As a compliment, which I much appreciated,

the men in two lines; the first containing the fifteen askaris, the second the porters with their head men. The askaris were uniformed, each in a red fez, a blue blouse, and white knickerbockers, and each carrying his rifle and belt. The porters were chosen from several different tribes or races to minimize the danger of combination in the event of mutiny.

Here and there in East Africa one can utilize ox wagons, or pack trains of donkeys; but for a considerable expedition it is still best to use a safari of native porters, of the type by which the commerce and exploration of the country have always been carried on. The backbone of such a safari is generally composed of Swahili, the coast men, negroes who have acquired the Mos-



A herd of zebra and hartebeest.

One of the interesting features of African wild life is the close association and companionship so often seen between two totally different species of game.—Page 405.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

lem religion, together with a partially Arabized tongue and a strain of Arab blood from the Arab warriors and traders who have been dominant in the coast towns for so many centuries. It was these Swahili trading caravans, under Arab leadership, which, in their quest for ivory and slaves, trod out the routes which the early white explorers followed. Without their work as a preliminary the work of the white explorers could not have been done; and it was the Swahili porters themselves who rendered this work itself possible. To this day every hunter, trader, missionary, or explorer must use either a Swahili safari or one modelled on the Swahili basis. The part played by the white-topped ox wagon in the history of South Africa, and by the camel caravan in North Africa, has been played in middle Africa by the files of strong, patient, child-like savages, who have borne the burdens of so many masters and employers hither and thither, through and across, the dark heart of the continent.

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Equatorial Africa is in most places none too healthy a place for the white man, and he must care for himself as he would scorn to do in the lands of pine and birch and frosty weather. Camping in the Rockies or the North Woods can with advantage be combined with "roughing it"; and the early pioneers of the West, the explorers, prospectors, and hunters, who always roughed it, were as hardy as bears, and lived to a hale old age, if Indians and accidents permitted. But in tropic Africa a lamentable proportion of the early explorers paid in health or life for the hardships they endured; and throughout most of the country no man can long rough it, in the Western and Northern sense, with impunity.

At Kapiti Plains our tents, our accommodations generally, seemed almost too comfortable for men who knew camp life only on the Great Plains, in the Rockies, and in the North Woods. My tent had a fly which was to protect it from the great heat;

there was a little rear extension in which I bathed—a hot bath, never a cold bath, is almost a tropic necessity; there was a ground canvas, of vital moment in a land of ticks, jiggers, and scorpions; and a cot to sleep on, so as to be raised from the ground. Quite a contrast to life on the round-up! Then I had two tent boys to see after my belongings, and to wait at table as well as in the tent. Ali, a Mohammedan negro, was the chief of the two, and spoke some English, while under him was "Bill," a speechless black boy; both of them faithful

beasts; one, a sorrel, I named Tranquillity, and the other, a brown, had so much the cob-like build of a zebra that we christened him Zebra-shape. One of Kermit's two horses, by the way, was more romantically named after Huandan, the sharp-eared steed of the Mabinogion. Cuninghame, lean, sinewy, bearded, exactly the type of hunter and safari manager that one would wish for such an expedition as ours, had ridden up with us on the train, and at the station we met Tarleton, and also two settlers of the neighborhood, Sir Alfred Pease



My first "Tommy" (Thompson's Gazelle).

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and efficient. Two other Mohammedan negroes, clad like the askaris, reported to me as my gun-bearers, Muhamed and Bakari; seemingly excellent men, loyal and enduring, no trackers, but with keen eyes for game, and the former speaking a little English. My two horse boys, or saises, were both pagans. One, Hamiri, must have had in his veins much Galla or other non-negro blood; derived from the Hamitic, or bastard Semitic, or at least non-negro, tribes which, pushing slowly and fitfully southward and south-westward among the negro peoples, have created an intricate tangle of ethnic and linguistic types from the middle Nile to far south of the equator. Hamiri always wore a long feather in one of his sandals, the only ornament he affected. The other saise was a silent, gentle-mannered black heathen; his name was Simba, a lion, and as I shall later show he was not unworthy of it. The two horses for which these men cared were stout, quiet little

and Mr. Clifford Hill. Hill was an Africander. He and his cousin, Harold Hill, after serving through the South African war, had come to the new country of British East Africa to settle, and they represented the ideal type of settler for taking the lead in the spread of empire. They were descended from the English colonists who came to South Africa in 1820; they had never been in England, and neither had Tarleton. It was exceedingly interesting to meet these Australians and Africanders, who typified in their lives and deeds the greatness of the English Empire, and yet had never seen England.

As for Sir Alfred, Kermit and I were to be his guests for the next fortnight, and we owe primarily to him, to his mastery of hunting craft and his unvarying and generous hospitality and kindness, the pleasure and success of our introduction to African hunting. His life had been one of such varied interest as has only been possible in



Map of the Uganda Railway, British East Africa. Total length from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to Port Florence on Lake Victoria Nyanza, 581 miles.

our own generation. He had served many years in Parliament; he had for some years been a magistrate in a peculiarly responsible post in the Transvaal; he had journeyed and hunted and explored in the northern Sahara, in the Soudan, in Somaliland, in Abyssinia, and now he was ranching in East Africa. A singularly good rider and one of the best game shots I have ever seen, it would have been impossible to have found a kinder host or a hunter better fitted to teach us where to begin our work with African big game.

At Kapiti Station there was little beyond the station buildings, a "compound" or square enclosure in which there were many natives, and an Indian store. The last was presided over by a turbaned Mussulman, the agent of other Indian traders who did business in Machakos-boma, a native village a dozen miles distant; the means of communication being two-wheeled carts, each drawn by four humped oxen, driven by a well-nigh naked savage.

For forty-eight hours we were busy arranging the outfit, and the naturalists took much longer. The provisions were those usually included in an African hunting or exploring trip, save that, in memory of my days in the West, I included in each provision box a few cans of Boston baked

beans, California peaches, and tomatoes; we had plenty of warm bedding, for the nights are cold at high altitudes, even under the equator. While hunting I wore heavy shoes, with hobnails or rubber soles; khaki trousers, the knees faced with leather, and the legs buttoning tight from the knee to below the ankle, to avoid the need of leggings; a khaki-colored army shirt; and a sun helmet, which I wore in deference to local advice, instead of my beloved and far more convenient slouch hat. My rifles were an army Springfield, 30-calibre, stocked and sighted to suit myself; a Winchester 405; and a double-barrelled 500-450 Holland, a beautiful weapon presented to me by some English friends.

Kermit's battery was of the same type, except that instead of a Springfield he had another Winchester shooting the army ammunition, and his double-barrel was a Rigby. In addition I had a Fox No. 12 shot-gun; no better gun was ever made.

There was one other bit of impedimenta, less usual for African travel, but perhaps almost as essential for real enjoyment even on a hunting trip, if it is to be of any length. This was the "pigskin library," so called because most of the books were bound in pigskin. They were carried in a light aluminum and oilcloth case, which, with its con-

tents, weighed a little less than sixty pounds, making a load for one porter. Including a few volumes carried in the various bags, so that I might be sure always to have one with me, and Gregorovius, read on the voyage outward, the list was as printed on page 406. It represents in part Kermit's taste, in part mine; and, I need hardly say, it also repre-

I had a slicker for wet weather, an army overcoat, and a mackinaw jacket for cold, if I had to stay out over night in the mountains. In my pockets I carried, of course, a knife, a compass, and a waterproof matchbox. Finally, just before leaving home, I had been sent, for good luck, a gold-mounted rabbit's foot, by Mr. John



Head of the wildebeest bull, shot by Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

sents in no way all the books we most care for, but merely those which, for one reason or another, we thought we should like to take on this particular trip.

I used my Whitman tree army saddle and my army field-glasses; but, in addition, for studying the habits of the game, I carried a telescope given me on the boat by a fellow traveller and big-game hunter, an Irish hussar captain from India—and incidentally I am out in my guess if this same Irish hussar captain be not worth watching should his country ever again be engaged in war. I had a very ingenious beam or scale for weighing game, designed and presented to me by my friend, Mr. Thompson Seton.

L. Sullivan, at one time ring champion of the world.

Our camp was on a bare, dry plain, covered with brown and withered grass. At most hours of the day we could see round about, perhaps a mile or so distant, or less, the game feeding. South of the track the reserve stretched for a long distance; north it went for but a mile, just enough to prevent thoughtless or cruel people from shooting as they went by in the train. There was very little water; what we drank, by the way, was carefully boiled. The drawback to the camp, and to all this plains region, lay in the ticks, which swarmed, and were a scourge to man and beast. Every even-

ing the saises picked them by hundreds off each horse; and some of our party were at times so bitten by the noisome little creatures that they could hardly sleep at night, and in one or two cases the man was actually laid up for a couple of days, and two of our horses ultimately got tick fever, but recovered.

In mid-afternoon of our third day in this camp we at last had matters in such shape that Kermit and I could begin our hunting; and forth we rode, he with Hill, I with Sir Alfred, each accompanied by his gun-bearers and saises, and by a few porters to carry in the game. For two or three miles our little horses shuffled steadily northward across the desolate flats of short grass until the ground began to rise here and there into low hills, or koppies, with rock-strewn tops. It should have been the rainy season, the season of "the big rains"; but the rains were late, as the parched desolation of the landscape bore witness; nevertheless there were two or three showers that afternoon. We soon began to see game, but the flatness of the country and the absence of all cover made stalking a matter of difficulty; the only bushes were a few sparsely scattered mimosas; stunted things, two or three feet high, scantily leaved, but abounding in bulbous swellings on the twigs, and in long, sharp spikes of thorns. There were herds of hartebeest and wildebeest, and smaller parties of beautiful gazelles. The last were of two kinds, named severally after their discoverers, the explorers Grant and Thompson; many of the creatures of this region commemorate the men—Schilling, Jackson, Neuman, Kirke, Chanler, Abbot—who first saw and hunted them and brought them to the notice of the scientific world. The Thompson's gazelles, or Tommies as they are always locally called, are pretty, alert little things, half the size of our prongbuck; their big brothers, the Grant's, are among the most beautiful of all antelopes, being rather larger than a whitetail deer, with singularly graceful carriage, while the old bucks carry long lyre-shaped horns.

Distances are deceptive on the bare plains under the African sunlight. I saw a fine Grant, and stalked him in a rain squall; but the bullets from the little Springfield fell short as he raced away to safety; I had underestimated the range. Then I shot,

for the table, a good buck of the smaller gazelle, at two hundred and twenty-five yards; the bullet went a little high, breaking his back above the shoulders.

But what I really wanted were two good specimens, bull and cow, of the wildebeest. These powerful, ungainly beasts, a variety of the brindled gnu or blue wildebeest of South Africa, are interesting creatures of queer, eccentric habits. With their shaggy manes, heavy forequarters, and generally bovine look, they remind me somewhat of our bison, at a distance, but of course they are much less bulky, an old bull in prime condition rarely reaching a weight of five hundred pounds. They are beasts of the open plains, ever alert and wary; the cows, with their calves, and one or more herd bulls, keep in parties of several score; the old bulls, singly, or two or three together, keep by themselves, or with herds of zebra, hartebeest, or gazelle; for one of the interesting features of African wild life is the close association and companionship so often seen between two totally different species of game. Wildebeest are as savage as they are suspicious; when wounded they do not hesitate to charge a man who comes close, although of course neither they nor any other antelopes can be called dangerous when in a wild state, any more than moose or other deer can be called dangerous; when tame, however, wildebeest are very dangerous indeed, more so than an ordinary domestic bull. The wild, queer-looking creatures prance and rollick and cut strange capers when a herd first makes up its mind to flee from a stranger's approach; and even a solitary bull will sometimes plunge and buck as it starts to gallop off; while a couple of bulls, when the herd is frightened, may relieve their feelings by a moment's furious battle, occasionally dropping to their knees before closing. At this time, the end of April, there were little calves with the herds of cows; but in equatorial Africa the various species of antelopes seem to have no settled rutting time or breeding time; at least we saw calves of all ages.

Our hunt after wildebeest this afternoon was successful; but though by velt law each animal was mine, because I hit it first, yet in reality the credit was communistic, so to speak, and my share was properly less than that of others. I first tried to get up to a solitary old bull, and after a good deal

of manœuvring, and by taking advantage of a second rain squall, I got a standing shot at him at four hundred yards, and hit him, but too far back. Although keeping a good distance away, he tacked and veered so, as he ran, that by much running myself I got various other shots at him, at very long range, but missed them all, and he finally galloped over a distant ridge, his long tail switching, seemingly not much the worse. We followed on horseback; for I hate to let any wounded thing escape to suffer. But meanwhile he had run into view of Kermit; and Kermit—who is of an age and build which better fit him for successful breakneck galloping over unknown country dotted with holes and bits of rotten ground—took up the chase with enthusiasm. Yet it was sunset, and after a run of six or eight miles, that he finally ran into and killed the tough old bull, which had turned to bay, snorting and tossing its horns.

Meanwhile I managed to get within three hundred and fifty yards of a herd, and picked out a large cow which was unaccompanied by a calf. Again my bullet went too far back; and I could not hit the animal at that distance as it ran. But after going half a mile it lay down, and would have been secured without difficulty if a wretched dog had not run forward and put it up; my horse was a long way back,

but Pease, who had been looking on at a distance, was mounted, and sped after it. By the time I had reached my horse Pease was out of sight; but riding hard for some miles I overtook him, just before the sun went down, standing by the cow which he had ridden down and slain. It was long after nightfall before we reached camp, ready for a hot bath and a good supper. As always thereafter with anything we shot, we used the meat for food and preserved the skins for the National Museum. Both the cow and the bull were fat and in fine condition; but they were covered with ticks, especially wherever the skin was bare. Around the eyes the loathsome creatures swarmed so as to make complete rims, like spectacles; and in the armpits and the groin they were massed so that they looked like barnacles on an old boat. It is astonishing that the game should mind them so little; the wildebeest evidently dreaded far more the biting flies which hung around them; and the maggots of the bot-flies in their nostrils must have been a sore torment. Nature is merciless indeed.

The next day we rode some sixteen miles to the beautiful hills of Kitanga, and for over a fortnight were either Pease's guests at his farm—ranch, as we should call it in the West—or were on safari under his guidance.

BOOKS IN THE PIGSKIN LIBRARY

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| Bible. | Keats. |
| Apocrypha. | Milton: "Paradise Lost" (Books I and II.) |
| Borrow: "Bible in Spain." | Dante: "Inferno" (Carlyle's translation.) |
| "Zingali." | Holmes: "Autocrat." |
| "Lavengro." | "Over the Teacups." |
| "Wild Wales." | Bret Harte: Poems. |
| "The Romany Rye." | "Tales of the Argonauts." |
| Shakespeare. | "Luck of Roaring Camp." |
| Spenser: "Faerie Queen." | Browning: Selections. |
| Marlowe. | Crothers: "Gentle Reader." |
| Mahan: "Sea Power." | Mark Twain: "Huckleberry Finn." |
| Macaulay: History. | "Tom Sawyer." |
| Essays. | Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." |
| Poems. | Euripides (Murray's translation.) "Hippolytus." |
| Homer: "Iliad." | "Bacchæ." |
| "Odyssey." | <i>The Federalist.</i> |
| La Chanson de Roland. | Gregorovius: "Rome." |
| "Nibelungenlied." | Scott: "Legend of Montrose." |
| Carlyle: "Frederick the Great." | "Guy Mannering." |
| Shelley: Poems. | "Waverley." |
| Bacon: Essays. | "Rob Roy." |
| Lowell: Literary Essays. | "Antiquary." |
| "Biglow Papers." | Cooper: "Pilot." |
| Emerson: Poems. | "Two Admirals." |
| Longfellow. | Froissart. |
| Tennyson. | Percy's Reliques. |
| Poe: Tales. | Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis." |
| Poems. | Dickens: "Mutual Friend." |
| | "Pickwick." |

"THE YEARS HAD WORN THEIR SEASON'S BELT"

By George Meredith

I

THE years had worn their season's belt,
From bud to rosy prime,
Since Nellie by the larch-pole knelt
And helped the hop to climb.

II

Most diligent of teachers then,
But now with all to learn,
She breathed beyond a thought of men,
Though formed to make men burn.

III

She dwelt where twist low-beaten thorns,
Two mill-blades, like a snail,
Enormous, with inquiring horns,
Looked down on half the vale.

IV

You know the gray of dew on grass
Ere with the young sun fired—
And you know well the thirst one has
For the coming and desired.

V

Quick in our ring she leapt, and gave
Her hand to left, to right.
No claim on her had any, save
To feed the joy of sight.

VI

For man and maid a laughing word
She tossed in notes as clear
As when the February bird
Sings out that Spring is near.

VII

Of what befell behind that scene
Let none who know reveal.
In ballad days she might have been
A heroine rousing steel.

VIII

On us did she bestow the hour,
And fixed it firm in thought;
Her spirit like a meadow flower
That gives, and asks for naught.

IX

She seemed to make the sunlight stay
And show her in its pride.
O she was fair as a beech in May,
With the sun on the yonder side.

X

There was more life than breath can give,
In the looks in her fair form;
For little can we say we live
Until the heart is warm.

TALES OF MEN

FULL CIRCLE

By Edith Wharton

I



EOFFREY BETTON woke rather late—so late that the winter sunlight sliding across his warm red carpet struck his eyes as he turned on the pillow.

Strett, the valet, had been in, drawn the bath in the adjoining dressing-room, placed the crystal and silver cigarette-box at his side, put a match to the fire, and thrown open the windows to the bright morning air. It brought in, on the glitter of sun, all the shrill crisp morning noises—those piercing notes of the American thoroughfare that seem to take a sharper vibration from the clearness of the medium through which they pass.

Betton raised himself languidly. That was the voice of Fifth Avenue below his windows. He remembered that when he moved into his rooms eighteen months before, the sound had been like music to him: the complex orchestration to which the

tune of his new life was set. Now it filled him with horror and weariness, since it had become the symbol of the hurry and noise of that new life. He had been far less hurried in the old days when he had to be up by seven, and down at the office sharp at nine. Now that he got up when he chose, and his life had no fixed framework of duties, the hours hunted him like a pack of blood-hounds.

He dropped back on his pillows with a groan. Yes—not a year ago there had been a positively sensuous joy in getting out of bed, feeling under his bare feet the softness of the sunlit carpet, and entering the shining tiled sanctuary where his great porcelain bath proffered its renovating flood. But then a year ago he could still call up the horror of the communal plunge at his earlier lodgings: the listening for other bathers, the dodging of shrouded ladies in “crimping”-pins, the cold wait on the landing, the reluctant descent into a blotchy tin bath, and the effort to identify one’s soap and nail-brush among the promiscuous

implements of ablution. That memory had faded now, and Betton saw only the dark hours to which his blue and white temple of refreshment formed a kind of glittering antechamber. For after his bath came his breakfast, and on the breakfast-tray his letters. His letters!

He remembered—and *that* memory had not faded!—the thrill with which he had opened the first missive in a strange feminine hand: the letter beginning: "I wonder if you'll mind an unknown reader's telling you all that your book has been to her?"

Mind? Ye gods, he minded now! For more than a year after the publication of "Diadems and Faggots" the letters, the inane indiscriminate letters of condemnation, of criticism, of interrogation, had poured in on him by every post. Hundreds of unknown readers had told him with unsparing detail all that his book had been to them. And the wonder of it was, when all was said and done, that it had really been so little—that when their thick broth of praise was strained through the author's anxious vanity there remained to him so small a sediment of definite specific understanding! No—it was always the same thing, over and over and over again—the same vague gush of adjectives, the same incorrigible tendency to estimate his effort according to each writer's personal preferences, instead of regarding it as a work of art, a thing to be measured by objective standards!

He smiled to think how little, at first, he had felt the vanity of it all. He had found a savour even in the grosser evidences of popularity: the advertisements of his book, the daily shower of "clippings," the sense that, when he entered a restaurant or a theatre, people nudged each other and said "That's Betton." Yes, the publicity had been sweet to him—at first. He had been touched by the sympathy of his fellow-men: had thought indulgently of the world, as a better place than the failures and the dyspeptics would acknowledge. And then his success began to submerge him: he gasped under the thickening shower of letters. His admirers were really unappeasable. And they wanted him to do such preposterous things—to give lectures, to head movements, to be tendered receptions, to speak at banquets, to address mothers, to plead for orphans, to go up in balloons,

to lead the struggle for sterilized milk. They wanted his photograph for literary supplements, his autograph for charity bazaars, his name on committees, literary, educational, and social; above all, they wanted his opinion on everything: on Christianity, Buddhism, tight lacing, the drug-habit, democratic government, female suffrage and love. Perhaps the chief benefit of this demand was his incidentally learning from it how few opinions he really had: the only one that remained with him was a rooted horror of all forms of correspondence. He had been unutterably thankful when the letters began to fall off.

"Diadems and Faggots" was now two years old, and the moment was at hand when its author might have counted on regaining the blessed shelter of oblivion—if only he had not written another book! For it was the worst part of his plight that his first success had goaded him to the perpetration of this particular folly—that one of the incentives (hideous thought!) to his new work had been the desire to extend and perpetuate his popularity. And this very week the book was to come out, and the letters, the cursed letters, would begin again!

Wistfully, almost plaintively, he contemplated the breakfast-tray with which Strett presently appeared. It bore only two notes and the morning journals, but he knew that within the week it would groan under its epistolary burden. The very newspapers flung the fact at him as he opened them.

READY ON MONDAY.

GEOFFREY BETTON'S NEW NOVEL
ABUNDANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF DIADEMS AND FAGGOTS

FIRST EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND
FIFTY THOUSAND ALREADY SOLD OUT.

ORDER NOW.

A hundred and fifty thousand volumes! And an average of three readers to each! Half a million of people would be reading him within a week, and every one of them would write to him, and their friends and relations would write too. He laid down the paper with a shudder.

The two notes looked harmless enough, and the calligraphy of one was vaguely

familiar. He opened the envelope and looked at the signature: *Duncan Vyse*. He had not seen the name in years—what on earth could Duncan Vyse have to say? He ran over the page and dropped it with a wondering exclamation, which the watchful Strett, re-entering, met by a tentative "Yes, sir?"

"Nothing. Yes—that is—" Betton picked up the note. "There's a gentleman, a Mr. Vyse, coming to see me at ten."

Strett glanced at the clock. "Yes, sir. You'll remember that ten was the hour you appointed for the secretaries to call, sir."

Betton nodded. "I'll see Mr. Vyse first. My clothes, please."

As he got into them, in the state of irritable hurry that had become almost chronic with him, he continued to think about Duncan Vyse. They had seen a lot of each other for the few years after both had left Harvard: the hard happy years when Betton had been grinding at his business and Vyse—poor devil!—trying to write. The novelist recalled his friend's attempts with a smile; then the memory of one small volume came back to him. It was a novel: "The Lifted Lamp." There was stuff in that, certainly. He remembered Vyse's tossing it down on his table with a gesture of despair when it came back from the last publisher. Betton, taking it up indifferently, had sat riveted till daylight. When he ended, the impression was so strong that he said to himself: "I'll tell Apthorn about it—I'll go and see him to-morrow." His own secret literary yearnings gave him a passionate desire to champion Vyse, to see him triumph over the ignorance and timidity of the publishers. Apthorn was the youngest of the guild, still capable of opinions and the courage of them, a personal friend of Betton's, and, as it happened, the man afterward to become known as the privileged publisher of "Diadems and Faggots." Unluckily the next day something unexpected turned up, and Betton forgot about Vyse and his manuscript. He continued to forget for a month, and then came a note from Vyse, who was ill, and wrote to ask what his friend had done. Betton did not like to say "I've done nothing," so he left the note unanswered, and vowed again: "I'll see Apthorn."

The following day he was called to the West on business, and was gone a month.

When he came back, there was another note from Vyse, who was still ill, and desperately hard up. "I'll take anything for the book, if they'll advance me two hundred dollars." Betton, full of compunction, would gladly have advanced the sum himself; but he was hard up too, and could only swear inwardly: "I'll write to Apthorn." Then he glanced again at the manuscript, and reflected: "No—there are things in it that need explaining. I'd better see him."

Once he went so far as to telephone Apthorn, but the publisher was out. Then he finally and completely forgot.

One Sunday he went out of town, and on his return, rummaging among the papers on his desk, he missed "The Lifted Lamp," which had been gathering dust there for half a year. What the deuce could have become of it? Betton spent a feverish hour in vainly increasing the disorder of his documents, and then bethought himself of calling the maid-servant, who first indignantly denied having touched anything ("I can see that's true from the dust," Betton scathingly interjected), and then mentioned with hauteur that a young lady had called in his absence and asked to be allowed to get a book.

"A lady? Did you let her come up?"

"She said somebody'd sent her."

Vyse, of course—Vyse had sent her for his manuscript! He was always mixed up with some woman, and it was just like him to send the girl of the moment to Betton's lodgings, with instructions to force the door in his absence. Vyse had never been remarkable for delicacy. Betton, furious, glanced over his table to see if any of his own effects were missing—one couldn't tell, with the company Vyse kept!—and then dismissed the matter from his mind, with a vague sense of magnanimity in doing so. He felt himself exonerated by Vyse's conduct.

The sense of magnanimity was still uppermost when the valet opened the door to announce "Mr. Vyse," and Betton, a moment later, crossed the threshold of his pleasant library.

His first thought was that the man facing him from the hearth-rug was the very Duncan Vyse of old: small, starved, bleached-looking, with the same sidelong movements, the same queer air of anæmic truculence. Only he had grown shabbier, and bald.

Betton held out a hospitable hand.

"This is a good surprise! Glad you looked me up, my dear fellow."

Vyse's palm was damp and bony: he had always had a disagreeable hand.

"You got my note? You know what I've come for?" he said.

"About the secretaryship? (Sit down.) Is that really serious?"

Betton lowered himself luxuriously into one of his vast Maple arm-chairs. He had grown stouter in the last year, and the cushion behind him fitted comfortably into the crease of his nape. As he leaned back he caught sight of his image in the mirror between the windows, and reflected uneasily that Vyse would not find *him* unchanged.

"Serious?" Vyse rejoined. "Why not? Aren't *you*?"

"Oh, perfectly." Betton laughed apologetically. "Only—well, the fact is, you may not understand what rubbish a secretary of mine would have to deal with. In advertising for one I never imagined—I didn't aspire to any one above the ordinary hack."

"I'm the ordinary hack," said Vyse drily.

Betton's affable gesture protested. "My dear fellow—. You see it's not business—what I'm in now," he continued with a laugh.

Vyse's thin lips seemed to form a noiseless "*Isn't it?*" which they instantly transposed into the audible reply: "I inferred from your advertisement that you want some one to relieve you in your literary work. Dictation, short-hand—that kind of thing?"

"Well, no: not that either. I type my own things. What I'm looking for is somebody who won't be above tackling my correspondence."

Vyse looked slightly surprised. "I should be glad of the job," he then said.

Betton began to feel a vague embarrassment. He had supposed that such a proposal would be instantly rejected. "It would be only for an hour or two a day—if you're doing any writing of your own?" he threw out interrogatively.

"No. I've given all that up. I'm in an office now—business. But it doesn't take all my time, or pay enough to keep me alive."

"In that case, my dear fellow—if you

could come every morning; but it's mostly awful bosh, you know," Betton again broke off, with growing awkwardness.

Vyse glanced at him humorously. "What you want me to write?"

"Well, that depends—" Betton sketched the obligatory smile. "But I was thinking of the letters you'll have to answer. Letters about my books, you know—I've another one appearing next week. And I want to be beforehand now—dam the flood before it swamps me. Have you any idea of the deluge of stuff that people write to a successful novelist?"

As Betton spoke, he saw a tinge of red on Vyse's thin cheek, and his own reflected it in a richer glow of shame. "I mean—I mean—" he stammered helplessly.

"No, I haven't," said Vyse; "but it will be awfully jolly finding out."

There was a pause, groping and desperate on Betton's part, sardonically calm on his visitor's.

"You—you've given up writing altogether?" Betton continued.

"Yes; we've changed places, as it were." Vyse paused. "But about these letters—you dictate the answers?"

"Lord, no! That's the reason why I said I wanted somebody—er—well used to writing. I don't want to have anything to do with them—not a thing! You'll have to answer them as if they were written to *you*—" Betton pulled himself up again, and rising in confusion jerked open one of the drawers of his writing-table.

"Here—this kind of rubbish," he said, tossing a packet of letters onto Vyse's knee.

"Oh—you keep them, do you?" said Vyse simply.

"I—well—some of them; a few of the funniest only."

Vyse slipped off the band and began to open the letters. While he was glancing over them Betton again caught his own reflection in the glass, and asked himself what impression he had made on his visitor. It occurred to him for the first time that his high-coloured well-fed person presented the image of commercial rather than of intellectual achievement. He did not look like his own idea of the author of "*Diadems and Faggots*"—and he wondered why.

Vyse laid the letters aside. "I think I can do it—if you'll give me a notion of the tone I'm to take."

"The tone?"

"Yes—that is, if I'm to sign your name."

"Oh, of course: I expect you to sign for me. As for the tone, say just what you'd—well, say all you can without encouraging them to answer."

Vyse rose from his seat. "I could submit a few specimens," he suggested.

"Oh, as to that—you always wrote better than I do," said Betton handsomely.

"I've never had this kind of thing to write. When do you wish me to begin?" Vyse enquired, ignoring the tribute.

"The book's out on Monday. The deluge will begin about three days after. Will you turn up on Thursday at this hour?" Betton held his hand out with real heartiness. "It was great luck for me, your striking that advertisement. Don't be too harsh with my correspondents—I owe them something for having brought us together."

II

THE deluge began punctually on the Thursday, and Vyse, arriving as punctually, had an impressive pile of letters to attack. Betton, on his way to the Park for a ride, came into the library, smoking the cigarette of indolence, to look over his secretary's shoulder.

"How many of 'em? Twenty? Good Lord! It's going to be worse than 'Diadems.' I've just had my first quiet breakfast in two years—time to read the papers and loaf. How I used to dread the sight of my letter-box! Now I sha'n't know I have one."

He leaned over Vyse's chair, and the secretary handed him a letter.

"Here's rather an exceptional one—lady, evidently. I thought you might want to answer it yourself——"

"Exceptional?" Betton ran over the mauve pages and tossed them down. "Why, my dear man, I get hundreds like that. You'll have to be pretty short with her, or she'll send her photograph."

He clapped Vyse on the shoulder and turned away, humming a tune. "Stay to luncheon," he called back gaily from the threshold.

After luncheon Vyse insisted on showing a few of his answers to the first batch of letters. "If I've struck the note I won't

bother you again," he urged; and Betton groaningly consented.

"My dear fellow, they're beautiful—too beautiful. I'll be let in for a correspondence with every one of these people."

Vyse, at this, meditated for a while above a blank sheet. "All right—how's this?" he said, after another interval of rapid writing.

Betton glanced over the page. "By George—by George! Won't she *see* it?" he exulted, between fear and rapture.

"It's wonderful how little people see," said Vyse reassuringly.

The letters continued to pour in for several weeks after the appearance of "Abundance." For five or six blissful days Betton did not even have his mail brought to him, trusting to Vyse to single out his personal correspondence, and to deal with the rest according to their agreement. During those days he luxuriated in a sense of wild and lawless freedom; then, gradually, he began to feel the need of fresh restraints to break, and learned that the zest of liberty lies in the escape from specific obligations. At first he was conscious only of a vague hunger, but in time the craving resolved itself into a shame-faced desire to see his letters.

"After all, I hated them only because I had to answer them"; and he told Vyse carelessly that he wished all his letters submitted to him before the secretary answered them.

At first he pushed aside those beginning: "I have just laid down 'Abundance' after a third reading," or: "Every day for the last month I have been telephoning my bookseller to know when your novel would be out." But little by little the freshness of his interest revived, and even this stereotyped homage began to arrest his eye. At last a day came when he read all the letters, from the first word to the last, as he had done when "Diadems and Faggots" appeared. It was really a pleasure to read them, now that he was relieved of the burden of replying: his new relation to his correspondents had the glow of a love-affair unchilled by the contingency of marriage.

One day it struck him that the letters were coming in more slowly and in smaller numbers. Certainly there had been more of a rush when "Diadems and Faggots"

came out. Betton began to wonder if Vyse were exercising an unauthorized discrimination, and keeping back the communications he deemed least important. This sudden conjecture carried the novelist straight to his library, where he found Vyse bending over the writing-table with his usual inscrutable pale smile. But once there, Betton hardly knew how to frame his question, and blundered into an enquiry for a missing invitation.

"There's a note—a personal note—I ought to have had this morning. Sure you haven't kept it back by mistake among the others?"

Vyse laid down his pen. "The others? But I never keep back any."

Betton had foreseen the answer. "Not even the worst twaddle about my book?" he suggested lightly, pushing the papers about.

"Nothing. I understood you wanted to go over them all first."

"Well, perhaps it's safer," Betton conceded, as if the idea were new to him. With an embarrassed hand he continued to turn over the letters at Vyse's elbow.

"Those are yesterday's," said the secretary; "here are to-day's," he added, pointing to a meagre trio.

"H'm—only these?" Betton took them and looked them over lingeringly. "I don't see what the deuce that chap means about the first part of 'Abundance' 'certainly justifying the title'—do you?"

Vyse was silent, and the novelist continued irritably: "Damned cheek, his writing, if he doesn't like the book. Who cares what he thinks about it, anyhow?"

And his morning ride was embittered by the discovery that it was unexpectedly disagreeable to have Vyse read any letters which did not express unqualified praise of his books. He began to fancy there was a latent rancour, a kind of baffled sneer, under Vyse's manner; and he decided to return to the practice of having his mail brought straight to his room. In that way he could edit the letters before his secretary saw them.

Vyse made no comment on the change, and Betton was reduced to wondering whether his imperturbable composure were the mask of complete indifference or of a watchful jealousy. The latter view being more agreeable to his employer's self-

esteem, the next step was to conclude that Vyse had not forgotten the episode of "The Lifted Lamp," and would naturally take a vindictive joy in any unfavourable judgments passed on his rival's work. This did not simplify the situation, for there was no denying that unfavourable criticisms preponderated in Betton's correspondence. "Abundance" was neither meeting with the unrestricted welcome of "Diadems and Faggots," nor enjoying the alternative of an animated controversy: it was simply found dull, and its readers said so in language not too tactfully tempered by regretful comparisons with its predecessor. To withhold unfavourable comments from Vyse was, therefore, to make it appear that correspondence about the book had died out; and its author, mindful of his unguarded predictions, found this even more embarrassing. The simplest solution would be to get rid of Vyse; and to this end Betton began to address his energies.

One evening, finding himself unexpectedly disengaged, he asked Vyse to dine; it had occurred to him that, in the course of an after-dinner chat, he might delicately hint his feeling that the work he had offered his friend was unworthy so accomplished a hand.

Vyse surprised him by a momentary hesitation. "I may not have time to dress."

Betton stared. "What's the odds? We'll dine here—and as late as you like."

Vyse thanked him, and appeared, punctually at eight, in all the shabbiness of his daily wear. He looked paler and more shyly truculent than usual, and Betton, from the height of his florid stature, said to himself, with the sudden professional instinct for "type": "He might be an agent of something—a chap who carries deadly secrets."

Vyse, it was to appear, did carry a deadly secret; but one less perilous to society than to himself. He was simply poor—inexcusably, irremediably poor. Everything failed him, had always failed him: whatever he put his hand to went to bits.

This was the confession that, reluctantly, yet with a kind of white-lipped bravado, he flung at Betton in answer to the latter's tentative suggestion that, really, the letter-answering job wasn't worth bothering him with—a thing that any type-writer could do.

"If you mean you're paying me more

than it's worth, I'll take less," Vyse rushed out after a pause.

"Oh, my dear fellow—" Betton protested, flushing.

"What *do* you mean, then? Don't I answer the letters as you want them answered?"

Betton anxiously stroked his silken ankle. "You do it beautifully, too beautifully. I mean what I say: the work's not worthy of you. I'm ashamed to ask you——"

"Oh, hang shame," Vyse interrupted. "Do you know why I said I shouldn't have time to dress to-night? Because I haven't any evening clothes. As a matter of fact, I haven't much but the clothes I stand in. One thing after another's gone against me; all the infernal ingenuities of chance. It's been a slow Chinese torture, the kind where they keep you alive to have more fun killing you." He straightened himself with a sudden blush. "Oh, I'm all right now—getting on capitally. But I'm still walking rather a narrow plank; and if I do your work well enough—if I take your idea——"

Betton stared into the fire without answering. He knew next to nothing of Vyse's history, of the mischance or mismanagement that had brought him, with his brains and his training, to so unlikely a pass. But a pang of compunction shot through him as he remembered the manuscript of "The Lifted Lamp" gathering dust on his table for half a year.

"Not that it would have made any earthly difference—since he's evidently never been able to get the thing published." But this reflection did not wholly console Betton, and he found it impossible, at the moment, to tell Vyse that his services were not needed.

III

DURING the ensuing weeks the letters grew fewer and fewer, and Betton foresaw the approach of the fatal day when his secretary, in common decency, would have to say: "I can't draw my pay for doing nothing."

What a triumph for Vyse!

The thought was intolerable, and Betton cursed his weakness in not having dismissed the fellow before such a possibility arose.

"If I tell him I've no use for him now,

he'll see straight through it, of course;—and then, hang it, he looks so poor!"

This consideration came after the other, but Betton, in rearranging them, put it first, because he thought it looked better there, and also because he immediately perceived its value in justifying a plan of action that was beginning to take shape in his mind.

"Poor devil, I'm damned if I don't do it for him!" said Betton, sitting down at his desk.

Three or four days later he sent word to Vyse that he didn't care to go over the letters any longer, and that they would once more be carried directly to the library.

The next time he lounged in, on his way to his morning ride, he found his secretary's pen in active motion.

"A lot to-day," Vyse told him cheerfully.

His tone irritated Betton: it had the inane optimism of the physician reassuring a discouraged patient.

"Oh, Lord—I thought it was almost over," groaned the novelist.

"No: they've just got their second wind. Here's one from a Chicago publisher—never heard the name—offering you thirty per cent. on your next novel, with an advance royalty of twenty thousand. And here's a chap who wants to syndicate it for a bunch of Sunday papers: big offer, too. That's from Ann Arbor. And this—oh, *this* one's funny!"

He held up a small scented sheet to Betton, who made no movement to receive it.

"Funny? Why's it funny?" he growled.

"Well, it's from a girl—a lady—and she thinks she's the only person who understands 'Abundance'—has the clue to it. Says she's never seen a book so misrepresented by the critics——"

"Ha, ha! That *is* good!" Betton agreed with too loud a laugh.

"This one's from a lady, too—married woman. Says she's misunderstood, and would like to correspond."

"Oh, Lord," said Betton.—"What are you looking at?" he added sharply, as Vyse continued to bend his blinking gaze on the letters.

"I was only thinking I'd never seen such short letters from women. Neither one fills the first page."

"Well, what of that?" queried Betton.

Vyse reflected. "I'd like to meet a

woman like that," he said wearily; and Betton laughed again.

The letters continued to pour in, and there could be no farther question of dispensing with Vyse's services. But one morning, about three weeks later, the latter asked for a word with his employer, and Betton, on entering the library, found his secretary with half a dozen documents spread out before him.

"What's up?" queried Betton, with a touch of impatience.

Vyse was attentively scanning the outspread letters.

"I don't know: can't make out." His voice had a faint note of embarrassment. "Do you remember a note signed *Hester Macklin* that came three or four weeks ago? Married—misunderstood—Western army post—wanted to correspond?"

Betton seemed to grope among his memories; then he assented vaguely.

"A short note," Vyse went on: "the whole story in half a page. The shortness struck me so much—and the directness—that I wrote her: wrote in my own name, I mean."

"In your own name?" Betton stood amazed; then he broke into a groan.

"Good Lord, Vyse—you're incorrigible!"

The secretary pulled his thin moustache with a nervous laugh. "If you mean I'm an ass, you're right. Look here." He held out an envelope stamped with the words: "Dead Letter Office." "My effusion has come back to me marked 'unknown.' There's no such person at the address she gave you."

Betton seemed for an instant to share his secretary's embarrassment; then he burst into an uproarious laugh.

"Hoax, was it? That's rough on you, old fellow!"

Vyse shrugged his shoulders. "Yes; but the interesting question is—why on earth didn't *your* answer come back, too?"

"My answer?"

"The official one—the one I wrote in your name. If she's unknown, what's become of *that*?"

Betton stared at him with eyes wrinkled by amusement. "Perhaps she hadn't disappeared then."

Vyse disregarded the conjecture. "Look here—I believe *all* these letters are a hoax," he broke out.

Betton stared at him with a face that

turned slowly red and angry. "What are you talking about? All what letters?"

"These I've got spread out here: I've been comparing them. And I believe they're all written by one man."

Betton's redness turned to a purple that made his ruddy moustache seem pale. "What the devil are you driving at?" he asked.

"Well, just look at it," Vyse persisted, still bent above the letters. "I've been studying them carefully—those that have come within the last two or three weeks—and there's a queer likeness in the writing of some of them. The g's are all like cork-screws. And the same phrases keep recurring—the Ann Arbor news-agent uses the same expressions as the President of the Girls' College at Euphorbia, Maine."

Betton laughed. "Aren't the critics always groaning over the shrinkage of the national vocabulary? Of course we all use the same expressions."

"Yes," said Vyse obstinately. "But how about using the same g's?"

Betton laughed again, but Vyse continued without heeding him: "Look here, Betton—could Strett have written them?"

"Strett?" Betton roared. "*Strett*?" He threw himself into his arm-chair to shake out his mirth at greater ease.

"I'll tell you why. Strett always posts all my answers. He comes in for them every day before I leave. He posted the letter to the misunderstood party—the letter from *you* that the Dead Letter Office didn't return. I posted my own letter to her; and that came back."

A measurable silence followed the emission of this ingenious conjecture; then Betton observed with gentle irony: "Extremely neat. And of course it's no business of yours to supply any valid motive for this remarkable attention on my valet's part."

Vyse cast on him a slanting glance.

"If you've found that human conduct's generally based on valid motives——!"

"Well, outside of mad-houses it's supposed to be not quite incalculable."

Vyse had an odd smile under his thin moustache. "Every house is a mad-house at some time or another."

Betton rose with a careless shake of the shoulders. "This one will be if I talk to you much longer," he said, moving away with a laugh.

IV

BETTON did not for a moment believe that Vyse suspected the valet of having written the letters.

"Why the devil don't he say out what he thinks? He was always a tortuous chap," he grumbled inwardly.

The sense of being held under the lens of Vyse's mute scrutiny became more and more exasperating. Betton, by this time, had squared his shoulders to the fact that "Abundance" was a failure with the public: a confessed and glaring failure. The press told him so openly, and his friends emphasized the fact by their circumlocutions and evasions. Betton minded it a good deal more than he had expected, but not nearly as much as he minded Vyse's knowing it. That remained the central twinge in his diffused discomfort. And the problem of getting rid of his secretary once more engaged him.

He had set aside all sentimental pretexts for retaining Vyse; but a practical argument replaced them. "If I ship him now he'll think it's because I'm ashamed to have him see that I'm not getting any more letters."

For the letters had ceased again, almost abruptly, since Vyse had hazarded the conjecture that they were the product of Strett's devoted pen. Betton had reverted only once to the subject—to ask ironically, a day or two later: "Is Strett writing to me as much as ever?"—and, on Vyse's replying with a neutral head-shake, had added with a laugh: "If you suspect *him* you might as well think I write the letters myself!"

"There are very few to-day," said Vyse, with his irritating evasiveness; and Betton rejoined squarely: "Oh, they'll stop soon. The book's a failure."

A few mornings later he felt a rush of shame at his own tergiversations, and stalked into the library with Vyse's sentence on his tongue.

Vyse was sitting at the table making pencil-sketches of a girl's profile. Apparently there was nothing else for him to do.

"Is that your idea of Hester Macklin?" asked Betton jovially, leaning over him.

Vyse started back with one of his anæmic blushes. "I was hoping you'd be in. I wanted to speak to you. There've been no letters the last day or two," he explained.

Betton drew a quick breath of relief.

The man had some sense of decency, then! He meant to dismiss himself.

"I told you so, my dear fellow; the book's a flat failure," he said, almost gaily.

Vyse made a deprecating gesture. "I don't know that I should regard the absence of letters as the ultimate test. But I wanted to ask you if there isn't something else I can do on the days when there's no writing." He turned his glance toward the book-lined walls. "Don't you want your library catalogued?" he asked insidiously.

"Had it done last year, thanks." Betton glanced away from Vyse's face. It was piteous, how he needed the job!

"I see. . . . Of course this is just a temporary lull in the letters. They'll begin again—as they did before. The people who read carefully read slowly—you haven't heard yet what *they* think."

Betton felt a rush of puerile joy at the suggestion. Actually, he hadn't thought of that!

"There *was* a big second crop after 'Diadems and Faggots,'" he mused aloud.

"Of course. Wait and see," said Vyse confidently.

The letters in fact began again—more gradually and in smaller numbers. But their quality was different, as Vyse had predicted. And in two cases Betton's correspondents, not content to compress into one rapid communication the thoughts inspired by his work, developed their views in a succession of really remarkable letters. One of the writers was a professor in a Western college; the other was a girl in Florida. In their language, their point of view, their reasons for appreciating "Abundance," they differed almost diametrically; but this only made the unanimity of their approval the more striking. The rush of correspondence evoked by Betton's earlier novel had produced nothing so personal, so exceptional as these communications. He had gulped the praise of "Diadems and Faggots" as indiscriminatingly as it was offered; now he knew for the first time the subtler pleasures of the palate. He tried to feign indifference, even to himself; and to Vyse he made no sign. But gradually he felt a desire to know what his secretary thought of the letters, and, above all, what he was saying in reply to them. And he resented acutely the possibility of Vyse's

starting one of his clandestine correspondences with the girl in Florida. Vyse's notorious lack of delicacy had never been more vividly present to Betton's imagination; and he made up his mind to answer the letters himself.

He would keep Vyse on, of course: there were other communications that the secretary could attend to. And, if necessary, Betton would invent an occupation: he cursed his stupidity in having betrayed the fact that his books were already catalogued.

Vyse showed no surprise when Betton announced his intention of dealing personally with the two correspondents who showed so flattering a reluctance to take their leave. But Betton immediately read a criticism in his lack of comment, and put forth, on a note of challenge: "After all, one must be decent!"

Vyse looked at him with an evanescent smile. "You'll have to explain that you didn't write the first answers."

Betton halted. "Well—I—I more or less dictated them, didn't I?"

"Oh, virtually, they're yours, of course."

"You think I can put it that way?"

"Why not?" The secretary absently drew an arabesque on the blotting-pad. "Of course they'll keep it up longer if you write yourself," he suggested.

Betton blushed, but faced the issue. "Hang it all, I sha'n't be sorry. They interest me. They're remarkable letters." And Vyse, without observation, returned to his writings.

The spring, that year, was delicious to Betton. His college professor continued to address him tersely but cogently at fixed intervals, and twice a week eight serried pages came from Florida. There were other letters, too; he had the solace of feeling that at last "Abundance" was making its way, was reaching the people who, as Vyse said, read slowly because they read intelligently. But welcome as were all these proofs of his restored authority they were but the background of his happiness. His life revolved for the moment about the personality of his two chief correspondents. The professor's letters satisfied his craving for intellectual recognition, and the satisfaction he felt in them proved how completely he had lost faith in himself. He blushed to think that his opinion of his work had been swayed by the

shallow judgments of a public whose taste he despised. Was it possible that he had allowed himself to think less well of "Abundance" because it was not to the taste of the average novel-reader? Such false humility was less excusable than the crudest appetite for praise: it was ridiculous to try to do conscientious work if one's self-esteem were at the mercy of popular judgments. All this the professor's letters delicately and indirectly conveyed to Betton, with the result that the author of "Abundance" began to recognize in it the ripest flower of his genius.

But if the professor understood his book, the girl in Florida understood *him*; and Betton was fully alive to the superior qualities of discernment which this process implied. For his lovely correspondent his novel was but the starting-point, the pretext of her discourse: he himself was her real object, and he had the delicious sense, as their exchange of thoughts proceeded, that she was interested in "Abundance" because of its author, rather than in the author because of his book. Of course she laid stress on the fact that his ideas were the object of her contemplation; but Betton's agreeable person had permitted him some insight into the incorrigible subjectiveness of female judgments, and he was pleasantly aware, from the lady's tone, that she guessed him to be neither old nor ridiculous. And suddenly he wrote to ask if he might see her. . . .

The answer was long in coming. Betton fumed at the delay, watched, wondered, fretted; then he received the one word "Impossible."

He wrote back more urgently, and awaited the reply with increasing eagerness. A certain shyness had kept him from once more modifying the instructions regarding his mail, and Strett still carried the letters directly to Vyse. The hour when he knew they were passing under the latter's eyes was now becoming intolerable to Betton, and it was a profound relief when the secretary, suddenly advised of his father's illness, asked permission to absent himself for a fortnight.

Vyse departed just after Betton had despatched to Florida his second missive of entreaty, and for ten days he tasted the furtive joy of a first perusal of his letters.

The answer from Florida was not among them; but Betton said to himself "She's thinking it over," and delay, in that light, seemed favourable. So charming, in fact, was this phase of sentimental suspense that he felt a start of resentment when a telegram apprised him one morning that Vyse would return to his post that day.

Betton had slept later than usual, and, springing out of bed with the telegram in his hand, he learned from the clock that his secretary was due in half an hour. He reflected that the morning's mail must long since be in; and, too impatient to wait for its appearance with his breakfast-tray, he threw on a dressing-gown and went to the library. There lay the letters, half a dozen of them: but his eye flew to one envelope, and as he tore it open a warm wave rocked his heart.

The letter was dated a few days after its writer must have received his own: it had all the qualities of grace and insight to which his unknown friend had accustomed him, but it contained no allusion, however indirect, to the special purport of his appeal. Even a vanity less ingenious than Betton's might have read in the lady's silence one of the most familiar motions of consent; but the smile provoked by this inference faded as he turned to his other letters. For the uppermost bore the superscription "Dead Letter Office," and the document that fell from it was his own last letter from Florida.

Betton studied the ironic "Unknown" for an appreciable space of time; then he broke into a laugh. He had suddenly recalled Vyse's similar experience with "Hester Macklin," and the light he was able to throw on that obscure episode was searching enough to penetrate all the dark corners of his own adventure. He felt a rush of heat to the ears; catching sight of himself in the glass, he saw a red ridiculous congested countenance, and dropped into a chair to hide it between flushed fists. He was roused by the opening of the door, and Vyse appeared on the threshold.

"Oh, I beg pardon—you're ill?" said the secretary.

Betton's only answer was an inarticulate murmur of derision; then he pushed forward the letter with the imprint of the Dead Letter Office.

"Look at that," he jeered.

Vyse peered at the envelope, and turned it

over slowly in his hands. Betton's eyes, fixed on him, saw his face decompose like a substance touched by some powerful acid. He clung to the envelope as if to gain time.

"It's from the young lady you've been writing to at Swazee Springs?" he asked at length.

"It's from the young lady I've been writing to at Swazee Springs."

"Well—I suppose she's gone away," continued Vyse, rebuilding his countenance rapidly.

"Yes; and in a community numbering perhaps a hundred and seventy-five souls, including the dogs and chickens, the local post-office is so ignorant of her movements that my letter has to be sent to the Dead Letter Office."

Vyse meditated on this; then he laughed in turn. "After all, the same thing happened to me—with 'Hester Macklin,' I mean," he recalled sheepishly.

"Just so," said Betton, bringing down his clenched fist on the table. "*Just so*," he repeated, in italics.

He caught his secretary's glance, and held it with his own for a moment. Then he dropped it as, in pity, one releases something scared and squirming.

"The very day my letter was returned from Swazee Springs she wrote me this from there," he said, holding up the last Florida missive.

"Ha! That's funny," said Vyse, with a damp forehead.

"Yes, it's funny: it's funny," said Betton. He leaned back, his hands in his pockets, staring up at the ceiling, and noticing a crack in the cornice. Vyse, at the corner of the writing-table, waited.

"Shall I get to work?" he began, after a silence measurable by minutes. Betton's gaze descended from the cornice.

"I've got your seat, haven't I?" he said, rising and moving away from the table.

Vyse, with a quick gleam of relief, slipped into the vacant chair, and began to stir about vaguely among the papers.

"How's your father?" Betton asked from the hearth.

"Oh, better—better, thank you. He'll pull out of it."

"But you had a sharp scare for a day or two?"

"Yes—it was touch and go when I got there."

Another pause, while Vyse began to classify the letters.

"And I suppose," Betton continued in a steady tone, "your anxiety made you forget your usual precautions—whatever they were—about this Florida correspondence, and before you'd had time to prevent it the Swazee post-office blundered?"

Vyse lifted his head with a quick movement. "What do you mean?" he asked, pushing his chair back.

"I mean that you saw I couldn't live without flattery, and that you've been ladling it out to me to earn your keep."

Vyse sat motionless and shrunken, digging the blotting-pad with his pen. "What on earth are you driving at?" he repeated.

"Though why the deuce," Betton continued in the same steady tone, "you should need to do this kind of work when you've got such faculties at your service—those letters were magnificent, my dear fellow! Why in the world don't you write novels, instead of writing to other people about them?"

Vyse straightened himself with an effort. "What are you talking about, Betton? Why the devil do you think *I* wrote those letters?"

Betton held back his answer, with a brooding face. "Because I wrote 'Hester Macklin's'—to myself!"

Vyse sat stock-still, without the least outcry of wonder. "Well—?" he finally said, in a low tone.

"And because you found me out (you see, you can't even feign surprise!)—because you saw through it at a glance, knew at once that the letters were faked. And when you'd foolishly put me on my guard by pointing out to me that they were a clumsy forgery, and had then suddenly guessed that *I* was the forger, you drew the natural inference that I had to have popular approval, or at least had to make *you* think I had it. You saw that, to me, the worst thing about the failure of the book was having *you* know it was a failure. And so you applied your superior—your immeasurably superior—abilities to carrying on the humbug, and deceiving me as I'd tried to deceive you. And you did it so successfully that I don't see why the devil you haven't made your fortune writing novels!"

Vyse remained silent, his head slightly bent under the mounting tide of Betton's denunciation.

"The way you differentiated your peo-

ple—characterised them—avoided my stupid mistake of making the women's letters too short and logical, of letting my different correspondents use the same expressions: the amount of ingenuity and art you wasted on it! I swear, Vyse, I'm sorry that damned post-office went back on you," Betton went on, piling up the waves of his irony.

But at this height they suddenly paused, drew back on themselves, and began to recede before the spectacle of Vyse's pale distress. Something warm and emotional in Betton's nature—a lurking kindliness, perhaps, for any one who tried to soothe and smooth his writhing ego—softened his eye as it rested on the drooping figure of his secretary.

"Look here, Vyse—I'm not sorry—not altogether sorry this has happened!" He moved slowly across the room, and laid a friendly palm on Vyse's shoulder. "In a queer illogical way it evens up things, as it were. I did you a shabby turn once, years ago—oh, out of sheer carelessness, of course—about that novel of yours I promised to give to Aphorn. If I *had* given it, it might not have made any difference—I'm not sure it wasn't too good for success—but anyhow, I dare say you thought my personal influence might have helped you, might at least have got you a quicker hearing. Perhaps you thought it was because the thing *was* so good that I kept it back, that I felt some nasty jealousy of your superiority. I swear to you it wasn't that—I clean forgot it. And one day when I came home it was gone: you'd sent and taken it. And I've always thought since you might have owed me a grudge—and not unjustly; so this . . . this business of the letters . . . the sympathy you've shown . . . for I suppose it *is* sympathy . . . ?"

Vyse startled and checked him by a queer crackling laugh.

"It's *not* sympathy?" broke in Betton, the moisture drying out of his voice. He withdrew his hand from Vyse's shoulder. "What is it, then? The joy of uncovering my nakedness? An eye for an eye? Is it *that*?"


Vyse rose from his seat, and with a mechanical gesture swept into a heap all the letters he had sorted.

"I'm stone broke, and wanted to keep my job—that's what it is," he said wearily . . .

THE SHRINKING OF KINGMAN'S FIELD

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

T was rats," said I.
"It was warts," said Old Hundred.

"I know it was rats, I tell you," I continued, "because my uncle Eben knew a man who did it. His house was full of rats, so he wrote a very polite note to them, setting forth that, much as he enjoyed their excellent society, the house was too crowded for comfort, and telling them to go over to the house of a certain neighbor, who had more room and no children nor cats. And the rats all went."

Old Hundred listened patiently. "That's precisely right," said he, "except it must have been warts. You have to be polite, and also tell them where to go. You rub the warts with a bean, wrap the bean up in the note, and burn both, or else throw them in the well. In a few days the warts will leave you and appear on the other fellow. My grandfather, when he was a boy, got warts that way, so he licked the other boy."

"Rats!" said I.

"No, warts," persisted Old Hundred.

So that was how we two aging and urbanized codgers came to leave the comfortable club for the Grand Central Station, whence we sent telegrams to our families and took train for the rural regions north-eastward. The point had to be settled. Besides, I stumped Old Hundred to go, and he never could refuse a stump.

But Old Hundred was fretful on the journey. We called him Old Hundred years ago, because he always proposed that tune at Sunday evening meetings, when the leader "called for hymns." I address him as Old Hundred still, though he is a learned lawyer in line for a judgeship. He was fretful, he said, because we were sure to be terribly disillusioned. But he is not a man accustomed in these later years to act on impulse, and the prospect of a night on a sleeping car, without pajamas, did not, I fancy, appeal to him, now that he faced it

from the badly ventilated car aisle, instead of the club easy chair. Yet perhaps he did dread the disillusionment, too. It was always I, even when we were boys, who loved an adventure for its own sake, quite apart from the pleasure or pain of it—taking a supreme delight, in fact, in melancholy. I have still a copy of Moore's poems, stained with tears and gingerbread. Some of the happiest hours of my childhood were spent in weeping over this book, especially over "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," which affected me with an incomprehensible but poignant woe. Accordingly it was I who rose cheerful in the morning and piloted a gloomy companion to breakfast and a barber, and so across Boston to the dingy station where dingy, dirty cars of ancient vintage awaited, and in one of which we rode, with innumerable stops, to a spot off the beaten tracks of travel, but which bore a name that thrilled us.

When we alighted from the train, a large factory greeted our vision, across the road from the railway station. We walked up a faintly familiar street to the village square. There we paused, with wry faces. Six trolley lines converged in its centre, and out of the surrounding country were rolling in great cars, as big almost as Pullmans. All the magnificent horse-chestnut trees that once lined the walks were down, to expose more brazenly to view the rows of tawdry little shops. These trees had once furnished shade and ammunition. I had to smile at the sign above the new fish-market—

IF IT SWIMS—WE HAVE IT.

But there was no smile on Old Hundred's face. Here and there, rising behind the little stores and lunch rooms, we could detect the tops of the old houses, pushed back by commerce. But most of the houses had disappeared altogether. Only the old white meeting-house at the head of the common looked down benignly, unchanged.

"The trail of the trolley is over it all!"



Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"You and Bill Nichols always chose up."—Page 422.

Old Hundred murmured, as we hastened northward, out of the village.

After we had walked some distance, Old Hundred said, "It ought to be around here somewhere, to the right of the road. I can't make anything out, for these new houses."

"There was a lane down to it," said I, "and woods beyond."

"Sure," he cried, "Kingman's woods; and it was called Kingman's field."

I sighted the ruins of a lane, between two houses. "Come on down to Kingman's, fellers," I shouted, "an' choose up sides!"

Old Hundred followed my lead. We were in the middle of a potato patch, in somebody's back yard. It was very small.

"This ain't Kingman's," wailed Old Hundred, lapsing into bad grammar in his grief. "Why, it took an awful paste to land a home run over right field into the woods! And there ain't no woods!"

There weren't. Nevertheless, this was Kingman's field. "See," said I, trying to be cheerful, "here's where home was." And I rooted up a potato sprout viciously. "You and Bill Nichols always chose up. You each put a hand round a bat, alternating up the stick, for first choice. The one who could get his hand over the top enough to swing the bat round his head three times, won, and chose Goodknocker Pratt. First was over there where the wall isn't any more."

"Remember the time we couldn't find my 'Junior League,'" said Old Hundred, "and Goodknocker dreamed it was in a tree, and the next day we looked in the trees, and there it was? I wonder what ever became of old Goodknocker?"

He moved toward first base. The woods had been ruthlessly cut down, and the wall dragged away in the process. We climbed a knoll, through the stumps and dead stuff. At the top was a snake bush.

"Here's something, anyhow," said Old Hundred. "You were Uncas and I was Hawk Eye, and we defended this snake bush from Bill's crowd of Iroquois. We made shields out of barrel heads, and spears out of young pine-tree tops. Wow, how they hurt!"

"About half a mile over is the swamp where the traps were," said I. "Let's go. Maybe there's something in one of 'em."

"Then times would be changed," said he, smiling a little.

We walked a few hundred feet, and there was the swamp, quite dried up without the protection of the woods, a tangle of dead stuff, and in plain view of half a dozen houses. "Why," cried Old Hundred, "it was miles away from *anything*!"

I looked at him, a woful figure, clad in immaculate clothes, with gray gloves, a cane in his hand. "You ought to be wearing red mittens," said I, "and carrying that old shot-gun, with the ramrod bent."

"The ramrod was always bent," said he. "It kept getting caught in twigs, or falling out. Gee, how she kicked! Remember the day I got the rabbit down there on the edge of the swamp? It made the snow all red, poor little thing. I guess I wasn't so pleased as I expected to be."

"I remember the day you didn't get the wood pussy—soon enough," I answered.

Just then a whistle shrieked. "Good Lord," said Old Hundred, "there's one of those infernal trolleys! It must go right up the Turnpike, past Sandy."

"Let's take it!" I cried.

He looked at me savagely. "We'll walk!" he said.

"But it's miles and miles," I remonstrated.

"Nevertheless," said he, "we'll walk."

It was difficult to find the short cut in this tangle of slaughtered forest, but we got back to the road finally, coming out by the school-house. At least, we came out by a little shallow hole in the ground, half filled with poison ivy and fire weed, and ringed by a few stones. We paused sadly by the ruins.

"I suppose the trolley takes the kids into the village now," said I. "Centralization, you know."

"There used to be a great stove in one corner, and the pipe went all across the room," Old Hundred was saying, as if to himself. "If you sat near it, you baked; if you didn't, you froze. Do you remember Miss Campbell? What was it we used to sing about her? Oh, yes—

Three little mice ran up the stairs
To hear Biddy Campbell say her prayers;
And when they heard her say Amen,
The three little mice ran down again.

And, gee, but you were the punk speller! Remember how there was always a spelling match Friday afternoons? I'll never

forget the day you fell down on 'nausea.' You'd lasted pretty well that day, for you; everybody'd gone down but you and Myrtie Swett and me and one or two more. But when Biddy Campbell put that word up to you, you looked it, if you couldn't spell it!"

"Hum," said I, "I wouldn't rub it in, if

ward. We made him walk Spanish, too. But after that public day he and I went way down to the horse sheds behind the meeting-house in the village, and had it out. I wonder why we always fought in the holy horse sheds? The ones behind the town hall were never used for that purpose."



"I'll never forget the day you fell down on 'nausea.'"—Page 422.

I were you. I seem to recall a public day when old Gilman Temple, the committee man, asked you what was the largest bird that flies, and you said, 'The Kangaroo.'"

Old Hundred grinned. "That's the day the new boy laughed," said he. "Remember the new boy? I mean the one that wore the derby which we used to push down over his eyes? Sometimes in the yard one of us would squat behind him, and then somebody else would push him over back-

This was true, but I couldn't explain it. "We couldn't always wait to get to the horse sheds, as I remember it," said I. "Sometimes we couldn't wait to get out of sight of school."

I began hunting the neighborhood for the hide-and-seek spots. The barn and the carriage shed across the road were still there, with cracks yawning between the mouse gray boards. The shed was also ideal for "Anthony over." And in the pasture

behind the school stood the great boulder, by the sassafras tree. "I'll bet you can't count out," said I.

"Pooh!" said Old Hundred. He raised his finger, pointed it at an imaginary line of boys and girls, and chanted—

"Acker, backer, soda cracker,
Acker, backer, boo!
If yer father chews terbacker,
Out goes you.

And now you're it," he finished, pointing at me.

I was not to be outdone. "Ten, twenty, thirty, forty —" I began to mumble. Then, "One thousand!" I shouted.

"Bushel o' wheat and a bushel o' rye,
All 't aint hid, holler knee high!"

I looked for a stick, stood it on end, and let it fall. It fell toward the boulder. "You're up in the sassafras tree," I said.

"No," said Old Hundred, "that's Benny."

Then we looked at each other and laughed.

"You poor old idiot," said Old Hundred.

"You doddering imbecile," said I, "come on up to Sandy."

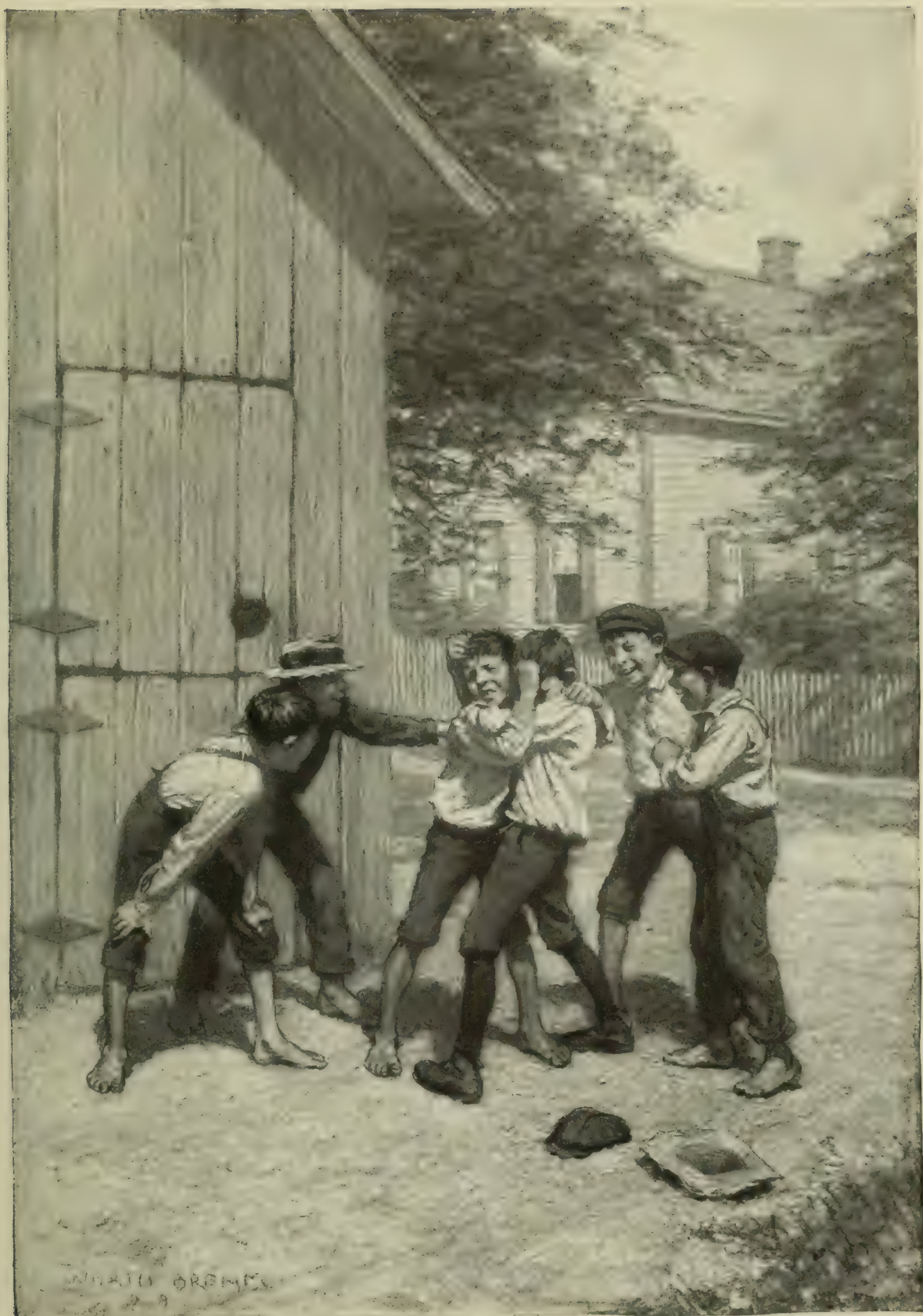
Somehow, it wasn't far to Sandy. It used to be miles. We passed by Myrtie Swett's house on the way. It stood back from the Turnpike just as ever, with its ample doorway, its great shadowing elms, its air of haughty well-being. Myrtie, besides a prize speller, was something of a social queen. She was very beautiful, and she affected ennui.

"Oh, dear, bread and beer,
If I was home I shouldn't be here!"

she used to say at parties, with a tired air that was the secret envy of the other little girls, who were unable to conceal their pleasure at being "here." However, Myrtie never went home, we noticed. Rather did she take a leading part in every game of Drop-the-handkerchief, Post Office, or Copenhagen—tinglingly thrilling games, with unknown possibilities of a sentimental nature.

"If I thought she still lived in the old place, I'd go up and tell her I had a letter for her," said Old Hundred.





Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"He and I had it out.--Page 423."

"She'd probably give you a stamp," I replied.

"Not unless she's changed!" he grinned.

But we saw no signs of Myrtie. Several children played in the yard. There was the face of a strange woman at the window, a very plain woman, who looked old, as she peered keenly at the two urban passers.

"It *can't* be Myrtie!" I heard Old Hundred mutter, as he hastened on.

Sandy was almost the most wonderful spot in the world. It was, as most swimming holes are, on the down-stream side of a bridge. The little river widened out, on its way through the meadows, here and there into swimming holes of greater or less desirability. There was Lob's Pond, by the mill, and Deep Pool, and Musk Rat, and Little Sandy. But Sandy was the best of them all. It was shaded on one side by great trees, and the banks were hidden from the road by alder screens. At one end there was a shelving bottom, of clean sand, where the "little kids" who couldn't swim sported in safety. Under the opposite bank the water ran deep for diving. And in mid-stream the pool was so very deep that nobody had ever been able to find bottom there. In the other holes, you could hold your hands over your head and go down till your feet touched, without wetting your fingers. But not the longest fish-line had ever been long enough to plumb Sandy's depths. Indeed, it was popularly believed that there was *no* bottom in Sandy, and a mythical horn pout, of gigantic proportions, was supposed to inhabit its dark, watery abysses.

Old Hundred and I stood on the bridge and looked down on a little pool. "I could jump across it now," he sighed. "But I wish it were a warmer day. I'd go in, just the same."

There was a honk up the road, and a touring car jolted over the boards behind us, with a load of veils and goggles. The dust sifted through the bridge, and we heard it patter on the water below.

"I fancy there's more travel now," said I. "And the alder screen seems to be gone. Perhaps we'd better not go in."

Old Hundred leaned pensively over the white rail—the sign of a State highway; for the dusty old Turnpike was now converted into a gray strip of macadam road, torn by the automobiles, with a trolley track at one side.

"There's a lucky bug on the water," he said presently. "If we were in now, we might catch him, and make our fortunes."

"And get our clothes tied up," said I.

"As I recall it, you were the prize beef chawer," he remarked. "I never could see why you didn't go into vaudeville, in a Houdini act. I used to soak the knots in your shirt and dry 'em, and soak 'em again; but you always untied 'em, often without using your teeth, either."

"You couldn't, though," I grinned.

"Charlo beef,
The beef was tough,
Poor Old Hundred
Couldn't get enough!"

How many times have you gone home barefoot, with your stockings and your undershirt, in a wet knot, tied to your fish-pole?"

"Not many," said he.

"What?" said I.

"It wasn't often that I wore stockings and an undershirt in swimming season," he answered. "Don't you remember being made to soak your feet in a tub on the back porch before going to bed, and going fast asleep in the process?"

"If you put a horse hair in water, it will turn to a snake," I replied, irrelevantly.

"Anybody knows that," said Old Hundred. "If you toss a fish back in the water before you're done fishing, you won't get any more bites, because he'll go tell all the other fish. Bet yer I can swim farther under water 'n you can. Come on, it isn't very cold."

I looked hesitantly at the pool.

"Stump yer!" he taunted.

I started for the bank. But just then the trolley wire, which we had quite forgotten, began to buzz. We paused. Up the pike came the car. It stopped just short of the bridge, by a cross-road, and an old man alighted. Then it moved on, shaking more dust down upon the brown water. The old man regarded us a moment, and then, instead of turning up the cross-road, came over to us.

("Know him?" I whispered.)

("Is it Hen Flint, that used to drive the meat wagon with the white top?" said Old Hundred. "Lord, is it so many years ago!")

"How are you, Mr. Flint?" said I.

"Thot I didn't mistake ye," said the old



Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"I used to soak the knots in your shirt and dry 'em, and soak 'em again." --Page 426.



Dragon by Worth Brehm.

"I believe she had all those melon stems connected with an automatic burglar alarm."—Page 429.

man, putting out a large, thin, but powerful hand. "Whar be ye now, Noo York? Come back to look over the old place, eh? I reckon ye find it some changed. Don't know it myself, hardly. You look like yer ma; sorter got her peak face."

"Where's the swimming hole now?" asked Old Hundred.

"I don't calc'late thar be any," said the old man. "The gol durn trolley an' the automobiles spiled the pool here, an' the mill-pond's no good since they tore down the mill an' bust the dam. Maybe the little fellers git their toes wet down back o' Bill Flint's; I see 'em splashin' round thar hot days. But the old fellers have to wash in the kitchen, same's in winter."

"But the boys must swim somewhere," said I.

"I presume likely they go to the beaches," said Henry Flint. "I see 'em ridin' off in the trolley."

"Yes," said I, "it must be easy to get anywhere now, with the trolleys so thick."

"It's too durn easy," he commented. "Thar hain't a place ye can't git to, though why ye should want to git thar beats me. Mostly puts high-flown notions in the women-folks' heads, and vegetable gardens on 'em."

He shook hands again, lingeringly. "Yer father wuz a fine man," he said to Old Hundred—"a fine man. I sold yer ma meat before you wuz born."

Then he moved rather feebly away, down the cross-road. Presently a return trolley approached.

"Curse the trolleys!" exclaimed Old Hundred. "They go everywhere and carry everybody. They spoil the country roads and ruin the country houses and villages. Where they go, cheap loafing places, called waiting-rooms, spring up, haunted by flies, rotten bananas, and village muckers. They trail peanut shells, dust and vulgarity; and they make all the country-side a back yard of the city. Let's take this one."

We passed once more the hole where the school had been, and drew near a cross-road. I looked at Old Hundred, he at me. He nodded, and we signalled the conductor. The car stopped. We alighted and turned silently west, pursued by peering eyes. After a few hundred feet the cross-road went up a rise and round a bend, and the new frame houses along the Turnpike were

shut from view. Over the brambled wall we saw cows lying down in a pasture.

"It's going to rain," said I.

"No," said Old Hundred, "that's only a sign when they lie down first thing in the morning."

Then we were silent once more. Into the west the land, the rocky, rolling, stubborn, beautiful New England country-side, lay familiar—how familiar!—to our eyes. To the left, back among the oaks and hickories, stood a solid, simple house, painted yellow, with green blinds. To the right almost opposite, was a smaller house of white, with an orchard straggling up to the back door. And in one of them I was born, and in the other Old Hundred. Down the road was another house, a deep red, half hidden in the trees. Smoke was rising from the chimney now, and drifting rosily against the first flush of sunset.

"Betsy's getting Cap'n Charles's supper," said Old Hundred.

"Then Betsy's about one hundred and six," said I, "and the Cap'n one hundred and ten. Oh, John, it was a long, long time ago!"

"It doesn't seem so," he answered. "It seems only yesterday that we met up there in your grove on Hallowe'en to light our jack-lanterns, and crept down the road in the cold white moonlight to poke them up at Betsy's window. Remember when she caught us with the pail of water?"

"I remember," said I, "the time you put a tack in the seat of Cap'n Charles's stool, in his little shoemaker's shop out behind the house, and he gave you five cents, to return good for evil; so the next day you did it again, in the hope of a quarter, but he decided there were times when the Golden Rule is best honored in the breach, and gave you a wallop."

"It was some walloping, too," said Old Hundred, with a reminiscent grin. "It would be a good time now," he added, "to swipe melons, if Betsy's getting supper. Though I believe she had all those melon stems connected with an automatic burglar-alarm in the kitchen. She ought to have taken out a patent on that invention!"

He looked about him, first at his house, then at mine. "How small the orchard is now," he mused. "The trees are like little old women. And look at Crow's Nest—it used to be a hundred feet high."

The oak he pointed at still bore in its upper branches the remains of our tree-top retreat, a rotted beam or two straddling a crotch. "Peter Pan should rebuild it," said I. "I shall drop a line to Wendy. Do you still hesitate to turn over in bed?"

"Always," Old Hundred confessed. "I do turn over, now, but it was years before I could bring myself to do it. I wonder where we got that superstition that it brought bad luck? If we woke in the night, up in Crow's Nest, and wanted to shift our positions, we got up and walked around the foot of the mattress, so we could lie on the other side without turning over. Remember?"

I nodded. Then the well-curb caught my eye. It was over the well we dug where old Solon Perkins told us to. Solon charged three dollars for the advice. He came with a forked elm twig, cut green, and holding the prongs tightly wrapped round his hands so that the base of the twig stuck out straight, walked back and forth over the place, followed by my father and mother, and Old Hundred's father and mother, and Cap'n Charles and Betsy, and all the boys for a mile around, silently watching for the miracle. Finally the base of the twig bent sharply down. "Dig there," said Solon. He examined the twig to see if the bark was twisted. It was, so he added, "Bent hard. Won't have ter dig more'n ten foot." We dug twenty-six, but water came. And such water!

"I want some of that water," said I. "I don't want to go into the house; I don't even know who lives in it now. But I must have some of that water."

We went up to the well and lowered the bucket, which slid bounding down against the cool stones till it hit the depths with a dull splash. As we were drinking, an old man came peering out of the house. Old Hundred recognized him first.

"Well, Clarkie Poor, by all that's holy!" he cried. "We've come to get our hair cut."

Clarkson Poor blinked a bit before recognition came. "Yes," he said, "I bought the old place a couple o' year back, arter them city folks you sold it to got sick on it. Too fer off the trolley line for them. John's house over yon some noo comers 'a' got. They ain't changed it none. This is about the only part o' town that ain't changed, though. Most o' the old folks is gone, too,

and the young uns, like you chaps, all git ambitious fer the cities. I give up cuttin' hair 'bout three year back—got kinder on-steady an' cut too many ears."

A sudden smile broke over Old Hundred's face. "Clarkie," he said, "you were always up on such things—is it rats or warts that you write a note to when you want 'em to go away?"

"Yes, it's rats, isn't it?" I cried, also reminded, for the first time, of our real quest.

"Why," said Clarkie, "you must be sure to make the note very partic'lar perlite, and tell 'em whar to go. Don't fergit that."

"Yes, yes," said we, "but is it warts or rats?"

"Well," said Clarkie, "it's both."

We looked one at the other, and grinned rather sheepishly.

"Only thar's a better way fer warts," Clarkie went on, "I knew a boy once who sold his. That's the best way. Yer don't have actually to sell 'em. Just git another feller to say, 'I'll give yer five cents fer yer warts,' and you say, 'All right, they're yourn,' and then they go. Fact."

We thanked him, and moved down to the road, declining his invitation to come into the house. Westward, the sun had gone down and left the sky a glowing amber and rose. The fields rolled their young green like a checkered carpet over the low hills—the sweet, familiar hills. For an instant, in the hush of gathering twilight, we stood there silent and bridged the years; wiping out the strife, the toil, the ambitions, we were boys again.

"Hark!" said Old Hundred, softly. Down through the orchard we heard the thin, sweet tinkle of a cow-bell. "There's a boy behind, with the peeled switch," he added, "looking dreamily up at the first star, and wishing on it—wishing for a lot of things he'll never get. But I'm sure he isn't barefoot. Let's go."

As we passed down the Turnpike, between the rows of cheap frame houses, we saw, in the increasing dusk, the ruins of a lane, and the corner of a small, back yard potato patch, that had been Kingman's field. We hastened through the noisy, treeless village, and boarded the Boston train, rather cross for want of supper.

"I wonder," said Old Hundred, as we moved out of the station, "whether we'd better go to Young's or the Parker House?"

THE LURE OF THE LAND

By Frederic C. Howe



HERE is in all of us, as Bagehot said of the Hebrew people, a "coercive sense of ingrained usage, which kept men from thinking what they had not before thought; a vague horror that something would happen if they did so." Especially is this true of the law, which Voltaire insisted was "the conservator of ancient abuses." It is true of our ideas of history as well. We do not want the things we have always believed in disturbed. We prize our traditions as a bank president prizes his deposits. We jealously guard them against a run.

Some of the younger historians have dared to suggest that the reverential attitude of all America toward New England is due to the fact that our history has been written by New England men. And it may be said of the historian, as it is of the courts, that it is a poor judge who does not amplify his own authority. The religious persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers is the background of American history, as well as the inspiration of a thousand sermons and dissertations. It is enhaloed by the same sort of sacredness that environs the Constitution or the myths which cluster about the name of the Father of his Country.

No one has challenged the causes of the abandonment of England by the early Puritans, or the desire for religious freedom which inspired the first comers to New England. But we are coming to accept another motive for the colonization of America, and to find that cause, as well as the subsequent history of democracy in the free land of the nation. To this influence all others are subordinate. The Puritan of Massachusetts and the Cavalier of Virginia were called to our shores in the seventeenth century by the same instinct that called the Irish Catholic two centuries later. They were lured from their ancestral homes by the call of the land. The English were the first to come, because feudalism came to an earlier end in England than it did on the Continent. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the cash relation of land-

lord and tenant took the place of the personal relation of lord and vassal. This is very important, for it was to this change in the economic framework of Europe that our settlement was due.

It was this that peopled America. The personal relations fixed by custom came to be fixed by competition. During the sixteenth century the enclosure acts deprived the people of a large part of their common lands, which at one time comprised from one-third to one-half of the nation. The common people lost all interest in the land. The land became the private property of the lord. Large areas were converted into sheep pastures and private preserves. This is the date of the disappearance of the yeoman farmer who had once been nearly universal. During these centuries population increased very rapidly. According to Thorold Rogers, population doubled during the seventeenth century. This increased the competition for the land, while the enclosure of the commons and the growth of great estates limited the amount which could be used. Rent rose very rapidly. Poverty made its appearance among the farming class. It was this that led the English Puritan to America. He was driven off the land which had formerly been his own by the struggle for its use.

It was the free land of America that lured the emigrant. It was an unappropriated continent that inspired colonial settlement. Beyond the seas there was no overlord to appropriate one-half of what the worker produced. And this has been true ever since.

To satisfy one's desires with the minimum of effort is an elemental law to which all nature responds. It is the moving force of all life. Even inanimate nature follows the line of least resistance. The dumb animals of the forest are blindly guided by the same instinct. It would be impossible to conceive of life with this motive absent. It underlies every activity. It explains almost every movement of our lives. It lies at the root of all psychology, as well as of all political economy. The desire to satisfy one's wants and to satisfy them in the easiest

possible way is as fundamental to all biological or social science as the law of gravitation is to physics or the heliocentric theory to astronomy. In response to this instinct, nations, tribes, and individuals have abandoned ancestral homes to build their fortunes anew in unknown lands. Inspired by this motive, men have crossed the seas and penetrated into the untouched wilderness; they have braved the Arctic Circle and the jungles of the tropics. For this they have pushed their way into the forests and prairies of the distant West. It was the desire for economic freedom, for the satisfaction of their material wants with a minimum of effort, that lured the Argonauts around Cape Horn and across the deserts during the gold fever of 1849, just as it has lured them into the heart of the Yukon during the closing years of the last century.

For three centuries the unoccupied land of America has been the call to which this instinct of man has been attuned. It has been the supreme motive of our history. Free land is the basis of our democracy. For free land involves economic liberty just as tenancy involves economic servitude.

The Declaration of Independence was the protest of men who owned or expected to own their own lands. It could not come from a people who were vassals or tenants. We have been taught that the American Revolution was the protest of Englishmen against a threatened invasion of the rights secured to them by Magna Charta; that the interference of Parliament with the rights of self-government and taxation aroused the Anglo-Saxon in his new home to a spirit of revolt. All these things irritated the colonists, it is true, but his liberty was menaced in a far graver way. According to a recent historian, it was a proclamation of George III that the "hinterland" to the west of the Allegheny Mountains should be closed to further settlement that aroused the American people.* The colonist on the seaboard had always looked upon the limitless West as part of his colonial possessions, secured to him by grants of the Crown. Long before the French and Indian War, settlers had come into contact with the French over the region to the west of the mountains. New England, as well as Virginia, had joined with the mother country to drive a

traditional foe from the menacing position which it occupied in the rear. The colonists looked upon the American continent as their own. Upon the close of the war with France, they expected to be confirmed in their original grants. Instead of this, however, George III issued an order forbidding colonists to purchase land from the Indians or to make any settlements in the regions acquired from France. The British Board of Trade enforced this order. It refused its consent to petitions for land. By this order the original colonists were limited to the seaboard, their dreams of economic independence were destroyed, and it was to preserve this opportunity to themselves and their children that they took up arms against Great Britain, just as at a later date they were ready to go to war with France to secure the land to the west of the Mississippi River. Such is the interpretation of a recent historian. Such an interpretation is more nearly in accord with the known causes of war than those traditionally accepted.

Upon the close of the Revolutionary War population began to drift westward. The frontier was pushed back along the rivers and over the mountains like a great glacial moraine. Population spread out over the unbounded prairies of the Northwest Territory. Thousands of soldiers were settled by the government. Land companies opened up Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee. During the first half of the new century new States were carved out of this territory. Long before the Civil War the settler had found his way beyond the Mississippi, inspired—as were his father and his father's father—by the desire for opportunity, an opportunity that was offered to him by the free land of the public domain.

This movement continued at an accelerated pace during the generation which followed the Civil War. These were years of phenomenal railway development. During the five years prior to September, 1873, \$1,700,000,000 was expended in railway building: 36,000 miles of line were constructed, more than had been laid in the preceding generation. Much of this development was to the west of the Mississippi. Since that time railway construction has continued, until to-day the total mileage is in excess of 228,000. This is equivalent to an eight-track railway completely encircling

* *Foundations of Modern Europe*, p. 9. Emil Reisch.

the globe. Settlement now followed the railways, just as formerly it had crept up the rivers, or followed the Great Lakes or wagon routes. And the voice which called the settler was always the voice of opportunity, of free land ever inviting to occupancy. A homestead of one hundred and sixty free acres was a mirage of hope which unsettled even the minds of the successful. It converted the hills of New England into a region of deserted farms. It lured the college men of the eighties and nineties to the prairie States and mining camps. Increasing emigration, rising more recently to a million souls a year, has carried the frontier on and still farther on. Population has crossed the broad arid belt, which up to a few years ago was known as the Great American Desert. It reached and crossed the Rocky Mountains in the face of the declaration of Thomas Benton that at these mountains "the western limits of the republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be raised to the highest peak, never to be thrown down."

America has repeated the history of other nations. The desire to be free, to satisfy one's desires by the minimum of effort, has filled in the open spaces of America, and is now spilling our population over into Canada and Mexico.

One need not accept the materialistic conception of history to find in the free public domain the greatest single influence in our life. Underneath the surface the great movements of democracy—whether political, social, or industrial—have been determined by the free public land and the sense of economic freedom which it offered to all.

But this is not all. The free public domain probably saved the Union from disintegration. The Northwest Territory lying to the west of the Allegheny Mountains became the property of the colonies by conquest. It was dedicated to the nation by colonies in controversy over its possession. Thereafter the States that were born were children of the Union. They could claim no traditions to State sovereignty, no memories of independence. This great territory was a bond of nationality which held the States together in the years which followed. It was an *ager publicus*, the folk-land of all the people. It cemented the idea of na-

tionality; it gave the people a common interest and a common purpose. Even the long struggle with slavery was subordinate to the development of the West, for the issue of State sovereignty was forced upon the South by the expansion of the nation into the free territory beyond the Mississippi. The new States carved out of the Louisiana Purchase disturbed the balance of power which had theretofore existed. The dominion of the slave States in Congress was threatened by the expansion of the West. This was especially true in the Senate, where the commonwealths enjoyed equal representation. Even the most solemn sanctions which the Federal Constitution gave to slavery could not prevent a conflict between the divergent economic systems which prevailed in the North and South. The political supremacy of the South, and the economic interests with which its every institution was identified, were menaced by the rapid development of the free States which were being carved out of the public domain. Thus it was that the free public lands lay back of the slavery question, which Von Holst has made the central theme of his monumental history.

But the most significant contributions of the West are ethical and personal. The West has ever been the home of democracy. It has impressed its influence on politics, industry, education, and character. The States carved out of the prairies came into the Union with full manhood suffrage. They exulted in their freedom, and their note has ever been one of protest, of independence, of liberty. The West has constantly drawn to itself the restless forces of discontent. Men crushed by competition it has called. Men eager for personal freedom it has invited. The West has been the escape-valve of America. The buoyancy of our character is traceable to the free democracy which was founded on a freehold inheritance of land.

Our politics have been tempered by this sense of economic liberty. The attitude of mind of the West has always been that of the pathfinder. It is pioneerlike, and feels that the present owes no obligations to the past. Education is highly cherished. The State universities are close to the people. The public has an affectionate regard for higher learning and utilizes its institutions in many ways for the promotion of local

matters. Here, the girl looks forward to higher education just as does the boy, and both attend college together. In Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho suffrage has been extended to women; while in South Dakota, Oregon, Oklahoma, and some other States, democracy has popularized all legislation through the initiative and referendum.

Free land has moulded industry no less than politics. Free land has determined the scale of wages; free land has fixed the standard of living. No man will remain in another's employ for less wages than he can earn on his own homestead. There can be no servitude, save that of chattel slavery, where free lands are to be had by the worker. And in all new countries the wages which prevail are determined by what can be produced on the land itself. During colonial days the indentured servant was found along the seaboard, but no indenture of personal servitude crossed the Allegheny Mountains. The redemptioner and the tenant speedily became home owners, for free land was always to be had just beyond the line of settlement. Here was independence and the hope that was born of independence. Here was freedom from the servitude of the master and the landlord. Here a new life under new conditions was opened to all.

The high standard of living which has prevailed in America has not been due to the protective tariff. It has been due to the fact that the wage-earner could adopt another alternative, and an alternative that left him a free man. It is this fact that has determined wages in America. It is this that explains the general well-being which prevails in all new countries.

"While free lands exist," says Achille Loria, the celebrated Italian economist, "that can be cultivated by labor alone, and where a man without capital may, if he choose, establish himself upon an unoccupied area, capitalistic property is out of the question; as no laborer is disposed to work for a capitalist when he can labor on his own account upon land that costs him nothing. Evidently, therefore, while such conditions prevail, the laborers will simply take possession of the free lands and apply their labor to the soil, adding to this the capital they accumulate."

This is what occurred in America. It

was free land, freedom from the boss, the overseer, and the landlord that raised the American wage-earner above the laborer of Europe. It is the amount which can be produced on the land of marginal fertility that always determines wages. So long as such land exists open to cultivation by all, rent is slow to rise, and it is rent and the private ownership of the land that determine wages. For in the long run rent will appropriate all save a living wage. Since as soon as increasing population is confronted with land monopoly, the laborer must accept what is offered or starve. The rate of wages then falls, no matter what may be the prevailing standard of living or the productiveness of the laborer. By reason of this fact, the free lands of the West have been the controlling economic factor in our life. Free land has raised a body of workers to industrial independence. The workshops of our cities are recruited from the country, whose resourceful population is animated by dreams of larger success. It is this sort of democracy that has given industrial supremacy to America and sent her surplus products in the heart of Europe and the Orient.

This fact has been recognized by at least one economist. "Free land being given," says Achille Loria, "the division of society into a class of non-laboring capitalists, and a class of non-capitalistic laborers, is in either case out of the question; for under such circumstances it is impossible for an idle capitalist to acquire any profit. . . .

"Colonial countries where free lands abound offer striking illustrations of these propositions, and any one who has rightly comprehended the development of these interesting lands must recognize the truth of our assertions. Note, for example, in the descriptions of the early days of the United States, how this fortunate country is depicted as inhabited by a noble race of independent laborers, ignorant of the bare possibility of capitalistic property; read Washington's letters, which tell how impossible the farmers found it to acquire any income whatever from their lands unless they cultivated them along with their laborers; and mark how Parkinson, Strickland, and other Europeans who travelled in America during the eighteenth century, were one and all struck with amaze at this strange land where money did not breed

money. We can also understand why the slave system of the ancient world and the serfdom of the ancient world were both re-introduced into our modern colonies; for it was only by resorting to such means that profits could be acquired during these epochs preceding the appropriation of the soil." *

During the years of internal expansion following the Civil War, free trade between the States developed our resources. Profits were large, but the game was free from favors. The mechanic passed readily from the bench to independence. Until very recently inordinate wealth did not exist. Neither did distressing poverty. Industrial conditions were more or less precarious, but failure was far from hopeless. Individual fortunes were created, but they were the premiums of talent and enterprise. They excited no envy and aroused no class feeling. There was still a vast unappropriated domain in the West ample for all. In so far as monopoly had made its appearance in industry, it was the monopoly of talent rather than of opportunity.

The struggle of these years of freedom involved hardship, it is true, but this was the price which the individual paid to progress. The hand weaver was sacrificed to the power loom; the man on the case to the type-setting machine; the isolated cabinet-maker to the factory; the machinist to the machine; the stage-coach to the locomotive. It was a free field open to all that developed the industrial power of America. It built our railroads, telegraphs, and telephones; it girded the earth with steamships and revolutionized all industry. It placed the wheat fields of the Dakotas alongside of the mills and factories of old England. It built our cities; it gave diversity, strength, and independence to life and character. The generation which closed with the century was one of intense competition and splendid achievement. It was a generation devoted to harnessing nature to the service of men. It brought forward the captains of industry. They were men familiar with every process from the bench to the counting-room. Human talent enjoyed an opportunity unparalleled in the history of the world. Democracy at work on the undeveloped resources of the country produced an array of men masters of

their craft and leaders in their respective communities.

There is no more striking demonstration of the economic basis of all life, of all progress, of all civilization, in fact, than the history of the generation which followed the Civil War. It was not political liberty, it was economic opportunity that made America what she is. It mattered not from what section of the earth men came or what their previous environment had been. Those of force pushed their way to the fore and grew strong by contact with obstacles in a way that suggests the achievements of Drake and Hawkins, whose daring opened the way for the expansion of England over distant seas. It was economic opportunity that made America great. It was her unparalleled resources that gave her a position of industrial supremacy. The leaders of the age came up from the sod and the mill. They did so, not because they were politically free, but because they were industrially free.

In the last analysis the institutions of a people are but the reflection of the economic foundations upon which they are laid. This is true of politics, of industry, of morals, and of religion. A people's freedom is determined by its economic environment. If a nation is reared upon land monopoly, its political institutions will be aristocratic. Those who own the land will own the government. This is confirmed by the conditions of every nation in Europe. Wherever feudalism retains its hold, there reaction is strongest. Wherever the people are industrially free, there political institutions reflect that freedom.

Such is the significance of the American West. Such are some of its contributions to our life. But the West is far more than an American phenomenon. It is but a repetition of a movement that has been in process since long before the Christian era. "America," said Achille Loria, "has the key to the historical enigma which Europe has sought for centuries in vain, and the land which has no history reveals luminously the course of universal history." * This is true in almost every respect. It is the desire for economic freedom, the desire to escape from the burdens of land monopoly, that has lured generation after gen-

* "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," by F. J. Turner. Report of the American Historical Association. 1894.

* "Economic Foundations of Society," p. 213.

eration westward from the colonies settled by Greece about the Mediterranean Sea and the legions of Rome scattered over the face of Europe, down to the present day. At last the waves of population have broken on the Pacific slope. But that the hunger for land is as intense as ever is demonstrated whenever an Indian reservation is opened up for settlement. Upon the borders of these reservations tens of thousands of persons gather, impatiently awaiting the signal to enter and take possession of the promised land. Like an avalanche they pour in upon the opened territory, conscious that the few remaining acres of our once apparently inexhaustible domain are being fenced in forever.

The West is now enclosed. The free land has been taken up. There is now no homestead to be had for the asking. The frontier has only an historical significance. The national domain is a thing of the past. "The public lands which now remain are chiefly arid in character," says the Public Land Commission.* The opportunity for a home, which for three centuries has been open to all, has finally been closed by title deeds or fraudulently appropriated by individuals and corporations in collusion with the Government.

The enclosure of the free public domain terminates the greatest epoch in American history. In a big perspective it may be likened to the fall of Rome, the opening up of a new route to India by Vasco da Gama, or the discovery of America by Columbus. It marks the end of the westward drift of civilization, a drift which, with occasional

interruptions, has been going on since the beginning of history. Ever since the seventeenth century the Old World has had a vent in America. During these centuries Europe has been relieved of its discontent by the broad, hospitable prairies of the West. America has been a hospital for all of the world. The opportunity which it offered has relieved the explosive elements of other lands and brought them back into harmony with life.

An undertow is now setting back upon the East. Population is crowding in upon our cities. The energetic wage-earner, who formerly followed the westward trail, is now entering the trades union. Here he will find expression for the energy which formerly found an outlet in the West. It is this that explains the present industrial unrest. It is this that accounts for the political ferment. No longer can the discontented hope to improve his fortunes in another longitude. He must remain at home, become a tenant or a wage-earner. It is this, too, that explains the coming of poverty and distress. The alternative of a homestead in the West, which for three centuries has relieved the dispossessed of the world, is now closed forever. It is this that explains the change which has come over the spirit of America during the past ten years. And as time goes on this spirit of unrest must of necessity increase. In this sense, as has been said, America is the mirror of all history. An understanding of the evolution of our own land offers a key to an understanding of the evolution of the western world, from the beginnings of the migration of the Greek colonists out of the Peloponnesus into the western seas.

* Senate Document, No. 188, p. 3; 58th Congress, 3d Session.





Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The first voyage of Fulton's "Clermont" on the Hudson.

[The artist has based his drawing largely upon the model now in the National Museum at Washington, D. C., adapting a few characteristic features of the reproduction made for the Hudson-Fulton celebration.]



Harbor lights, Lowestoft.

DRIFTERS OUT OF LOWESTOFT

By Walter Wood

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS



CARBOROUGH CASTLE, grim and ruined, tops the hill which overlooks the gray North Sea between Flamborough Head and Whitby Abbey, where Caedmon,

founder of English poetry, was a monk, and not far from which was the monastic home of the Venerable Bede, father of English learning. When Baeda and Caedmon were alive they watched the early fishers sail away to catch and bring ashore that marvellously prolific creature which was and is of all fish the unchallenged king. They went and came, these small crude craft, when wind and sea permitted, and to-day, twelve centuries later, the men of the East coast put to sea, also at the will of wind and wave, to gather some of its abundant harvest.

The Lowestoft drifters have come south after their voyage north to accompany the herring in that mysterious migration which begins at the Shetlands, the unnumbered living mass advancing almost as the Gulf Stream goes on its appointed way.

We sailed from Scarborough on a Sunday as the bells were chiming for the morning service, knowing that when they rang for

even-song, we should have shot our nets and be drifting at them, and that with her catch the vessel would run to Lowestoft and work from that, the home port, until the herring had inscrutably vanished for the season.

These Lowestoft vessels are only part of that vast fleet which is known as herring drifters, and includes the small boat containing two or three men and the steamer with her round dozen. There are ketches, like the Lowestoft drifters, and a great variety of other rigs, such as yawls, dandies, luggers, mules, Zulus, keelboats, yaffers and sploshers. The "Lowestoftman"—it is typical of the North Sea fishing industry that boats are spoken of as "men" of their ports: the "Hullman," the "Fileyman," the "Grimsbyman," and so on—is a well-found craft, some eighty feet in length and seventeen or eighteen in beam. They are honestly and stoutly built, and when they come to grief, it is through stress of wind and sea, and not because of owners' carelessness or fishermen's incapacity.

The drifters carry nets enough when they are fastened together and suspended in the sea to make a wall which may be a mile long, or even more, and several yards

deep. The upper edge, called the "back," has a great number of corks which keep the nets upright, and to afford the necessary buoyancy barrels or great leather floats are used. The nets are shot over the quarter just before sunset, while the vessel sails slowly along. When all the nets are overboard the swing-rope is paid out; the boat is brought round head to wind, the ordinary sails are taken in, the foremast is lowered till it rests on the crutch of the

witnessed many centuries ago. It was at night when the herrings were caught, and night on the vast and melancholy waste of water hides that modernity which only day reveals. There are other riding-lights, and here and there, the mast-head and side-lights of a steamer going north or south; but the steel and iron hulls are only guessed by some chance glimmer from a port or deck-house.

And the men have changed but little,



We sailed from Scarborough on a Sunday morning

mitch-board, the drift-mizzen is set to keep the vessel head to wind, and the fishing-lights are shown—the lantern on deck which can be seen in clear weather for five miles round, and a light at the head of the mizzen-mast. A watch is set, a solitary man, and the rest of the crew turn in until he hoarsely calls them up to haul.

The Lowestoft fishermen say that the method of catching herrings has scarcely changed during the last thousand years or more, and that their nets must be the same in principle as those which were employed before Richard the Lion-hearted and his Crusaders sailed for the Holy Land. The statement has much of truth in it, and when we drift at our nets on the lonely sea, with our great lamp-like riding-light burning steadily amidships, we present much the same spectacle that could have been

surely! Their dress for work is primitive, hiding all that is suggestive of the modern landsman. There is the jumper which the skipper and crew wear—a garment made of stout canvas and barked with the sail-cloth. It covers the arms and trunk nearly to the knees, almost as the coarse smock garbed the serf of old, and the men of his rank who would alone, in those days, go to sea to fish. The jumper in its long variety is like a night-dress. Its short form is generally favored, but skippers often use the long garment, as the covering keeps the cold out, and skippers, being leaders, have spare time in which to feel the draughts that invade all unprotected crevices. There are rough, thick, woollen stockings, and boots which may be thigh boots, or half boots, or clumpers, according to the weather, and as for head-dress, that is anything in the



On the grounds.

way of covering which comes handy; but mostly a cap, except in bad weather, when it is the sou'-wester.

Our own skipper is a man who has followed the drifting for thirty years. His very life is wrapped up in the herring and its possibilities, for upon the success of the fishing his income depends. He is learned in the lore of herringing. You may try to turn him from the topics of the sea and drifters, but he will invariably come back to the herring, and you listen contentedly to his talk by the hour, for he has a subtle knowledge of his subject. He has much time to spend at the tiller, and in giving orders when the nets are shot or hauled; and there are the odd moments, too, when we assemble in the cabin aft, with its lack of light and air, and ways of life that are reminiscent of the customs of the Middle Ages.

When we get clear of the harbor and beyond the sad cadence of church bells, I volunteer to relieve the skipper at the tiller, asking for the course.

"Nor'-east-by-east, quarter east," he

says. "She's a quick steerer, an' you wouldn't really get to feel her for a day or two. Not so much to starboard, sir; that's better. Now a bit to port, so, as she goes. She's like a wilful woman, an' needs humorin'; but she'll obey if you make her. Would I give women votes? Well, it's an odd question; but I wouldn't—an' I reckon I'd take away most o' the votes 'at men have got, for they've no qualifications to use 'em." From that we get to other subjects; but always return to herrings, drifters and the sea and fishermen.

The mate after a while takes the tiller and we go below to dinner. George, the boy, who is the skipper's son, has laid the feast. There is no waiting, no helping, no ceremony. A leg of mutton is in a tin dish on the cabin floor; another dish, big and oblong, contains gravy—a small lake of it; a third is heaped up with potatoes, and a fourth is filled with Norfolk dumplings. They have been boiled, and consist of flour and water and baking powder. On the Dogger, rolled out flat and baked, they would have been called "busters." George

is proud of his cooking skill, and explains that he can make the dumplings better and richer by the addition of suet. We pour out tea, a heavy, sickly liquid, sweetened with condensed milk and much sugar, all boiled together with a mass of used leaves which have not been removed from the kettle. We help ourselves from the joint with our own little knives and two-pronged steel forks, and with a long, common, pewter spoon, scoop up such gravy as we can

crews at sea, but never with a kinder and cleaner-speeched than this.

"Now," says the skipper at last, knocking his pipe on the locker and clambering to his feet, "I reckon it's gettin' pretty nearly time to shoot." So we climb on deck, and just as the worshippers ashore are making ready for even-song we shoot our nets.

No confusion exists as to duty. The skipper controls and takes the tiller. The hawseman has to be forward to make fast

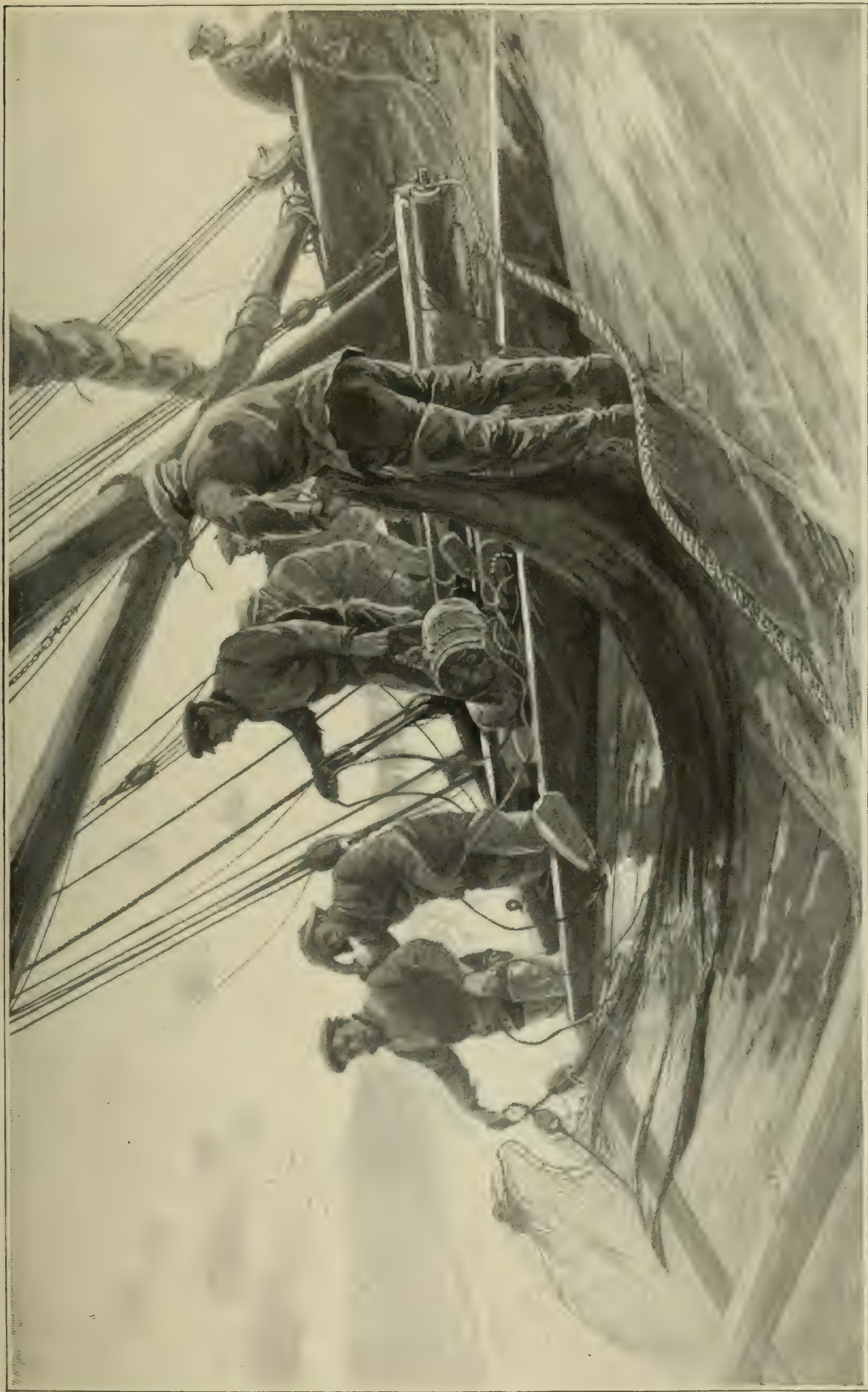


Drifting.

catch between the drifter's rolls and pitches, and if we want a dumpling we annex one with a fork-plunge. All of us can reach with ease, for our sea boots are mixed up with the dishes. It is very crowded in the cabin, and we are thrown against each other with the lurches, and our lake of gravy partly mingles with the cinders of the stove-pan, while our enamelled mugs overflow into our jumpers. George, with folded arms, gazes steadily upon me from a corner near the oil-lamp, and at times he smiles. I know what is passing through his mind, and assure him that I have been out on the North Sea many times and have never yet been mastered by it. "You're sure you aren't goin' to be turned up, sir?" he says, and the men laugh hilariously but kindly. I have been with many fishing

the seizings of the warps; amidships is the whaleman, paying out the nets, while the net-rope man also pays out and hauls in, holding the net-rope; the work of the net-stower is to pay out the nets from the net-room, which is a large chamber forward; the youngster, being the man of all work, helps anybody who calls for his assistance, while the boy has all sorts of odd jobs to do, as well as the cooking and washing up.

The nets are floating near the surface, indicated by a mile-long line of bobbing barrels and buoys which mark the quarter, half and three-quarter lengths of nets, and we go drifting at the will of wind and tide. The sea, week day and Sunday, appears to be evermore the same, but, although we are toiling on the deep as harvesters, we know that it is Sunday. Westward, dimly



Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Drift-net fishermen—heaving the nets.



A new type of Keelboat.

seen, is the high land of the Yorkshire coast, with Caedmon's old monastery crowning the cliff at Whitby, and there returns to mind the picture of the men who on these same waters plied the craft of herringing more than a thousand years ago—pretty much in principle as we are doing now.

When we are slowly drifting we assemble in the gloomy cabin aft and take our tea. There is the kettle on the floor, and near it some enamelled mugs; accompanied by a great stack of bread and butter, a dishful of wedges of cheese; a dish of sliced cucumber and another dish of sliced onions.

The cucumber is part of my addition to the menu; also some bananas and oranges—and we Dutch the fare.

George has climbed into a cupboard-like bunk, which he is sharing with the whaleman, and though he feigns sleep, yet, from time to time, he makes sepulchral observations. He has determined in his heart that I shall be distressed, and for aught I know to the contrary, he has some fearsome medicine that he wishes to inflict upon me.



A typical North Sea fishing boat.

An old type of the "Lowestoftman."

I am as stubbornly resolved that I will have none of it.

The skipper strips a banana cautiously, rather distrustingly. He does not seem fully to understand, and after the first bite says that he has never before eaten a

who do the most work don't get the most pay. The dealer an' the middleman comes in and sees that that don't happen. We used to sell the herrin' by the hundred, countin' of 'em an' givin' a hundred an' thirty-two to the dealer as a hundred. The



A Lugger.

A type of Scotch herring boat.

banana, and thought it was a thing containing seeds. "Fishermen don't often eat fruit," he explains. "They don't seem to need it—and fruit's dear. But it's good—like a meller apple, I reckon. Yes, sir, I'll take another. I could learn to like 'em. Landsmen have a lot to be thankful for, when they can get things like that to eat, and why they should ever come to sea for pleasure, is a thing I can't understand."

"I reckon," says the whaleman, with a sigh, "'at no man but a fool or who wasn't forced, would go fishin'. It's sixteen week since I left my wife—an' I'm pinin' to see her again. She'll be goin' to church by this time. An' there's so much work to do an' so little for it when it's done."

"Yes," proceeds the skipper, "the men

thirty-two were 'over-tail,' an' belonged to the dealer, who got nearly a third of the profit of the catch for just a-handlin' it ashore, although he hadn't to do any o' the hard work o' fishin'. We sell by measure now, a cran bein' a thousand herrin', but it's the dealer first an' the fishermen a long way second. That don't seem to be right, nohow, but then there's so many puzzlin' tangles in this queer world. Think what it means for fishermen and dealers when there's been an extrordinary catch—as sometimes happens. Only four year ago, in November, a fleet of us was kept out o' Lowestoft by fog. When the fog lifted, four hundred drifters, sail an' steam, crowded in, an' all had big catches, too. It was Sunday, but special permission was given to use

the market, an' thirty thousand crans were landed—thirty million o' herrin'. Think of the 'over-tail' in that lot! Most of 'em went off to Russia—an' I wonder what'll happen to us if Russia doesn't take our herrin', but buys from the Japs? Them little colored men are wonderful, an' we've had several of 'em out in the fleets with us, learnin' our ways, so that they can buy drifters an' catch herrin' for themselves off the Japanee coast, I take it.

"There's so many stories told of fishin' that aren't true, an' so many people come an' bother you with foolish questions. One tale that's made such a lot of is the death-cheep of the herrin'. They'll tell you that when the herrin' are caught an' shaken out of the nets an' are wrigglin' an' lashin' about, they'll squeak just like wee little kittens. Well, sometimes they do, but not often, an' that's only when they're full of wind an' you step on 'em or pick 'em up an' nip 'em.

"Then there's land people who come an' bother you with foolish questions. I try to put 'em off, but can't allus do it. There was an old lady who worried me past endurance with her questions, askin' if the herrin's were caught in the barrels, as she'd sometimes seen 'em that way in the shops. I told her no, an' then she aggravated me to that extent that I told the only fib I ever spoke in my life—for I larned a lot about the Scriptures at Sunday-school. 'How do you kill 'em when you've caught 'em?' she asked, an' I answered, 'We bite their heads!' She looked at the catch o' herrin's we had, an' murmured as she walked away, 'Lor'! How tired your poor jaws must be!'

"There's a wonderful lot o' luck in the herrin' fishin'. I like it best when we can have a good clear sweep of sea to ourselves—an' that comes earlier in the year, say in June, when we go away North, and come down with the shoals till we start to make Lowestoft our head-quarters. That's a better time than this, when we're all so crowded that there isn't room enough on the sea for us, and we get bunched up an' foul our nets, and sometimes lose them an' our fish as well. I've known us lose a hundred nets, costin' three pound each—three hundred pound altogether.

"You were askin' about the Dutchman that we saw comin' away from the North—that allus seems so strange to me how them

old boms make their way out and home again—they do things so leisurely, you see. He hadn't even got his tawps'ls set. I reckon 'at the Dutchmen are poor fishermen; the French are better, an', of course, Lowestoft men best of all. I once saw some Dutchmen with a catch of herrin' so big that the nets looked just like a solid mass, an' the Dutchmen were three days in haulin'. They had to get the foremast up an' rig halyards, an' they shook the herrin' out like apples from a tree. The Dutchmen were three days in haulin', but I daresay we should ha' done the work in fourteen or fifteen hours. It's cruel hard work when it comes to a heavy haul, because there's no stoppin' for meals when we once begin."

"No," observes the hawseman, "there's just a mug o' tea an' then breakfast, which may be served at five or six in the mornin', or the same time in the afternoon—an' that's the fisherman's best meal. He don't take no count o' dinner, nor yet supper, so long as his breakfast's got. Old Skip there, he don't want no more nor two herrin' for breakfast, I reckon; an' I don't care for more nor eight or so; but the old net-stower, he can't be satisfied nohow wi' less nor a dozen, an' I do know fishermen who manage to get through nearer a score—an' herrin' are wonderful good things to eat, they say."

"There's no question, to my thinkin'," pursues the skipper, "'at herrin's get to know when you've come amongst 'em. They feel the loss o' their comrades an' swim away. An' I think that that's as wonderful as their want o' sense in not goin' astarn when they're meshed. If they did they would escape, many o' 'em, but they allus drive ahead, an' keep stuck. They've no chance, what wi' the drifters an' the dog-fish an' the cod, which carry off enormous numbers. The dog-fish are cruel an' destructive creatures, doin' a lot o' harm to our nets, but in the case o' the cod we do get something for our pains and loss, for we bring 'em on board. With the dog-fish we can do nothing but bang him on the head—an' we allus do that, givin' him a wide berth, for he's fair poison if he gets his teeth into you. I've seen cod that thick about the nets that they've been like a flock o' sheep, an' that crazy after herrin' 'at they just jump up out o' the water alongside an' beg for 'em, as a dog will beg for a biscuit.



Hauling the nets.

You see, we get to understand fish, us fishermen, just as you gentlemen ashore know the ways o' dogs an' horses. Now, sir, I don't know about you, but I'm goin' to turn in. Take my bunk there, if you'd like it. I can manage on the locker."

"I think," I answer, "that I will lie down on deck."

George peeps from his dark cupboard and smiles broadly. The skipper gives me a coverless pillow and a couple of rugs and I climb the straight short ladder to the deck. "Take up thy bed and walk," says George, as a forlorn hope, and the laughter which greets the sally does not die till I am stretched on the planks, with the raw wind striking across my face and the roughening water from the pitiless and sullen Dogger lapping against the drifter's hull, telling its tales of hardship and suffering; bringing back oppressive memories, and resurrecting that nameless fear which comes to all who understand the North Sea and the smashing fury of its waves, when gales sweep landward from the east or north. I cannot rest, and rise and join the lonely watch-

man, and, holding by the riding-light and smoking, we converse in low tones, pausing at times to listen to the spouting of a blow-fish which is swimming around the drifter, whose presence is interpreted by the watchman to be a sign of herrings. Always our talk is of the sea and drifters and herrings. Insidiously there comes up from time to time some tale of loss and sorrow and I call to mind the wrecks that I myself have seen. You cannot get away from the gloom and pity of it. The North Sea has you in its grip—and the grip is merciless.

"It's one o'clock," I tell the watchman in answer to his question. We rouse the crew, and in the darkness, sleepy, silent, heavy, oil-frocked and sea-booted, and in most cases wearing woollen mittens, they come on deck to start the long, laborious work of hauling the nets, which may last four or fourteen hours. George reels against me, owlsh but incorrigibly hopeful. "Still tawpside-up, sir? That's good. Like these old drifters—they're all right so long as they keep afloat, aren't they? There's tea in the galley, and there'll be breakfast by and

by." With that he tumbles down a little square hole forward, to stow the warp as the nets are hauled in, and I see him no more until the herrings have been shaken from the nets, and are slatting slimly about with the drifters' heavy roll.

Four hours' hard hauling, shaking, stowing and packing—and twenty thousand herrings as the pay for all the work. Not a heavy catch, not an overwhelming profit—ten pounds for owners and skipper and crew, with all expenses first to be deducted, but still something for the night's rough work; and so, with thankfulness that matters are no worse, we raise the foremast, get all sail on, and surge away to harbor on the rising sea, with the water washing inboard almost rail deep, and the breeze drumming through the rigging and sweeping out at the foot of the sails. The skipper takes the helm till breakfast is ready; then, willingly obedient to the summons, we tumble below again and fall hungrily upon tea, bread and butter and herrings—herrings freshly caught, gutted, beheaded and deprived of tails, slashed with jack-knives latitudinally, so that when the huge dishful of them is placed on the floor, piping hot from the boiling fat in which they have been fried, we can bend down and help ourselves, and with our fingers strip the crisp, delicious morsels from the bones and eat them. Savage, certainly; but cutlery is scarce and space is cramped, and there is no table, no ceremony. And do we not ashore, in splendid halls of banqueting, eat plovers' eggs, asparagus, and such like things as Bombay duck in just the same crude fashion?

Competition is as merciless in drifting as in other walks of life, and only the fittest of the fit survive. The drifter is seen at her best when she is running for market in a smart breeze, not the "smart breeze" of the North Sea smacksmen, which means a dangerous gale; but the strong wind in which the Lowestoftman can carry all his canvas and crack on with tautened gear and deck awash. That is the time when skipper and crew enjoy the triumph of success of toil, and run to port with some of the sea's good harvest. These Lowestoftmen claim that their craft are the hardest-driven of any in British waters, and this may well be so, for on both main and mizzen they carry enormous jackyard topsails, and the

Lowestoftman will hold on to these in strong winds which make it needful for lesser sails to be taken in.

When all expenses are paid the owner of the vessel receives half of what is left, and the remaining half is divided amongst the crew according to their rank, less three shares, which go to the owner. The skipper takes one and eleven-forty-eighth shares, the mate one and a quarter, the hawseman one, and the rest lesser shares, the boy receiving a half share. "It sounds pretty well," the skipper says, "but I've worked a whole year at the driftin', reckonin' the lost time ashore in winter, an' for all I've done I've made only thirty-four pound. It's a bare, hard livin' at the best.

"Yes, these drifters are fine boats, an' bein' what they are, we are pretty safe in them, an' when it breezes up too much, we can run in to port an' get away from the weather. The deep sea trawlers can't do that; they're out on the Dogger and have to stick it through, be the weather what it will. No, I've no mind to go. All my thirty year have been spent in driftin'—beginnin' in June or so, goin' north to meet the herrin', an' followin' on 'em south back to Lowestoft, an' workin' 'em till Christmas. It's bitter cruel work in the cold late autumn an' the winter, an' I've had many a narrow squeak. I've seen drifters founder with all hands; but I've allus got safe back. It's no good stayin' out when the wind an' sea are too strong, for you lose both nets an' labor; but competition gets that fierce you're forced to do as others do—an' some of 'em hang on to the weather till there's scarcely no chance to get away in safety. An' when they hang on you've got to hang on too, for fear o' bein' left. It would never do to run back without herrin' an' find 'at other fishermen had stuck on an' got some."

The wind falls just before we reach the harbor, and we pull in slowly with our sweeps. As we labor on a steam-drifter comes past, with her fussy little compound engine making a hundred and forty-five revolutions of the propeller a minute.

Her skipper, a black-bearded giant, leans out of the wheel-house door and shouts a friendly taunt at our own master, his mellow Suffolk drawl and cadence coming over the water like a song.

"Can't you get in, Jarge? Won't you be



Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Off for market.



Scotch herring boats, entering Lowestoft Harbor.

late for market if you don't hurry up?" He waves his hand and laughs triumphantly.

Our skipper does not answer the genial giber, but to me he says, with a look of distrust of the future in his clear blue eyes, "Don't you see it for yourself, sir? Steamers is sweepin' sailin' boats off the herrin' grounds, an' soon there won't be one of 'em able to make a livin' out of driftin'. An' then what's to happen to some of us?—for we can't all go into steam."

When the drifters used to go to sea the urchins followed them along the haven, singing:

Herrings galore;
Pray, Master—

Gay Master—
Luff the little herring boat ashore.
Pray God send you eight or nine last;
Fair gain all,
Good weather,
Good weather,
All herrings—no dogs.

The boys continued their crude and unmelodious ditty until they were pacified with biscuits which were thrown to them by the crews.

There is no singing to sea nowadays, but when the herrings are landed, the ragged urchins follow the baskets and, swooping down, seize the fish which fall to the ground, claiming them as loot.

ASPHODEL

By Mary Tappan Wright



His friends had sent him to Greece. He brooded too much over things, they said, the change might divert his mind from his troubles. Besides, he had always wanted to go back to Athens. That he did not apparently care to go there now was of little importance; he really did not know what he wanted. Now they did know, they always had known, better than he himself.

It was, perhaps, because of their omniscience that he had ceased to tell them any-

thing long ago, and so had left them in ignorance of certain "inhibitions," as he called them, which not only accounted for his reluctance to leave home, but also for a vague feeling that perhaps it might be better if he did not return to Greece, and especially to Athens, at all. The truth was that although he felt as if he were being warned away, it still was done lovingly and tenderly by those who, otherwise, were fain of his presence, and who unselfishly tried to dissuade him from coming to them, in fear of remote contingencies. During the voy-

age this last view of the case had grown upon him, and he now looked forward to reaching Greece with the eagerness of one who feels himself anxiously expected. Then, too, was it not, all of it, the merest figment of tired nerves and an overtaxed brain? If any reason for avoiding Greece existed, if there were any danger, who would suffer but himself? Indeed, who would suffer at all? He would rather be ill in Athens than well in his own country, with all the intolerable associations of his devastated home; and as for dying—he could not ask anything better!

At this the invisible monitors seemed penetrated with a sort of delicious amusement, as if he had said something that meant far more than he knew.

He had been thus drawn between two opposing factions: his real and altogether tangible friends and relations, who knew what course was best for him, and meant that he should pursue it; and those beings, unreal and intangible, who were always carefully guarding his personality, who so evidently feared to tread. And now, as a result of an inrush of the tangible, he found himself here in the early dawn, entering the harbor of Patras.

All down the enchanted coast he had passed the day before, in a dream. The bare, terrible mountains, rising steeply from the sea, with only a few scrubby bushes dotted about upon them, had glowed with a lovely rose, as if from some mysterious, internal fire. Above them the sky had taken on a clear, pale green, and the water lay at their feet, a blue jewel. And, as when he first had seen them years ago, their loveliness had shaken him with a panic flutter of the heart that thrilled him to the verge of pain.

There had been some question in his mind of leaving the boat at Patras and going on to spend a day or two at Olympia. He was debating this still as he leaned over the taffrail, watching the dark skiffs put out from the rose-colored mist that hid the town. He had not been able to make up his mind. He had wished to go to Athens by sea, as he had done that other time—when they had all been with him; but he had been afraid to try it again, lest a second experience should mar the perfect memory of the first. Now, although yesterday had taught him that this would not happen, he was still undecided.

In the night it had been as if voices had spoken—and yet there was no sound. “Is it quite safe for him to go there?”

“Safe? What do you call safety?” another voice had replied.

“I am not judging by our standards,” the first had answered, a little severely, “but according to his. If he knew the risks!”

“Are we not here to care for him? And even if anything should happen, has he not everything to gain?”

“You are as wilful as the children! They utterly refuse to believe that he may have reasons for preferring to remain; there may be things to finish.”

“Things to finish!” There was a sense of laughter in the air. It reminded him of his wife’s voice, that time long ago when their little girl refused to come in to her lessons because she had not done washing her doll’s face.

“But really now,” the first voice had protested, “it isn’t as absurd as it seems. You forget that you felt the same when you——”

“Hush! He understands! It is unaccountable how unevenly that sixth sense——” and the dream was gone.

Yet was it a dream? He was startled, almost dismayed, to find himself quite naturally thinking of it as a reality. Up to now it had been a question of honor with him not to permit himself to acknowledge that these strange monitions had an existence separate from his own. As to any question of identity, he never even allowed himself to surmise; but this spring morning, in the ashen pink of the dawn, his eyes searched restlessly for something that he knew was near—a knowledge that transcended either sight or touch.

The turquoise water below him was filling with bobbing boats and shouting men. Only one of them, a tall fellow, stared up at him in silence. It was a splendid, grave, unchanging face lifted to his with a look of wistful question in the eyes. Hamilton returned the gaze for a moment, and then, delighted with the recognition that had come to him after so many years, called, “*Hé, Pavlos*, what are you doing in this part of the world? I thought you belonged to the Piræus.”

Pavlos took off his hat and deposited it in his lap. “I have come to take you ashore, *Kyrie*,” he said in Greek.

Hamilton turned back to his state-room,

which was just behind him on the deck. His luggage was all packed. "Now when did I do that?" he asked himself as he went back and called to Pavlos to come up and get the things.

The man, who was of gigantic size, loaded himself with them all at once, and before other people had completed their bargaining, he was rowing Hamilton in the direction of the town.

"You haven't told me how you came to be here," Hamilton said.

"I came up to bury my brother; he has left me a little something, and I am, now, the last of my family." He raised his oars from the water and, after putting his cap in his lap again, leaned forward. "The Kyrios has not changed," he said.

"In all these years?"

"We are older; otherwise we are the same. It is life that is different."

"Yes," said Hamilton, thoughtfully, "it is life. For me, life is altogether different."

"And I, also, have lost them all."

"But how did you know?" asked Hamilton, wondering.

"We have the same look," said Pavlos, beginning to row again.

Hamilton eyed the man's splendid physique, his broad shoulders, honest eyes, and fine, powerful head, and then answered humorously, "I wish we had."

"You were going on to Olympia," said Pavlos after a pause.

Hamilton nodded, and they did not speak again until they were about to land, when, seeing him search in his pocket for his purse, Pavlos raised a restraining hand. "It is between friends; I came for you."

"But how could you know I was there?"

A puzzled expression crossed the man's face. "Very true, I did not know that you were there; but when I saw you I knew why I had rowed out. It was to welcome you."

There were still some hours of waiting before his train would start, and for a while Hamilton lingered on the quay. The sun was mounting slowly above the hills behind the town, gilding, one by one, the masts in the dim forest of shipping that crowded the harbor. An emigrant vessel was going out early that morning, to America; groups of wistful-faced men and boys stood idly about; there were hardly any women, and those there were were weeping at being left behind. At a dirty wharf alongside, a fu-

nereal fleet of scows were being unloaded by rows of gnomes, whose rounded backs were bent almost double under their bulging sacks of coal. They glanced up at Hamilton curiously from under their black pointed hoods, their white eyeballs flashing as the sun struck their soot-grimed faces. Further on, a long narrow dock stretched a pale green finger into the dark blue waters of the bay, and a company of moving green figures, still in pointed hoods like crowding Pucks, busied themselves upon it in unloading the delicately colored sacks of Paris green to be used on the currant vines in the vineyards. Everything about them, their hoods, their garments, even their hands and faces, was tinged with the powdery substance they were carrying. Hamilton watched them, fascinated, wondering to see them thus oddly refined and etherealized through a mere change of tint. They even seemed to move with a light-footed grace and precision impossible to their brethren of the barges. Pavlos at last aroused him from his reverie by picking up the luggage and starting away with it.

"The Kyrios had better come over to the Hotel Pateros and rest; the best train does not go until afternoon."

Hamilton, amused at his own docility, followed his towering guide, rested as he was told, and in the late afternoon, obediently under the same protection, turned his steps toward the station. "Good-by," he called from the car window as the train moved off; "I shall come and look you up at the Piræus."

"Perhaps," said Pavlos, standing with his hat in both hands; "perhaps."

As soon as they had left Patras, Hamilton turned eagerly to the window. Everywhere people were out cultivating the vine, and the vivid freshness of sprouting grain covered the ground beneath the gray branches of the olive trees; far down these bright, emerald-paved aisles, with their columns of brown and twisted trunks, he caught glimpses of pale blue, translucent, snow-capped mountains rising from the Gulf, where the deep lapis lazuli of the water was torn by wind-beaten strips of foaming, angry green.

The evening was approaching and all the world was tinged with rose. Above the green of the passing fields a pink mist hovered. "The asphodel!" he murmured.

It was a sea of delicate flowers, blooming so high on their slender stalks that they almost floated above the earth. To Hamilton, for the moment, they seemed more than flowers; something spiritual emanated from them—longing, fluttering, wistful—in the suffusing glow of the momentary Greek twilight. He pressed closer to the window, eagerly expectant. No, there was nothing there. "And yet, why should there not be?" he said, as if answering one question with another.

They had begun to turn southward. The mysterious rose of the evening sky changed to a deep tint of salmon, black-green cypresses moved against it, and on the blazing horizon the sun was setting behind the stern, sharp battlements of a mediæval fortress. So—violent and uncompromising, like the altered sky—Glarenza had stood for centuries, at war with the spirit of its surroundings.

The country also was changing; oaks grew sturdy in the fields powdered in all their twisting twigs with tufts of young leaves. Some of them were still bare, their mighty branches showing through a haze of pale green mistletoe. It was growing dark. Hamilton pressed closer to the window, hoping to catch once more the faint living color of the asphodel; but it was gone, and by the time he reached the hotel in Olympia night had fallen.

When he started out the next morning the rain was descending in torrents. Nevertheless he crossed the river to the ruins; but after an hour or so of the slippery mud and pouring wet he was driven for shelter to the Museum.

His intention had been to go at once to the inner room in search of the Hermes of Praxiteles; but the haughty, sportsman-like creatures of the Great Pediment arrested him, his head turned reluctantly and his footsteps faltered. The tremendous force of those outlooking men and women, standing eternally as if with the breath of the gods blowing in their faces, held him, and the Hermes was forgotten. Absorbed, enthralled, he moved slowly backward until he found a chair and sat down there in the middle of the wide space. The custodian watched him a moment, and then, with a nod of approval, withdrew and left him to himself.

Through the open door he could hear the rain splashing in a waterfall from the eaves of the portico. The roof overhead drummed a steady bass, and in the corner of the Museum a pool of water was gathering on the floor from a little leak in the roof. The drops fell, one by one, with a clear ring like the strokes of a miniature bell.

Then all the world about was transfigured. Through neither hearing nor sight, by no familiar sense was he made aware of being surrounded by laughter and welcome, by faces wet with tears of happiness, and by little hands outstretched for his. And not these alone, the proud old Greeks, they also were changed. Not that they moved or bent one inch to look down upon him from their lonely pediment, but that they were informed with a vivid and splendid something that was more than life. "It is immortality," he said aloud, "immortality itself," and then became conscious that in this effort to translate, as it were, his sensations to his own soul, he had stepped back from some wider world into the narrow confines of human experience.

He drew his hand across his forehead. "What a strange thing to happen to me!" he said aloud, and feeling that in some way he must anchor himself to the normal and commonplace, he drew out a note-book, intending to make memoranda for the lectures he expected to give in the coming winter. But he did not write. He sat staring at the pediment, absorbed, dreaming. His pencil rolled to the floor and the neglected note-book dropped from his hand. Then, all at once, came a rush of childish feet, running from the dark corners to meet him, and, again, the welcomes, the happy tears, the penetrating love rushed back upon him. He had gone out into the real world. The narrow place he had left behind, with its note-books, its lectures, its necessity for treading the former ground, its lust of seeing and handling, seemed to be the unreal and the immaterial.

Carefully closing his senses to every impression but the inner ones, he prepared himself to enjoy this truer life. And then the voices of the night before called, warning—and youth and love and laughter withdrew.

The torrent drummed upon the roof, the leaking eaves splashed in the portico, and the far-off rumble of thunder sounded over

the vast extent of ruined wall and green tree that marked the site of the ancient precinct. Hamilton went to the door, hesitated a minute, and then walked blindly down the hill in the rain and crossed the Kladeos. The great overturned drums of the columns of the Temple of Zeus, and the standing ancient pillars of the Temple of Hera were all streaked and streaming with wet. He walked about, his thoughts turning confusedly, as if his mind were moving in a maze to which it could not find the clue.

After an early dinner, when the sun had broken through the clouds, Hamilton climbed the hill behind the hotel. There was a little church up there with a strange, rude belfry outside it, built high on crossed stakes. A rough ladder led up to the bell, to which the sexton climbed, in order to sound the strokes with a hammer. In the churchyard near by were two or three pathetic graves. The epitaph to one young German, who, after "ein viel bewegtes Leben," rested there, made Hamilton think as he walked a little further along the brow of the hill, of his own "much troubled life"; but the thought came lightly, for Hamilton's was an essentially wholesome mind. In all simplicity he took life and work and weariness as they came; enjoying the first where he could, accomplishing the second as best he knew, and enduring the last without complaint.

Unmindful of the damp, he sat down on the hillside. Twisting through its clayey flats the muddy Alpheios flowed across the valley; Kronos rose green with pines behind the ruins that lay, quiet and reposeful, like heaps of granite in the midst of some New England landscape. Hamilton did not know how long he had been sitting there thinking; but all at once the little plain was filled with life. Below him, in the precinct, wheeling chariots, prancing horses, rich clothing and jewels moved, pulsating with color and glittering with silver and gold. Up to his ears came the cries of buyers and sellers, the clink of mending armor, the sound of the chipping of marble. He saw an ostentatious procession of interloping Romans met by the scorn of the outrivalled Greeks, and all the valley was awake and alive in the old gay turmoil of the games.

He sprang to his feet. "This will not do," he said firmly, and again there was

nothing on the plain but two sluggish, yellow streams, a wooded knoll and an expanse of gray brown stones, scattered in gigantic confusion.

He hurried down the hill. Passing the hotel, he made his way again across the river, but turned to the left, away from the ruins. For a long time he walked there through the fields on the right bank, until the approaching sunset warned him that he had a long way to go before reaching the hotel again. The world was filled with pink light, and, as he hurried onward, something softly brushed his hand. He looked and found himself standing in the midst of a bed of tall asphodel. Suddenly his sense of haste vanished, and he sat down on the drum of a broken column, dreaming, questioning, quietly expectant. "And why not?" he murmured, as he had the day before. "What could be more natural than that the spirits of those departed should haunt this flower of the dead—fluttering, longing, wistful—waiting until our grosser senses shall be fined to a recognition of their presence?—Why not?"

The asphodel seemed to stretch away from him in acres of feathery, rose-like mist. Again the feeling came to him that his earthly senses were being overridden, superseded by some other sense more powerful than they. The rosy light flooded the earth and above the flowers a delicate sylph-like figure slowly took shape. It was like a part of the twilight; behind it in the sky a large star glistened, and it bent toward him a face full of laughter, full of life and mischief, all alight with the daring of a child who, in doing some forbidden thing, is still sure of forgiveness. Hamilton did not stir. By this time he knew well that any motion on his part would obscure the working of this new power which had so strangely taken possession of him. And again, out of the silence, came the warning. It was not speech, it was not sound, and yet he knew that it cried: "What are you doing, oh foolish child! Why will you not obey?" And the glimmering figure faded and was gone.

Much troubled, Hamilton returned to the hotel; but that night he dreamed. It was a relief to him in the morning to feel sure that he had had an honest, every-day dream. It had been of a surprising vividness and reality, it was true, but it was un-

mistakably a dream. Those for the lack of whom his life was desolate had all been with him in a natural and every-day way. There had been no intimation of the supernatural. He had seen them with his eyes and heard them with his ears, he had held their hands in his and laughed with them and talked with them about the small events of a normal day. And in the morning he had awakened, sane and comforted.

On the way back to Patras the sun shone clearly, the sea was a pale blue, sweet and serene, not like the green, wind-swept waters of two days ago. Patras was swarming with men, the sun set red behind its mountains; electric lights sprang up, glittering on the crowded quay, and long reflections shivered in the water. Hamilton rejoiced, glad to find himself in a tangible world. Late that night he took a small coast-wise boat for Athens, still following out his original scheme. Before he left Olympia he had picked himself a large bunch of asphodel. It now lay withering in his cabin; the steward had asked leave to throw it away, but Hamilton had refused. "Not till I get some fresh," he said, and took it ashore with him the next afternoon when he reached the Piræus.

A party of young men from the American School of Archæology, who had been on the steamer with him from Brindisi to Patras, came out in a boat to meet him, and with them Pavlos, splendid, quiet, remote.

"He doesn't take passengers to and from the steamer any more," one of the young fellows had said; "he is too grand for that now; but when we got down here we found him waiting, and he said that you had engaged him to bring you ashore."

Hamilton glanced at Pavlos. He was rowing with steady strokes and an unmoved face. No one knew whether he understood English or not; but when they reached the quay, Pavlos touched him on the shoulder. "Wait for me a moment, Kyrie," he said; "I must speak to you."

Hamilton waited until Pavlos had put his boat in care of a friend; but when the man approached him he seemed unable for a few moments to express himself.

At last, "Ought you to be here, Kyrie?" he began. "Would it not be better to go back to your own people?"

"My own people have sent me away."

Pavlos shook his head.

"Why do you think it would be better for me to be at home?" asked Hamilton.

"I cannot say, and yet I know. You and I, Kyrie, know things that we are not able to tell about. Do you hold very much to life?"

"Not so very much."

"Ah, well, then, perhaps it is just as wise to remain. I also do not hold to life; but they will not take me."

Then Hamilton had been swept away with his young friends, and he did not see Pavlos again. He was to stay at the American School. It was a quiet, hard-working household of young men, and often there were so many of them away on excursions, or at work at the excavations, that but one or two were left. Hamilton had had more than half of the number who were there in his college classes, and they, knowing of his many sorrows, were very gentle; also, seeing his growing inclination for solitude, they withdrew themselves as much from his company as they could.

"I am sure I can't see what he is going to do when the asphodel is gone," one of them said to the other.

"I wondered if anybody had noticed that but me! He is never without a sprig of it."

"Jones brought him in a whole bunch the other day; he found it over there toward Hymettos."

"Then Jones has noticed it as well as we!"

"The question in my mind is, whether a man ought to let himself slowly die of a broken heart."

"Nonsense!" said the other. "He is tired, that's all. You let him get rested and he'll be all right again. Why, look at last night, he was the soul of the occasion. I never saw so amusing a man in my life!"

But the first man remained unconvinced. "He is more than tired," he said.

Hamilton, however, was not conscious of fatigue. In fact, he congratulated himself daily upon his immunity from the wearing fog from which he had suffered at home. Yet beneath his content there was a certain uneasiness. For all day long, on the long walks which he took, in the sunlit Museums, and, toward evening, when he sat on the School balcony and watched the pink light of the sunset vivify the great bulk of Hymettos, a feeling that he was surrounded—besieged, as it were—by a sort of loving

tenderness, kept growing. It had never yet, as at Olympia by the field of asphodel, taken on a clear and definite form; but always there, was the sense of something eluding him,—something which, nevertheless, pursued.

At a turn of the road, from behind a column, in among the bushes, hidden in the red fields of poppies, out from the midst of many colored anemones, gentle presences trooped to meet him, and yet at the same time sought to avoid recognition. He never dared acknowledge to himself his inmost thought regarding them. To be definite was desecration; but he knew that every manifestation of their presence was a reluctant one, as if they had been overcome by an unconquerable longing to do that which they feared was not for his good.

Several weeks had passed and the warm weather was at hand. Hamilton's last fortnight in Athens had come, and, anxious to crowd as much into it as possible, he procured a permit from the authorities to visit the enclosure of the Acropolis after sunset.

"You come too often and you stay too long up here," an old Greek friend of his had said to him kindly; "it is dangerous, especially at the hour of sunset."

"But of all times the sunset is the most beautiful," objected Hamilton. "It is the time I am least willing to miss."

"Ah, you rebellious Americans! You are constitutionally incapable of learning the wisdom of adapting yourselves to the exigencies of a strange climate!"

"But I have always been immune to malaria."

"There are other things than malaria. You have been on the Acropolis for nearly two weeks, at all hours of the day and night; I assure you—*it is not safe!*"

"If you mean fever, I never had one in my life and I am nearly fifty." It was evening and they had been standing at the top of the steps of the Propylea.

With an impatient exclamation his old friend turned to go down.

"I have but three nights more," pleaded Hamilton, in extenuation.

The old man went on, but at the third step he paused and, turning around, quoted in Greek:

"O haunts of Pan's abiding,
O sentinel rock down-gazing,
On the Long-cliff caves down glimmering,

Where, with shadowy feet in the dance soft-sliding
Agraulus's daughters three go pacing
O'er the lawns by Athene's fane dew-shimmering
In moonlight, while upward floats
A weird strain rising and falling,
Wild witchery-wafting notes
O Pan, from thy pipes that are calling,
Out of thy sunless grotts!"

"You mean—I may see them?" demanded Hamilton eagerly.

The Greek shrugged his shoulders.

"But that is the very thing I am wishing!" Hamilton assured him, smiling at the same time to give his words an air of jest.

"Oh, you Americans!" And the old gentleman cautiously descended the rest of the long flight of steps, shaking his head. At the foot he looked up and beckoned imperatively; but Hamilton, with a laughing gesture of refusal, turned away.

He stayed on the Acropolis for the next two nights, watching the sunset colors fade into moonlight, and the moonlight brighten into dawn. On the third and last night the guardian, sleepy with previous late hours, showed him a surreptitious way out, and toward half-past nine o'clock left him.

There was no one else in the ruins. Hamilton had the whole splendid area to himself. A cool wind had arisen, and as he sat looking up at the façade of the Parthenon, the breeze sang in and out among the columns like some splendid voice. It was almost too late in the season for any possibility of rain, and yet from behind Hymettos some sullen clouds had begun to roll upward, stormy and black, into the deep blue of the moonlit sky.

"Are you ready now?" It was a question, not an articulate voice. Yet, even at that longed-for moment, Hamilton hesitated.

Was he ready? Are we ever ready?

And as if in answer to this thought: "How can he be ready, when he does not know what is before him?" asked another voice.

"I shall know at dawn," answered Hamilton, aloud. "Wait until then."

He could not tell why he answered thus; but all about him the noiseless voices repeated: "He will know at dawn."

The wind struck him chilly, and he moved to the northern parapet overlooking the city, that stretched away toward the hills like an immense translucent floor

lighted from below. He had not hitherto been struck with the quiet of it; but there was no noise of rolling trams, no rumble of machines; the clinking Street of the Tinkers, that made a musical din up to the very hour of sunset, was still; once in a while a boy called to his mate on the slopes below, and far away, near the steep slopes of Lycabettos, a dog woke from time to time and bayed at the moon.

To his left, under the edge of the hill, some one began to play softly on the pipes. Hamilton laughed. "Pan," he murmured; "old Demetrios was right!" And he strolled in the direction of an opening under the edge of the Acropolis known as "The Cave of Pan." The music was abruptly hushed; he thought that he heard a boy's remonstrant laugh—oddly like his own. "It couldn't have been an echo," he said—for Hamilton had acquired a nervous habit of talking to himself—and leaned as far out over the parapet as he could, trying to look along toward the Cave. "Pan," he called softly, in Greek, "Pan!"

There was a short delighted giggle, quickly suppressed. Hamilton drew back; a faint icy prickling crawled over his flesh. "Oh, Pan!" he called, still louder, leaning out again; but Pan was still.

Hamilton walked thoughtfully back to the eastern end of the Parthenon, climbed to the top of the steps and, going a short distance within, sat down, leaning back against a column.

"If it were not so like them," he pondered, "I should not heed. Just thus it has always been, never claiming an iota of that which should be left to a man's own decision, not even in the small matters of every day; the very children—babies as they were—were taught to respect what might in my estimation be a more urgent claim. How often have they waited—and alas, that I should have kept them!—and shown no sign of impatience, nothing but a certain sweet, whimsical amusement! It was then, as it is now, the inertia of this heavy flesh that kept me lagging behind their delicate spirituality. What charming ruses they invented to attract my attention—and now, as then, the 'burden of this death' keeps us parted!"

He buried his head in his hands. "Oh, Pan, Pan," he cried, "my little Puck, my dainty Ariel!"

The clouds had gathered more thickly in the east, mounting higher toward the zenith. Over the mountain's ridge gushed pale rivers of mist that glistened in the moonlight and poured down the distant slopes like cascades of powdered silver.

Hamilton allowed his hands to fall between his knees and gazed toward it.

"Have I the right to go?" he questioned. "Are we not Soldiers of Life? May we desert the post to which we have been assigned? There is this to do—and that."

His mind wandered vaguely to his different interests—distasteful tasks, his very flesh wearied at the thought of them!—and yet, in proportion to their futility, they seemed obligatory. "But who knows?" he went on, communing with himself. "I am but a picket, a scout. Is it for me to gauge the value of the little I may gain, the worth of the clues I may find, leading men to a better knowledge of the Scheme of the Whole? How should I question my orders, ignorant as I am of the plan of the great campaign?"

The clouds closed in and the darkness covered him.

"Beloved," Hamilton's voice sounded from the shadows, "I may not choose to come to you. The dawn will brighten, and unless it is granted me by those under whose rule I continue to serve, I shall not know the sacred mysteries that to you are plain. Go back, dear ones, to the happy fields, to the pleasant country where you have waited hitherto, and abide my coming in patient joy; for I am ignorant where you are wise. Where you see, I am but little better than blind, and as yet, I am not chosen to tread where you have been called to walk. But one large knowledge is ours in common: the task that was laid upon you, you each fulfilled; the post you were set to watch, you guarded in simple fidelity; and so must I pursue my labor and accomplish my vigil. If with your greater light you deem this foolishness, remember that the light that is vouchsafed us is all we have. Beloved, beloved, I may not even choose."

A breath of wind blew over from the east like a great sigh; exhausted, Hamilton leaned back against the column behind him. The world grew darker, the moon was setting beneath the clouds. Loneliness besieged him as in the first days

of his desolation. Then, in the heavy sultry air, he slept.

It was more a stupor than a sleep. Back of Hymettos the thunder threatened, the mist overflowed the plain, and in the flare of the stabbing lightning the exquisite columns that crowned the Acropolis sprang startled to life, softly clear against a background of seething cloud. Hamilton dully knew it all, but he did not awake, not even when the rain fell—pouring, flying, lashing by him, like the angry laughter of the ancient gods.

Then came quiet, and he knew no more until he opened his eyes on the deep blue wonder of the early dawn. Above the mountain arched an unclouded sky, lighted by a few clear stars and against it the beautiful brown yellow of the columns of the Parthenon stood in warm, intimate familiarity. Hamilton breathed a sigh of content. "It is like coming home," he whispered, "and, hark! the little Pan is still piping."

He rose and, passing between the columns, climbed down the first steep steps, then stopped. The night had hardly broken, and in all the shadowy distances it was still dim. The sound of the music was approaching. Hamilton turned. "Has that boy been playing all night?" he said.

In the direction of the Erechtheum people were moving, women dancing, and further on, above the rampart, a dark head appeared, while the noise of the pipes grew clearer. "Pan himself!" said Hamilton, "and the daughters of Agraulus dancing still, to this very day!—I must be dreaming!" He turned toward the temple again to reassure himself. At the foot of a column behind him a man lay huddled care-

lessly, as if in sleep. For a moment Hamilton thought it was the guardian soldier. "I should not have allowed him to stay out in the rain and storm, merely to gratify a caprice——"

He did not finish. The figure lying there suddenly took on a strange familiarity. "It is I," said Hamilton, "the shell of what was once myself! And these?" He wheeled swiftly and ran down the rest of the steps in great flying leaps. "Beloved! I am coming!" he cried. "I am coming!"

Laughing, weeping in pure joy, calling to him and to each other, they ran toward him. "They wouldn't let us come to you!"—"You were not allowed to know that we were there!"—"They always called us away!"

Hamilton moved forward in a little tempest of radiant delight as they surrounded him with their happy babel of welcome and caresses. He did not even see the group of frightened, anxious young men who hurried across from the Propylea toward the eastern end of the Parthenon.

For the differences in the values of two opposing worlds had already begun to make themselves felt, and that mere husk and shell—which Hamilton had left behind him without a thought—was to these young friends of his a matter of momentous meaning, of terrible import.

"It is of no use," said one of them, huskily, as he rose from his stooping attitude.

"He must have died in the storm!" said the other.

"And look," said a third—his voice was unsteady—"he is still holding a sprig of that asphodel I brought him yesterday morning!"





Early in the evening veiled women . . . may sometimes be seen.—Page 459.

THE MOON OF RAMAZAN

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

IN most parts of the world the inconstant moon has lost her mystery. The secret of her farther side is the last whose inviolability she has succeeded in maintaining. But in the Ottoman Empire it is happily another matter. There a pleasing uncertainty still attaches to the glimpses of the orb'd maiden. While calendars do exist, foretelling with some show of exactitude the revolutions of the lunar year, no calendar can be infallible with respect to the holy month of Ramazan or to the succeeding festival of *Baïram*. For then the new moon must be discovered in person, by watchers upon mountain tops, and the discovery duly proclaimed by cannon to an expectant world. If the mountain tops happen to be cloudy, so much the worse for the calendar. As the empire is broad, however, and amply provided both with mountain tops and telegraph lines, the margin of uncertainty is far narrower than used to be the case. It is to be hoped that

the advent of the constitutional *régime* will not abolish it altogether.

While Ramazan is probably the sole month of the Mohammedan calendar known to the infidel world, the infidel world has never been very sure whether to spell its last syllable with a *z* or with a *d*. Let the infidel world accordingly know that either is right in its own domain. The Arabs say Ramadan, the Persians and Turks say Ramazan. They all observe throughout the month a species of fast that has no precise counterpart in the west. So long as the sun is in the sky food or drink of any kind may not pass the true believer's lips. He is not even allowed the sweet solace of a cigarette. But from the firing of the sunset gun until it is light enough to distinguish a black hair from a white he may feast to surfeiting. Watchmen will patrol the streets with drums to warn him that his moments of grace are numbered and cannon once more announce their end.

Nothing is more characteristic of late



There the habitués sit a great part of the night.—Page 460.

afternoons in Ramazan than the preparations for the evening meal which preoccupy all moslems, particularly those who work with their hands. As the sun nears the horizon fires are lighted, tables are spread, bread is broken, water is poured out, cigarettes are rolled, and hands are lifted halfway to the mouth, in expectation of the signal that gives liberty to eat. This breaking of the daytime fast is called *iftar* and is an institution in itself. To be invited to *iftar* is a particular mark of friendship. So peculiarly is Ramazan a time for picking out those to whom it is desired to show this honor that, during the late *régime* in Constantinople, when circulation at night and everything tending to draw people together was forbidden, the month was one of comparative liberty. The Palace even set the example of hospitality on a regal scale. During the four weeks of the month every higher dignitary of state and municipality, every officer of army and navy stationed in the capital, and representatives at least of every soldier and sailor in the garrison, dined at Yildiz and received a present in

gold. The sum ranged from the thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of the Grand Vizier to the twenty-seven piastres—a trifle over a dollar—of the private. These dinner parties cost the country a pretty penny. Bags and boxes of gold from every corner of the empire poured into the Palace for weeks beforehand, and it is said that a failure to make prompt discovery of the new moon for *Baïram* was due sometimes to the unreadiness of the imperial coffers for any new drain.

Notable as *iftar* is of the nights of Ramazan, however, it is only the first of their festive features. Théophile Gautier called Ramazan a Lent lined with a Carnival. The phrase is a happy one if it does not lead the hearer into attributing a Latin vivacity to Turkish merrymakings. Stamboul, always solemn under her centuries and proud even in decay, is never prouder or more solemn than when illuminated for the holy month of Islam. It is one of the sights of the world to see—from Pera or the bridges of the Golden Horn—the dark city under the moon of Ramazan, constel-



Sometimes it is performed by the gypsy girls.—Page 460.

lated with circlets of light that bead the galleries of numberless minarets. The imperial mosques that cut out so superb a silhouette above the climbing roofs have two, four, or six minarets to illuminate, some of them with three galleries apiece. And they use a yet more magical device. Ropes are slung between minaret and minaret and from these are suspended lamps in such order as to spell texts from the Koran. The decorative Arabic letters written in gold against the sky only increase for those who cannot read them the mystery which the ancient city diffuses.

There are lighted streets winding invisibly through this illuminated darkness, as he may discover who can tear himself from the spectacle of the Golden Horn. And much is in them not to be seen at other times of the year. But their gayety is little enough like the uproar of a European carnival. Even in streets which are centres of amusement, where a carriage or even a man often finds difficulty in passing, there is nothing of the wild hilarity whereby an occidental must express his joy of life.

The people stroll quietly up and down or sit quietly in the open coffee-houses, taking their *kef* in a way that reveals Turkish character on its most sympathetic side. They are practically all men. Early in the evening veiled women in their loose street costume may sometimes be seen, accompanied by a servant with a paper lantern. But as the hours wear on they disappear, leaving only fezzes and turbans in the streets. Even the Christian women, who also inhabit their quarters of Stamboul, observe the custom. It is the rarest thing in the world for an Armenian or a Greek of the poorer classes to take his wife out with him at night.

The coffee-houses are the most characteristic feature of Stamboul streets during the nights of Ramazan. While they naturally abound on the main thoroughfares, no quarter is without a few of these centres of social life. They are oftenest a single room, lighted by kerosene, with benches and tables around the walls, a corner where the *cafedji* concocts his beverages, and a window from which the outside world may

be admired. In mild weather they overflow into it, under an awning or a trellis of grape vines. There the habitués sit a great part of the night over a cup of black coffee or a glass of tea, their feet as often as not tucked under them, holding a cigarette or the coil of a water pipe, engaged in the conversation which has given these places the name of Schools of Knowledge. Schools of knowledge they must be indeed to those capable of taking part in their councils. A foreigner, however, must usually content himself with admiring the gestures, costumes, and faces of his *convives*, the courtesy with which they receive him, the brasses, china, rugs, and Arabic texts ornamenting the coffee-house, its view of the lighted street, and the more formal entertainment which it is likely to offer during Ramazan.

The most usual is afforded by an instrument that we do not associate with the East. This is the gramophone, which enjoys an enormous popularity in Constantinople. There, however, it has been taught to utter sounds which might prevent many from recognizing an old friend. The present writer finds a great charm in the mounting minor, the intricate rhythms, of a music which the Russian composers have begun to make comprehensible to Western ears. And it expresses the East as perfectly as Tchaïkovsky, Beethoven and Verdi have expressed Europe. But the present writer must also confess a preference for the living executant to his mechanical echo. Happily one never has to go far during Ramazan to find him. Itinerant gypsies, masters of song, pipe, and tom-tom, are then much in evidence in the humbler coffee-houses. There they go two and two, a man and a boy, in the wide black trousers, the dark red girdle, and the almost black fez which they affect. In larger coffee-houses there will be a whole orchestra of the thin lute, as one may not too correctly translate the Turkish name of *indjê saz*—a group of Turkish singers who also play on lutes, *pochettes*, *violettes d'amour*, zithers, and other stringed instruments of strange names and curves that suit the music they make. The songs accompanying it are love songs for the most part, endless in length, sung with a melancholy passion that haunts the memory and listened to in the unapplauding silence of perfect appreciation.

Dancing in the coffee-houses of the peo-

ple is only a less common form of entertainment during Ramazan than music. Sometimes it is performed by the gypsy girls, bare-faced, dressed in vivid cotton prints, and jingling with sequins, who alone are immodest enough to enter a coffee-house. Oftener gypsy youths are the performers, or young Greeks. In cafés frequented by persons of a guild or a race the habitués themselves will indulge in the dancing. Varied as are the tongues and the costumes of the tribes who do the work of Constantinople, there are strong family resemblances between their dances. The performers, all men and boys, usually form a ring with hands clasped or on each other's shoulders. Chanting themselves or moving to the sound of pipe or strings they begin slowly, gradually working themselves up to a climax of frenzied motion that suggests the antique mysteries.

A more elaborate form of entertainment is provided by cafés fortunate enough to possess a court or some large back room. This is the marionette theatre. The Turkish marionettes, known by the name of their star performer, Karaghieuz, are a national institution. In fact their repertory includes almost all there is of a national theatre. In common with other Asiatic marionettes, they do not appear in person. The proscenium arch of their miniature stage is filled with a sheet of lighted paper. The tiny actors, cleverly jointed together of transparent materials, move between the light and the paper, so that their colored shadows are all the public sees. It is enough, however, to offer an amusement worth seeing. The theatre of Karaghieuz would make an interesting study in itself, reflecting as it does the manners of the country. Sometimes indeed it has reflected them so faithfully as to require the intervention of the censor. But Karaghieuz himself, or Black-Eye, is always amusing, whatever may be his lapses from propriety. This truculent individual reminds one of Punch although he is said to be a caricature of a veritable person, one of Saladin's viziers. He is a humpback with a black beard and a raucous voice, to whom no enterprise is too difficult or too absurd. He is accompanied by a right-hand man who points his repartee and is alternately his dupe and his deceiver. Their adventures and those of the crack-voiced la-



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

But it is a Bowery, with the reputation of Broadway.—Page 464.

dies, the brilliantly costumed gentlemen, the wonderful dogs, cats, mice, and other creatures that make up the company, create a scene that a spectator of simple tastes willingly revisits. Among the elements of his pleasure must be counted the ill-lighted barrack or tent in which the representations take place, the gayly dressed children composing the better part of the audience—here, for once, ladies are allowed!—the loquacious vendors of sweets and drinks, and the music of pipe and drum to the accompaniment of which the little colored shadows play on their lighted paper.

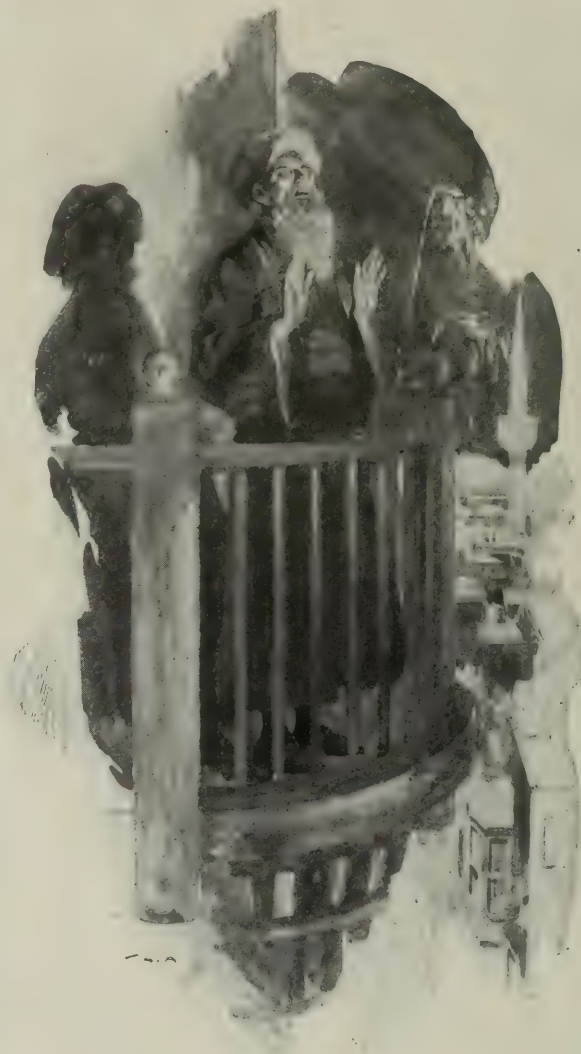
The shadow-shows are by no means the only species of dramatic art to tempt the audiences of Ramazan. There are full-grown theatres that take themselves, the drama, everything, except the lives of their patrons, more seriously. They are perfect fire-traps wherein the play's the thing, innocent as they are in great part of those devices of upholstery which are the chief pride of the modern stage. The pit is aligned with rush-bottomed chairs and stools, above which rise in the European fashion tiers of not too Sybaritic boxes. A particularity of them is that, like the cafés and the streets, they contain no ladies. While there are Turkish theatres which ladies attend in the daytime, it is contrary to custom for them to take part in public entertainments at night. Consequently, the European ladies who sometimes penetrate Stamboul during the nights of Ramazan make themselves painfully

conspicuous and the objects of the most unflattering comment. While women do appear on the stage, they are never Turks. They are usually Armenians, rarely Greeks or Syrians, whose murder of the language is condoned by the exigencies of the case.

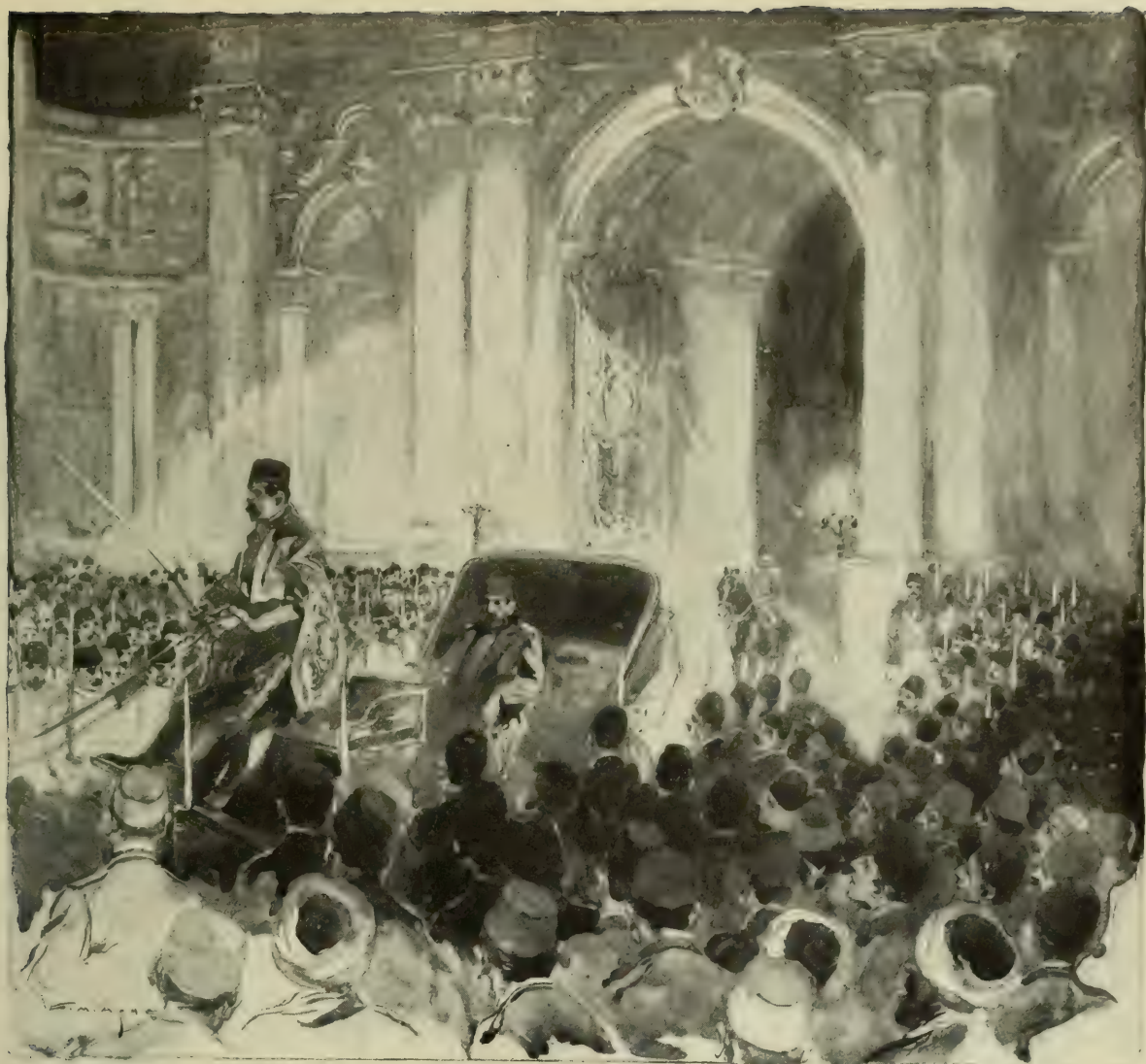
The performances last the better part of the night. They begin at three o'clock Turkish, or three hours after sunset at any time of year, and close in time for the last meal of the night. There is a curtain-raiser, which is not seldom drawn from the manners of the people. The *pièce de résistance* however, is a comedy or melodrama adapted from the European stage. The former is likely to be more interesting to an outsider, for the Turks are capital comedians. There is a certain Hassan Effend of Stamboul of whom any comic stage might be proud. But the more serious pieces are characteristic too in their mixture of East and West. Madam Contess, as she is flatly pronounced, will be attended by servants in *shalvars* and fez, and two gentlemen in top hats

will salute each other with earth-sweeping salaams.

Between the two plays intervene a couple of hours or so of singing and dancing that are to many the meat in the sandwich. These entertainments are also highly characteristic of the city that sits on two continents. The performers are generally Armenian women, who pronounce Turkish better and have more in common with the ruling race than the Greeks. Their cos-



There is no God but God and Mohammed is his Prophet.—Page 466.



The imperial cortège poured from the Palace gate. [1908]—Page 466.

tume is supposably European, although a Western *coryphée* would never consent to be encumbered with the sleeves and skirts of her Armenian sister, or to let her locks hang so ingenuously down her back. She would also be more scrupulous with regard to her color schemes. Whatever the color of their costume, the *ballerine* of Stamboul cherish an ineradicable partiality for pink stockings. As feminine charm increases, to the eye of an Oriental admirer, in direct proportion to the avoirdupois of the object, the effect is sometimes startling.

The entertainment offered by these ladies is more of the East than of the West. It is a combination of song and dance, accompanied by melancholy strings and the clapping of the castanet. The music is even more monotonous, in the literal sense of the word, than that of the "thin lute." To the tyro one song sounds exactly like

another, each beginning on the same high note and each *glissando* to the same low one. And one is inclined to protest that a lady suffering from so cruel a cold should never be permitted to leave her room, much less appear in pink stockings at midnight on a ramshackle wooden stage. But the charm of the monotone grows upon those who are susceptible to the melancholy and fatalism of the East. The dancing into which each song dies away has been a little more tampered with by the West. While the basis of it is the Arab *danse du ventre*, it is a *danse du ventre* tempered by the cult of the toe. What there may be of grossness about it is pleasantly chastened for an occasional spectator by the personal equation. I remember watching once a *dansusee* who must have been in her prime before many of her audience were in their cradles. But they had grown up in her

tradition and cries of "One more!" greeted each effort of her poor old cracked voice. There was nothing pitiable about it. The audience had a frank affection for her, independent of her overripe charms, and she danced terrible dances for them, eyes half shut, with a motherly indulgence that entirely took away from the nature of what she was doing.

So popular is this form of entertainment that it is thrown in as a sop to sweeten most of the variety performances with which Ramazan abounds. The street of Stamboul where the theatres are clustered is a perfect Bowery of cinematographs, music-halls, shooting-galleries, acrobatic exhibitions, and side-shows of a country circus. But it is a Bowery with the reputation of Broadway and a picturesqueness that neither can boast, lined as one stretch of it is by arcades that are almost one succession of bright little coffee-houses and overlooked by the white mosque, ethereal at night among its dark planes and cypresses, that Suleiman the Magnificent built in memory of two of his sons. There crowds and carriages abound until two o'clock in the morning, itinerant vendors of sweets and drinks call their wares, tom-toms beat, and pipes cry their wild invitation to various smoky interiors. The scene is one of the most characteristic of Constantinople for its mixture of East and West. One is lined by the other here in such a way that it is hopeless to separate them. They compose a product of their own which is neither, but which is none the less picturesque. If the cinematograph, for example, is more of the West than of the East—a European often wonders what idea of our manners and morals the grave fezzed spectators gain therefrom—there are story tellings, there are in particular wrestling matches that are all Asia.

Wrestling is the great Turkish sport—and one suppressed in Constantinople under the old *régime*, on account of its tendency to draw people together. It usually takes place out of doors, in some open space enclosed by green tent-cloth and not too brilliantly lighted at night. The spectators of distinction are accommodated with chairs under an awning, the others squat on their heels around the ring. The wrestlers, sometimes several pairs at a time, come out bare-footed. in leather breeches reaching

just below the knee. Their first act, if you please, is to anoint themselves with oil from head to foot. That done, each couple stand side by side, join right hands, bend with the right foot forward, and an old man recites over them an incomprehensible rubric giving their names and recommending them to the suffrage of the public. They then prance forward to the tent of honor, alternately slapping their hands and their leather legs. There they kneel on one knee and salaam three times. Finally, after more prancing and slapping, during the course of which they hastily shake hands once as they run past each other, they are ready to begin. They start by facing each other at arm's length, putting their hands on each other's shoulders, and bending forward till their heads touch. They make no attempt at clinching. That is apparently the one hold forbidden. The game is to throw your man by pushing his head down till you can get him around the body, or by catching at his legs. Slippery as the wrestlers are with oil, it is no easy matter. Time after time one will seem to have his man, only to let him wriggle away. Then they go at each other again with a defiant "Ho-ho!" The trick is generally done in the end by getting hold of the breeches. When at last a man is thrown the two embrace and then make the round of the ring collecting tips. Celebrated wrestlers however collect their money first. The scene is picturesque enough under the moon of Ramazan, with the nude figures glistening in the lamplight, the dimmer ring of spectators' faces encircling them, and the troubled music of pipe and drum mounting into the night.

But I must beware of giving the impression that Ramazan is merely a month of pleasure and of repose therefrom. It is a holy month, and during its term religious zeal rises higher than at any other time. I know not how much this may be due to the nervous effect incidental to so complete a derangement of the ordinary habits of life. At all events, tempers habitually mild grow noticeably strained as the month proceeds and fights multiply in number. Like Lent, it is also a time of religious conferences. There is preaching every night in the mosques, which is utilized for any public expression uppermost in the general mind. The Ramazan of 1326, otherwise 1908, was



You look down from the gallery through a haze of light.—Page 467.

made the occasion for enlightening the provinces on the subject of the constitutional *régime*, as it was in the capital for various attempts at subverting the same.

Two dates in the month have a particular importance. On the earlier of these, the fifteenth, takes place the ceremony of kissing the Prophet's mantle. It used to be one of the most picturesque spectacles of the city. It still is for those fortunate enough

to enter the Chamber of the Noble Robe in the old Seraglio and to see the Sultan distribute inscribed handkerchiefs as the grandees of the empire kiss in turn the silk covering in which is kept this most precious relic of Mohammedanism. But the dislike of the Caliph Abdul Hamid for showing himself in public diminished his former state parade across the city to a hasty trip by steam launch. All there is of pageant is

displayed by the procession of the Palace ladies to the land gate of the Seraglio. Even this is not in any ordered sense a procession. There is too much rivalry between carriages to arrive first, too little exclusion of alien elements. The streets are sanded beforehand, in order to temper to imperial bones the terrible thank-you-ma'ams of Stamboul. Platoons of honor are stationed at all cross streets. The advent of beauty is heralded by detachments of the imperial guard—the lancers on their matched horses making a brave show with their scarlet banderoles, the handsome Albanians in white Zouave uniforms braided with black, the dark little Arabs of Tripoli in jaunty green turbans stuck on one ear, and the picked infantry of the Palace, tall fellows in dark blue piped with red. Then, at irregular intervals, come groups of closed court carriages. Some, a-glitter with precious mountings, are drawn by gigantic prancers that make the crowd fall back. Others pant by as if they had been picked up at the nearest cab station. All are attended by frock-coated eunuchs of every degree of fatness and blackness, on horseback and on the boxes of the carriages. Their fair charges are dressed in the old fashion, with stiff white *yashmak* and black-caped *feredjê* muffling all of them but the eyes and the hands. The *yashmak* is not so thick, however, that one may not make out beneath it the contour of a pretty face. The ladies evidently enjoy their outing and the attention they receive. A few keep their curtains severely down, but the greater number peep out from side to side, treating the public to a rare exhibition of almond eyes.

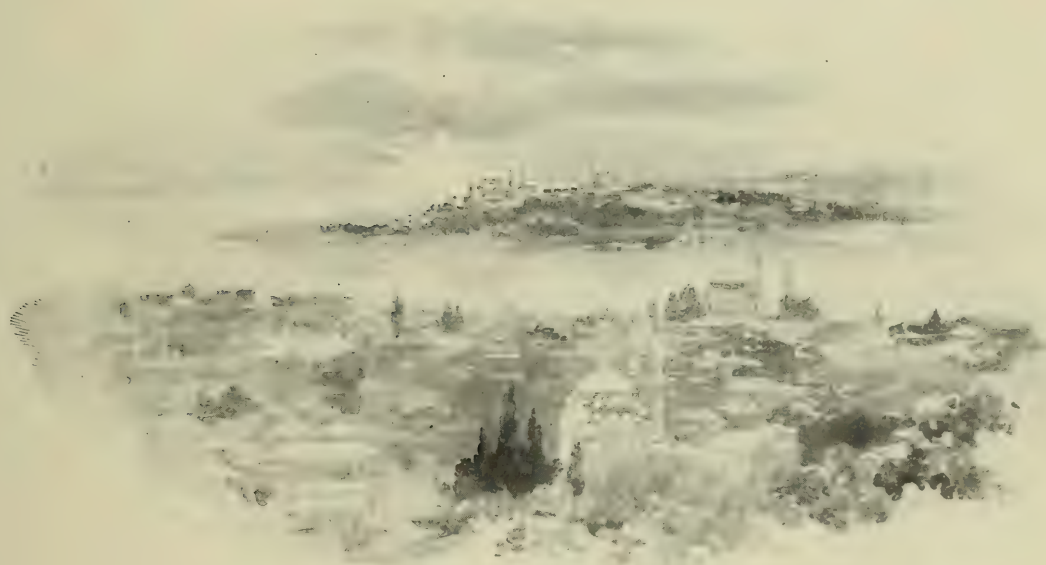
Much more brilliant is the ceremony of the twenty-seventh of Ramazan, when Mohammedans commemorate the divine gift of the Koran. On that night, called the Night of Power, the Sultan goes in state to evening prayer. The short avenue leading from the Palace to the Hamidieh mosque is lined with arches and loops of light, the mosque itself is outlined with little oil lamps, and the dip beyond is illuminated by architectural designs and Arabic texts. The effect is fairy-like against the background of the city, twinkling with the dim gold of faraway masts and minarets. While the crowd is smaller than at the ordinary Friday *Selamlık*, the police precautions are even stricter. But Turkish police have

their own way of enforcing regulations. I remember a young man in a fez who approached the mosque on one Night of Power nearer than is allowed. A gorgeous officer went up to him: "My *bey*, stand a little down the hill, I pray you." The young man made an inaudible reply, evidently an objection. The gorgeous officer: "My brother, I do not reprimand you. I pray you to stand a little down the hill. It is the order, my child. What can I do?" The young man stood a little down the hill. Presently other young men came, to the sound of music, their bayonets glittering in the lamplight. Some of them were on horseback, and they carried long lances with red pennons. They lined the avenue, they blocked up the cross streets, they surrounded the mosque. Before the last of them were in place the Palace ladies, spectators of all pageants in which their lord takes part, drove down and waited in their carriages in the mosque yard. Finally the voice of the *muezzin* sounded from the minaret. In his shrill sweet minor he cried the words that have been translated "There is no God but God and Mohammed is his Prophet." Then bands broke into the Hamidieh march, fireworks filled the sky with colored stars and comets' tails, and the imperial cortège, lighted if you please by big white paper lanterns, poured from the Palace gate—a mob of uniforms and caparisons scintillating about a victoria drawn by two superb white horses. The man on the box, magnificent in scarlet and gold, was a more striking figure than the pale, bent, hook-nosed, gray-bearded man in a dark military overcoat behind him, who saluted in response to the soldiers' "*Padishah'm chok yasha!*" The procession turned into the mosque yard and majesty entered the mosque. For an hour fireworks exploded, horses pranced, and the crowd circulated very much at its will, while a high sweet chanting sounded at intervals from within the mosque. Then majesty reappeared, mob and paper lanterns and all, the soldiers shouted again, and the high white archway once more received the Caliph of Islam.

What takes place within the mosque, and I suppose within all mosques on the Night of Power, Christians are allowed to watch from the gallery of St. Sophia. While this custom was not instituted with any mis-

sionary intent, a more impressive exhibition of the power of Islam could scarce be devised. Of course the place itself contributes greatly to the effect. Its hugeness, its openness, its perfect proportion, its breaking of pillar into arch, of arch into vault, of vault into dome, make an interior that predisposes to solemnity. The gold mosaic that was once its splendor is now largely hidden beneath the whitewash of the modern restorer, but the Night of Power brings out another gold. The cornices of the three galleries, the arches of the first, the vast space of the nave, are illuminated by thousands of wicks whose soft clear burning in glass cups of oil is reflected by the precious marbles of the walls. You look down from the gallery through a haze of light diffused by the chandeliers swinging below. These, irregularly hung about three central chandeliers, are scalloped like flowers of six petals. They might be great water-lilies, floating in their medium of

dusky gold. Under them the nave is striated by lines of worshippers, their darkness varied by the white of turban or robe, men all, all shoeless, standing one close to the next with hands folded and heads down. There is not an exception to the universal attitude of devotion. The *imam*, from his high hooded pulpit with the sword and the banners of conquest, recites the prayers of the evening. Choirs sitting cross-legged on raised platforms chant responses from the Koran in a soaring minor that sounds like the very cry of the spirit. Every now and then a passionate "*Allah!*" breaks out, or a deep "*amin*" reverberates from the standing thousands. Then the long lines bow, hands on knees, and straighten again. Once more they bow, drop to their knees, bend forward and touch their foreheads to the ground, with a long low thunder that rolls up into the dome. The Temple of the Divine Wisdom can never have witnessed a more moving spectacle of reverence and faith.





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"I suppose it is necessary that we should at least appear to be exchanging the ordinary inanities."—Page 473.

JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXXI

THE PEACE-MAKER



IT was in this condition of affairs that a short time after John Marvel had been dismissed from his cure by his incensed Rector, a great dinner was given by Mrs. Argand which, because of the lavishness of the display and the number of notable persons in the city who were present, and also because of a decision that was reached by certain of the guests at the dinner and the consequences which it was hoped might ensue therefrom, was fully written up in the press. If Mrs. Argand knew one thing well, it was how to give an entertainment which should exceed in its magnificence the entertainment of any other person in the city. She was a woman of great wealth. She had had a large experience both at home and abroad in entertainments whose expenditure remained traditional for years. She had learned from her husband the value, as a merely commercial venture, of a fine dinner. She knew the traditional way to men's hearts, and she felt that something was due to her position, and at the same time she received great pleasure in being the centre and the dispenser of a hospitality which should be a wonder to all who knew her. Her house with its great rooms and galleries filled with expensive pictures lent itself well to entertainment. And Mrs. Argand who knew something of history fancied that she had what quite approached a salon. On this occasion she had assembled a number of the leading men of affairs in the city, with the purpose not so much of entertaining them, as of securing from them a co-operation, which, by making a show of some concession to the starving strikers and their friends, should avail to stop the steady loss in her rents and drain on even her great resources. She had already found herself

compelled, by reason of the reduction in her income, which prevented her putting by as large a surplus as she had been accustomed to put by year by year, to cut off a number of her charities, and this she disliked to do, for it was a blow to her pride to feel that others knew that her income was reduced.

The idea of the dinner had been suggested by no less a person than Dr. Capon himself, to whom the happy thought had occurred that possibly if a great mass meeting composed of the strikers could be assembled in some great auditorium, and addressed by the leading men in the city, they might be convinced of the folly and error of their ways and induced to reject the false teaching of their designing leaders and return to work, by which he argued the great suffering would be immediately reduced, the loss alike to labor and to capital would be stopped, peace would be restored, and the general welfare be tremendously advanced. He would himself, he said, take pleasure in addressing such an audience, and he felt sure that they would listen to the friendly admonition of a minister of the Gospel, who could not but stand to them as the representative of charity and divine compassion.

I will not attempt to describe the richness of the floral decorations which made Mrs. Argand's great house a bower of roses and orchids for the occasion, nor the lavish display of plate, gilded and ungilded, which loaded the great table, all of which was set forth in the press the following day with a lavishness of description and a wealth of superlatives quite equal to the display at the dinner; nor will I take time to describe the guests who were assembled. Mr. Leigh was not present, but expressed himself as ready to meet his men half way. It was universally agreed by the guests that no entertainment which was recalled had ever been half so rich in its decorations or so regal in its display; that certainly the same number of millions had never been represented in any private house in this

city, or possibly, in any city of the country. It remains only to be said that the plan proposed by the Rev. Dr. Capon met with the approval of a sufficient number to secure an attempt at its adoption, though the large majority of the gentlemen present openly expressed their disbelief that any good whatever would come of such an attempt, and more than one frankly declared that the Doctor was attempting to sprinkle rose-water when really what was needed were actually guns and bayonets. The Doctor, however, was so urgent in the expression of his views, so certain that the people would be reasonable and could not fail to be impressed by a kindly expression of interest and the sound advice of one whom they must recognize as their friend, that a half-derisive consent was given to a trial of his plan.

Among the notices of this dinner was one which termed it Belshazzar's Feast, and as such it became known in the workingmen's quarter. The proposed meeting, however, excited much interest in all circles of the city, especially in that underlying circle of the poor whose circumference circumscribed and enclosed all other circles whatsoever. What was, indeed, of mere interest to others was of vital necessity to them, that some arrangement should be arrived at by which work should once more be given to the ever increasing body of the unemployed, whose sombre presence darkened the brightest day and tinged with melancholy the most radiant expectation. In furtherance of Dr. Capon's plan a large hall was secured, and a general invitation was issued to the public, especially to the workingmen of the section where the strike existed, to attend a meeting set for the earliest possible moment, an evening in the beginning of the next week. The meeting took place as advertised and the attendance exceeded all expectation. The heart of the poor beat with renewed hope, though, like their wealthy neighbors, many of them felt that the hope was a desperate one. Still they worked toward the single ray of light which penetrated into the gloom of their situation.

The seats were filled long before the hour set for the meeting and every available foot of standing room was occupied, the corridors of the building were filled, and the streets outside were thronged with groups

discussing the possibility of some settlement in low and earnest tones, broken now and then by some strident note of contention. Knowing the interest in the movement throughout the quarter where I lived, and having some curiosity besides to hear what Coll McSheen and the Rev. Dr. Capon had to say, I went early in company with Wolffert and John Marvel, the former of whom was absolutely sceptical, the latter entirely hopeful of permanent results. The crowd on the platform represented the leaders in many departments of business in the city, among whom were a fair sprinkling of men noted for their particular interest in all public charities and good works, and in a little group to one side, a small body composed of the more conservative element among the leaders of the workingmen in the city. The whole affair had been well worked up and on the outside it gave a fair promise of success. A number of boxes were filled with ladies interested in the movement and I had not been in the hall five minutes before I discovered Eleanor Leigh in one of the boxes, her face grave, but her eyes full of eager expectation. It was with a sinking of the heart that I reflected on the breach between us, and I spent my time considering how I should overcome it.

The meeting opened with an invocation by the Rev. Dr. Capon, which appeared to strike some of the assemblage as somewhat too eloquent, rather too long, and tinged with an expression of compassion for the ignorance and facility for being misguided of the working class. When he began the assemblage was highly reverent, when he ended there were murmurs of criticism and discussion audible throughout the hall. The introductory statement of the reason for the call was made by the Hon. Collis McSheen, who, as Mayor of the city, lent the dignity of his presence to the occasion. It was long, eloquent, and absolutely silent as to his views on any particular method of settlement of the question at issue, but it expressed his sympathy with all classes in terms highly general and an impartial expression of advice that they should get together, provided all could get what they wanted, which appeared to him the easiest thing in the world to do. Following him, one of the magnates of the city delivered a brief business statement of the loss to the

city and the community at large, growing out of the strike, expressed in figures which had been carefully collated, and closed with the emphatic declaration that the working people did not know what they wanted. One other thing he made plain, that in a strike the working people suffered most, which was a proposition that few persons in the hall were prepared to deny. Then came the Rev. Dr. Capon, who was manifestly the chief speaker for the occasion. His manner was graceful and self-assured, his voice sonorous and well modulated, and his tone was sympathetic, if somewhat too patronizing. His first sentences were listened to with attention. He expressed his deep sympathy somewhat as the Mayor had done, but in better English and more modulated tones, with all classes, especially with the working people. A slight cough appeared to have attacked one portion of the audience, but it stopped immediately, and silence once more fell on the assemblage as he proceeded.

"And now," he said, as he advanced a step nearer to the edge of the platform, and, having delivered himself of his preliminary expressions of sympathy, threw up his head and assumed his best pulpit manner, "under a full sense of my responsibility to my people and my country I wish to counsel you as your friend, as the friend of the poor"—the slight cough I have mentioned became audible again—"as the friend of the workingman whose interests I have so deeply at heart."

At this moment a young man who had taken a seat well to the front on the main aisle, rose in his seat and politely asked if the Doctor would allow him to ask him a question, the answer to which he believed would enable the audience to understand his position better. The pleasant tone of the young man led the Doctor to give permission, and also the young man's appearance, for it was Wolffert.

"Certainly, my dear sir," he said.

Wolffert suddenly held up in his hand a newspaper.

"I wish," he said, "to ask you where you dined last Friday night; with whom?"

The question provoked a sudden outpour of shouts and cheers and cries of derision, and in a moment pandemonium had broken loose. The Doctor attempted to speak again and again, but about all that

could be heard was his vociferation that he was their friend. Wolffert, whose question had caused the commotion, was now in a chair and waving his arms wildly about him, and presently, moved by curiosity, the tumult subsided and the audience sat with their faces turned toward the man on the chair. He turned, and with a sweep of his arm toward the stage, he cried:

"We don't want to hear you. What have you done that you should give us advice? What do you know of us? If we are to have a priest to address us, let us have one that we can trust. Give us a man like John Marvel. We know him and he knows us."

The effect was electrical. Shouts of "Marvel! Mr. Marvel! Marvel! Marvel! John Marvel!" rang from their throats, and suddenly, as with one impulse, the men turned to our corner where John Marvel had sunk in his seat to escape observation, and in an instant he was seized, drawn forth and lifted bodily on the shoulders of men and borne to the platform as if on the crest of a tidal wave. Coll McSheen and Dr. Capon were both shouting to the audience, but they might as well have addressed a tropical hurricane. The cries of "Marvel, Marvel" drowned every other sound, and presently those on the stage gathered about both McSheen and the Rector, and after a moment one of them stepped forward and asked John Marvel to speak.

John Marvel turned, stepped forward to the edge of the platform, and reached out one long arm over the audience with an awkward but telling gesture that I had often seen him use, keeping it extended until, after one great outburst of applause, the tumult had died down.

"My friends," he began. Another tumult.

"That is it. Yes, we are your friends."

Still the arm outstretched commanded silence.

He began to speak quietly and slowly and his voice suddenly struck me as singularly sympathetic and clear, as it must have struck the entire assembly, for suddenly the tumult ceased and the hall became perfectly quiet. He spoke only a few minutes, declaring that he had not come to speak to them; but to be with them, and pray that God might give them (he said "us") peace and show some way out of the blackness which had settled down upon

them. He bade them not despair, however dark the cloud might be which had overshadowed them. They might be sure that God was beyond it and that He would give light in His own time. He was leading them now, as always—the presence of that assembly, with so many of the leading men of the city asking a conference, was in itself a proof of the great advance their cause had made. That cause was not, as some thought, so much money a day, but was the claim to justice and consideration and brotherly kindness. He himself was not a business man. He knew nothing of such matters. His duty was to preach—to preach peace—to preach the love of God—to preach patience and long suffering and forgiveness, the teaching of his Lord and master, who had lived in poverty all His life, without a place to lay His head, and had died calling on God to forgive His enemies.

This is a poor summary of what he said very simply but with a feeling and solemnity which touched the great audience, who suddenly crushed out every attempt to contradict his proposition. Something had transformed him so that I could scarcely recognize him. I asked myself, can this be John Marvel, this master of this great audience? What is the secret of his power? The only answer I could find was in his goodness, his sincerity, and sympathy.

“And now,” he said in closing, “whatever happens, please God, I shall be with you and take my lot among you, and I ask you as a favor to me to listen to Dr. Capon.”

There was a great uproar and shout; for Dr. Capon had, immediately after John Marvel got control of his audience, risen from his seat, seized his hat and coat and cane, and stalked with great majesty from the platform. There were, however, a number of other speeches, and although there was much noise and tumult, some advance was made; for a general, though by no means unanimous, opinion was shown in favor of something in the nature of a reconciliation.

As I glanced up after John Marvel returned amid the shouts to his seat, I saw Miss Leigh in one of the boxes leaning forward and looking with kindled eyes in our direction. Thinking that she was looking at me, and feeling very forgiving, I bowed to her, and it was only when she failed to re-

turn my bow that I apprehended that she was not looking at me but at John Marvel. If she saw me she gave no sign of it; and when I walked the streets that night, strikes and strikers occupied but little of my thoughts. Unless I could make up with Eleanor Leigh, the whole world might go on strike for me!

XXXII

THE FLAG OF TRUCE

My acquaintance was now extending rapidly; and I had found that the city was an epitome of the world. It took a great many people to make it and there were other classes in it besides the rich and the poor. It was in one of these classes that I was beginning to find myself most at home.

I received one day an invitation to dine one evening the following week at the house of a gentleman whom I had met a week or two before and whom I had called on in response to an invitation unusually cordial. I had not been to a fashionable dinner since I had come to the West, and I looked forward with some curiosity to the company whom I should meet at Mr. Desport's, for I knew nothing about him except that I had met him in a law case and we had appeared to have a number of things in common, including objects of dislike, and further, that when I called on him he lived in a very handsome house, and I was received in one of the most charming libraries it was ever my good fortune to enter, and with a graciousness on the part of his wife which I had never known excelled. It was like stepping into another world to pass from the rush of the city into that atmosphere of refinement and culture.

My heart, however, was a little lower down than it should have been, for I could not but reflect with how much more pleasure I would have arrayed myself if it had been an invitation to Mr. Leigh's. In truth, the transition from my narrow quarters and the poverty of those among whom I had been living for some time, made this charming house appear to me the acme of luxury, and I was conscious of a sudden feeling, as I passed this evening through the ample and dignified hall into the sumptuous drawing-room, that somehow I was well fitted for such surroundings. Certainly I found

them greatly to my taste. I was received again most graciously by Mrs. Desport, and as I had followed my provincial custom of coming a little ahead of time, I was the first visitor to arrive, a fact which I did not regret, as Mrs. Desport took occasion to tell me something of the guests whom she expected. After describing what I concluded to be a somewhat staid and elderly company, she added:

"I have given you a young lady whom I feel sure you will like. She is a little serious-minded, I think, and some people consider that she is simply posing; but however eccentric she may be, I believe that she is really in earnest, and so does my husband; and I have never seen a young girl improve so much as she has done since she took up this new work of hers."

What this work was I was prevented from inquiring by the arrival of a number of guests all in a bunch.

A dinner where the guests are not presented to each other differs in no important sense from a table-d'hôte dinner. The soup is likely to be a trifle colder and the guests a trifle more reserved—that is all. Mrs. Desport, however, followed the old-fashioned custom of introducing her guests to each other, preferring to open the way for them to feel at home, rather than to leave them floundering among inanities about the weather and their taste for opera. And though a lady whom I presently sat next to informed me that they did not do it "in England or even in New York now," I was duly grateful.

Having been presented to the company, I found them gay and full of animation, even though their conversation was inclined to be entirely personal and related almost exclusively to people with whom, for the most part, I had no acquaintance. The name of young Canter figured rather more extensively in it than was pleasant to me, and Dr. Capon was handled with somewhat less dignity than the cloth might have been supposed to require. I was, however, just beginning to enjoy myself when my attention was suddenly diverted by the sound of a voice behind me, as another guest arrived. I did not even need to turn to recognize Eleanor Leigh, but when I moved around sufficiently to take a side glance at her, I was wholly unprepared for the vision before me. I seemed to have forgotten

how charming she looked, and she broke on me like a fresh dawn after a storm. I do not know what I was thinking, or whether I was not merely just feeling, when my hostess came forward.

"Now we are all here. Mr. Glave, you are to take Miss Leigh in. You know her, I believe?"

I felt myself red and pale by turns and, glancing at Miss Leigh, saw that she, too, was embarrassed. I was about to stammer something when my hostess moved away, and as it appeared that the others had all paired off, there was nothing for me to do but accept the situation. As I walked over and bowed, I said in a low tone:

"I hope you will understand that I had no part in this. I did not know."

She evidently heard, for she made a slight bow and then drew herself up and took my arm.

"I should not have come," I added, "had I known of this. However, I suppose it is necessary that we should at least appear to be exchanging with ordinary interest the ordinary inanities of such an occasion."

She bowed, and then after a moment's silence added:

"I have nothing to say which could possibly interest you, and suggest that we do what I have heard has been done under similar circumstances, and simply count."

I thought of the molten metal pourable down an offender's throat. Truly here was Jocasta. And with the thought came another: Did it mean that she was going to marry that young Canter? It was as if one who had entered Eden and discovered Eve had suddenly found the serpent coiling himself between them.

"Very well." I was now really angry. I had hoped up to this time that some means for reconciliation might be found, but this dashed my hope. I felt that I was the aggrieved person, and I determined to prove to her that I would make no concession. I was not her slave. "Very well, then—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—nine, ten, eleven, twelve—thirteen," I said, looking straight ahead of me and dropping every syllable as if it were an oath.

"Or, as that is not very amusing, suppose we cap verses? I hear you know a great deal of poetry—Mr. Wolffert told me. I never knew any one with such a memory as his."

I bowed, and as, of course, "Mary had a little lamb," was the first thing that popped into my head with its hint of personal application, I foolishly quoted the first verse.

She was prompt to continue it, with, I thought, a little sub-tone of mischief in her voice:

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule,"

she said demurely. There she stopped, so I took up the challenge.

"Which made the children laugh and say
This lamb's a little fool."

It was a silly and inept ending—I knew as soon as I had finished.

She paused a moment and evidently started to look at me, but as evidently she thought better of it. She, however, murmured, "I thought we would quote verses, not make them."

I took this to be a confession that she was not able to make them, and I determined to show how much cleverer I was; so, without noticing the cut of the eye which told of her wayering, I launched out:

"There was a young lady of fashion,
Who, finding she'd made quite a mash on
A certain young swain,
Who built castles in Spain,
Fell straight in a terrible passion."

To this she responded with a promptness which surprised me.

"A certain young lady of fashion,
Had very good grounds for her passion,
It sprang from the pain
Of a terrible strain
On her friendship, and thus laid the lash on."

I felt that I must be equal to the situation, so I began rapidly:

"I'm sure the young man was as guiltless
As infant unborn and would wilt less
If thrown in the fire
Than under her ire——"

"Than under her ire," I repeated to myself. "Than under the ire"—what the dickens will rhyme with "wilt less"? We had reached the dining-room by this time and I could see that she was waiting with a provoking expression of satisfaction on her face over my having stalled in my attempt at a rhyme. I placed her in her chair

and, as I took my own seat, a rhyme came to me—a poor one, but yet a rhyme:

"And since, Spanish castles he's built less,"

I said calmly as I seated myself, quite as if it had come easily.

"I was wondering how you'd get out of that," she said with a little smile which dimpled her cheek beguilingly. "You know you might have said,

'And since, milk to weep o'er he's spilt less;'

or even,

'And since, striped mosquitoes he's kilt less.'

Either would have made quite as good a rhyme and sense, too."

I did not dare let her see how true I thought this. It would never do to let her make fun of me. So I kept my serious air.

I determined to try a new tack and surprise her. I had a few shreds of Italian left from a time when I had studied the poets as a refuge from the desert dulness of my college-course, and now having, in a pause, recalled the lines, I dropped, as though quite naturally, Dante's immortal wail:

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarci del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

I felt sure that this would at least impress her with my culture, while if by any chance she knew the lines, which I did not apprehend, it would impress her all the more.

For a moment she said nothing, then she asked quietly, "How does the rest of it go?"

She had me there, for I did not know the rest of the quotation.

"E ciò sa il tuo dottore,"

she said with a cut of her eye, and a liquid tone that satisfied me I had, as the saying runs, "stepped from the frying-pan into the fire."

She glanced at me with a smile in her eyes that reminded me, through I know not what subtle influence, of spring, but as I was unresponsive she could not tell whether I was in earnest or was jesting.

I relapsed into silence and took my soup, feeling that I was getting decidedly the worst of it, when I heard her murmuring

so softly as almost to appear speaking to herself:

“‘You are old,’ said the youth, ‘and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet,
Yet you finished the goose with the bones and the beak—
Pray how did you manage to do it?’”

I glanced at her to find her eyes downcast, but a beguiling little dimple was flickering near the corners of her mouth and her long lashes caught me all anew. My heart gave a leap. It happened that I knew my Alice much better than my Dante, so I answered quietly:

“‘In my youth,’ said his father, ‘I took to the Law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.’”

She gave a little subdued gurgle of laughter as she took up the next verse:

“‘You are old,’ said the youth. ‘One would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever,
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?’”

“‘That is not right,’ said the caterpillar,” I interjected.

“‘That’s not a verse,” said Eleanor Leigh in a tone of triumph.

I hoped that she was embarrassed when I found that she had taken my napkin by mistake, and she was undoubtedly so when she discovered that she had it.

“I beg your pardon,” she said as she handed me hers.

I bowed.

With that, seeing my chance, I turned and spoke to the lady on my other side, with whom I was soon in an animated discussion, but my attention was not so engrossed by her that I did not get secret enjoyment out of the fact when I discovered that the elderly man on the other side of Miss Leigh was as deaf as a post and that she had to repeat every word that she said to him. Being far from deaf myself where she was concerned, I soon caught my own name repeated three times, evidently in reply to a question from him as to who I was, and I must say she gave a very acceptable description of me.

The lady on the other side of me was rambling on about something, but just what, I had not the least idea (except that it related to the problem-novel, a form of literature that I detest), as I was soon quite engrossed in listening to the conversation between Eleanor Leigh and her deaf companion, in which my name, which appeared to have caught the gentleman’s attention, was figuring to some extent.

“Any relation to my old friend, Henry Glave?” I heard him ask in what he doubtless imagined to be a whisper.

“Yes, I think so,” said Miss Leigh.

“You say he is not?”

“No, I did not say so; I think he is.”

“He is a fine lawyer,” I heard him say, and I was just pluming myself on the rapid extension of my reputation, when he added, “He is an old friend of your father’s, I know. I was glad to hear he had come up to represent your father in his case against those rascals. A friend of yours, too,” were the next words I heard, for decency required me to appear to be giving some attention to my other neighbor, whom I devoutly wished in Ballyhac, so I was trying resolutely, though with but indifferent success, to keep my attention on the story she was telling about some one whom, like Charles Lamb, I did not know, but was ready to damn at a venture.

“He told me he came on your account, as much as on your father’s,” said the gentleman, rallying. “You had better look out. These old bachelors are very susceptible. No fool like an old fool, you know.”

To this Miss Eleanor made some laughing reply, from which I gathered that her neighbor was a bachelor himself, for he answered in the high key which he mistook for a whisper:

“You had better not say that to me, for if you do, I’ll ask you to marry me before the dessert.”

I was recalled to myself by my other neighbor asking me suddenly, and in a tone which showed she demanded an answer:

“What do you think of that?”

“Why, I think it was quite natural,” I said.

“You do?”

“Yes, I do,” I declared firmly.

“You think it was natural for him to run off with his own daughter-in-law?”

"Well, not precisely natural, but under the circumstances, you see, it was certainly more natural than for him to run off with his mother-in-law—you will have to admit that."

"I admit nothing of the kind," she declared, with some heat. "I am a mother-in-law myself, and I must say I think the jibes at mothers-in-law are very uncalled for."

"Oh! now you put me out of court," I said, laughing. "I did not mean to be personal. Of course, there are mothers-in-law and mothers-in-law."

Happily, at this moment the gentleman on her other side insisted on securing her attention, and I turned just in time to catch the dimples of amusement that were playing in Eleanor Leigh's face. She had evidently heard my mistake.

"Oh! he is so deaf!" she said, half turning to me, though I was not quite sure that she was not speaking to herself. The next second she settled the question. "He is so distressingly deaf," she repeated in an undertone, with the faintest accent of appeal for sympathy in her voice. I recognized it as a flag of truce.

I replied, however, solemnly:

"I passed by his garden and marked with one eye,
How the owl and the panther were sharing a pie.
The panther took pie-crust and gravy and meat,
While the owl had the dish as its share of the treat."

The color mantled in her cheek and she raised her head slightly.

"Are you going to keep that up? I suppose we shall have to talk a little. I think we are attracting attention. For Heaven's sake, don't speak so loud! We are being observed. It is very rude of you to go on in that way when I am speaking. Now listen to me a minute."

"When the pie was all finished the owl as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon."

"You remind me of a machine," she smiled. "Here am I stuck between two men, one of whom cannot hear a word I say, while the other does nothing but run on like a machine." I observed, with deep content, that she was becoming exasperated.

At that moment the hostess leant forward and said:

"What are you two so interested in discussing there? I have been watching, and you have not stopped a minute."

Eleanor Leigh burst into a laugh. "Mr. Glave is talking Arabic to me."

"Arabic!" exclaimed the hostess. "Mr. Glave, you have been in the East, have you?"

"Yes, he came from the East where the wise men always come from," said Miss Leigh. Then turning to me she said in an undertone, "You see what I told you."

For reply, I simply quoted on, though I had a little pang as I saw the shadow come into her eyes and the smile leave her mouth.

"My father was deaf,
And my mother was dumb,
And to keep myself company,
I beat the drum."

"I think that was a very good occupation for you," she said, turning away, with her head very high.

"Will you let me say something to you?" she added in a low tone a moment later, and, without waiting, she said:

"I think it was rather nasty in me to say what I said to you when you first came in, but you had treated me so rudely when I spoke to you on the street."

"You do not call it rude not to answer a letter when a gentleman writes to explain an unfortunate mistake, and then cut him publicly?"

"I did not receive it until afterwards," she said. "I was away from town, and as to cutting you—I don't know what you are talking about."

"At the Charity Fair."

"I never saw you. I wondered you were not there."

Had the earth opened, I could not have felt more astounded, and had it opened near me I should possibly have sprung in in my confusion. I had, as usual, simply made a fool of myself, and what to do I scarcely knew. At this instant the hostess arose, and the dinner was over, and with it I feared my chance was over too.

"Give me a moment. I must have one moment," I said as she passed me on her way out of the dining-room with the other ladies, her head held very high.

She inclined her head and said something in so low a tone that I did not catch it.

When, at last, the host moved to return to the drawing-room, I bolted in only to be seized on by my hostess and presented to a middle-aged and waistless lady who wanted to ask me about the Pooles, whom

she had heard I knew. She had heard that Lillian Poole had not married very happily. Did I know?"

"No, I did not know," nor, in fact, did I care, though I could not say so. Then another question: "Could I tell why all the men appeared to find Miss Leigh so very attractive?" Yes, I thought I could tell that—"Because she is very attractive."

"Oh well, yes, I suppose she is—pretty and all that, with a sort of kitteny softness—but——"

"There is no 'but' about it," I interrupted brusquely—"she is just what you said—very attractive. For one thing, she has brains; for another, heart. Neither of them is so common as not to be attractive." I thought of the young tigress concealed in that "kitteny softness" of which the lady spoke, and was determined not to permit the sly cat to see what I really felt.

Finally, having escaped from her, I was just making my way toward Miss Leigh who had been standing up talking to two men who on entering the room had promptly sought her out, when a servant entered and spoke to the hostess who immediately crossed over and gave his message to Miss Leigh. "Mr. James Canter has called for you; must you go?"

"Yes, I fear I must." So with hardly a glance at me she passed out leaving the room so dark that I thought the lights had been dimmed, but I discovered that it was only that Miss Eleanor Leigh had left. I could not in decency leave at once, though I confess the place had lost its charm for me, especially since I learned that Miss Leigh's escort for the ball was Mr. James Canter. I did not know Mr. Canter well, but I had met him and had come to know pleasantly a number of his friends, and I had other reasons than jealousy for preferring that he should not be Eleanor Leigh's escort. In my meditations that night as I walked the streets, Mr. James Canter held a somewhat conspicuous place.

James Canter was possibly the most attentive of all the beaux Miss Leigh had, and they were more numerous than I at that time had any idea of. He was prospectively among the wealthiest young men in the city, for his father, who idolized him, was one of the largest capitalists in the State. He was certainly esteemed by ambitious mammas among the most advan-

tageous *partis* of all the city could boast. And he was of all, without doubt, the most talked of. Moreover, he was not a bad fellow at heart. He had many friends, was lavish in the expenditure of his money beyond the dream of extravagance, and was what was called, not without some reason, a good fellow. Before I met him I had already had a glimpse of him as he bucked against his rival, Count Pushkin, on the night when, dejected and desperate, I, in a fit of weakness, went into the gambling-house determined to stake my last dollar on the turn of the wheel, and the sight of Pushkin saved me. The manner in which he threw his hundred-dollar and five-hundred-dollar bills on the board amazed me. But it was after I met him that I came to know what the pampered young man was. At first, I rather liked him personally, for he was against Pushkin and his gay manner was attractive. He was good-looking enough after the fleshly kind—a big, round, blondish man, only he was too fat and at twenty-eight had the waist and jowl of a man of forty who had had too many dinners and drunk too much champagne. But when I came to know him I could not see that he had a shred of principle of any kind whatsoever. His reputation among his friends was that had he applied himself to business, he would have made a reputation equal to his father's, which was that of a shrewd, far-sighted, cool-headed man of business who could "see a dollar as far as the best of them," but that he was squandering his talents in sowing a crop of wild oats so plentiful that it was likely to make a hole even in his father's accumulated millions, and its reaping might be anywhere between the poor-house and the grave. I knew nothing of this at the time, and after I came to know him as I did later, my judgment of him took form from the fact that I discovered he not only did not tell the truth, but had lost the power to tell it or even to recognize it. He had lost the inestimable gift by which men know truth at sight. Still, I think my real appraisal of him came when I discovered that he was paying assiduous attentions to Miss Leigh. Since my case against the Argand estate and my consequent employment by other street-car men, I was beginning to be thrown with some of the lawyers and this led to further

acquaintances, among them young Canter. I could not help remarking the frequency with which I found his name in juxtaposition with hers in the published accounts of social functions, where "Mr. Canter led the cotillion with Miss Leigh," or "Mr. Canter drove his coach with Miss Leigh on the hox seat," etc., etc., and as my acquaintance began to extend among the young men about town, I heard more than occasional conjectures as to their future. It appeared to be accepted rather as a matter of course that the result lay entirely with the young man. It was a view that I fiercely rejected in my heart, but I could say nothing beyond a repudiation of such a view in general.

On one occasion when Canter and some episode in which he had figured as rather more defiant than usual of public opinion, came up, a young fellow, a lawyer named Wrigsby, said to another lawyer, a friend of his and an acquaintance of mine, "What is Jim going to do when he gets married? He'll have to give up his 'friends' then. He can't be running two establishments."

"Oh! Jim ain't going to get married. He's just fooling around."

"Bet you."

"Bet you—not now. He can't."

"Oh! he can pension her off."

"Her?—which her?"

"Well, all of 'em. If he don't get married soon, he won't be fit to marry."

It was here that I entered the conversation. They had not mentioned any name—they had been too gentlemanly to do so. But I knew whom they had in mind, and I was inwardly burning.

"He isn't fit to marry now," I said suddenly.

"What!" They both turned to me in surprise.

"No man who professes to be in love with any good woman," I said, "and lives as he lives is fit for any woman to marry. I am speaking generally," I added, to guard against the suspicion that I knew whom they referred to. "I know Mr. Canter but slightly; but what I say applies to him too."

"Oh! you'd cut out a good many," laughed one of the young men with a glance at his friend.

"No, gentlemen, I stand on my proposition. The man who is making love to a pure woman with a harlot's kisses on his lips is not worthy of either. He ought to be shot."

"There'd be a pretty big exodus if your views were carried out," said one of them.

"Well, I don't want to pose as any saint. I am no better than some other men; but, at least, I have some claim to decency, and that is fundamental. Your two-establishment gentry are no more nor less than a lot of thorough-paced blackguards."

They appeared to be somewhat impressed by my earnestness, even though they laughed at it. "There are a good many of them," they said. "Your friends, the Socialists——"

"Yes. I know. The ultra-Socialist's views I reprobate, but, at least, he is sincere. He is against any formal hard and fast contract, and his motive is, however erroneous, understandable. He believes it would result in an uplift—in an increase of happiness for all. He is, of course, hopelessly wrong. But here is a man who is debasing himself and others—all others—and, above all, the one he is pretending to exalt above all. I say he is a low-down scoundrel to do it. He is prostituting the highest sentiment man has ever imagined."

"Well, at any rate, you are vehement," said one.

"You've cut Jim out," said the other.

In view of this episode and of my knowledge of Mr. Canter, it was natural enough that I should be enraged to find him the escort of Eleanor Leigh, and I think my temper rather showed itself in the conversation which took place and which soon became general, partly because of the earnestness with which I expressed my views on the next subject which came up. The two or three young girls of the company had left at the same time with Miss Leigh, and the ladies who remained were, for the most part, married women of that indefinite age which follows youth after a longer or shorter interval. They had all travelled and seen a good deal of the world, and they knew a good deal of it, at least, some of them did and they thought that they knew more than they actually did know.

They were in the main a lot of smart and smartish women and their talk fell on modern conditions. They agreed with more unanimity than they had yet shown on any subject that America was hopelessly bourgeois. Listening to them, I rather agreed with them.

"Take our literature, our stage, our

novels," said one, a blonde lady of some thirty-five years, though she would have repudiated at least a lustrum and a half of the measure.

"You differentiate the literature and the novels?" I interrupted.

"Yes. I might—but—I mean the lot. How provincial they are!"

"Yes, they appear so. Well?"

"They do not dare to discuss anything large and vital."

"Oh! yes, they dare. They are daring enough, but they don't know how—they are stupid."

"No, they are afraid."

"Afraid? Of what?"

"Of public opinion—of the bourgeois so-called virtue of the middle class who control everything."

"That is the only valid argument I ever heard in favor of the bourgeois," I said.

"What do you mean? Don't you agree with me?"

"I certainly do not. I may not seek virtue and ensue it; but at least I revere it."

"Do you mean that you think we should not write or talk of anything—forbidden?"

"That depends on what you mean by forbidden. If you mean——"

"I think there should be no subject forbidden," interrupted the lady by whom I had sat at table, a stout and tightly laced person of some forty summers. "Why shouldn't I talk of any subject I please?" She seemed to appeal to me, so I answered her.

"I do not at this instant think of any reason except that it might not be decent."

This raised an uncertain sort of laugh and appeared for a moment to stagger her; but she was game, and rallied.

"I know—that is the answer I always get."

"Because it is the natural answer."

"But I want to know why? Why is it indecent?"

"Simply because it is. Indecent means unseemly. Your sex were slaves, they were weaker physically, less robust; they were made beasts of burden, were beaten and made slaves. Then men, for their own pleasure, lifted them up a little and paid court to them, and finally the idea and age of chivalry came—based on the high Christian morality. You were placed on a pinnacle. Men loved and fought for your favor and made it the guerdon of their

highest emprise, guarded you with a mist of adoration, gave you a halo, worshipped you as something cleaner and better and purer than themselves; built up a wall of division and protection for you. Why should you go and cast it down, fling it away, and come down in the mire and dust and dirt?"

"But I don't want to be adored—set up on a pedestal."

"Then you probably will not be," interrupted my deaf neighbor.

"I want to be treated as an equal—as an—an—intelligent being."

"I should think that would depend on yourself. I do not quite understand whom you wish to be the equal of—of men? Men are a very large class—some are very low indeed."

"Oh! You know what I mean—of course, I don't mean that sort."

"You mean gentlemen?"

"Certainly."

"Then I assure you you cannot discuss indecent subjects in mixed company; gentlemen never do. Nor write coarse books—gentlemen never do nowadays—nor discuss them either."

"Do you mean to say that great novelists never discuss such questions?" she demanded, triumphantly.

"No, but it is all in the manner—the motive. See how Scott or George Eliot handles such vital themes. How different their motive from the reeking putrescence of the problem-novel."

"Oh! dear! they must be very bad indeed!" exclaimed a lady.

"They are," suddenly put in my oldest neighbor, who had been listening intently with his hand behind his ear, "only you ladies don't know how bad they are or you would not discuss them with men."

XXXIII

THE RIOT AND ITS VICTIM

It is a terrible thing for a man with a wife and children to see them wasting away with sheer starvation, to hear his babes crying for bread and his wife weeping because she cannot get it for them. Some men in such a situation drown their sorrow in drink; others take a bolder course, and defy the law or the rules of their order.

The Railway Company, still being forced to run their cars, undertook to comply with the requirement, even though the protection of the police was withheld. They were instructed, indeed, to be present and keep the peace, but it was known to both sides that no real protection would be granted. Coll McSheen's order to the force bore this plainly on its face—so plainly that the conservative papers roundly denounced him for his hypocrisy, and for the first time began to side decisively with the Company.

The offer of increased wages to new men was openly scouted by the strikers generally. But in a few houses the situation was so terrible that the men yielded. One of these was the empty and fireless home of McNeil. The little Scotchman had had a bitter experience and had come through it victorious; but just as he was getting his head above water, the new strike had come—against his wishes and his vote. He had held on as long as he could—had held on till every article had gone—till his wife's poor underclothes and his children's clothes had gone for the few dollars they brought, and now he was face to face with starvation. He walked the streets day after day in company with a sad procession of haggard men hunting for work, but they might as well have hunted on the arctic floes or in the vacant desert. For every stroke of work there were a hundred men. The answer was everywhere the same: "We are laying men off; we are shutting down."

He returned home one night hungry and dejected to find his wife fainting with hunger and his children famished. "I will get you bread," he said to the children, and he turned and went out. I always was glad that he came to me that night, though I did not know till afterward what a strait he was in. I did not have much to lend him, but I lent him some.

"I will pay it back, sir, out of my first wages. I am going to work to-morrow."

"I am glad of that," I said, for I thought he had gotten a place.

The next morning at light McNeil walked through the pickets who shivered outside the car-barn, and entered the sheds just as their shouts of derision and anger reached him. "I have come to work," he said simply. "My children are hungry."

The first car came out that morning, and

on the platform stood McNeil, glum and white and grim, with a stout officer behind him. It ran down by the pickets, meeting with jeers and cries of "Scab! scab!" and a fusillade of stones; but as the hour was early the crowd was a small one, and the car escaped. It was some two hours later when the car reappeared on its return. The news that a scab was running the car had spread rapidly, and the street near the terminus had filled with a crowd wild with rage and bent on mischief. As the car turned into a street it ran into a crowd that had been increasing for an hour and now blocked the way. An obstruction placed on the track brought the car to a stop as a roar burst from the crowd and a rush was made for the scab. The officer on the car used his stick with vigor enough, but the time had passed when one officer with only a club could hold back a crowd. He was jerked off the platform, thrown down, and trampled underfoot. The car was boarded, and McNeil, fighting like a fury, was dragged out and mauled to death before any other officers arrived. When the police, in answer to a riot-call, reached the spot a quarter of an hour later and dispersed the mob, it looked as if the sea had swept over the scene. The car was overturned and stripped to a mere broken shell; and on the ground a hundred paces away lay the battered and mutilated trunk of what had been a man trying to make bread for his children, while a wild cry of hate and joy at the deed raged about the street.

The men who were arrested easily proved that they were simply onlookers and had never been within fifty feet of the car.

The riot made a fine story for the newspapers, and the headlines were glaring. The victim's name was spelled according to the fancy of the reporter for each paper, and was only actually discovered two days later. The press, except the *Courier*, while divided in its opinion on many points, combined in its denouncement of the murder of the driver, and called on the city authorities to put down violence.

Moved by the similarity of the name to my friend McNeil, I walked over that afternoon to that part of the city where he had lived. It was one of the poorest streets of the poor section. The street on which I had lived at the old Drummer's, with its little hearth-rug yards, was as much better

than it as the most fashionable avenue was better than that.

The sidewalks were filled with loafers, men and women who wore the gloomiest or surliest looks. As I passed slowly along, trying to read the almost obliterated numbers, I caught fragments of their conversation. A group of them, men and women, were talking about the man who had been killed and his family. The universal assertion was that it served him right, and his family, too. I gleaned from their talk that the family had been boycotted even after he was dead, and that he had had to be buried by the city, and, what was more, that the cruel ostracism still went on against his family.

"Ay-aye', let 'em starve, we'll teach 'em to take the bread out of our mouths," said one woman, while another told gleefully of her little boy throwing stones at the girl as she came home from outside somewhere. She had given him a cake for doing it. The others applauded both of these. The milk of human kindness appeared to be frozen in their breasts.

"Much good it will do you! Do you get any more money for doing it?" said an old man with round shoulders and a thin face; but even he did not seem to protest on account of the cruelty. It was rather a snarl. Two or three young men growled at him; but he did not appear afraid of them; he only snarled back.

I asked one of the men which house was the one I was seeking. He told me, while half a dozen hooted something about the "scab."

When I came to the door pointed out I had no difficulty in recognizing it. The panels and sides were "daubed" up with mud, which still stuck in many places, showing the persecution which had been carried on. Inside, I never saw a more deplorable sight. The poor woman who came to the door, her face drawn with pain and white with terror, and her eyes red with weeping, would not apparently have been more astonished to have found a ghost on the steps. She gave a hasty, frightened glance up the street in both directions and moaned her distress.

"Won't you step inside?" she asked, more to get the door closed between her and the terror of the street than out of any other feeling; and when I was inside, she asked

me over again what I wanted. She could not take in that I had called out of charity; she appeared to think that it was some sort of official visit. When she found out, however, that such was my object, the effect was instantaneous. At first she could not speak at all; but after a little she was calm enough and poured out all her woes. She went over anew how her husband had come over from Scotland several years before and they had been quite comfortably fixed. How he had gotten work, and had belonged to the union, and they had done well. He had, however, been obliged by the union to strike, and they had spent all the money they had, and in addition to that had gotten into debt. So, when the strike was over, although he obtained work again, he was in debt, and the harassment of it made him ill. Then how he had come North to find work and had had a similar experience. All this I knew. It was just then that her last baby was born and that her little boy died, and the daughter of the employer of her husband was so kind to her, that when her husband got well again, there was talk of a strike to help others who were out, and she made him resign from the union. Here she broke down. Presently, however, she recovered her composure. They had come to her then, she said, and told her they would ruin him.

"But I did not think they would kill him, sir," she sobbed. "He tried to get back, but Wringman kept him out."

There was not a lump of coal in the house; but her little girl had gone for some cinders, while she minded the baby. She had to go where she was not known—a long way, she said—as the children would not let her pick any where she used to get them.

When I came out I found that it had turned many degrees colder during the short time I was in the house, and the blast cut like a knife. The loafers on the street had thinned out under the piercing wind; but those who yet remained jeered as I passed on. I had not gotten very far when I came on a child, a little girl, coming along. She was bending almost double under the weight of a bag of cinders, and before I reached her my sympathy was excited by the sight of her poor little bare hands and wrists, which were almost blue with cold. Her head was tucked down to keep her face

from cutting the wind, and when I came nearer I heard her crying—not loud; but rather wailing to herself.

“What is the matter, little girl?” I asked.

“My hands are so cold—Oh! Oh! Oh!” she sobbed.

“Here, let me warm them.” I took the bag and set it down, and took her little ashy hands in mine to try and warm them, and then for the first time I discovered that it was my little girl, Janet. She was so changed that I scarcely knew her. Her little pinched face was covered with ashes. Her hands were ice. When I had gotten some warmth into them I took off my gloves and put them on her, and I picked up her bag and carried it back for her. My hands nearly froze, but somehow I did not mind it. I had such a warm feeling about my heart. I wonder men don’t often take off their gloves for little poor children.

I marched with her through the street near her house, expecting to be hooted at, and I should not have minded it; for I was keyed up and could have fought an army. But no one hooted. If they looked rather curiously at me, they said nothing.

As I opened the door to leave, on the steps stood my young lady. It is not often that a man opens a door and finds an angel on the step outside; but I did it that evening. I should not have been more surprised if I had found a real one. But if one believes that angels never visit men, these days, he should have seen Eleanor Leigh as she stood there. She did not appear at all surprised. Her eyes looked right into mine, and I took courage enough to look into hers for an instant. I have never forgotten them. They were like deep pools, clear and bottomless, filled with light. She did not look at all displeased and I did not envy St. Martin.

“How do you do, Mr. Glave?” It was quite as if she had expected to find me there—and she had. She had seen me stop

little Janet and put the gloves on her. She was on her way to the house, and she had stopped and waited, and then had followed us. I did not know this until long afterward; but I asked her to let me wait and see her home, and so I did.

That walk was a memorable one to me. When I put her on the car, she was so good as to say her father would be glad to see me some time at their home, and I thought she spoke with just the least little shyness, which made me hope that she herself would not be sorry.

When I left her, I went to see my old Drummer, and told him of the outrages which had been perpetrated on the poor woman. It was worth while seeing him. He was magnificent. As long as I was talking only of the man, he was merely acquiescent, uttering his “Ya, Ya,” irresponsively over his beer; but when I told him of the woman and children, he was on his feet in an instant—“Tamming te strikers and all teir vorks.” He seized his hat and big stick, and pouring out gutturals so fast that I could not pretend to follow him, ordered me to show him the place. As he strode through the streets, I could scarcely keep up with him. His stick rang on the frozen pavement like a challenge to battle. And when he reached the house he was immense. He was suddenly transformed. No mother could have been tenderer, no father more protecting. He gathered up the children in his great arms, and petted and soothed them; his tone, a little while before so ferocious, now as soft and gentle as the low velvet bass of his great drum. I always think of the Good Shepherd now as something like him that evening; rugged as a rock, gentle as a zephyr. He would have taken them all to his house and adopted them if the woman would have let him. His heart was bigger than his house. He seemed to have filled all the place; to have made it a fortress.


(To be concluded.)

THE OLD THINGS

By Edith Rickert

Author of "The Cry of the Soil," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH

"O Kathie's coming home, is she?" said Judge Lamb. "Well, well, who'd have thought it after more than twenty years of Europe! It's a pretty sudden move, eh? By the look of you, I should say you had something to do with it, young man."

"Oh, no," answered Jerry Fetterling modestly, "I only pointed out what was the matter with her."

"And what was the matter?"

"Well, to put it figuratively, her roots were thirsty for her native soil."

"Humph! Did you tell her that the old homestead was to be sold?"

"Yes, I told her that. Perhaps she means to buy it and—well, settle in."

"Alone?"

"As to that I can't say," said Jerry, with a touch of color in his brown face. "But I hope——"

"Oh, you hope!" said the Judge, sardonically. "I see."

The young engineer looked worried: "I wish I did!"

Then one day in mid-April Katherine Brodie arrived, in a whirl of snow that bowed down the blossoming apple trees. She was not met at the station, for she had sent no word of her coming, being anxious to steal back into her old place and get the home feeling again before any one should know that she was there.

As the train moved away, she stood apart on the platform, looking rather wistfully from face to face. They were all strange to her and yet now and again one was oddly familiar, as if it belonged to some kindred of the people she had known many years before.

The station was much like her memory picture of it, but smaller and dingier. It looked as if its walls had not been painted or its stove blacked since she left Centre-ville; while even the square wooden spit-

toons seemed to hold the accumulations of years. The one "hack" had the same musty blue curtains that she remembered, only the driver was strange. The street leading up into the town was horrible, as she had seen it before, with a mixture of mud and snow and grit from the blast-furnace; and the growth of the town seemed to be marked chiefly by an increase of tin cans and advertising boards in the vacant lots.

When the hack had creaked and splashed round the corner by the post office, Katherine shut her eyes for a moment, afraid to look at the old homestead in which three generations of her family had lived and died. Then, with a leap of the heart, she realized that it was not so changed. To be sure, the brickwork looked dingy and the garden unkempt over against the new hotel that now hid the river and the canal, and a *For Sale* sign hung on the front gate; but the steep gable, like that of a Dutch farmhouse, the little Gothic porch, the shady front yard with its shrubs along the fence, and the kitchen standing apart from the house, were, at first glance, most comfortingly the same. Yet even as she lingered there, the disillusionment began: a broad walk had replaced the tan-bark path, the flowering quince under which she used to lie and sing and dream and catch lady-birds in the tall striped grass, had disappeared, and the old peach tree from which she used secretly to collect the only chewing-gum she ever knew—the peach was plainly a maple!

The kitchen door opened and a woman came out, shielding her face with a shawl against the wind. Katherine gave a little cry because the gesture was so familiar and the face was both altered and showed no sign of recognition until she herself called out, "Sophie." Then only some look or trick of the voice brought back memory, so that she was welcomed home by the old woman who had served three generations in that house.

Strange enough was Katherine's first question: "Sophie, it *was* a peach tree, wasn't it?" And when Sophie had made out her meaning, she answered: "I mind it was struck by lightning, and your grandfather set out a young maple, the very day he was took bad. It was the last tree he planted."

"Twenty years ago," murmured Katherine, and found herself wringing her hands.

There was the white-pillared, brick-floored veranda, but the great settle with its green chintz cover was gone; and she had no heart to look up among the rafters for her old swing. . . .

Suddenly she gave a little piteous cry that brought Sophie to her side: "Where is the well?"

"We've had the town water laid on this ten years and more," was the proud answer. "Your Aunt Esther always liked to keep things up as long as she lived. It's only since . . . perhaps whoever buys the place . . . but your grandfather wouldn't have liked to see it in strange hands, would he? . . . The trunk is in, and I'll be getting you some supper, if you don't mind being by yourself a little."

But Katherine scarcely heard. The well was filled up—the deep well which, as a child, she used to believe, went through the earth so that there was always a thrilling chance that a pig-tailed Chinaman might be hauled up in the bucket. It was choked and grass grew over its grave! With an aching sense of loss, she turned the knob of the sitting-room door.

The place was already in twilight and the furniture was indistinct, but the air, or the shadowy outlines of the walls, or something less definable gave Katherine a sudden feeling of home; and she dropped into a chair, shutting her eyes to keep back tears of relief. Sitting thus, she found that she remembered perfectly the ordering of the room: in front of her would be the square old-fashioned fireplace with its high-backed squiggly flower-vases; under the window must be the huge mahogany sofa; behind her chair, her grandmother's tall bureau with the landscape-faced clock atop, and in the far corner should stand the old yellow cupboard that, Dutch-fashion, held all the family treasures, books and sewing baskets and toys and "goodies." Nay, her

memory served to replace the look and position of each chair and table, and of the very pictures on the walls. The rocker in which she was sitting—surely, yes, it stood by the fireplace—would be that in which grandfather had often crooned her to sleep.

But even as she realized that her hands were resting on unfamiliar plush, and not on the old wooden chair-arms, Sophie came in with a lamp; and the room that whirled before Katherine's dazed eyes was strange enough. The old hunting-scene wall-paper had been replaced by a modern "art" design, the fireplace had been boarded in and served merely as background to a glittering base-burner, and all the old mahogany furniture had been supplanted by spindle-legs and "art" tapestries.

"Your Aunt Esther always liked things up to date," said Sophie proudly, and added that supper was ready.

That night, Katherine cried herself to sleep with a feeling of utter desolation. All these years she had lived with Aunt Nina across the seas, not dreaming that her life was futile until Jerry Fetterling came and explained her likeness to a transplanted tree that had never taken proper root. But for him, she thought in some anger, by this time she might have been married to Thomas Hayward. Then she remembered how Jerry had said, "Couldn't call him Tom, could you?" and her anger melted into a faint gratitude that this fate at least she had escaped. But, nevertheless, she was passionately disappointed. Her sense of vague unrest had found relief in the thought that what she needed was to come home and take root among the old things; and now she was here, and the old things had vanished down the stream of the years.

In the morning she had a visitor before she had left the breakfast-table—Jerry Fetterling. He had brushed past Sophie without ceremony:

"I had to be the first. It's all over the town, though, that you're back. I heard it on my way to the office. Is that cup of coffee for me? It will taste better than your English tea, I guess. And how does it feel to be here? Pretty good?"

"Hateful!" she said bitterly. "The old things are all gone!"

He was clearly puzzled: "What things?"



She was not met at the station, for she had sent no word of her coming.—Page 483.

“I mean that this place is all changed and there’s nobody left but Sophie, and what on earth can I do with myself?”

“But you knew all that before you came, didn’t you?”

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“Oh, you wouldn’t understand! It was foolish of me, of course; but I had a feeling that if I came back here where I was so happy as a child—perhaps something of it—the old joy, I mean—might return! But

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there's only the empty shell left of everything I loved!"

"Give yourself time—give yourself a little time," he urged.

But she remained uncomfortable: "Time won't bring *them* back."

He did not know exactly to what the "them" referred, but he thought it safe to say: "No, but it will help you to settle in and find things natural. You'll do it fast enough. I know how I felt for the first week or two after I came home from Europe; then I buckled down to work and was all right."

"It's different with you," she said sorrowfully. "You had your work. But whatever shall I find to do in this place?"

He leaned his elbow on the table and his chin in his hand, studying her a while before he answered: "What did you do in the Old World? Eat and sleep and dress and go to church and shows and parties, and read a bit and make calls? . . . They do all those things here."

She shook her head with soft persistence: "You don't understand the difference."

Still he looked at her, studying her delicate, piquant face, her graceful ease of speech and manner, her neutral-tinted gown; and he admitted presently: "Yes, I think I do—more or less. But we're all human here just the same. You'll give us a fair trial, won't you?"

"Oh, I came to do that," she said.

He attempted argument: "You see, after all, you belong here as much as I do."

But she would not agree to that: "Your people are still alive!"

He tried a forlorn sort of humor: "Well, you'll find this town isn't as dead as you seem to think, and you've no end of cousins!"

"Ah, cousins," she answered remotely, and angered him.

"Good Lord!" he retorted with some heat. "If you can't find any other occupation, you might just set to work to civilize the place!"

She was even more tantalizing when she lifted softly reproachful eyes to his, saying: "Oh, Jerry, Jerry! See what you have got me into!"

He pushed back his chair and walked away to the window, returned and stood leaning over her, red but determined: "If you treat me that way again, I shall call you

Kathie, and you must make the best of it!" A good deal more was to be read in his face than his words implied.

She bit her lip, frowned, then smiled, finally said: "I never can remember that you are grown up, or take you quite seriously."

He did not unbend: "You said something of the sort in London; and—it's a pretty serious matter for me."

She was suddenly penitent: "I'm sorry—I"—and could go no further.

"Never mind," said he. "You either will or you won't—the Lord knows which; and I suppose I shall, some day!" Thereupon he departed abruptly, almost without leave-taking.

Very soon after, Judge Lamb hurried in: "Well, Kathie, well! Glad to see you! But you might have wired. It's been a long time since you went away. Are you really going to buy the old place and settle in and—marry somebody here?"

She reddened with anger: "Who told you all that?"

"Nobody. Guessed it," said he, with a twinkle, adding: "You might do worse."

She was appeased and granted: "Yes, perhaps I might do worse. But indeed—it was only that I was homesick for—the old things; and just now I miss more those that are gone than I care for those that are left."

The Judge did not pursue this theme, but said reflectively: "I never could understand this business of running away from your own country. It's good enough for me. Plenty of breathing space and plenty of money, if you've your wits about you. Come now, honestly, tell me what you find over there—across the pond—that we can't give you?"

"Nothing," said she, "and everything. I'm afraid I can't explain. It's not that there's more to live upon—but more—well, art of living."

"And what do you mean by 'art of living'?" asked her cousin, very sceptical.

"I suppose," said she, feeling sure that he would not understand, "it's a question of atmosphere, of relative values. You learn to eliminate the obvious, and to appreciate differences of—of proportion and delicate shades of meaning—and all that——"

"Kathie," interrupted Judge Lamb, "I'm a plain man and I don't know what you're talking about. All I can say is, we'd



They were keyed into an expectation of having soon to deal with her as one of the family.—Page 489.

be mighty glad to have you stay with us; but if you feel like that, I'm afraid you don't belong here."

"But then," said she, lifting troubled eyes, "I don't belong there *quite*. There's not much difference—oh, it's infinitesimal, but it exists—I feel it, and they feel it, the English, and I'm afraid it will never vanish. And if I come back here, there's more than

twenty years of England to live down—you see——"

"Well," said the Judge, "you know you're welcome to stay in the old house as long as you like—unless an unexpected purchaser should turn up; and in that case we shall always be glad to have you at our place. The family will be descending on you soon. I must be off. . . .



"It's very—hard on the woman—when the man is—stupid or—shy."—Page 490.

You'll have to put up with a lot of callers, I guess."

Her cousin was right. All Centreville came; at least, all the women, in their best clothes of the latest fashion but one; and they talked politely of the great world with which Katherine was familiar, and showed as much acquaintance as possible with Royalty and Nobility and Places of Interest; and they invited her to come and see their babies and to attend club meetings and church suppers; and even, as they grew better acquainted, offered to teach her the latest thing in fancy work.

It was a slow and—to Katherine—dreary business, bridging over the gaps, social and intellectual, between Centreville and London. More than once during the first week, she was on the point of cabling to Aunt Nina that she would return. She went to various club meetings, admired all the babies, attended dutifully to the

fancy work, imparted such knowledge as she had of the world of dress outside, and won for herself a degree of popularity—with reserves. Centreville felt that she did not give herself with the heartiness that might be expected of Deacon Brodie's daughter; while she, in turn, conscious that many things in which she was interested, would be as unintelligible as Sanskrit to her neighbors, felt bound to keep safely within the narrow circle of each day for itself. It was a positive relief one afternoon, when Jerry Fetterling came to drive her out to his home. To him at least she could talk freely.

She waited with eagerness for his quick "Well, how are things going?"

"Not at all," she answered, shaking her head sadly. "It won't do, I'm afraid. But I'm giving it a fair trial."

"Centreville?" said Jerry, and added with unusual grimness: "I hope it is properly grateful."

"Don't be sarcastic," she pleaded. "I want to talk to you—reasonably."

"Very well," said he, still not without bitterness. "Sarcasm is unreasonable, isn't it?—in a place as—what's the word?—primitive as Centreville." Before she could answer, they came out on the river-bank, with the open hills beyond. "Anyway," said he, "it's nice country, isn't it? You know all about that sort of thing; and it doesn't change."

"But," she protested, with her pretty smile, "one can't live by scenery alone."

And again he was stirred to anger: "You seem to think we are altogether impossible! Is human nature so different in England?"

"If you were impossible," she appeased him, "should I be talking to you like this? But those women!"

Her challenge irritated him, and yet he scarcely knew how to set about the defence. "I knew you were different," he said, moodily flicking his whip. "Of course I knew that—and yet I hoped. . . . You must have something in common with them, if you could only find it out!"

"Oh!" she cried, in grieved protest that he should place her so apart; but he would not retract. "I suppose your place is over there!"

And after that there was an uncomfortable silence between them until they reached the hollow in the wood where she looked to find the square brown house of which Jerry had spoken to her in London. For a moment, she thought that her memory had failed her, then she saw that somebody—Jerry, no doubt—had been busy with paint-pot and additions until the old-fashioned homestead was become a gingerbread villa. Within, it was no better. He had spared no expense on carpets and curtains, suites of furniture and sets of books—all harmless, uninteresting, and expensive. All savor of individuality had been carefully removed. The worst of it was, she had a haunting suspicion that this renovation which had come about recently, was a piteous attempt to be more in accord with her own ideals; and she had a momentary impulse to run away to the other end of the world.

Nor had Jerry confined his efforts to his home. He had persuaded his father from cowhide and homespun into broadcloth and patent leather, his mother to lay aside

the gingham apron that alone might have afforded solace to her idle hands; he had encouraged his little sister into finery and had given her unwisely of art jewelry.

They were all very nervous, very anxious and very stiff until Katherine began to talk of Jerry; and then they unbent to an alarming degree. She could see all too plainly, whether by his fault or their own shrewd guessing, they were keyed into an expectation of having soon to deal with her as one of the family. Her indignation was turned into amusement when she saw the discomfort on Jerry's face; he deserved the punishment, she thought.

They had scarcely turned back out of the lane, on the drive back into town, when he faced her with a quick "So that's a failure, too!"

She chose to misunderstand him: "You should have left them as they were."

It was his turn to look bewildered: "What?"

"Your home—your people. You've only made them unnatural and unhappy. Forgive me—I know I'm impertinent."

It was a long time before he answered. She glanced at him shyly several times. His face was hard-set, as she could see even in the twilight; but she had no clue to his thought until he broke out with: "There! I hope that's over! I saw the moment you entered the house what a — fool I'd been! We're different, you and I—as different as Centreville and London. But it can't go on, you know."

"What can't?" she asked gently.

"I mean, they're not your sort, my folks. I'm not your sort. What's the good of my going on worshipping the very ground you tread on?"

If he had presumed the least bit, undoubtedly she would have been quick to feel the force of his reasoning; but his complete renunciation made her, being a woman, perverse. However, he had small comfort from her state of mind—nothing more than a glimpse of a handkerchief pressed to an averted face.

"Don't fret about it; it's not your fault," he said, after a long silence.

And again, when they were near Centreville; "There are some things past a man's altering."

And still further, when he drew up at the door of her house: "I hope you—don't

mind what I said. It was rather an outbreak and—I'm ashamed. I'd been castle-building—without any foundation, it seems, and I must ask you to forgive that, too." He hesitated just a moment, then as she said nothing, added, "Good-night," and would have turned away.

He was arrested by a curious little sound as of a hasty intake of breath; and looking at her suddenly, found thickly gathered tears in her eyes.

"Will you come in?" she stammered in confusion; and after a moment, he tied up his horse and followed her into the big parlor with its amber-shaded lamp.

She was standing by the table, drawing off her gloves; and for all her invitation, she seemed to find nothing to say.

He broke the silence by taking up one of the long suède things and spreading it between his fingers: "This would look mighty out of place in my old home."

A sudden gleam of laughter crossed her trouble: "Not as your home is now. That is what is the matter. You've tried to put your family into suède gloves and they don't fit. You should have kept to the old

things. . . . I should have liked it all as—as you told me about it—over there."

He was very pale, even in the ruddy light, and with great difficulty managed to get out: "What am I to understand?"

She turned away her face, saying almost inaudibly: "It's very—hard on the woman—when the man is—stupid or—shy."

Thereupon he went round the table and seizing her elbow, drew her, not strongly resisting, within the circle of light. In sheer nervousness she went on: "Sometimes people put a false value on—things. I wanted to come back to the old life—not the furniture; and all that gave it a value is gone. I wanted—but I didn't know it until to-day—what——"

Then he was not so stupid: "Could I possibly give it to you, do you think?"

She only smiled by way of answer; but in her eyes and on her lips he read invitation.

And when presently he said: "I can't believe it yet. When I remember how you feel about the old things——"

"But, Jerry," she interrupted softly, "isn't love the oldest thing in the world?"

HOW LIKE THE ROSE

By Thomas Walsh

How like the rose to bloom a day
 And leave but memory behind
 Of where among the thorns she twined,
 Frail visitant who might not stay.
 What godhead grants the thorns delay
 To riot in their native clay,
 While beauty passes on the wind,
 How like the rose!
 Ah, whither must she thus away
 Whose embassy hath been so kind
 That Love none other voice would find
 Than hers to warn our hearts and say,
 How like the rose!

THE TRUE IMPRESSIONISM IN ART

By Birge Harrison



WHEN instantaneous photography was first discovered some thirty years ago, high hopes were entertained of it by the artists. It was thought, for instance, that it would prove of inestimable value to such painters as Meissonier and Schreyer, men who delighted to portray the horse in violent action. But to the surprise of everybody these great expectations were not realized. At first the artists themselves were puzzled to account for this, and to explain why the curiously contorted attitudes now disclosed for the first time conveyed so little the impression of motion. But when the instantaneous photographs were subjected to a process of elimination and selection it was discovered that there were practically only two instants in the stride of the galloping horse that conveyed any idea of rapid flight to the human eye. The first of these was at the very beginning of the stride, when, with all four legs hunched together under the belly, the animal was preparing for the forward leap; and the second was at the end of the impulse, when, with legs outstretched to the limit, the horse was ready to take the ground again for another stride. Both of these periods, it will be seen, were the instants of *arrest of motion*—instants when the human eye could readily seize the action without the intervention of the kodak. Then at last was perceived the fundamental law which underlay the phenomena: the human eye and the human brain behind it declined to accept as a symbol of motion anything which the eye had not been able to see for and by itself unaided. In this case, of course, it was only during the two instants of arrest of motion that the eye had been able to note the position of the horse's limbs. And these two positions of comparative inaction had, through long association, become to us the permanent and fixed symbols of action in the racing horse. The kodak had, indeed, revealed hitherto unsuspected facts and aspects of motion, but the eye would have none of them and clung only to that which was visual.

It was this experience with the earliest kodaks which finally made plain the reason why, from time out of mind, artists desiring to convey the concept of motion had instinctively chosen the end or the beginning of the stroke or impulse—the axe poised in mid-air for its downward sweep, or the stroke completed in the heart of the tree—the lifting wave poised for the fall, or the breaker that had crashed to its turbulent end upon the beach.

Shortly, also, it began to be seen that the marine painter who depended upon the kodak for his drawing lost all sense of motion in his waves; that the wind-blown drapery of a photograph was nearly as rigid as a sheet of crumpled tin; that the impression, in fact, which the eye received from nature was not that which was rendered by the camera; and that therefore the human brain could never accept the photograph as a thoroughly satisfactory transcript of nature.

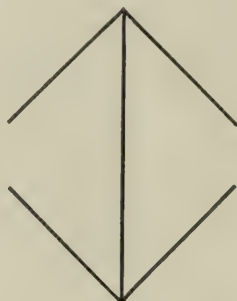
It is to be feared that the hopes which are at present being built upon color photography are doomed to like disappointment, for the simple reason that the photographic lens in no way resembles the lens of the human eye. The very fact that it is a more perfect instrument is against it. It gives us scientific facts; and scientific facts are generally artistic lies. Art has nothing to do with things as they are, but only with things as they *appear* to be, with the visual not the actual, with impressions not with realities. It is a scientific fact, for instance, that trees are green, and yet it is only under the rarest combination of favoring circumstances that a tree is really green to the visual sense. It is much more likely to be pearly gray or royal purple or rich amber or sapphire blue, according as it happens to be seen under the pale effulgence of dawn, the shimmering blaze of noonday, the golden glow of sunset, or the azure mystery of night. And it is the same with every other landscape feature under the great blue arch of heaven. Each rock, each tree, each waving field of grain has, of course, its fixed and definite local color, but the *appearance* of each of these objects changes a thousand times a day. And

it is with this equation—this fleeting, intangible, ever-shifting, ever-varying *appearance* that artists have to do. The facts of nature are to him nothing, the mood everything.

By an ironical chance he has it in his power to convince the most uncompromis-



No. 1.



No. 2.

ing and unimaginative scientific purist of the truth of his statement that the most unquestionable facts of science are often the most shameless of visual lies—and this by the simplest sort of a *scientific* demonstration. In the diagram on this page two upright lines of equal length are traced side by side and near enough together to allow of easy visual comparison. To No. 1 have been affixed at top and bottom a pair of divergent wings extending upward and downward away from the centre. To No. 2 the same wings have been affixed, but their direction has been reversed so that they extend toward the centre of the diagram instead of away from it.

Now, no amount of didactic statement will convince the human eye that those two central lines are of the same length. Here the scientific fact has certainly become a visual lie. If an artist should by any chance be using these two forms as units in a decorative frieze wherein it was essential that they should be of the same length, he would unhesitatingly lengthen the central line of No. 2 and shorten that of No. 1 so that visually they would become equal; and in so doing he would be telling the truth in his own way; whereas had he allowed the foot-rule to control him he would have been guilty of an artistic lie.

The Greek architects observing that the horizontal architrave surmounting the columns on their temples appeared to sag, corrected the fault by giving their architrave a slightly upward arch, thus, by means of a curve, securing a straight line; or at least a line which was architecturally and *visually* straight.

Here, then, clearly lies the division line between science and art—the one gives us actual truths, the other visual truths; the one facts, the other moods, impressions, visions; each in its place admirable, each ministering to one of the two great needs of humanity—the physical and the spiritual. If only a pact could be signed between them, by the terms of which each should agree to abide peaceably within the bounds of its own legitimate sphere, all would be well. But alas! science is a conscienceless freebooter. So much the sturdier of the two, he encroaches constantly on the domain of art; insists on recognition where he has no right to a hearing, and monopolizes the whole front of the stage. Even the artists are unable to escape his importunities; and the younger ones especially are often misled and lured to a false allegiance.

This is small wonder, of course, when you remember that ever since the day of our birth we have been storing our minds with thousands upon thousands of facts—very useful facts, too, in their way, facts whose possession and unconscious use are essential to our very physical existence. But when, as artists, we go into the open to study and to dream, they become as poison in our nostrils, they rise before us like a miasma, a deadly cloud that obscures the whole face of nature, so that we see the landscape not as it is but as we have been taught to see it in some former stage of existence.

Among the facts that have thus been clamped upon us there are two, alas, which have been learned by everybody—that trees are green and that the sky is blue. It matters not that the sky is often pale green or violet or pearl gray or opal; blue it is painted forever and forever, and the trees are painted green. And these blue and green monstrosities find not only a ready sale but much loving appreciation. There are in the world so many others who, as children, learned that the sky is blue and the trees are green, and who have never

since opened their eyes. To tell the truth, so strong is the hold upon us of these early traditions that it takes many years of the severest training to overcome them. In many cases, and not infrequently in the case of some truly great painter, the fifty-year mark is chalked up against him before the scales fall utterly from his eyes and he is able at length to look out straight before him with a vision that is clear and unobscured. Take my word for it, technic is not the difficult thing in art. Any reasonably capable youth can readily master all of the technical problems in existence in a few short months, but it requires many a long and weary year to learn to see.

And to think that but for those stored-up facts it would all have been so easy. If painters, gazing upon nature could only look forth with the simplicity of a new-born child, which opens its eyes for the first time on a fresh and virgin world, the principal problem of art would be solved in an instant. Give us, oh Lord, to see, and we shall find the means of expression. It is a simple platitude to say that an artist can always paint as much as he sees. All of the fumbling and struggle and hard work connected with a picture comes of the effort to see just a little more, just a little better. Technic truly is mere child's play. It is a question, moreover, if too much of it is not a serious handicap to any artist—if it does not tend to degrade him to the level of the mere handicrafts man. At any rate, it is quite certain, as Millet so truly said, that technic should never open shop for itself; should always hide modestly behind the idea to be expressed. In the work of his own great period, the technic is so rough as to prove conclusively his contempt for mere surface quality. And this crudity must have been voluntary. We may go even further and say that it must have been *intentional*, for, in his own brilliant youth there were none so clever, none so *habile* as he. In the case of our own Winslow Homer, also, the thing to be said is often so vital, the vision so clear-cut, that although the paint is simply flung at the canvas we don't care a fig. The mood has been rendered—the thing has been said—the message has carried, and we do not stop to consider the phraseology.

But, as I have before intimated, each painter must look at all times out of his

own eyes and not through the eyes of his brother. In fact, in the modern scheme of things the artist is the last rank individualist to survive. For him the merger and the combination spell ruin. Again we insist and insist yet once again that the very essence and marrow of art is personality. Any surrender of personality, therefore, can lead to but one goal,—the abyss of artistic decay.

Under these circumstances it becomes interesting to inquire just how much the young painter may accept with safety from his master; in what manner he may best acquire the thorough and intimate knowledge of technic which is so essential to his success, without sacrifice of that personal integrity which is still more essential. Let us at once concede the fact that there is no perfect system of art instruction. Admitting this much, there is no possible question that the system most nearly approaching the ideal is that which has the great art school or institution for its central idea. To begin with, students learn much more from each other than they do from their masters. The constant attrition and stimulation, the wholesome emulation of the school keep every mental fibre on the full jump, every nerve alive and tingling. The progress made by each helps the other forward. The student sees here a technical point, there a trick or an idea, and, like the young barbarian that he is, he promptly appropriates these all to his own use. And this is just so much to the good, for the callow cub is putting on technic much as a young animal puts on flesh.

The system has only one serious drawback. The tendency of all schools is to develop *a school*. This is bad, because the whole intent of art training should be to develop individual artists, each differing from the other to the full breadth and extent of personal temperament. The danger, it is true, arises only toward the end of the school period, when the cub's eyes are at last open and they are beginning to "take notice of things about them." But it is nevertheless a very genuine and menacing danger which is to be guarded against and combated in every way possible.

When, in the course of human events, it came my turn to fulfil the universal duty of the older to the younger generation, I had this danger writ large before me. One day

there came the inevitable little deputation of students asking if the master would kindly consent to paint a study before the class, "just to indicate to them the way he would go about it" to obtain this effect or that. My reply, I remember, was somewhat brusque. "Not on your life," I said. "I will tell you all that I know of the fundamental principles which underlie all good art and which are everywhere and eternally the same. I will tell you also as much as I, personally, know of the infinite variety of technical methods which abound in oil painting, and from which it is yours to select at will such as may best suit the temperament and the personal point of view of each of your number. But I will never do you the unkind service of putting you in the way to imitate a technic which, though serviceable to me, personally, would no more fit your æsthetic needs than would an old coat of mine fit your body. Remember that art is nature *as the artist sees it*, and it is no more possible for two human beings to see nature in the same way than for the same two people to have exactly similar features. As our brains vary, so does our point of view. Cling desperately to your own vision, therefore. Accept no advice, take no criticism that does not harmonize with it. In this way only can you hope to be original. Turn the mind to nature like a mirror and let it reflect exactly what is thrown upon it. He who attempts to improve upon nature either lacks good judgment or is endowed with a conceit so colossal that there is no health in him.

"Be reverent before nature and honest with yourself and your art will ring true every time. All of you, it is true, will not sing the song of the nightingale because you were not all born nightingales; but the blackbird's lay is sweet, and the thrush and the oriole fill the woods with melody. Even the homely robin and the linnet have modest little notes of their own which are pleasant to the ear of a dewy April morning. Of all the songsters in creation there is only one, I believe, whose lay is universally condemned—and that is the parrot."

The greater the artist, I think, the more certain is he to cling religiously to nature, not only for his inspiration, but for the actual *material* of his creations. Rodin not long since said to an interviewer, "All my attention as an artist is devoted to reprodu-

cing exactly that which I see in nature. I do not endeavor to 'express something.' Those who have a preconceived idea—an inspiration as they call it—are seldom able to render their ideal. Those, on the contrary, who charm us by their talent have done nothing throughout the ages but reproduce nature. They copy as closely as ever they can the most beautiful, the most admirable, the most perfect thing in the world—which is nature."

This does not mean, however, that an artist must necessarily be a mere machine, that he has no intellectual liberty of choice in regard to what he shall represent and how he shall represent it. Art includes every object of intrinsic beauty that was ever created by man; the Turkish rug, the Chinese ceramic, the Moorish carving, the Japanese color print, and the Gothic cathedral are just as truly art in the highest sense as the Greek marble or the modern oil painting. But there are certain limits beyond which an artist may not step; and all art which has attained to greatness has been the sincere expression, not only of the individual artist, but of the race to which he belongs, and the epoch in which he lives. It will not do for Americans to make Oriental rugs or Japanese color prints; and we have all seen and deplored the Japanese attempt to assimilate and reproduce our own Occidental art—have shuddered, indeed, at the brilliant and hollow shell without a soul as at the work of some Frankenstein of art. Is it not enough for us to admire without attempting to imitate; to surround ourselves with the beauty of all ages and all peoples while calmly pursuing the type of beauty which it is given to us to see as none others have been able to see it? Now, if I am not much mistaken, the form of beauty which appeals to us as it has appealed to no other people in any epoch of the world's history, is the poetry of outdoor nature; her mystery, and her ever-varying and shifting moods. Surely in this wide field there remains to us a sufficient latitude of choice both as regards the subjects we shall paint, and the manner in which we shall render our impressions. It is always open to us to choose our direction. By looking always for beauty, for instance, we can gradually train the eye always to see beauty. In each of us there is a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde, and in art as in life it depends on ourselves which shall rule.

When I was a student in Paris away back in the seventies, a group of young enthusiasts who were at that time making some stir in the art world asserted with a great deal of unnecessary noise and bravado that good painting would glorify the most revolting subject. The subject was nothing, the craftsmanship everything. I remember that I was temporarily caught up in the swirl of the movement and that for a time I ran with the iconoclasts; and the memory of this makes me still lenient to any youngster who raises the old cry—false as it is. It is a phase, one of the growing pains of adolescence which are normal and to be expected. If we only remember that, we shall have no cause to worry; I believe that every young painter must at some time worship at the shrine of technic just as every youth who is to grow up to true and generous manhood must at some period of his boyish career be a socialist. But it is a sign of mental atrophy, of arrested development when the youth or the artist fails to graduate out of this chrysalis stage.

Nature is not all beautiful by any means. But why should we choose to perpetuate her ugly side? I believe it to be one of the artist's chief functions, as it should be his chief delight, to watch for the rare mood when she wafts aside the veil of the commonplace and shows us her inner soul in some bewildering vision of poetic beauty. I should not personally care to hold a brief for the opponents of this view, nor should I know how to support it. Yet a painter of worldwide reputation once said to me that he positively hated a picture in which there was a moon. He declared that any picture which depended for its appeal upon the beauty of the subject was weak-kneed art publicly advertising its own weakness. The very perfection of craftsmanship could not save such a picture, he said. The best and only answer to this perfectly sincere critique is that the painter who made it has remained all his life a craftsman—a craftsman of the highest distinction, if you will, but never an artist.

Now, from all that has been said above, it would appear that originality must be

the easiest of all qualities to attain. But this is unfortunately not the case. The facility is only apparent. The hard and sober reality is that the personal note is the most difficult of all things for an artist to grasp and hold. It is only necessary to count over the number of our truly original artists (it can be done on the fingers of two hands) to see how true this statement is. One of the oldest of our proverbs says that to err is human. It is also human, unfortunately, to be a sheep—to do as you see others do—to imitate the thing which you admire; and the sad result of this is that few ever learn to see the thing which lies out in the sunlight under their own very eyes. And this is why originality, why true impressionism will ever remain one of the rarest and most precious qualities in art.

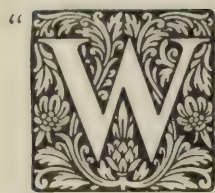
Now, it has doubtless been objected that the present paper while professing to deal with impressionism says mighty little about the impressionists. But I have failed singularly in my intention if by this time I have not made it clear that any one who honestly and sincerely records his impressions of nature is in the truest sense an impressionist—that Velasquez and Titian and Rembrandt were as truly impressionists as ever were Manet or Monet or Sisley—because, in the canvases of these great masters of the Renaissance there rings the true note of personality—proof positive of their honesty, their reverence, and their humility before nature. To tell the truth the so-called French impressionists were far more accurately termed luminists, or painters of light. Their special achievement in art was a purely technical triumph—the discovery that, by the use of broken color in its prismatic simplicity the pulsating, vibrating effect of light could be transferred to the surface of a canvas.

But they were neither the fathers of impressionism nor were they especially distinguished in this line. As a matter of fact they were somewhat deficient in the quality of personal vision, and their rage to secure the effect of light at all hazards led to a certain monotony of technic which tended to blunt the personal note in their work.

SOMETHING

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER



“WELL, Teddy!” Mrs. Starr’s intense little face was impressed, even awed, and yet at the same time triumphant. Mr. Starr glanced without excitement at the letter she was holding up across the breakfast table. His polite “Well?” betrayed the noncommittal caution of the legal mind, though there was a gleam of provisional amusement behind his glasses that changed her triumph to pleading.

“Oh, Teddy, won’t you admit, just this once, that it is at least queer? You know how we were talking of Cousin Emma last night, and I hadn’t even thought of her for days and weeks—and now here is a letter from her. Do you mean to say that that is mere coincidence?”

Mr. Starr appeared to deliberate. “We also talked a good deal about Mr. Roosevelt,” he observed finally, spreading out the morning paper. “Anything from him?”

“Oh, if you are going to be funny—!” And his wife turned disappointedly to the coffee pot. The reproof evidently disturbed him, for presently he emerged from the news to ask:

“What time of day was the letter written, Lollie?” She met the advance with an eagerness that showed unquenchable hope of a convert.

“Yesterday morning, dear; the postmark says 2 P.M.”

“Well, then, did her thought-wave take eight hours or so to get here, or was it the letter in the mail that suddenly wigwagged last night?”

“Now, Teddy, what is the use of being tiresome and literal?” Lollie was plaintive. “I only claim that there’s *something*—I don’t pretend to know how it works. It happens too often for mere coincidence to explain it.” And she began to read her letter. A moment later he was interrupted by a note of triumph.

“Now will you be convinced!” she cried. “What were we saying about her last night?”

He admitted, with the reserve of a truthful but circumspect witness, that they had been wishing the boy might go down to Cousin Emma for a week of country life, and so confirm his restored health. She nodded assent.

“Exactly! Now listen:

“MY DEAR LAURA: I have been thinking of you so much lately. I have had a feeling that something was going wrong, with you or yours, and was on the point of writing to you when a letter from Aunt Miriam brought the news of the dear boy’s illness. I am so thankful that he is well again. Won’t you send him down to me for a week or two of country air? Tell him Flora has five new puppies, and that——”

She broke off to crow over him. “What do you say to that, Mr. Teddy?”

“Why, I say he had better go,” was the irritatingly calm answer.

She gave up the point with a sigh. “Oh, yes. I will take him down to-morrow. Will you have more coffee, dear?”

“Well, by Jove!” Mr. Starr was staring at her with astonished eyes.

“What?” she asked excitedly.

“That *is* the queerest thing!”

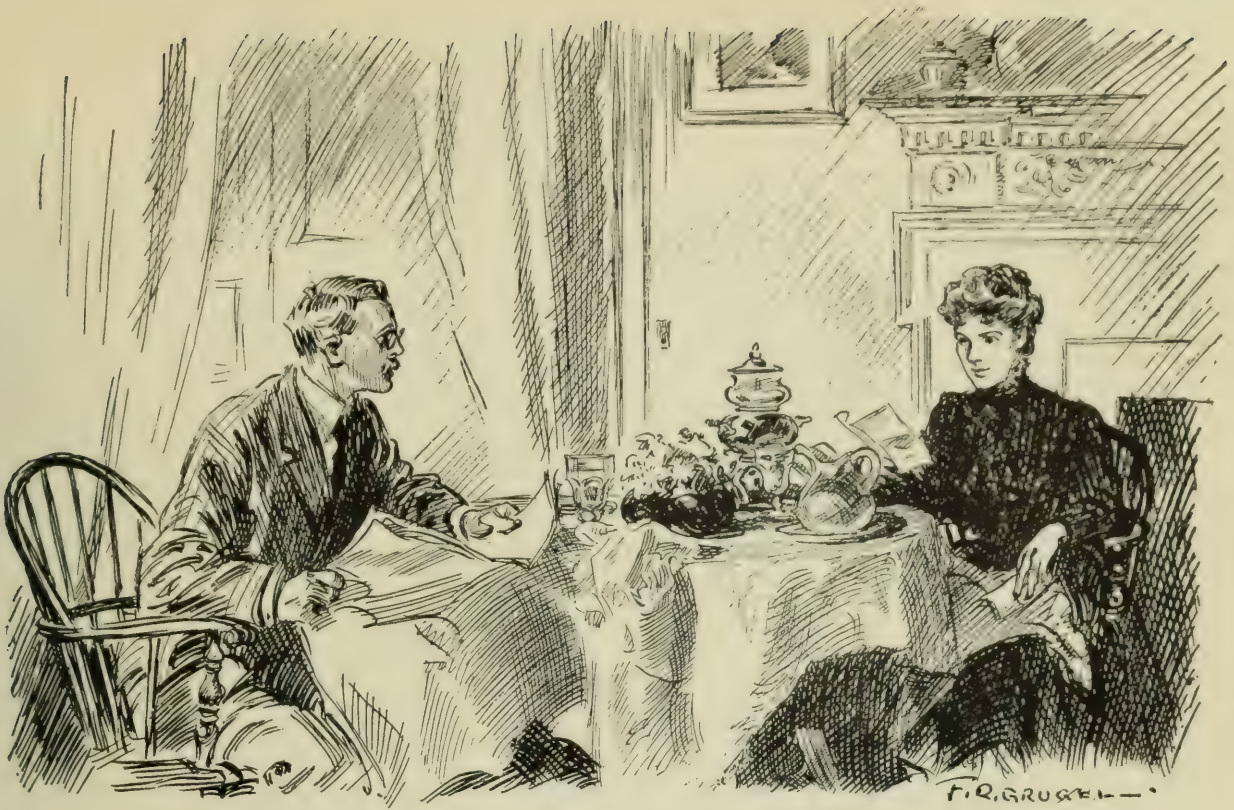
“Tell me, dear!” Her unsuspecting delight in seeing him, for once, roused should have touched him.

“Do you know,” earnestly, “the very moment you spoke, I was about to ask you for another cup of coffee? Wasn’t that strange? How do you explain it?” Her face fell.

“I think you’re simply *hor-rid*,” she protested, resentfully accepting the cup. “You are just a stupid materialist, blind to everything that you can’t feel with your two paws. I tell you, Theodore Starr, the world is simply full of things that you will never know.”

“Well, when some healthy, normal man tells me about them, I will begin to listen,” he conceded.

“I don’t believe the very healthy ever know some things,” she answered with unexpected mildness. “Their bodies crowd



"I only claim that there's *something*."—Page 496.

out their souls. I know things every day—things I couldn't prove to you, and yet I *know* them. If anything were wrong with you or the boy, I should know it instantly—absolutely—know it and go to you!" She was deeply in earnest, and her eyes looked so big and brown, her face so white and little, that his teasing was checked.

"Lollie, my dear, we could spare some of your soul for a little more body," he said worriedly.

The next day she took the boy down to Cousin Emma, planning happily to stay a night herself. The little farm had been a second home to her childhood, as it was now to her son. Nevertheless, at ten o'clock that night her husband, deep in a book, thought he heard the nibble of a latch-key. Before he could be sure, the door opened and she came swiftly in. Her eyes darted from him to his safe and orderly surroundings, then returned with a smile that betrayed relief.

"I came home after all," she announced; but her lightness had a touch of bravado. He put his hands on her shoulders, holding her at arm's length.

"Lollie, you were going to stay all night," he accused her.

"But the boy was perfectly happy with Cousin Emma——"

"And then you had one of your marvel-

lous intuitions: you *FELT* that I was suffering and in danger," he went on sternly. "So you made them harness up at all hours——"

"It wasn't late, sweetheart," she tried to interrupt him with feminine blandishments, but he still held her off.

"And you pushed the train along with your two feet the entire way, then came home on a dead run to save me——"

"And the dog was a-laffin'," she broke in. "If you don't want to greet me properly, you might let me take my hat off."

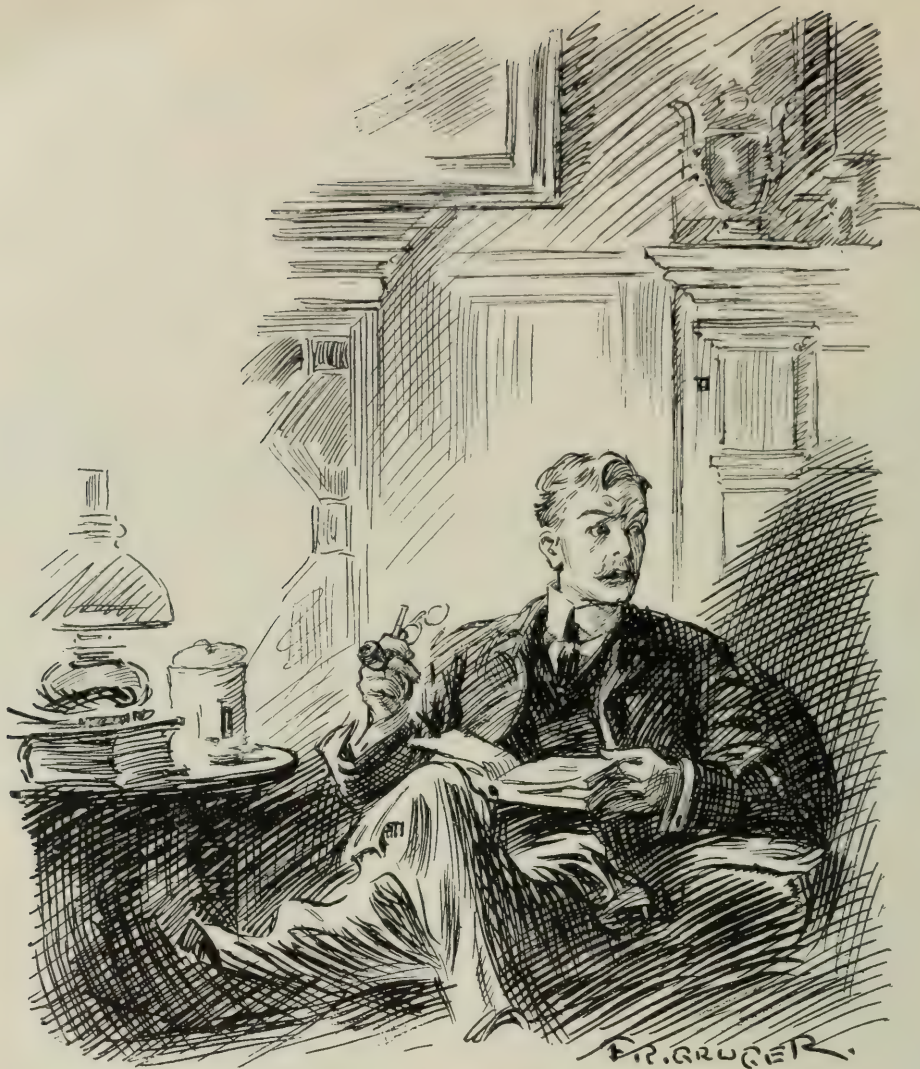
He greeted her properly; but—"Now, don't you see, Lollie, what nonsense it all is—these psychic messages?" he insisted. She slipped away with a laugh.

"Who said I had a psychic message? I wanted to come home, and I did, that's all. Cousin Emma understood."

"Of course she did; she is worse than you are. She has 'feelings' about the bread's rising, and the train's being late, and company coming; and sometimes her premonitions come true, but she never keeps track of the times they don't! For your own sake, Lollie, I want you to realize——"

"Teddy, I have a feeling—an intuition—that you are going to lecture for the next half hour, so I have an engagement upstairs."

She ran off, incorrigibly light-hearted and elusive; but a moment later he heard



Thought he heard the nibble of a latch-key.—Page 497.

his name called in quite another voice—a quick, frightened cry. He dashed upstairs, to find his wife sitting, breathless, on the side of the bed with the charred remains of a muslin curtain at her feet.

“Teddy!” she panted. “You *know* we never light that gas—just because—of the curtain. And to leave it lit—with the window open——!”

“By Jove! Did I? It had just caught?” He was looking anxiously for stray sparks.

“The draught of opening the door blew it right in. I did feel so helpless!” She shuddered. “But it came down at the first pull: I had only to step on it.”

“There ought never to have been a curtain there, anyway,” he began, gathering up the remains. “Either this must stay down, or I shall have that fixture taken out. That was bound to happen, sooner or— What is it?” he interrupted himself, caught by his wife’s fixed gaze.

“I was just thinking,” she said slowly, “that it was as well I came home!”

“Oh, come, now—that is utter nonsense! Don’t you suppose I am as capable of putting out a blaze as you? Besides——” He set forth the logic of the case exhaustively, becoming almost vehement in his desire to make her see the falseness of her position; and she heard him out with a baffling air of gentle indulgence.

“I am so glad I came!” was her only comment.

Laboriously printed letters told her daily that her “loving little son” was well and hoped she was well, and for five days Mrs. Starr went to sleep in peace about him and got up in contentment.

“I am never uneasy for a moment when Cousin Emma has him,” were her last words Saturday night. Six hours later, Mr. Starr was awakened by a breathless voice. There was just light enough to show him two big, frightened eyes staring at him out of a white little face.

“Teddy!” Her hand closed tightly on



At the station they found a wagon going in their direction.—Page 500.

his arm. "It woke me up. I am so frightened. It's the boy!"

"What? What has happened?" he asked bewilderedly.

"I don't know—there is something wrong. I am sick with fright! I can't stand it." She sprang up and began hurriedly to dress.

"Now, Laura!" he began, all the logical remonstrance of the indignant legal mind arrayed in his voice. She put up one hand as though to check a child's interruption.

"Find me a time table," she commanded, twisting up her hair with fingers that shook. Something in the face staring unseeingly from the mirror turned back the tide of his argument, leaving him silent. He obeyed, then, still in silence dressed and went down stairs returning presently with a glass of milk and some biscuits.

"There is a sort of milk train we can get in half an hour," he announced drily. "How we shall get up from the village, and how you will explain our dropping in at dawn, I am not so clear about."

She glanced at him dimly out of her dire preoccupation. "I am ready now," was all she said. He insisted on the milk, and brought the crackers in his pocket.

The chill of a bleak March daybreak was on the deserted streets and in the early car that crashed and jolted down to

the station. The one passenger car of their train appeared unprepared for passengers, the cinders and orange peel of its last trip still strewing seats and floor. Their breath was visible in the stale, chill air. Mr. Starr, sunk in discomfort, at first maintained the silence of outraged patience; but his wife's blank unconsciousness of him and his attitude presently goaded him to more active measures.

"Look here, Lollie," he began with a forced air of reasonableness, "I want you to tell me exactly what it was—what you heard or saw or dreamed, to send you on this wild goose chase." The face she turned to him was so pitifully haunted that he was obliged hastily to harden himself with reminders of his own annoyance.

"I don't think I can tell you," she said finally. "It was a sort of dream, and yet I was awake. There was some big, dark danger just ahead of him, and I knew, if I ran fast enough, I could save him. Then it all vanished, leaving this awful oppression." She strained her hands against her chest. "Oh, why does the train stop and stop?" she cried.

He could do nothing with her, or for her, and in spite of all his logic and his common sense, her state began presently to have an effect on him. Untoward things did happen on lonely little farms. He vehemently maintained that there was no more reason to expect disaster to-day than on any other

day; yet he, too, grew nervous at the slowness of the train, and caught himself at the absurd device of trying to hurry it with braced feet. The crackers in his pocket crumbled, forgotten. But for shame's sake, he would have spent the last half hour pacing the aisle.

At the station they found a wagon going in their direction and willing to drop them at the farm gate. The morning down here was turning out sweet and sunny: birds were calling, and a green mist lay on the willows. Mr. Starr threw off his oppression, and tried to tease Laura into a lighter mood; yet even he felt a tightening in his throat when at last they jumped down before Cousin Emma's rambling old white house. The wide open windows and the peaceful smoke from the kitchen chimney spoke reassuringly of morning order and coffee. Laura darted through the gate, then stopped short.

"Look at that!" she cried joyously.

"That" was their own small son, apparently in the best of health, high up in the branches of an apple tree just ahead of them. He turned sharply at her voice, and evidently was moved to run and meet her without the formality of first climbing down. There was a dreadful sound of slipping and clutching, and a little body came crashing toward the granite slabs below.

"I've got him!" called Mr. Starr, in answer to his wife's cry; and a moment later he was seated smartly on the granite slabs with his son on top of him.

"Why, hello, daddy!" shouted the boy, cheerfully ignoring this little interruption in his welcome.

"Don't you climb that tree again!" was the ungracious response as Mr. Starr slowly

picked himself up. Mrs. Starr was on her knees by the boy, loving and kissing him with passionate little whispers and murmurs. Then she lifted wet eyes to her husband.

"Now, dear, do you see why we came?" she asked.

"For Heaven's sake, Laura!" Mr. Starr's tried nerves gave away altogether. "You'll drive me crazy! Don't you see that you startled him and made him fall? If we had stayed sensibly home in our beds, he would have climbed down as he climbed up. How can you be so foolish?"

She pressed her face into the little body she held. "I knew, I knew!" she murmured.

"Well, well!" Cousin Emma's hospitable voice preceded her down the path. "This is nice! I had a feeling that you would be down to-day, but I didn't look for you so early. Come right in and have some breakfast. Did the boy tell you what a fright he gave me last night?" she added, after their greetings were over.

They stopped short in the path. "Walked in his sleep, the little tyke; something woke me just in time to find him in the hall, headed straight for the stairs. I *was* frightened."

Mrs. Starr had flung her arm about her son; but her eyes, big and awed, were lifted to her husband's face.

"What time did it happen?" he asked, defensively, drawing out his watch.

"Oh, soon after I went to bed. I hadn't been asleep long. About eleven, I should think!"

He nodded at his wife. "Just as you were saying that you felt perfectly comfortable about him," he reminded her with open satisfaction. She shook her head with the patient quiet of perfect conviction.

"There's Something!" she answered.



ARE WE SPOILING OUR BOYS WHO HAVE THE BEST CHANCES IN LIFE?

By Paul van Dyke



HERE are in America at the present time a very large number of boys who seem to have the best possible chances in life; because the most remarkable economic result of the work of the inhabitants of the United States for the last two generations is not the one most talked about. The peoples from whom we inherit our civilization have passed through several epochs marked by the rapid growth of great fortunes—notably for example at the end of the fifteenth century. The extraordinary thing in our time, from the social, economic point of view, is not the existence of a few families who are very rich, but the existence of a great many families who are very well-to-do.

We have heard so much about millionaires that we are apt to forget how much their wealth depends upon wealth diffused throughout the nation. It impresses the imagination when a single strong box contains a hundred thousand shares of the stock of a railroad, but, after all, the stocks of all the railroads have value because of the mountains of bales picked from southern cotton fields, the half billion or more of dollars gathered from our wheat fields, the three billion odd bushels of oats into which our twenty million of horses and mules shall plunge their mouths, the sixty odd millions of tons of hay stacked in our fields or stored in our barns—all the huge potential of life and energy and happiness our people take from the generous earth. The great wealth of the few depends on abundance for the many; and the profits of the Sugar Trust are only the sum of the gains on the few grains of sugar dropped into thousands of millions of breakfast cups and baking dishes. Millionaires are like surface waves on the tide of national prosperity. And that tide of national prosperity has brought to a very large number of men incomes enough in excess of necessary expenses to give their

families the most desirable things and opportunities.

These people do not call themselves rich, though fifty years ago families living on the same scale would have been called rich. But life in their families is apt to have an effect on the children of the house, like the effect of their surroundings on the children of the very rich. The primal needs of life are hidden behind an apparatus of living. They draw water out of a spigot; the well and the bucket belong to an old-fashioned song. The morning's milk arrives with the rising sun, and the connection between the dinner table and butcher's bills is a matter entirely outside the range of their thoughts.

All the circumstances of life keep alive in the mind of the boy of the household where the pressure of the struggle for existence is steadily felt, the perception that work is a necessary part of life. Many well-to-do fathers felt in the home of the grand-parents this wholesome pressure of the facts of life. But the pleasure they find in using their power to give their children what they want blinds them, too often, to the need of substituting some other pressure for it in the upbringing of children who seem to have better chances in life than their parents had.

And this blindness exposes their children to a very serious danger. That danger does not arise simply because the young folks have a good time and find life pleasant. A melancholy youth is no particular help to manly virtue. The peril which threatens many boys of these families whose parents are anxious to fill their children's lives with pleasures is that they grow up accustomed to doing invariably what they want to do, without training any power to make themselves do what they do not want to do at that particular moment. It is not luxury which threatens them, but an incapacity for work, fostered, and even trained, by the willingness of parents to let them follow always the line of least resistance.

The result of this willingness of parents to

let children follow always the line of least resistance is that many boys who have the best chances in life, will begin manhood with a smattering of information, agreeable manners, minds untrained, and wills weakened by an education that has not educated.

The kind parent who finds his income exceeding his expenses, and who wants his son to make a good figure in the world, takes him to an expensive tailor and has him measured for a suit of clothes, in which the lad looks extremely well and rejoices his mother's heart. And the father is apt to labor under the delusion that he can get a smart education for the boy in the same way. So he picks out an expensive school, pays his bills, gives a liberal allowance of pocket money, and then enters him for four years at college with a still more liberal and annually increasing allowance. He supposes that the boy can put on his education much as he put on his new suit if only there are checks for the bills. And a considerable proportion of young men enter college under this delusion. These lads come up to college with two objects. The first is a sharp, clear, insistent anticipation of the pleasures and advantages of what is called "college life." To define just what they understand by the phrase would require another article as long as this. It may be summarized as agreeable comradeship, the formation of friendships, many of the privileges of manhood with none of its responsibilities—the maximum of pleasure—and the minimum of work. Behind this eager anticipation of the joy of "college life" is a vague desire, or rather willingness, to get an education provided it does not take too much effort.

Now, a boy who enters college in this mood and does not change it, may get some good out of his college career, but the chances are that he gets far more harm; and to keep him four years in college, unless he changes his mind and brings forth works meet for repentance, is not to give him a better chance in life but a worse chance.

The case ought not to be weakened by exaggeration. It is hardly possible for a young man to spend four years in college and not get something out of it. The attrition of his mind against such tasks as he may be compelled to do, his chance interest in some topic or his personal liking for some instructor—the presence of other men who

love learning and for her sake are willing to scorn delights and live laborious days—honest comrades who may grow into life-long friends—venerable traditions of honorable service to the highest interests of his country—the majestic vision of the service of truth and beauty—any or all of these things may affect his mind or his character for good, no matter how unwilling he may be to make the effort necessary to get an education. After all, it is hardly possible for a young man to go through college, as an auger goes through a board, and come out unchanged except for being a trifle duller.

But against these possible gains of his course to the young man who goes through college taking all the pleasures he can get and doing as little work as he can do, there ought to be set off the harm that may come to his character. Here again we ought to discriminate. The harm that threatens such students, used by their previous training to follow always the line of least resistance, is not simply, or chiefly, the temptation to vices. Any member of a college discipline committee will tell you that an enormously disproportionate number of the cases of vice they have known have come from among the inefficient students defective in their work. But after all, so far as the writer's experience goes, it is a safe conclusion that a much smaller proportion of young men between seventeen and twenty-three form vicious habits in college than out of it.

The harm which comes to a young man who takes a four years college course in continuing his previous exercise in the fine art of finding the line of least resistance is more general and inevitable than possible surrender to vicious appetites. He is deteriorating the fibre of his mind and rotting his will by the indulgence of idle impulse.

The college which is not willing to be guilty of contributory negligence in letting young men do this ill service to themselves, has to waste a great deal of time in overcoming an attitude and a fixed habit many students bring with them to the campus: the attitude of demanding a ceaseless round of petty excitement, the habit of shirking all the effort it is possible to shirk.

When a young man who has been allowed for eighteen years to take always the line of least resistance, and to put the

emphasis of his efforts on seeking excitement instead of doing his work, enters a college which takes its functions seriously, one of two things happens. If he is badly spoiled, he is dropped. If he has backbone enough left to escape that fate he wastes a considerable part of his college course before he gets hammered into him, by humiliation, some realizing sense of what education is and what a college is trying to do.

That numbers of students come up to our colleges with this attitude and habit is evident. Indeed, the arrival every year of many new students who have this attitude and habit is the chief obstacle to college education.

It is rather rare to find a student in college who wants to leave it. The honest pleasures of good comradeship, the glow of the mind and sense of intellectual vigor which follow even such a slight ability to hold oneself to an intellectual routine as is comparable to the will-power needed to take a cold morning bath, the sense of being initiated into a class which is regarded as distinguished from the rest of the nation by special opportunities to develop intelligence—all these appeal irresistibly to ingenuous youth. Few students of college, however used to taking always the line of least resistance, can help feeling that their college course is a privilege. But what any college student can help feeling, what numbers of them do help feeling for a part of their course, is that privilege means duty. They start out to treat the curriculum as if it were a continuous vaudeville. They pass the necessary examinations just as they secure a ticket—because they cannot get in without it. They applaud anything that is strong enough to compel a hearing, or amuses a mind willing to be interested if it is not too much trouble; but they do not hold their attention to what they hear with the purpose of getting all they can out of it. They want the kernel of every science without the trouble of cracking the shell.

And the students who have no grip on themselves are, unless all signs fail, chiefly from the homes able to give them a good start in life. The boys in most danger of being spoiled by being permitted to take an attitude toward their opportunities which makes the fibre of their minds slack-twisted,

and destroys the tough elasticity of their wills, are the boys with the best chances.

Three indications of the truth of this conclusion may be stated. This class of invertebrate students who are always ready to postpone the real object of coming to college for some incidental pleasure is, by all the testimony, larger in the East than in the West. And the percentage of students who come from prosperous homes where the family is, or aspires to be, in "the best social circles," is far larger in most Eastern colleges than in most Western colleges. Few lads from such families are sent from the East to the West to college. Many are sent from the Mississippi Valley, the Pacific Coast, and the Rocky Mountain States to the institutions of the Atlantic Coast. At some of the smaller Western colleges, almost all of whose students come from homes where the breaking of a twenty dollar bill is a grave matter, this tendency to seek the line of least resistance is conspicuously absent. Some of the students may be dull—they have evidently not had many chances in life—but with few exceptions their conduct makes plain their grim determination to get the best education they can in spite of unkindly fate. The experience of the universities in regard to the schools suggests this same conclusion. Ex-President Eliot recently spoke most emphatically of the very small percentage of boys coming from the larger, more expensive and fashionable schools who proved satisfactory students. A similar statement has been made by a member of the faculty of Yale. The experience of Princeton is the same. The boys from the high schools carry off honors out of all proportion to their numbers. And the names of the larger fashionable private boarding-schools, with some exceptions, are conspicuous by their absence from the list of honors.

In regard to one limited group of families the tendency of many boys with the best chances in life to weaken their will-power, by taking steadily in college the line of least resistance, can be measured against the statistics of its results.

The families entered in the "New York Social Register" as residents of that city, may reasonably be considered as households whose heads are able and willing to give their boys the best chances in life. In five senior classes at Harvard, Yale, and

Princeton, (not the last five classes), there were one hundred and sixty-six sons of those families. At Yale College they formed 5.1 per cent. of the total membership of their classes; at Harvard College and Princeton, 2.9 per cent. A comparative test of their records at graduation yields some very striking results. It shows that, as a class, they are far below the average of their fellows in the ability or the willingness to make the most of their opportunities. And the same marked inferiority, as compared with the average student, appears in each of these institutions and in fourteen of the fifteen classes examined. The figures unquestionably indicate an average attitude, a general social drift.

Of these one hundred and sixty-six boys with the best chances in life, only one—the son of a minister—took an honor of the first class. At Harvard College about one man in three of the graduating classes during these five years received a degree indicating some sort of distinction. Only one man in eight of these representatives of the “best social circles” gained any distinction, and that was invariably of the least distinguished grade. At Princeton on the average one graduate in two during these five years had the opportunity for some honor or prize; only one in four of these lads, favored of fortune, received distinction. The custom at Yale of recording in the catalogue a large number of minor honors, fortunately enables an investigator to test this matter very thoroughly. Four-fifths of the graduates of the five years considered, had their names printed under the general caption “Honors.” The sons of this group of families, five per cent. of the students, furnished over twelve per cent. of the *undistinguished*. In one Yale class of two hundred and forty-eight only twenty-one

men left without a record of having done reasonably well in some branch of study. The young men from these families numbered only fifteen, but five of them managed to escape any record for excellence in any study. In short, it appears that at these three institutions, out of forty-seven hundred odd men, twenty-five hundred odd, about one in two appeared at graduation as having received some sort of honorable mention or won some prize. Only one in four of these one hundred and sixty-six young men with the chances in life did so.

These facts about the small unfashionable Western colleges, the big fashionable Eastern schools, and the careers at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton of the sons of this small group of families of the “best social circles” of New York, show the pertinence of the query—“Are we spoiling our boys who have the best chances in life?” To let a boy drift along through youth to manhood along the lines of least resistance, without the power of making himself do anything he does not want to do at the moment, is to send him out into the world a cripple, even when he happens to be heir to millions. To bring him up as if he had been born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and then not leave him the golden spoon, is an even crueller kindness. “Three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves” is a saying that condenses many facts. There is no place where it is as sure to be both prophecy and record as in America. It is a not unwholesome law—this process by which a strong nation, whose social and political system sets free all its energies and gives the tools to him who can handle them, defends itself against drones. Only—in the cases we are thinking of—it is a great pity; for the lads are very amiable, and the devotion of many of the parents is very sincere.



· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE theory that history is past politics and that politics are present history can be extended—with the necessary modifications—to include the forms of history which are not political. Especially does this theory govern the history of literature, in which we find the present constantly elucidating the past. In the history of dramatic

literature more particularly, there is much light to be shed on the past by a proper perception of the present.

For example, the nondescript "shows" with which Weber and Fields used to amuse us a few winters ago in New York had a curious kinship to the equally nondescript comedies of Aristophanes, startling as this suggestion may be to those classical scholars who may seek their knowledge of the Attic stage humorist only in the dust of German dissertations.

And there was an equal significance in the recent performance of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" by Miss Maude Adams and her multitudinous associates in the Harvard Stadium. This significance was due to the fact that the circumstances of this performance out of doors brought about a return to stage conditions closely resembling those that obtained in the middle ages—and also in the semi-mediæval playhouse for which Shakespeare and his contemporaries devised their mighty dramas. In his admirable account of the development of English tragedy, Professor Thorndike describes the Elizabethan stage as "almost unrealizably crude"; and he tells us that "places were sometimes indicated by signs; properties, beds, tables, or trees were brought on and off as occasion required; or a heavier property, like a cave, might remain, whether the scene was in cave-land or a counting-room. There was no drop-curtain; actors went off, others came on, and the place changed from a sea-coast to a palace; or, the actors merely moved across the platform, and it transpired that they had passed from a fair and pleasant green to a room in the house of *Faustus*."

Because of the willingness of audiences in those spacious days to imagine these successive changes of place, unaccompanied by any self-explanatory change of scenery, it has been asserted that the Elizabethan playgoer must

have been possessed of a more active imagination than the spectators of these more prosaic times. Very sensibly Professor Thorndike refuses to accept this assumption. "Any superiority in the appreciation possessed by the audiences over those of to-day must be attributed not to their superior intelligence, but to their long training in listening to plays." It is to be said also that the willingness of the Elizabethan spectators to adjust themselves to these swift changes of place is to be explained by the fact that this method of jumping from one spot to another without outward and visible substitution of actual scenery was the method they had inherited. They knew no other method; and as no other method was possible in their playhouses they had to accept it.

The performance of "Joan of Arc" in the Stadium makes it plain that modern audiences will accept the same method—when they have to do so because of the unalterable conditions of a special place of performance. And modern audiences are ready to make the same imaginative effort that Elizabethan playgoers made—if they are compelled to do this by the special circumstances. In the huge arena of the Stadium it was impossible to erect the five sets of scenery called for by the five successive acts,—Domremy, Chinon, A Plain near Rheims, the Coronation (at Rheims), and the Battle-field. And as this was impossible the next best thing was done. On one side there was erected a piece of scenery representing the Cathedral of Rheims; this was for the fourth act. On the other side was built up a hill; this was for the final fight in the fifth act. Between them, but nearer to the focus of the ellipse, was a tall tree with outspread branches; this was for the first act. The places of the second and third acts, Chinon and A Plain near Rheims, were left absolutely unindicated by any piece of scenery. The action of these two acts was represented in what we may term the neutral ground, well forward of the tree, the hill, and the church. This neutral ground might be anywhere; and just where it was supposed to be the spectators might find out from their playbills or from the dialogue itself, if they cared to know. Most of them did not care to inquire as to the

A Modern Instance

place, for they were giving their utmost attention to the persons.

This, we may be sure, is just what the Elizabethans did. A large part of the action of any one of Shakespeare's plays takes place on a neutral ground, which may be anywhere that two or three characters choose to meet; and only when there is advantage to the play in letting the spectators know where this conversation is supposed to be localized, does Shakespeare go out of his way to indicate the precise spot. His audience of energetic Elizabethans asked no unnecessary questions; and neither did the multitude of twentieth-century Americans who assembled that evening in June to see Miss Maude Adams impersonate Schiller's heroine.

IT is not easy to think of noise as protective, as sheltering, not invading, aiding and not upsetting the processes of the mind. The dweller in towns is apt to regard noise as at best, a nuisance, usually a torment, sometimes as perilous to sanity. Yet it is not always so, as experience testifies to me.

I am in the irregular habit of taking railway journeys of some five or six hours, toward the interior of the State, by a rather leisurely road, on which the "chairs" are rarely all taken and the attendants, from sheer lack of occupation, show an interested curiosity as to travellers who affect that luxury. I have found these

journeys excellent occasions for pretty stiff reading. I have devoted them to the analysis of troublesome

documents, to the disentangling of the threads of contentious argument, or, with equal success and more reward, to the study of unusually baffling passages in a foreign language. When the latter has been a matter of re-reading, the result has been particularly satisfactory. The meaning of my author—I recall with peculiar delight the chapter of Montaigne on "Friendship," with which I had had a tough struggle at home—has become not only clear but familiar, has bred a pleasing sense of intimacy with him, has left with me a permanent and fruitful impression, from which has sprung a distinct influence on my view of life and on life itself.

Yet the process of reading must have gone on amid the noises we all know so well—the measured rattle and bumping of the car wheels, the hoarse whistle from the engine, the groaning and gasping of starting, the rasping shriek of the rails and the brakes at

stopping, the insistent inquiries of the porter, the inarticulate shout of the brakeman, the impertinent chant of the train boy, and, at stations, the bustle of passengers, the clatter of wheels and hoofs, the uncanny, stertorous panting of automobiles.

Why is it that these noises, each in itself more or less disagreeable and disturbing, failed to disturb, and, if they did not promote, clearly permitted, a continuous working of the mind with more than customary efficiency? Why is it that the task requiring more than ordinary concentration and a certain sustained alertness of attention could be performed more readily than in the seclusion and comfort of the library? It is to be noted that these journeys are not frequent or regular. It is not a question of habituation, of gradual and long-continued adjustment to conditions at first unfavorable. It is distinctly a question of some slight actual aid and stimulus from conditions we should most of us regard as almost necessarily distracting and impeding. I imagine that the answer to the puzzle is, in part at least, in the fact that the noises of the train are combined, are blended, and form what may be conceived of as a sort of enveloping enclosure of sound, within which the single noises become practically indistinguishable while the total is too confused to impress the senses and affect the mind. And possibly a minor element in the net result, as compared with that attainable in the cozy library, is the absence of too great physical comfort. The easy chair, the shaded light, the quiet of one's den may sometimes be aids rather to the dullness that precedes dozing—particularly if one be bodily weary—than to the successful exercise of the faculties. No railway chair has yet been invented in which one can sleep except under the stern compulsion of relative exhaustion, and until that point is reached the slight and constant prickings of incipient fatigue, which keep one restless, ward off the insidious restfulness which is the forerunner of physical surrender. I may remark that, this element apart, I have had experience of the stimulation noted, though in less degree, in briefer journeys of an hour or less, in elevated or subway cars. Others share it. I have known business men bemoan their automobiles, which deprive them of their daily hour or so on the train in which they had been used to get their "best reading."

I am not aware of any moral to be drawn from this experience, and, were there one, this

is not the place to develop it. But there is in it the pleasurable suggestion that the human organization, the most complex and delicate inventive Nature has devised, is almost infinitely adaptable. From circumstances apparently bound to hamper and torture it, it wrests actual help in the most difficult of its functions. Not even the intricate and artificial machinery of life in great crowds can subdue it, can prevent its conquest of the tasks set for it, but is forced to lend to it a certain access of achievement. In these days of alleged progressive demoralization of the nerves there is in that reflection some tonic consolation.

WHENEVER the actor waxes melancholy over his fate he is certain to bring forward the fact that he is more unfortunate than the poet and the painter, in that his work dies with him and theirs lives after them. Lawrence Barrett used to put this in the form of an apologue; and he told of a statue once carved in snow by Michael Angelo, which may have been an artist's masterpiece, but which melted away in the spring sunshine. The actor, so Barrett declared, is forever carving a statue of snow, which can survive only as a memory. Barrett did not see that this survival of the memory, accompanied by the disappearance of the work which originally created the impression, may have its advantages for the actor. The memory, at least, is secure; there is no possibility of a new trial by newer standards; the memory is what the French lawyers termed, in the Dreyfus case, a *chose jugée*. Now, the poet and the painter have not this inestimable privilege, since their works exist and can be offered in evidence again and again, generation after generation. For instance, the Bolognese school of painters loomed very big in the eyes of Sir Joshua Reynolds—and to-day there are few so poor as to do them reverence. So not a few poets have seen their reputations shrink pitifully when their works were tested by theories they could not foresee. The impression which the actor makes on his contemporaries is final; the verdict is sealed for all time; and there is no possibility of a new trial. The Devil's Advocate can never reopen the case, since he can have no new evidence to introduce.

Perhaps this may not be so in the future, and it may be that the cinematograph and the phonograph may be perfected and made to

work together to preserve for us the gestures and the attitudes, the readings and the intonations of the tragedian and of the comedian. During the Paris Exhibition of 1900 I went one morning with Coquelin and listened while he spoke and sang into the phonograph the most brilliant passages of his most brilliant part, the unforgettable *Mascarille* of the "Précieuses Ridicules." What has become of that record now? It would be a precious possession for every comedian who may hereafter essay himself in the superb part that Molière composed for his own acting, and in which no performer intervening between Molière and Coquelin has ever really rivalled the one or the other—so far as we are able to judge by the memories they have left behind them.

It must be noted also that, perhaps because of the evanescence of the actor's art, he is paid in praise and in pelf more highly than any other artist while he is alive to enjoy the admiration and the money. There is a total lack of proportion in the adulation which the public bestows on the performer and on the author in whose play he may be performing. Shakespeare was right, as usual, when he insisted that "the play's the thing"; and yet it is the actor's name, and not the author's, which is blazoned over the door of the playhouse in letters of fire. When Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order" was being presented in New York the posters contained no mention of the author; they announced only the annual engagement of Mr. John Drew. And a similar thing might have been noticed more recently when Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" was represented with Miss Maude Adams as the heroine. Mr. Drew and Miss Adams are accomplished performers, and we may be assured that neither of them was responsible for this unfortunate announcement. And it was not only unfortunate, it was also bad policy, for there may have been among the possible theatre-goers of the metropolis admirers of Mr. Pinero or of Mr. Barrie, who would have seized the chance to see a play of the one or the other if their attention had been called to it.

But worse remains behind. When Mr. Marion Crawford's last play was brought out in Chicago last winter the manager proclaimed it as Miss Blank's "new vehicle, the 'White Sister,' a play in which her sweet personality has ample scope"; and he failed to mention the name of the very popular author who had written Miss Blank's "new vehicle." The question forces itself whether the manager

did not know what he was about—whether he was not familiar with the literary appreciation of his customers. It may be that play-goers do not care who constructed the new vehicle so long as they are allowed to gaze on the personality of the casual performer of the chief part. But if this is true, then the outlook for a really vital dramatic literature in our language is dark indeed.

THOSE of us who are old enough to have taken our first lessons in etymology at the hands of the excellent Archdeacon Trench, or Archbishop as he subsequently became until he was disestablished, will remember how he insisted that all the words for courtesy, with the obvious exceptions of courtesy itself and courtliness, which come from "court," meant "town-bred." "Civil," "urbane," even "polite." Later etymologists, to be sure, are against him on this last, maintaining that it does not come from Greek "polis" as he maintained, but from Latin "polio," and means polished, and not politic. But "urbane" and "civil" at least appear to mean "citified."

How have these definitions come to vary so widely from the fact? The biggest town in the United States has the name of being also the rudest. It is a painful reflection for the civically patriotic New Yorker that, in whatever

direction he travels, he finds better manners than he leaves. That is true, of course, of Philadelphia and Washington and Baltimore. But it is true also of Boston. Nay, it is true of Chicago. A visiting Englishman, going from New York to Philadelphia, testifies his relief at the amelioration of manners. "Give me a city where somebody sometimes is not in a hurry."

That is the explanation, undoubtedly. It is the matutinal centripetal and the nocturnal centrifugal movement that makes the street manners of New York. The semidiurnal crush at the Brooklyn Bridge is enough to demoralize everybody who takes part in it, from the toiler who takes unwilling to the hoodlum who takes joyous part. And the same thing on a smaller or not so much smaller scale is going on at every ganglionic centre of civic circulation. How should not the "urban" manners be the manners of the country of the Gadarenes? How should not the devil

take the hindmost and the young and active omit not only chivalry but humanity in their struggles with and triumphs over the aged and the infirm and even the females of their species? Such a spectacle could hardly be witnessed in London, for example, for the Londoner knows his rights and knowing dare maintain. "I could look my fellow man in the face and punch his head if he offended me," said Mr. Micawber, and says the average Londoner. If he were transplanted to New York, Mr. Micawber would have to say, "My fellow man and myself are no longer on those glorious terms." But in fact, probability of getting one's head punched is the only effective mitigation of our "urbanity." And it is cheering to remark that it is an aged, nay, an octogenarian, jurist who has set an example of the triumph of indignant human nature over legal restrictions, by following into his car a bullying person a third of his age who had rudely jostled him on the platform, and inflicting the personal chastisement which the case demanded; an ex-magistrate, indeed, who bore not the vindictory umbrella in vain, and to whom too-long-suffering wayfare's ought at least to present a new one.

What is most curious, in the light of urbanity, is, that when the urban becomes a suburban—as, in the case of the commuter he does daily—he seems to change his mind with his skies. He no longer rushes down or up or through a steep place, as he did in the city of the Gadarenes. On his native or adoptive heath he is frequently transformed to a considerate and respectable human being. So far from rushing at the first vacant seat in the trolley car, he stands back with patience for the female and the aged and infirm; is often observed actually to give up his seat to such; exhibits, in fact, gentleness and patience. Doubtless this he does to obtain a corruptible crown. If those to whom he thus gracefully defers are not of his acquaintance, they may become so. This social sensibility, in fact, comes to the assistance of his insufficient self-respect. But still the contrast between his urbanity and his suburbanity is equally marked, and equally to the advantage of the latter. At any rate he illustrates that a crowd is not a good school of manners, that a community may be too densely populated for its social good, and in fact that our old etymology is an extremely untrustworthy indication of the actual facts of behavior.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Museo Barracco—exterior.

THE MUSEO BARRACCO IN ROME

THE traveller in Rome is almost overwhelmed by its wealth of galleries and museums, which in vastness, as well as in number, surpass those of any single European city. Most of these are already so famous that even the art-loving tourist is in danger of missing the most unique, and quite the choicest sculpture gallery of them all, if quality and not quantity is to be our criterion.

As one nears the Ponte S. Angelo in passing along the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, one's attention is at once attracted by the tiny building, somewhat Greek in character, in which this admirable collection of sculpture is most beautifully housed. The building, as well as the collection itself, was presented to the city of Rome by Senator Baron Giovanni Barracco some three years ago.

To the student of Greek art the collection has been known some fifteen years through the pub-

lication of an account of it in 1893,* but it is almost wholly unknown to the general public.

Baron Barracco, in his preface to the publication mentioned above, tells us that for twenty years he was gradually collecting these treasures as opportunity presented. His constant aim was to form a small museum of ancient sculpture on scientific principles which should illustrate the growth and development of Greek sculpture in all its periods; that there should be sufficient examples of Egyptian, Assyrian and other forms of Oriental art to show how they affected Greek art, and, furthermore, enough of the Cypriote, Etruscan and Roman art to give some conception of how they, in their turn, were influenced by the Greek. The chief aim, however, has been to include, as far as possible, originals of every period of Greek sculpture, or at least Roman copies of such

* "La Collection Barracco," publiée par Frédéric Bruckmann d'après la classification et avec le texte de Giovanni Barracco et Wolfgang Helbig. Munich, 1903.



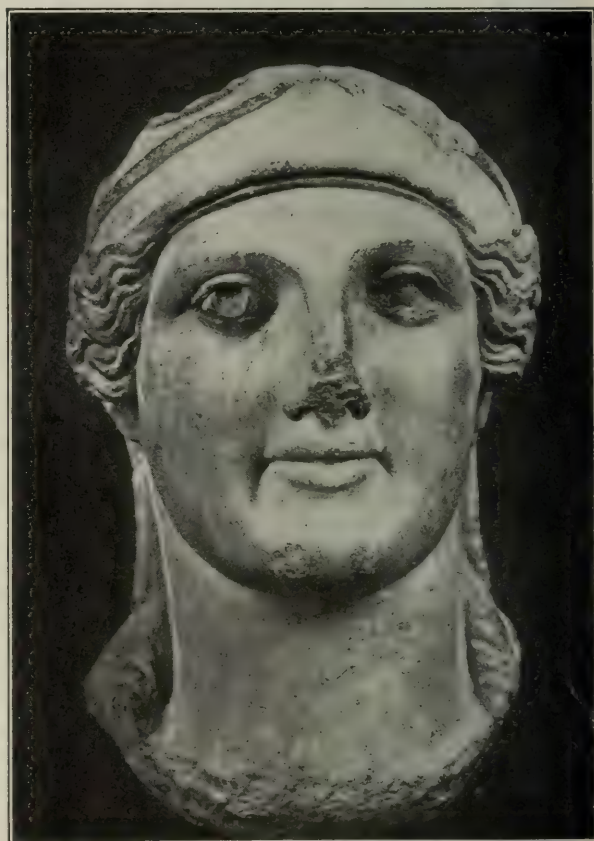
Head of Hermes.
In the Museo Barracco, Rome.

works. In no case has there been any repolishing of the marble, nor has any unscientific restoration been made. The result is most successful. It is a relief here in Rome, where museums are overloaded with so much that is really worthless, and where, before the day of better knowledge, so many statues suffered either from being wrongly restored or from having the surface of the marble disfigured by repolishing and cleaning, to come upon this perfectly harmonious and genuine little collection.

Among the most interesting of the early Greek works is a head of Athena which is regarded by some critics as the precursor of the great gold and ivory statue of Athena Parthenos, which Phidias made for the Parthenon. The type is surely the same as that which appears in the poor late copies which have come down to us, but in this head there is none of the grandeur and ideal beauty which we associate with Phidias's statue. That fact, however, does not invalidate Helbig's theory that this head may be regarded as undoubtedly the type which Phidias consciously adopted and idealized for his wonderful statue of Athena Parthenos. The arrangement of the hair is quite the same, but the lower line of the helmet is slightly different. Other heads of Athena of various periods are included in the collection, among them one which shows her wearing the Corinthian hel-

met, with the long oval face characteristic of a type which seems to have originated about the middle of the fifth century B. C. and to have been popular later on in that and the following centuries.

"One of the most warmly clad figures that antiquity has left us" is that shown on page 512. With all the sweet grace and dignity of a high-born Athenian maiden who takes part in solemn religious procession, she stands clothed in her heavy robes. For it is probably true that this is a votive statue of some maiden who participated in a midwinter ceremonial. In no better way can the peculiarly individual dress be explained. For, above the Ionic chiton, or undergarment, which can be seen on the upper part of her arm and in the long overlap which is brought over the outer garment, falling almost to her knees in simple folds, she wears the Doric peplos folded double all the way down, as can easily be seen on the right side where the garment is left open as usual, falling in rather stiff heavy folds. Her hair is also done in an unusual fashion, but one which heightens the sweetly demure expression of the face. The statue seems to puzzle the critics as to its origin, and as to whether



Head of Athena, Attic type, precursor of the Parthenos.
In the Museo Barracco, Rome.
By permission of the V.-A. Bruckmann, Munich.



Museo Barracco.

it is a copy or an original. To me there is in the face and pose of the figure that indefinable grace and dignity which were the charm of the Athenian school.

Perhaps no Greek sculptor is more popular in this athletic age than Myron through his Discobolus, or disk-thrower. His work is well represented in this collection. There is a fragment of a right forearm and hand holding the discus, which must have come from a marble copy of his famous discobolus, perhaps not inferior to that recently found in Nero's villa at Castel Porziano near Ostia.

Myron also made a bronze group of Athena and Marsyas, which Pliny describes as "a satyr gazing in wonderment at the flutes and Athena," a group in which by gesture and the action of the body Myron must have expressed very vividly Athena's indignation at the satyr's audacity, as well as the satyr's amazement at this new phase of the goddess of Wisdom, for be it remembered that the fundamental cause of the indignation was wounded vanity, the story being one of many in which the Greeks attributed to their divinities some human weakness. The Marsyas of this group is well known through the marble copy of it in the

Lateran at Rome; there is, however, in the Barracco Museum a marble copy of the head which probably gives a much clearer idea of Myron's original bronze than does the Lateran copy.

It is of interest to compare with this head of Marsyas the head of a centaur at the other end of the room. The centaur is another of those semi-bestial creatures which the Greeks were fond of using to symbolize the uncontrolled passions in man's nature, a type which was taken over into Christian art with the same meaning, as is evident by its presence in Giotto's allegorical fresco of "Obedience" in the vaulting of the Lower Church at Assisi; Botticelli also made use of it in his "Pallas taming the Centaur" of the Pitti Palace. In the Barracco head of the centaur, excess of emotion and agonized suffering are treated with all the heightened realism of the Hellenistic period; there is in it a strong suggestion of the Laocoön head and of some of the works of the late Pergamene school. It reveals clearly the course which Greek art had run since Myron's day and whither it was tending.

If Myron's work is well represented in this collection, that of the greatest Argive sculptor

of the fifth century, said to have rivalled even Phidias himself, is more fully represented. Although Polyclitus and the story of his Canon, which embodied his idea of the perfectly proportioned human form, is familiar, we have no copy either of his Doryphorus or of his Diadumenus which can give us any adequate conception of the subtleties of modelling and pose which he doubtless expressed in his bronze originals. Among several copies, however, in this collection there is one of the head of the Doryphorus, or Spear bearer, which is regarded as perhaps the most beautiful of all the marble copies of it we possess; the sculptor in this instance seems to have caught the spirit of the original, while making certain concessions to marble technique in the treatment of the surface in consideration of the difference in material as did the sculptor of the Castel Corziano Discobolus in the Museo delle Terme.

In striking contrast to the heads of Marsyas and the centaur described above, is a fine copy of the ideal portrait of Pericles, the original of which is ascribed to Cresilas. It is one of the finest portrait heads we possess from the great fifth century period of Greek art. The change which took place later among the Greeks in the treatment of portraits is well shown in an excellent portrait of Demosthenes. In each head the distinctive peculiarities of the man are shown; the abnormally high head of Pericles, which led the Greek comic poet Kratinos to bestow the epithet "onionhead" upon him, may be clearly seen through the openings of the helmet-visor, while even more strongly indicated is the peculiarly shaped mouth by which portraits of Demosthenes may easily be recognized. In the head of Pericles, however, there is a certain abstract quality which is

in marked contrast to the strongly individual treatment of the later portrait.

Many heads of great beauty have been given us by the Attic grave-reliefs among which there is one in this museum which must take high rank. It is from the seated figure of a deceased woman from a grave monument of the second half of the fourth century B. C. Though not as great as the head of the Demeter of Cnidus in the British Museum, it shows

the same "Mater Dolorosa" type, with much the same treatment and spirit.

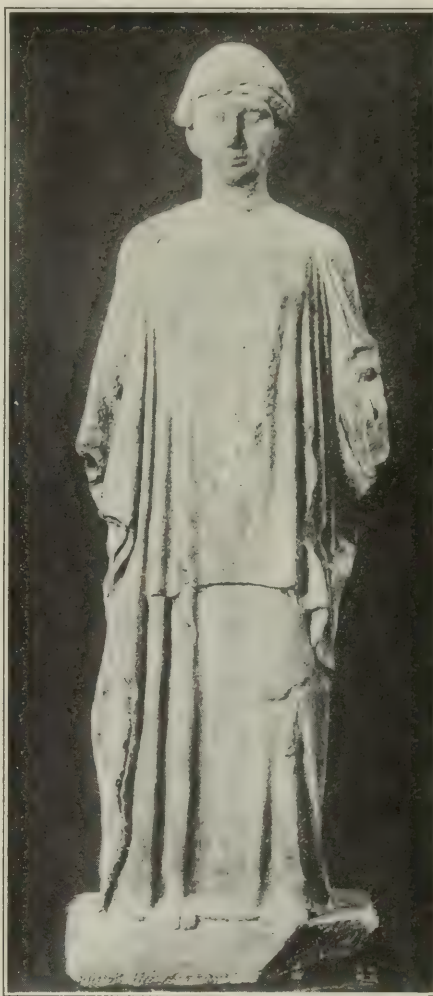
But even more beautiful is an exquisite little head of Hermes wearing his petasus [page 510.*]

Nor does a little Eros fall far below these in interest, though he probably belongs to the later Hellenistic age. It is quite possible that in the figure of the little love-god with his mantle thrown over his head, his crown of vine leaves, and his somewhat melancholy expression as he leans sadly upon the fillet-wreathed stele in an attitude strongly reminiscent of Praxiteles, we have a part of a grave monument of Hellenistic date. For the fillet is frequently seen on Attic vases as decoration for a grave stele, while the wreath of vine leaves, with other attributes of Dionysos which he may have held in his hands, would be appropriate as symbols of immortality.

These are but a few of the many treasures which may be found in this collection. If one adds to the intrinsic value of the collection itself, its admirable arrangement and the genuinely artistic mounting of the fragments, it may truly be said that in the Museo Barracco Rome possesses one of the choicest and most enjoyable galleries of Europe.

M. LOUISE NICHOLS.

* Here published for the first time. The photograph of this and the views of the Museum were kindly furnished for this article by Senator Baron Giovanni Barracco.



Statue of young maiden.

In the Museo Barracco, Rome.

By permission of the V.-A. Bruckmann, Munich.



MR. ROOSEVELT, KERMIT ROOSEVELT, AND SIR ALFRED PEASE AT THE CARCASS OF
FIRST BIG LION.

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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

By Theodore Roosevelt

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

II.—ON AN EAST AFRICAN RANCH—LION-HUNTING ON THE KAPITI PLAINS

THE house at which we were staying stood on the beautiful Kitanga hills. They were so named after an Englishman, to whom the natives had given the name of Kitanga; some years ago, as we were told, he had been killed by a lion near where the ranch-house now stood; and we were shown his grave in the little Machakos graveyard. The house was one story high, clean and comfortable, with a veranda running round three sides; and on the veranda were lion skins and the skull of a rhinoceros. From the house we looked over hills and wide lonely plains; the green valley below, with its flat-topped acacias, was very lovely; and in the evening we could see, scores of miles away, the snowy summit of mighty Kilimanjaro turn crimson in the setting sun. The twilights were not long; and when night fell, stars new to northern eyes flashed glorious in the sky. Above the horizon hung the Southern Cross, and directly opposite in the heavens was our old familiar friend the Wain, the Great Bear, upside down and pointing to a North Star so low that behind a hill we could not see it. It is a dry coun-

try, and we saw it in the second year of a drought; yet I believe it to be a country of high promise for settlers of white race. In many ways it reminds one rather curiously of the great plains of the West, where they slope upward to the foothills of the Rockies. It is a white man's country. Although under the equator, the altitude is so high that the nights are cool, and the region as a whole is very healthy. I saw many children, of the Boer immigrants, of English settlers, even of American missionaries, and they looked sound and well. Of course, there was no real identity in any feature; but again and again the general landscape struck me by its likeness to the cattle country I knew so well. As my horse shuffled forward, under the bright, hot sunlight, across the endless flats or gently rolling slopes of brown and withered grass, I might have been on the plains anywhere, from Texas to Montana; the hills were just like our Western buttes; the half-dry water-courses were fringed with trees, just as if they had been the Sandy, or the Dry, or the Beaver, or the Cottonwood, or any of the multitude of creeks that repeat these and similar names, again and again, from the Panhandle to the Saskatchewan. Moreover a Westerner, far better than an Easterner,

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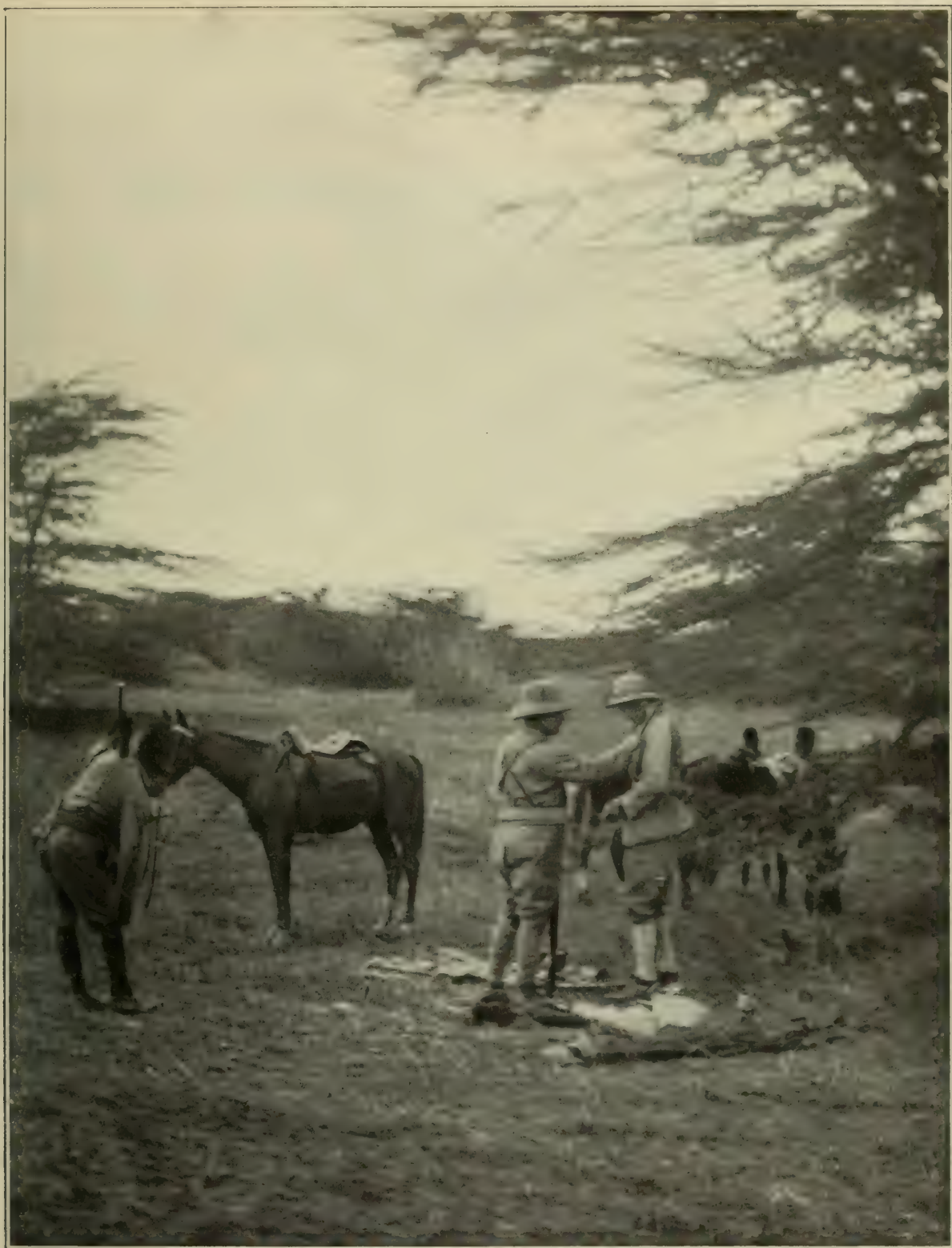
The start for the first day's lion hunting.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

could see the possibilities of the country. There should be storage reservoirs in the hills and along the rivers—in my judgment built by the government, and paid for by the water-users in the shape of water-rents—and irrigation ditches; with the water stored and used there would be an excellent opening for small farmers, for the settlers, the actual home-makers, who, above all others, should be encouraged to come into a white man's country like this of the highlands of East Africa. Even as it is, many settlers do well; it is hard to realize that right under the equator the conditions are such that wheat, potatoes, strawberries, apples, all flourish. No new country is a place for weaklings; but the right kind of man, the settler who makes a success in similar parts of our own West, can do well in East Africa; while a man with money can undoubtedly do very well indeed; and incidentally both men will be leading their lives under conditions peculiarly attractive to a certain kind of spirit. It means hard work, of course; but success generally does imply hard work.

The plains were generally covered only

with the thick grass on which the great herds of game fed; here and there small thorn-trees grew upon them, but usually so small and scattered as to give no shelter or cover. By the occasional watercourses the trees grew more thickly, and also on the hills and in the valleys between. Most of the trees were mimosas, or of similar kind, usually thorny; but there were giant cactus-like Euphorbias, shaped like candle-bras, and named accordingly; and on the higher hills fig-trees, wild olives, and many others whose names I do not know, but some of which were stately and beautiful. Many of the mimosas were in bloom, and covered with sweet-smelling yellow blossoms. There were many flowers. On the dry plains there were bushes of the color and size of our own sagebrush, covered with flowers like morning-glories. There were also wild sweet-peas, on which the ostriches fed; as they did on another plant with a lilac flower of a faint heliotrope fragrance. Among the hills there were masses of singularly fragrant flowers like pink jessamines, growing on bushes sometimes fifteen feet high or over. There were white



Mr. Roosevelt and Medlicott at the spot where we nooned on the first (unsuccessful) day of lion hunting in the Lucania Donga.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

flowers that smelt like narcissus, blue flowers, red lilies, orange tiger-lilies, and many others of many kinds and colors, while here and there in the pools of the rare rivers grew the sweet-scented purple lotus-lily.

There was an infinite variety of birds,

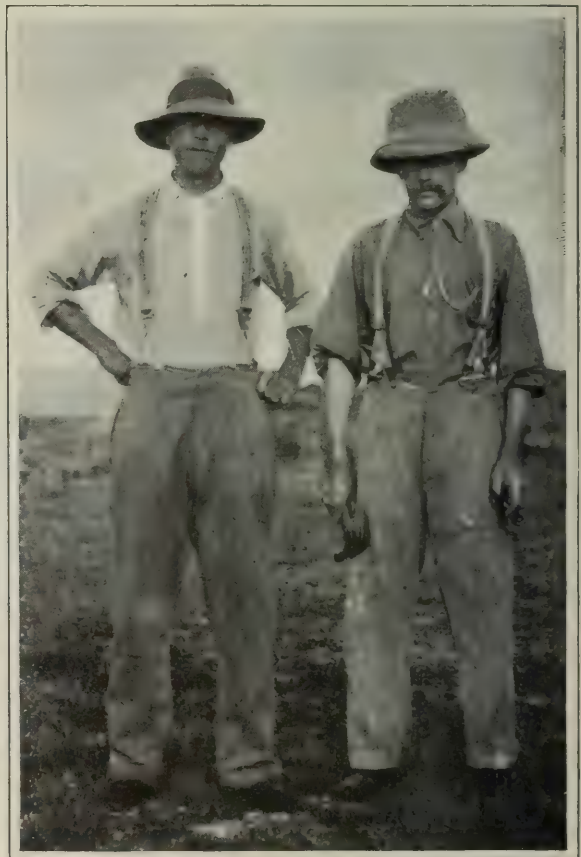
small and large, dull-colored and of the most brilliant plumage. For the most part they either had no names at all or names that meant nothing to us. There were glossy starlings of many kinds; and scores of species of weaver finches, some brilliantly



One of the native beaters and gun-bearers.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

colored, others remarkable because of the elaborate nests they built by communities among the trees. There were many kinds of shrikes, some of them big, parti-colored birds, almost like magpies, and with a kestrel-like habit of hovering in the air over one spot; others very small and prettily colored. There was a little red-billed finch with its outer tail feathers several times the length of its head and body. There was a little emerald cuckoo, and a tiny thing, a barbet, that looked exactly like a kingfisher four inches long. Eared owls flew up from the reeds and grass. There were big, restless, wonderfully colored plantain-eaters in the woods; and hornbills, with strange swollen beaks. A truelark, colored like our meadow-lark (to which it is in no way related) sang from bushes; but the clapper-lark made its curious clapping sounds (apparently with its wings, like a ruffed grouse) while it zigzagged in the air. Little pipits sang overhead like our Missouri sky-larks. There were night-jars; and doves of various kinds, one of which uttered a series of notes slightly resembling the call of our whippoorwill or chuckwills widow. The

beautiful little sunbirds were the most gorgeous of all. Then there were bustards, great and small, and snake-eating secretary birds, on the plains; and francolins, and African spur fowl with brilliant naked throats, and sand grouse that flew in packs uttering guttural notes. The wealth of bird life was bewildering. There was not much bird music, judged by the standards of a temperate climate; but the bulbuls, and one or two warblers, sang very sweetly. The naturalists caught shrews and mice in their traps; mole rats with velvety fur, which burrowed like our pocket gophers; rats that lived in holes like those of our kangaroo rat; and one mouse that was striped like our striped gopher. There were conies among the rocks on the hills; they looked like squat, heavy woodchucks, but their teeth were somewhat like those of a wee rhinoceros, and they had little hoof-like nails instead of claws. There were civets and wildcats and things like a small mongoose. But the most interesting mammal we saw was a brilliantly colored yellow and blue, or yellow and slate, bat, which we put up one day while beating through a ravine.



Klopper and Prinsloo, the two Boers working on Sir Alfred's ranch.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

It had been hanging from a mimosa twig, and it flew well in the strong sunlight, looking like some huge, parti-colored butterfly.

It was a settled country, this in which we

the hills and on the plains still teeming with game, the spirit of daring adventure everywhere visible, the hope and the heartbreaking disappointment, the successes and the



Clifford Hill's Kukuyu ostrich boys as they beat the tall grass for lion on the third day of lion hunting at Killima (Hill) Ugami, when we got two large and one small one.
The boys had their bows and arrows for protection.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

did our first hunting, and for this reason all the more interesting. The growth and development of East and Middle Africa are phenomena of such absorbing interest, that I was delighted at the chance to see the parts where settlement has already begun before plunging into the absolute wilderness. There was much to remind one of conditions in Montana and Wyoming thirty years ago; the ranches planted down among

failures. But the problem offered by the natives bore no resemblance to that once offered by the presence of our tribes of horse Indians, few in numbers and incredibly formidable in war. The natives of East Africa are numerous, many of them are agricultural—of pastoral people after their own fashion, and even the bravest of them, the warlike Masai, are in no way formidable as our Indians were formidable



Heads of first two big lions shot by Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

when they went on the war-path. The ranch country I first visited was in what was once the domain of the Wakamba, and in most of it the tribes still dwell. They are in most ways primitive savages, with an imperfect and feeble social, and therefore military, organization; they live in small communities under their local chiefs; they file their teeth, and though they wear blankets in the neighborhoods of the whites, these blankets are often cast aside; even when the blanket is worn, it is often in such fashion as merely to accentuate the otherwise absolute nakedness of both sexes. Yet these savages are cattle-keepers and cattle-

raisers, and the women do a good deal of simple agricultural work; unfortunately, they are wastefully destructive of the forests. The settlers evidently much prefer to rely upon the natives for unskilled labor rather than see coolies from Hindoostan brought into the country. The chief of each little village is recognized as the official headman by the British official, is given support, and is required to help the authorities keep peace and stamp out cattle disease—the two most important functions of government so far as the Wakamba themselves are concerned. All the little tribes have their herds of black, brown, and white



Noon at Ugami. Sir Alfred Pease bending over behind Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

goats, of mottled sheep, and especially of small humped cattle. The cattle form their pride and joy. During the day each herd is accompanied by the herdsman, and at night it is driven within its boma, or circular fence of thorn-bushes. Except for the milk, which they keep in their foul, smoky calabashes, the natives really make no use of their cattle; they do not know how to work them, and they never eat them even in time of starvation. When there is prolonged drought and consequent failure of crops, the foolish creatures die by the hundreds when they might readily be saved if they were willing to eat the herds which

they persist in treating as ornaments rather than as made for use.

Many of the natives work for the settlers, as cattle-keepers, as ostrich-keepers, or, after a fashion, as laborers. At Sir Alfred Pease's ranch, as at most of the other farms of the neighborhood, we found little Wakamba settlements. Untold ages separated employers and employed; yet those that I saw seemed to get on well together. The Wakamba are as yet not sufficiently advanced to warrant their sharing in the smallest degree in the common government; the "just consent of the governed" in their case, if taken literally, would mean idleness, famine,

and endless internecine warfare. They can not govern themselves from within; therefore they must be governed from without; and their need is met in highest fashion by firm and just control, of the kind that on the whole they are now getting. At Kitanga the natives on the place sometimes worked about the house; and they took care of the stock. The elders looked after the mild little humped cattle—bulls, steers,

the time to do their full part in ensuring a successful hunt to me, an entire stranger. All the settlers I met treated me with the same large and thoughtful courtesy—and what fine fellows they were! And their wives even finer. At Bondoni was Percival, a tall sinewy man, a fine rider and shot; like so many other men whom I met, he wore merely a helmet, a flannel shirt, short breeches or trunks, and puttees and boots,



View of rock where we lunched on the day we got the first four lions.

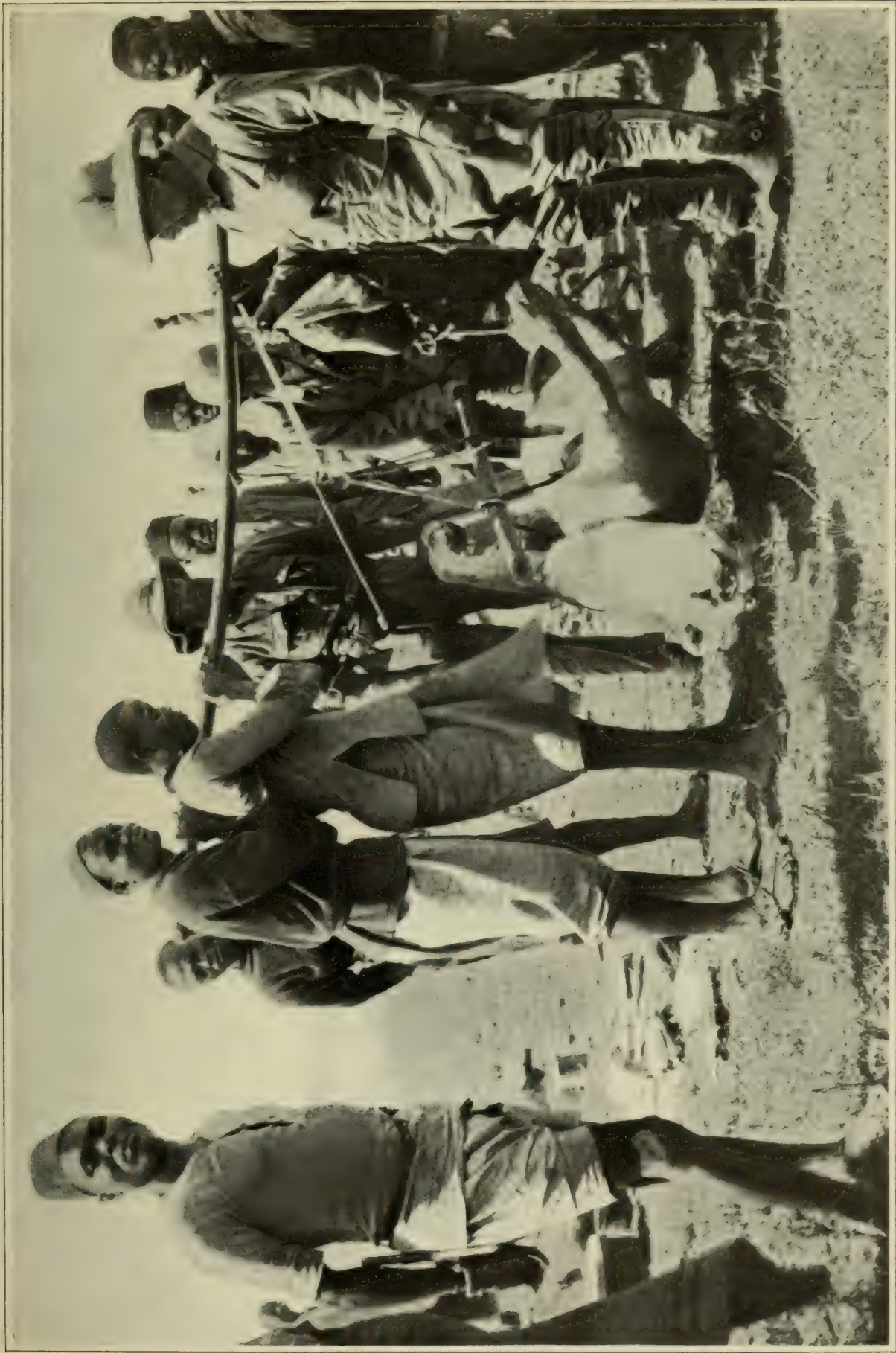
From a photograph by Lady Pease.

and cows; and the children, often the merest toddlers, took naturally to guarding the parties of pretty little calves, during the day-time, when they were separated from their mothers. It was an ostrich-farm, too; and in the morning and evening we would meet the great birds, as they went to their grazing-grounds or returned to the ostrich boma, mincing along with their usual air of foolish stateliness, convoyed by two or three boys, each with a red blanket, a throwing stick, copper wire round his legs and arms, and perhaps a feather stuck in his hair.

There were a number of ranches in the neighborhood—using “neighborhood” in the large Western sense, for they were many miles apart. The Hills, Clifford and Harold, were Afrianders; they knew the country, and were working hard and doing well; and in the midst of their work they spared

leaving the knee entirely bare. I shall not soon forget seeing him one day, as he walked beside his twelve-ox team, cracking his long whip, while in the big wagon sat pretty Mrs. Percival with a puppy, and a little cheetah cub, which we had found and presented to her and which she was taming. They all—Sir Alfred, the Hills, every one—behaved as if each was my host and felt it peculiarly incumbent on him to give me a good time; and among these hosts one who did very much for me was Captain Arthur Slatter. I was his guest at Kilimakin, where he was running an ostrich-farm; he had lost his right hand, yet he was an exceedingly good game shot, both with his light and his heavy rifles.

At Kitanga, Sir Alfred’s place, two Boers were working, Messrs. Prinsloo and Kloppe. We forgathered, of course, as I too was of Dutch ancestry; they were strong,



Mr. Roosevelt.

Sir Alfred Pease.

R. J. Cuninghame.

Mr. Roosevelt weighing a lioness (shot by him) which the porters brought in entire amid great rejoicings and chantings.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Sir Alfred with cheetah cub, Botha
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

upstanding men, good mechanics, good masons, and Prinsloo spoke English well. I afterward stopped at the farm of Klop- per's father, and at the farm of another Boer named Loijs; and I met other Boers while out hunting—Erasmus, Botha, Jou- bert, Meyer. They were descend- ants of the Voortrekkers with the same names who led the hard- fighting farmers northward from the Cape seventy years ago; and were kinsfolk of the men who since then have made these names honorably known throughout the world. There must of course be many Boers who have gone back- ward under the stress of a hard and semi-savage life; just as in our communities of the frontier, the backwoods, and the lonely moun- tains there are shiftless "poor whites" and "mean whites" min- gled with the sturdy men and wom- en who have laid deep the founda- tions of our national greatness. But personally I happened not to come across these shiftless "mean white" Boers. Those that I met, both men and women, were of as good a type as any one could wish for in his own countrymen

or could admire in another nationality. They fulfilled the three prime requisites for any race: they worked hard, they could fight hard at need, and they had plenty of children. These are the three essential qualities in any and every nation; they are by no means all-sufficient in themselves, and there is need that many others should be added to them; but the lack of any one of them is fatal, and cannot be made good by the presence of any other set of attributes.

It was pleasant to see the good terms on which Boer and Briton met. Many of the English settlers whose guest I was, or with whom I hunted—the Hills, Captain Slatter, Heatley, Judd—had fought through the South African war; and so had all the Boers I met. The latter had been for the most part members of various particularly hard- fighting commandos; when the war closed they felt very bitterly, and wished to avoid living under the British flag. Some moved West and some East; those I met were among the many hundreds, indeed thousands, who travelled northward—a few overland, most of them by water—to German East Africa. But in the part in which they happened to settle they were decimated by fever, and their stock perished of cattle sickness; and most of them had again moved northward, and once more found themselves under the



Vulture raven or white-necked raven.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



Sir Alfred, Lady, and Miss Pease, on ranch steps with rhino and lion skulls and lion skins.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

British flag. They were being treated precisely on an equality with the British settlers; and every well-wisher to his kind, and above all every well-wisher to Africa, must hope that the men who in South Africa fought so valiantly against one another, each for the right as he saw it, will speedily grow into a companionship of mutual respect, regard, and consideration such as that which, for our inestimable good fortune, now knits closely together in our own land the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray and their descendants. There could be no better and manlier people than those, both English and Dutch, who are at this moment engaged in the great and difficult task of adding East Africa to the domain of civilization; their work is bound to be hard enough anyhow; and it would be a lamentable calamity to render it more difficult by keeping alive a bitterness which has lost all point and justification, or by failing to recognize the fundamental virtues,

the fundamental characteristics, in which the men of the two stocks are in reality so much alike.

Messrs. Klopper and Loijs, whose farms I visited, were doing well; the latter, with three of his sons, took me out with pride to show me the dam which they had built across a dry watercourse, so as to make a storage reservoir when the rains came. The houses were of stone, and clean and comfortable; the floors were covered with the skins of buck and zebra; the chairs were home-made, as was most of the other furniture; the "rust bunks," or couches, strongly and gracefully shaped, and filled with plaited raw hide, were so attractive that I ordered one to take home. There were neatly kept little flower-gardens, suffering much from the drought; there were ovens and out-buildings; cattle-sheds for the humped oxen and the herds of pretty cows and calves; the biltong was drying in smoke-houses; there were patches of ground



Tree with Wakamba beehives, Kitanga.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

in cultivation, for corn and vegetables; and the wild velt came up to the door-sills, and the wild game grazed quietly on all sides within sight of the houses. It was a very good kind of pioneer life; and there could be no better pioneer settlers than Boers such as I saw.

The older men wore full beards, and were spare and sinewy. The young men were generally smooth-faced or moustached, strongly built, and rather shy. The elder women were stout, cordial, motherly housewives; the younger were often really pretty. At their houses I was received with hearty hospitality, and given coffee or fresh milk, while we conversed through the medium of the sons or daughters who knew a little English. They all knew that I was of Dutch origin, and were much interested when I repeated to them the only Dutch I knew, a nursery song which, as I told them, had been handed down to me by my own forefathers, and which in return I had repeated, so many, many times, to my children when they were little. It runs as follows, by the way; but I have no idea how the words are spelled, as I have no written copy; it is supposed to be sung by the father, who holds the little boy or little girl

on his knee, and tosses him or her up in the air when he comes to the last line:

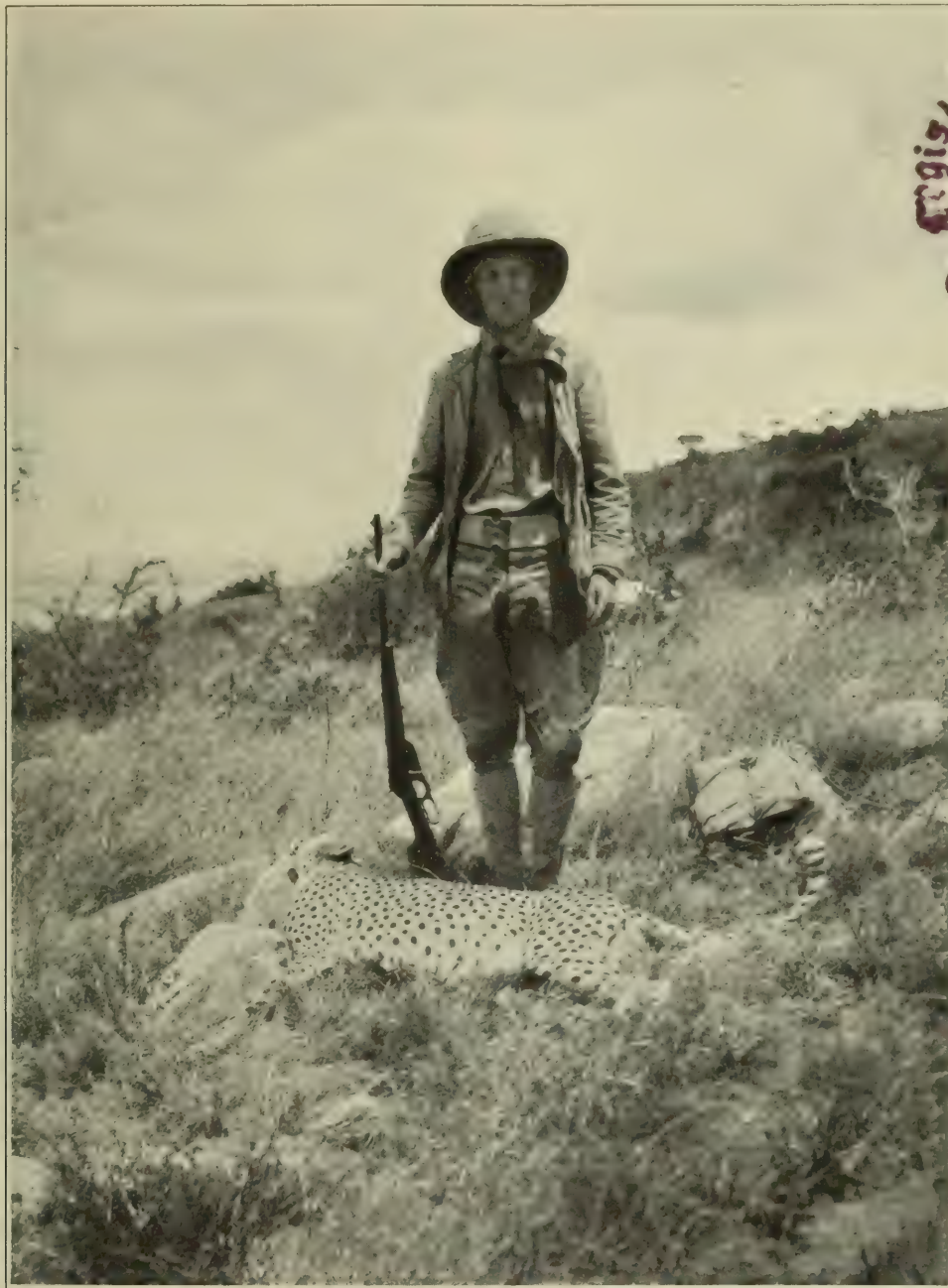
Trippe, troppa tronjes,
De vaarken's en de bonjes,
De kuje's en de klaver,
De paard's en de hafer
De entje's en de watter-plash!
So groot mein kleine (here insert the
little boy's or little girl's name) was!

My pronunciation caused trouble at first; but I think they understood me the more readily because doubtless their own usual tongue was in some sort a dialect; and some of them already knew the song, while they were all pleased and amused at my remembering and repeating it; and we were speedily on a most friendly footing.

The essential identity of interest between the Boer and British settlers was shown by their attitude toward the district commissioner, Mr. Humphrey, who was just leaving for his biennial holiday, and who dined with us in our tent on his way out. From both Boer farmer and English settler—and from the American missionaries also—I heard praise of Humphrey, as a strong man, not in the least afraid of either settler or native, but bound to do justice to both, and, what was quite as important, *sympathizing with*

the settlers, and knowing and understanding their needs. A new country in which white pioneer settlers are struggling with the iron difficulties and hardships of frontier life is

farmer who sent over a basket of flowers, now a box of apples from an English settler on the hills; now Prinsloo the Boer stopped to dinner; now the MacMillans—American



Kermit Roosevelt and cheetah shot by him.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

above all others that in which the officials should be men having both knowledge and sympathy with the other men over whom they are placed and for whom they should work.

My host and hostess, Sir Alfred and Lady Pease, were on the best of terms with all their neighbors, and their friendly interest was returned; now it was the wife of a Boer

friends, of whose farm and my stay thereon I shall speak later—rode over from their house on the Mua Hills, with their guest, Selous, to take lunch. This, by the way, was after I had shot my first lions, and I was much pleased to be able to show Selous the trophies.

My gentle-voiced hostess and her daughter had seen many strange lands and strange

happenings; as was natural with a husband and father of such adventure-loving nature. They took a keen interest, untinged by the slightest nervousness, in every kind of wild creature from lions and leopards down. The game was in sight from the veranda of the house almost every hour of the day. Early one morning, in the mist, three hartebeests came right up to the wire fence, two score yards from the house itself; and the black-and-white striped zebra, and ruddy hartebeest, grazed or rested through the long afternoons in plain view, on the hill-sides opposite.

It is hard for one who has not himself seen it to realize the immense quantities of game to be found on the Kapiti Plains and Athi Plains and the hills that bound them. The common game of the plains, the animals of which I saw most while at Kitanga and in the neighborhood, were the zebra, wildebeest, hartebeest, Grant's gazelle, and "Tommies" or Thompson's gazelle; the zebra, and the hartebeest, usually known by the Swahili name of kongoni, being by far the most plentiful. Then there were impalla, mountain reedbuck, duyker, steinbuck, and diminutive dikdik. As we travelled and hunted we were hardly ever out

of sight of game; and on Pease's farm itself there were many thousand head; and so there were on Slatter's. If wealthy men who desire sport of the most varied and interesting kind would purchase farms like these they could get, for much less money, many times the interest and enjoyment a deer-forest or grouse-moor can afford.

Unless there was something special on, like a lion- or rhinoceros-hunt, I usually rode off followed only by my sais and gun-bearers. I cannot describe the beauty and the unceasing interest of these rides, through the teeming herds of game. It was like retracing the steps of time for sixty or seventy years, and being back in the days of Cornwallis Harris and Gordon Cumming, in the palmy times of the giant fauna of South Africa big game. On Pease's own farm one day I passed through scores of herds of the beautiful and wonderful wild creatures I have spoken of above; all told there were several thousands of them. With the exception of the wildebeest, most of them were not shy, and I could have taken scores of shots at a distance of a couple of hundred yards or thereabout. Of course, I did not shoot at anything unless we were out of meat or needed the skin for the collection;



The third male lion shot by Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



"Ben" worrying the second big lion before it died, and when we were afraid it could yet charge.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

and when we took the skin we almost always took the meat too, for the porters, although they had their rations of rice, depended for much of their well-being on our success with the rifle.

These rides through the wild, lovely country, with only my silent black followers, had a peculiar charm. When the sky was overcast it was cool and pleasant, for it is a high country; as soon as the sun appeared the vertical tropic rays made the air quiver above the scorched land. As we passed down a hill-side we brushed through aromatic shrubs and the hot, pleasant fragrance enveloped us. When we came to a nearly dry watercourse, there would be beds of rushes, beautiful lilies and lush green plants with staring flowers; and great fig-trees, or flat-topped mimosas. In many of these trees there were sure to be native beehives; these were sections of hollow logs hung from the branches; they formed striking and characteristic features

of the landscape. Wherever there was any moisture there were flowers, brilliant of hue and many of them sweet of smell; and birds of numerous kinds abounded. When we left the hills and the wooded watercourses we might ride hour after hour across the barren desolation of the flats, while herds of zebra and hartebeests stared at us through the heat haze. Then the zebra, with shrill, barking neighs, would file off across the horizon, or the high-withered hartebeests, snorting and bucking, would rush off in a confused mass, as unreasoning panic succeeded foolish confidence. If I shot at anything, vultures of several kinds, and the tall, hideous marabout storks, gathered before the skimmers were through with their work; they usually stayed at a wary distance, but the handsome ravens, glossyhued with white napes, big-billed, long-winged, and short-tailed, came round more familiarly.

I rarely had to take the trouble to stalk

anything; the shooting was necessarily at rather long range, but by manoeuvring a little, and never walking straight toward a beast, I was usually able to get whatever the naturalists wished. Sometimes I shot fairly well, and sometimes badly. On one day, for instance, the entry in my diary ran: "Missed steinbuck, pig, impalla and Grant; awful." On another day it ran in part as follows: "Out with Heller. Hartebeest, 250 yards, facing me; shot through face, broke neck. Zebra, very large, quartering, 160 yards, between neck and shoulder. Buck Grant, 220 yards, walking, behind shoulder. Steinbuck, 180 yards, standing, behind shoulder." Generally each head of game bagged cost me a goodly number of bullets; but only twice did I wound animals which I failed to get; in the other cases the extra cartridges represented either misses at animals which got clean away untouched, or else a running fusillade at wounded animals which I eventually got. I am a very strong believer in making sure, and, therefore, in shooting at a wounded animal as long as there is the least chance of its getting off. The expenditure of a few cartridges is of no consequence whatever compared to the escape of a single head of game which should have been bagged. Shooting at long range necessitates much running. Some of my successful shots at Grant's gazelle and kongoni were made at 300, 350, and 400 yards; but at such distances my proportion of misses was very large indeed—and there were altogether too many even at shorter ranges.

The so-called grass antelopes, the steinbuck and duyker, were the ones at which I shot worst; they were quite plentiful, and they got up close, seeking to escape observation by hiding until the last moment; but they were small, and when they did go they rushed half hidden through the grass and in and out among the bushes at such a speed, and with such jumps and twists and turns, that I found it well-nigh impossible to hit them with the rifle. The few I got were shot when they happened to stand still.

On the steep, rocky, bush-clad hills there were little klipspringers and the mountain reedbuck or Chanler's reedbuck, a very pretty little creature. Usually we found the reedbuck and their fawns in small parties, and the bucks by themselves; but

we saw too few to enable us to tell whether this represented their normal habits. They fed on the grass, the hill plants, and the tips of certain of the shrubs, and were true mountaineers in their love of the rocks and rough ground, to which they fled in frantic haste when alarmed. They were shy and elusive little things, but not wary in the sense that some of the larger antelopes are wary. I shot two does with three bullets, all of which hit. Then I tried hard for a buck; at last, late one evening, I got up to one feeding on a steep hillside, and actually took ten shots to kill him, hitting him no less than seven times.

Occasionally we drove a ravine or a range of hills by means of beaters. On such occasions all kinds of things were put up. Most of the beaters, especially if they were wild savages impressed for the purpose from some neighboring tribe, carried throwing-sticks, with which they were very expert; as indeed were some of the colonials, like the Hills. Hares, looking and behaving much like small jack-rabbits, were plentiful both on the plains and in the ravines, and dozens of these were knocked over; while on several occasions I saw francolins and spurfowl cut down on the wing by a throwing-stick hurled from some unusually dexterous hand.

The beats, with the noise and laughter of the good-humored, excitable savages, and the alert interest as to what would turn up next, were great fun; but the days I enjoyed most were those spent alone with my horse and gun-bearers. We might be off by dawn, and see the tropic sun flame splendid over the brink of the world; strange creatures rustled through the bush or fled dimly through the long grass, before the light grew bright; and the air was fresh and sweet as it blew in our faces. When the still heat of noon drew near I would stop under a tree, with my water canteen and my lunch. The men lay in the shade, and the hobbled pony grazed close by, while I either dozed or else watched through my telescope the herds of game standing or lying drowsily in the distance. As the shadows lengthened I would again mount, and finally ride homeward as the red sunset paled to amber and opal, and all the vast, mysterious African landscape grew to wonderful beauty in the dying twilight.

LION-HUNTING ON THE KAPITI PLAINS

THE dangerous game of Africa are the lion, buffalo, elephant, rhinoceros, and leopard. The hunter who follows any of these animals always does so at a certain risk to life or limb; a risk which it is his business to minimize by coolness, caution, good judgment, and straight shooting. The leopard is in point of pluck and ferocity more than the equal of the other four; but his small size always renders it likely that he will merely maul, and not kill, a man. My friend, Carl Akely, of Chicago, actually killed bare-handed a leopard which sprang on him. He had already wounded the beast twice, crippling it in one front and one hind paw, whereupon it charged, followed him as he tried to dodge the charge, and struck him full just as he turned. It bit him in one arm, biting again and again as it worked up the arm from the wrist to the elbow; but Akely threw it, holding its throat with the other hand, and flinging its body to one side. It luckily fell on its side with its two wounded legs uppermost, so that it could not tear him. He fell forward with it and crushed in its chest with his knees until he distinctly felt one of its ribs crack; this, said Akely, was the first moment when he felt he might conquer. Redoubling his efforts, with knees and hand, he actually choked and crushed the life out of it, although his arm was badly bitten. A leopard will charge at least as readily as one of the big beasts, and is rather more apt to get his charge home, but the risk is less to life than to limb.

There are other animals often or occasionally dangerous to human life which are, nevertheless, not dangerous to the hunter. Crocodiles are far greater pests, and far more often man-eaters, than lions or leopards; but their shooting is not accompanied by the smallest element of risk. Poisonous snakes are fruitful sources of accident, but they are actuated only by fear, and the anger born of fear. The hippopotamus sometimes destroys boats and kills those in them; but again there is no risk in hunting him. Finally, the hyena, too cowardly ever to be a source of danger to the hunter, is sometimes a dreadful curse to the weak and helpless. The hyena is a beast of unusual strength, and of enormous power in his jaws and teeth, and thrice over would he be

dreaded were fang and sinew driven by a beast with the cruel courage of the leopard. But though the creature's foul and evil ferocity has no such backing as that yielded by the angry daring of the spotted cat, it is yet fraught with a terror all its own; for on occasion the hyena takes to man-eating after his own fashion. Carrion-feeder though it is, in certain places it will enter native huts and carry away children or even sleeping adults; and where famine or disease has worked havoc among a people, the hideous spotted beasts become bolder and prey on the survivors. For some years past Uganda has been scourged by the sleeping sickness, which has ravaged it as in the Middle Ages the Black Death ravaged Europe. Hundreds of thousands of natives have died. Every effort has been made by the Government officials to cope with the disease; and among other things sleeping-sickness camps have been established, where those stricken by the dread malady can be isolated and cease to be possible sources of infection to their fellows. Recovery among those stricken is so rare as to be almost unknown, but the disease is often slow, and months may elapse during which the diseased man is still able to live his life much as usual. In the big camps of doomed men and women thus established there were, therefore, many persons carrying on their avocations much as in an ordinary native village. But the hyenas speedily found that in many of the huts the inmates were a helpless prey. In 1908 and throughout the early part of 1909 they grew constantly bolder, haunting these sleeping-sickness camps, and each night entering them, bursting into the huts and carrying off and eating the dying people. To guard against them each little group of huts was inclosed by a thick hedge; but after a while the hyenas learned to break through the hedges, and continued their ravages; so that every night armed sentries had to patrol the camps, and every night they could be heard firing at the marauders.

The men thus preyed on were sick to death, and for the most part helpless. But occasionally men in full vigor were attacked. One of Pease's native hunters had been seized by a hyena as he slept beside the camp fire, and part of his face torn off. Selous informed me that a friend of his, Major R. T. Coryndon, then administrator

of Northwestern Rhodesia, was attacked by a hyena but two or three years ago. At the time Major Coryndon was lying, wrapped in a blanket, beside his wagon. A hyena, stealthily approaching through the night, seized him by the hand, and dragged him out of bed; but as he struggled and called out, the beast left him and ran off into the darkness. In spite of his torn hand the major was determined to get his assailant, which he felt sure would soon return. Accordingly, he went back to his bed, drew his cocked rifle beside him, pointing toward his feet, and feigned sleep. When all was still once more, a dim form loomed up through the uncertain light, toward the foot of the bed; it was the ravenous beast returning for his prey; and the major shot and killed it where it stood.

A few months ago a hyena entered the outskirts of Nairobi, crept into a hut, and seized and killed a native man. At Nairobi the wild creatures are always at the threshold of the town, and often cross it. At Governor Jackson's table, at Government House, I met Mr. and Mrs. Sandiford. Mr. Sandiford is managing the railroad. A few months previously, while he was sitting, with his family, in his own house in Nairobi, he happened to ask his daughter to look for something in one of the bedrooms. She returned in a minute, quietly remarking, "Father, there's a leopard under the bed." So there was; and it was then remembered that the house-cat had been showing a marked and alert distrust of the room in question—very probably the leopard had gotten into the house while trying to catch her or one of the dogs. A neighbor with a rifle was summoned, and shot the leopard.

Hyenas not infrequently kill mules and donkeys, tearing open their bellies, and eating them while they are still alive. Yet when themselves assailed they usually behave with abject cowardice. The Hills had a large Airedale terrier, an energetic dog of much courage. Not long before our visit this dog put up a hyena from a bushy ravine, in broad daylight, ran after it, overtook it, and flew at it. The hyena made no effective fight, although the dog—not a third its weight—bit it severely, and delayed its flight so that it was killed. During the first few weeks of our trip I not infrequently heard hyenas after nightfall,

but saw none. Kermit, however, put one out of a ravine or dry creek-bed—a donga, as it is locally called—and though the brute had a long start he galloped after it and succeeded in running it down. The chase was a long one, for twice the hyena got in such rocky country that he almost distanced his pursuer; but at last, after covering nearly ten miles, Kermit ran into it in the open, shooting it from the saddle as it shambled along at a canter growling with rage and terror. I would not have recognized the cry of the hyenas from what I had read, and I did not hear them laugh. Pease said that he had only once heard them really laugh. On that occasion he was watching for lions outside a Somali zareba. Suddenly a leopard leaped clear over the zareba, close beside him, and in a few seconds came flying back again, over the high thorn fence, with a sheep in its mouth; but no sooner had it landed than the hyenas rushed at it and took away the sheep; and then their cackling and shrieking sounded exactly like the most unpleasant kind of laughter. The normal death of very old lions, as they grow starved and feeble—unless they are previously killed in an encounter with dangerous game like buffalo—is to be killed and eaten by hyenas; but of course a lion in full vigor pays no heed to hyenas, unless it is to kill one if it gets in the way.

During the last few decades, in Africa, hundreds of white hunters, and thousands of native hunters, have been killed or wounded by lions, buffaloes, elephants, and rhinos. All are dangerous game; each species has to its grewsome credit a long list of mighty hunters slain or disabled. Among those most competent to express judgment there is the widest difference of opinion as to the comparative danger in hunting the several kinds of animals. Probably no other hunter who has ever lived has combined Selous's experience with his skill as a hunter and his power of accurate observation and narration. He has killed between three and four hundred lions, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinos, and he ranks the lion as much the most dangerous, and the rhino as much the least, while he puts the buffalo and elephant in between, and practically on a par. Governor Jackson has killed between eighty and ninety of the four animals; and he puts the buffalo un-

questionably first in point of formidable capacity as a foe, the elephant equally unquestionably second, the lion third, and the rhino last. Drummond, who wrote a capital book on South African game, who was for years a professional hunter like Selous, who had fine opportunities for observation, but who was a much less accurate observer than Selous, put the rhino as unquestionably the most dangerous, with the lion as second, and the buffalo and elephant nearly on a level. Samuel Baker, a good observer, but with less experience of African game than any one of the above, put the elephant first, the rhino second, the buffalo seemingly third, and the lion last. The experts of greatest experience thus absolutely disagree among themselves; and there is the same wide divergence of view among good hunters and trained observers whose opportunities have been less. Mr. Abel Chapman, for instance, regards both the elephant and the rhino as more dangerous than the lion; and most of the hunters I met in East Africa seemed inclined to rank the buffalo as more dangerous than any other animal. A man who has shot but a dozen or a score of these various animals, all put together, is not entitled to express any but the most tentative opinion as to their relative prowess and ferocity; yet on the whole it seems to me that the weight of opinion among those best fitted to judge is that the lion is the most formidable opponent of the hunter, under ordinary conditions. But we must ever keep in mind the fact that the surrounding conditions, the geographical locality, and the wide individual variation of temper within the ranks of each species, must all be taken into account. Under certain circumstances, a lion may be easily killed, whereas a rhino would be a dangerous foe. Under other conditions the rhino could be attacked with impunity, and the lion only with the utmost hazard; and one bull buffalo might flee and one bull elephant charge, and yet the next couple met with might show an exact reversal of behavior.

At any rate, during the last three or four years, in German and British East Africa and Uganda, over fifty white men have been killed or mauled and hurt by lions, buffaloes, elephants, and rhinos; and the lions have the largest list of victims to their credit. In Nairobi churchyard I was shown

the graves of seven men who had been killed by lions, and of one who had been killed by a rhino. The first man to meet us on the African shore was Mr. Campbell, Governor Jackson's A.D.C., and only a year previously he had been badly mauled by a lion. We met one gentleman who had been crippled for life by a lioness. He had marked her into some patches of brush, and coming up, tried to put her out of one thick clump. Failing, he thought she might have gone into another thicket, and walked toward it; instantly that his back was turned, the lioness, who had really been in the first clump of brush, raced out after him, threw him down, and bit him again and again before she was driven off. One night we camped at the very spot where, a score of years before, a strange tragedy had happened. It was in the early days of the opening of the country, and an expedition was going toward Uganda; one of the officials in charge was sleeping in a tent with the flap open. There was an askari on duty; yet a lion crept up, entered the tent, and seized and dragged forth the man. He struggled and made outcry; there was a rush of people, and the lion dropped his prey and bounded off. The man's wounds were dressed, and he was put back to bed in his own tent; but an hour or two after the camp again grew still, the lion returned, bent on the victim of whom he had been robbed; he re-entered the tent, seized the unfortunate wounded man with his great fangs, and this time made off with him into the surrounding darkness, killed and ate him. Not far from the scene of this tragedy, another had occurred. An English officer named Stewart, while endeavoring to kill his first lion, was himself set on and slain. At yet another place we were shown where two settlers, Messrs. Lucas and Goldfinch, had been one killed and one crippled by a lion they had been hunting. They had been following the chase on horseback, and being men of bold nature, and having killed several lions, had become too daring. They hunted the lion into a small piece of brush and rode too near it. It came out at a run and was on them before their horses could get under way. Goldfinch was knocked over and badly bitten and clawed; Lucas went to his assistance, and was in his turn knocked over, and the lion then lay on him and bit him to death. Goldfinch, in spite of his

own severe wounds, crawled over and shot the great beast as it lay on his friend. •

Most of the settlers with whom I was hunting had met with various adventures in connection with lions. Sir Alfred had shot many in different parts of Africa; some had charged fiercely, but he always stopped them. Captain Slatter had killed a big male with a mane a few months previously. He was hunting it in company with Mr. Humphrey, the District Commissioner of whom I have already spoken, and it gave them some exciting moments, for when hit it charged savagely. Humphrey had a shotgun loaded with buckshot, Slatter his rifle. When wounded, the lion charged straight home, hit Slatter, knocking him flat and rolling him over and over in the sand, and then went after the native gun-bearer, who was running away—the worst possible course to follow with a charging lion. The mechanism of Slatter's rifle was choked by the sand, and as he rose to his feet he saw the lion overtake the fleeing man, rise on his hind legs like a rearing horse—not springing—and strike down the fugitive. Humphrey fired into him with buckshot, which merely went through the skin; and some minutes elapsed before Slatter was able to get his rifle in shape to kill the lion, which, fortunately, had begun to feel the effect of his wounds, and was too sick to resume hostilities of its own accord. The gun-bearer was badly but not fatally injured. Before this, Slatter, while on a lion-hunt, had been set afoot by one of the animals he was after, which had killed his horse. It was at night and the horse was tethered within six yards of his sleeping master. The latter was aroused by the horse galloping off, and he heard it staggering on for some sixty yards before it fell. He and his friend followed it with lanterns and drove off the lion, but the horse was dead. The tracks and the marks on the horse showed what had happened. The lion had sprung clean on the horse's back, his fore claws dug into the horse's shoulders, his hind claws cutting into its haunches, while the great fangs bit at the neck. The horse struggled off at a heavy run, carrying its fearsome burden. After going some sixty yards the lion's teeth went through the spinal cord, and the ride was over. Neither animal had made a sound, and the lion's feet did not touch the earth until the horse fell.

While a magistrate in the Transvaal, Pease had under him as game officer a Boer hunter, a fine fellow, who underwent an extraordinary experience. He had been off some distance with his Kaffir boys, to hunt a lion. On his way home the hunter was hunted. It was after nightfall. He had reached a region where lions had not been seen for a long time, and where an attack by them was unknown. He was riding along a trail in the darkness, his big boarhound trotting ahead, his native "boys" some distance behind. He heard a rustle in the bushes alongside the path, but paid no heed, thinking it was a reedbuck. Immediately afterward two lions came out in the path behind and raced after him. One sprang on him, tore him out of the saddle, and trotted off holding him in its mouth, while the other continued after the frightened horse. The lion had him by the right shoulder, and yet with his left hand he wrenched his knife out of his belt and twice stabbed it. The second stab went to the heart and the beast let go of him, stood a moment, and fell dead. Meanwhile, the dog had followed the other lion, which now, having abandoned the chase of the horse, and with the dog still at his heels, came trotting back to look for the man. Crippled though he was, the hunter managed to climb a small tree; and though the lion might have gotten him out of it, the dog interfered. Whenever the lion came toward the tree the dog worried him, and kept him off until, at the shouts and torches of the approaching Kaffir boys, he sullenly retired, and the hunter was rescued.

Percival had a narrow escape from a lion, which nearly got him, though probably under a misunderstanding. He was riding through a wet spot of ground, where the grass was four feet high, when his horse burst suddenly into a run and the next moment a lion had galloped almost alongside of him. Probably the lion thought it was a zebra, for when Percival, leaning over, yelled in his face, the lion stopped short. But he at once came on again, and nearly caught the horse. However, they were now out of the tall grass, and the lion gradually drew up when they reached the open country.

The two Hills, Clifford and Harold, were running an ostrich farm. The lions sometimes killed their ostriches and stock; and

the Hills in return had killed several lions. The Hills were fine fellows; Afrianders, as their forefathers for three generations had been, and frontiersmen of the best kind. From the first moment they and I became fast friends, for we instinctively understood one another, and found that we felt alike on all the big questions, and looked

angered, they are cautious on bare ground. He halted, and then walked slowly to one side; and then slowly forward toward his house. The lions followed him with their eyes, and when he had passed they rose and slouched after him. They were not pleasant followers, but to hurry would have been fatal; and he walked slowly on along the



A zebra shot by Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

at life, and especially the life of effort led by the pioneer settler, from the same standpoint. They reminded me, at every moment, of those Western ranchmen and homemakers with whom I have always felt a special sense of companionship and with whose ideals and aspirations I have always felt a special sympathy. A couple of months before my visit, Harold Hill had met with a rather unpleasant adventure. He was walking home across the lonely plains, in the broad daylight, never dreaming that lions might be abroad, and was unarmed. When still some miles from his house, while plodding along, he glanced up and saw three lions in the trail only fifty yards off, staring fixedly at him. It happened to be a place where the grass was rather tall, and lions are always bold where there is the slightest cover; whereas, unless

road, while for a mile he kept catching glimpses of the tawny bodies of the beasts as they trod stealthily forward through the sunburned grass, alongside or a little behind him. Then the grass grew short, and the lions halted and continued to gaze after him until he disappeared over a rise.

Everywhere throughout the country we were crossing were signs that the lion was lord and that his reign was cruel. There were many lions, for the game on which they feed was extraordinarily abundant. They occasionally took the ostriches or stock of the settlers, or ravaged the herds and flocks of the natives, but not often; for their favorite food was yielded by the swarming herds of kongoni and zebras, on which they could prey at will. Later we found that they did not molest the buffalo, even where they lived in the same reed-

beds; and this though elsewhere they habitually prey on the buffalo. But where zebras and hartebeests could be obtained without effort, it was evidently not worth their while to challenge such formidable quarry. Every "kill" I saw was a kongoni or a zebra; probably I came across fifty of each. One zebra kill, which was not more than twenty-four hours old (after the lapse of that time the vultures and marabouts, not to speak of the hyenas and jackals, leave only the bare bones), showed just what had occurred.

leave some particularly difficult kill—for lions lie close. But Sir Alfred knew just the right place to go to, and was bound to get us lions—and he did.

One day we started from the ranch house in good season for an all-day lion hunt. Besides Kermit and myself, there was a fellow guest, a very good fellow, Medlicott, and not only our host, but our hostess and her daughter; and we were joined by Percival at lunch, which we took under a great fig-tree, at the foot of a high, rocky hill. Per-



Some of the naturalists' porters and skinners.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

The bones were all in place, and the skin still on the lower legs and head. The animal was lying on its belly, the legs spread out, the neck vertebra crushed; evidently the lion had sprung clean on it, bearing it down by his weight while he bit through the back of the neck, and the zebra's legs had spread out as the body yielded under the lion. One fresh kongoni kill showed no marks on the haunches, but a broken neck and claw marks on the face and withers; in this case the lion's hind legs had remained on the ground, while with his fore paws he grasped the kongoni's head and shoulders, holding it until the teeth splintered the neck bone.

One or two of our efforts to get lions failed, of course; the ravines we beat did not contain them, or we failed to make them

cival had with him a little mongrel bulldog, and a Masai "boy," a fine, bold-looking savage, with a handsome head-dress and the usual formidable spear; master, man, and dog evidently all looked upon any form of encounter with lions simply in the light of a spree.

After lunch we began to beat down a long donga, or dry watercourse—a creek, as we should call it in the Western plains country. The watercourse, with low, steep banks, wound in curves, and here and there were patches of brush, which might contain anything in the shape of lion, cheetah, hyena, or wild dog. Soon we came upon lion spoor in the sandy bed; first the footprints of a big male, then those of a lioness. We walked cautiously along each side of the donga, the horses following close behind so



Mrs. Percival with cheetah cub which we found and gave her.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

that if the lion were missed we could gallop after him and round him up on the plain. The dogs—for besides the little bull, we had a large brindled mongrel named Ben, whose courage belied his looks—began to show signs of scenting the lion; and we beat out each patch of brush, the natives shouting and throwing in stones, while we stood with the rifles where we could best command any probable exit. After a couple of false alarms the dogs drew toward one patch, their hair bristling, and showing such eager excitement that it was evident something big was inside; and in a moment one of the boys called, “simba” (lion), and pointed with his finger. It was just across the little ravine, there about four yards wide and as many feet deep; and I shifted my position, peering eagerly into the bushes for some moments before I caught a glimpse of tawny hide; as it moved, there was a call to me to “shoot,” for at that distance, if the lion charged, there would be scant time to stop it; and I fired into what I saw. There was a commotion in the bushes, and Kermit fired; and immediately afterward there broke out on the other side, not the hoped-for big lion, but two cubs the size of mastiffs. Each was badly wounded and

we finished them off; even if unwounded, they were too big to take alive.

This was a great disappointment, and as it was well on in the afternoon, and we had beaten the country most apt to harbor our game, it seemed unlikely that we would have another chance. Percival was on foot and a long way from his house, so he started for it; and the rest of us also began to jog homeward. But Sir Alfred, although he said nothing, intended to have another try. After going a mile or two he started off to the left at a brisk canter; and we, the other riders, followed, leaving behind our gun-bearers, saises, and porters. A couple of miles away was another donga, another shallow watercourse with occasional big brush patches along the winding bed; and toward this we cantered. Almost as soon as we reached it our leader found the spoor of two big lions; and with every sense acock, we dismounted and approached the first patch of tall bushes. We shouted and threw in stones, but nothing came out; and another small patch showed the same result. Then we mounted our horses again, and rode toward another patch a quarter of a mile off. I was mounted on Tranquillity, the stout and quiet sorrel.

This patch of tall, thick brush stood on the hither bank—that is, on our side of the watercourse. We rode up to it and shouted loudly. The response was immediate, in the shape of loud gruntings, and crashings through the thick brush. We were off our horses in an instant, I throwing the reins over the head of mine; and without delay, the good old fellow began placidly grazing, quite unmoved by the ominous sounds immediately in front.

I sprang to one side; and for a second or

it had merely been grazed, he might have recovered, and then, even though dying, his charge might have done mischief. So Kermit, Sir Alfred, and I fired, almost together, into his chest. His head sank, and he died.

This lion had come out on the left of the bushes; the other, to the right of them, had not been hit, and we saw him galloping off across the plain, six or eight hundred yards away. A couple more shots missed, and we mounted our horses to try to ride him down. The plain sloped gently upward for



Percival and his oxen starting off for the giraffes.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

two we waited uncertain whether we should see the lions charging out ten yards distant, or running away. Fortunately, they adopted the latter course. Right in front of me, thirty yards off, there appeared, from behind the bushes which had first screened him from my eyes, the tawny, galloping form of a big maneless lion. Crack! the Winchester spoke; and as the soft-nosed bullet ploughed forward through his flank the lion swerved so that I missed him with the second shot; but my third bullet went through the spine and forward into his chest. Down he came, sixty yards off, his hind quarters dragging, his head up, his ears back, his jaws open and lips drawn up in a prodigious snarl, as he endeavored to turn to face us. His back was broken; but of this we could not at the moment be sure, and if

three-quarters of a mile to a low crest or divide, and long before we got near him he disappeared over this. Sir Alfred and Kermit were tearing along in front and to the right, and Miss Pease close behind; while Tranquillity carried me, as fast as he could, on the left, with Medlicott near me. On topping the divide Sir Alfred and Kermit missed the lion, which had swung to the left, and they raced ahead too far to the right. Medlicott and I, however, saw the lion, loping along close behind some kongoni; and this enabled me to get up to him as quickly as the lighter men on the faster horses. The going was now slightly downhill, and the sorrel took me along very well, while Medlicott, whose horse was slow, bore to the right and joined the other two men. We gained rapidly, and, finding out

this, the lion suddenly halted and came to bay in a slight hollow, where the grass was rather long. The plain seemed flat, and we could see the lion well from horseback; but, especially when he lay down, it was most difficult to make him out on foot, and impossible to do so when kneeling.

We were about a hundred and fifty yards from the lion, Sir Alfred, Kermit, Medlicott, and Miss Pease off to one side, and slightly above him on the slope, while I was on the level, nearly equidistant from him and them. Kermit and I tried shooting from the horses; but at such a distance this was not effective. Then Kermit got off, but his horse would not let him shoot; and when I got off I could not make out the animal through the grass with sufficient distinctness to enable me to take aim. Old Ben the dog had arrived, and, barking loudly, was strolling about near the lion; which paid him not the slightest attention. At this moment my black sais, Simba, came running up to me and took hold of the bridle; he had seen the chase from the line of march and had cut across to join me. There was no other sais or gun-bearer anywhere near, and his action was plucky, for he was the only man afoot, with the lion at bay. Lady Pease had also ridden up and was an interested spectator only some fifty yards behind me.

Now, an elderly man with a varied past which includes rheumatism does not vault lightly into the saddle; as his sons, for instance, can; and I had already made up my mind that in the event of the lion's charging it would be wise for me to trust to straight powder rather than to try to scramble into the saddle and get under way in time. The arrival of my two companions settled matters. I was not sure of the speed of Lady Pease's horse; and Simba was on foot and it was of course out of the question for me to leave him. So I said, "Good, Simba, now we'll see this thing through," and gentle-mannered Simba smiled a shy appreciation of my tone, though he could not understand the words. I could still not see the lion when I knelt, but he was now standing up, looking first at one group of horses and then at the other, his tail lashing to and fro, his head held low, and his lips dropped over his mouth in peculiar fashion, while his harsh and savage growling rolled thunderously over the plain. Seeing Simba

and me on foot, he turned toward us, his tail lashing quicker and quicker. Resting my elbow on Simba's bent shoulder, I took steady aim and pressed the trigger; the bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, and the lion fell over on his side, one foreleg in the air. He recovered in a moment and stood up, evidently very sick, and once more faced me, growling hoarsely. I think he was on the eve of charging. I fired again at once, and this bullet broke his back just behind the shoulders; and with the next I killed him outright, after we had gathered round him.

These were two good-sized maneless lions; and very proud of them I was. I think Sir Alfred was at least as proud, especially because we had performed the feat alone, without any professional hunters being present. "We were all amateurs, only gentleman riders up," said Sir Alfred. It was late before we got the lions skinned. Then we set off toward the ranch, two porters carrying each lion skin, strapped to a pole; and two others carrying the cub skins. Night fell long before we were near the ranch; but the brilliant tropic moon lighted the trail. The stalwart savages who carried the bloody lion skins swung along at a faster walk as the sun went down and the moon rose higher; and they began to chant in unison, one uttering a single word or sentence, and the others joining in a deep-toned, musical chorus. The men on a safari, and indeed African natives generally, are always excited over the death of a lion, and the hunting tribes then chant their rough hunting songs, or victory songs, until the monotonous, rhythmical repetitions make them grow almost frenzied. The ride home through the moonlight, the vast barren landscape shining like silver on either hand, was one to be remembered; and above all, the sight of our trophies and of their wild bearers.

Three days later we had another successful lion hunt. Our camp was pitched at a water hole in a little stream called Potha, by a hill of the same name. Pease, Medlicott, and both the Hills were with us, and Heller came too; for he liked, when possible, to be with the hunters so that he could at once care for any beast that was shot. As the safari was stationary, we took fifty or sixty porters as beaters. It was thirteen hours before we got into camp

that evening. The Hills had with them as beaters and water-carriers half a dozen of the Wakamba who were working on their farm. It was interesting to watch these naked savages, with their filed teeth, their heads shaved in curious patterns, and carrying for arms little bows and arrows.

Before lunch we beat a long, low hill. Harold Hill was with me; Medlicott and Kermit were together. We placed ourselves, one couple on each side of a narrow neck, two-thirds of the way along the crest of the hill; and soon after we were in position we heard the distant shouts of the beaters as they came toward us, covering the crest and the tops of the slopes on both sides. It was rather disconcerting to find how much better Hill's eyes were than mine. He saw everything first, and it usually took some time before he could make me see it. In this first drive nothing came my way except some mountain reedbuck does, at which I did not shoot. But a fine male cheetah came to Kermit, and he bowled it over in good style as it ran.

Then the beaters halted, and waited before resuming their march until the guns had gone clear round and established themselves at the base of the farther end of the hill. This time Kermit, who was a couple of hundred yards from me, killed a reedbuck and a steinbuck. Suddenly Hill said, "Lion," and endeavored to point it out to me, as it crept cautiously among the rocks on the steep hill-side, a hundred and fifty yards away. At first I could not see it; finally I thought I did and fired, but, as it proved, at a place just above him. However, it made him start up, and I immediately put the next bullet behind his shoulders; it was a fatal shot; but, growling, he struggled down the hill, and I fired again and killed him. It was not much of a trophy, however, turning out to be a half-grown male.

We lunched under a tree, and then arranged for another beat. There was a long, wide valley, or rather a slight depression in the ground—for it was only three or four feet below the general level—in which the grass grew tall, as the soil was quite wet. It was the scene of Percival's adventure with the lion that chased him. Hill and I stationed ourselves on one side of this valley or depression, toward the upper end; Pease took Kermit to the opposite side; and we waited, our horses some distance behind

us. The beaters were put in at the lower end, formed a line across the valley, and beat slowly toward us, making a great noise.

They were still some distance off when Hill saw three lions, which had slunk stealthily off ahead of them through the grass. I have called the grass tall, but this was only by comparison with the short grass of the dry plains. In the depression or valley it was some three feet high. In such grass a lion, which is marvellously adept at hiding, can easily conceal itself, not merely when lying down, but when advancing at a crouching gait. If it stands erect, however, it can be seen.

There were two lions near us, one directly in our front, a hundred and ten yards off. Some seconds passed before Hill could make me realize that the dim yellow smear in the yellow-brown grass was a lion; and then I found such difficulty in getting a bead on it that I overshot. However, the bullet must have passed very close—indeed, I think it just grazed him—for he jumped up and faced us, growling savagely. Then, his head lowered, he threw his tail straight into the air and began to charge. The first few steps he took at a trot, and before he could start into a gallop I put the soft-nosed Winchester bullet in between the neck and shoulder. Down he went with a roar; the wound was fatal, but I was taking no chances, and I put two more bullets in him. Then we walked toward where Hill had already seen another lion—the lioness, as it proved. Again he had some difficulty in making me see her; but he succeeded, and I walked toward her through the long grass, repressing the zeal of my two gun-bearers, who were stanch, but who showed a tendency to walk a little ahead of me on each side, instead of a little behind. I walked toward her because I could not kneel to shoot in grass so tall; and when shooting off-hand I like to be fairly close, so as to be sure that my bullets go in the right place. At sixty yards I could make her out clearly, snarling at me as she faced me; and I shot her full in the chest. She at once performed a series of extraordinary antics, tumbling about on her head, just as if she were throwing somersaults, first to one side and then to the other. I fired again, but managed to shoot between the somersaults, so to speak, and missed her. The shot seemed to bring her to herself, and away

she tore; but instead of charging us she charged the line of beaters. She was dying fast, however, and in her weakness failed to catch any one; and she sank down into the long grass. Hill and I advanced to look her up, our rifles at full cock, and the gun-bearers close behind. It is ticklish work to follow a wounded lion in tall grass, and we walked carefully, every sense on the alert. We passed Heller, who had been with the beaters. He spoke to us with an amused smile. His only weapon was a pair of field-glasses, but he always took things as they came, with entire coolness, and to be close to a wounded lioness when she charged merely interested him. A beater came running up and pointed toward where he had seen her, and we walked toward the place. At thirty yards distance Hill pointed, and eagerly peering, I made out the form of the lioness showing indistinctly through the grass. She was half crouching, half sitting, her head bent down; but she still had strength to do mischief. She saw us, but before she could turn I sent a bullet through her shoulders; down she went, and was dead when we walked up. A cub had been seen, and another full-grown lion, but they had slunk off and we got neither.

This was a full-grown, but young, lioness of average size; her cubs must have been several months old. We took her entire to camp to weigh; she weighed two hundred and eighty-three pounds. The first lion, which we had difficulty in finding, as there

were no identifying marks in the plain of tall grass, was a good-sized male, weighing about four hundred pounds, but not yet full-grown; although he was probably the father of the cubs.

We were a long way from camp, and, after beating in vain for the other lion, we started back; it was after nightfall before we saw the camp fires. It was two hours later before the porters appeared, bearing on poles the skin of the dead lion, and the lioness entire. The moon was nearly full, and it was interesting to see them come swinging down the trail in the bright silver light, chanting in deep tones, over and over again, a line or phrase that sounded like:

"Zon-zon-boulé ma ja guntai; zon-zon-boulé ma ja guntai."

Occasionally they would interrupt it by the repetition in unison, at short intervals, of a guttural ejaculation, sounding like "huzlem." They marched into camp, then up and down the lines, before the rows of small fires; then, accompanied by all the rest of the porters, they paraded up to the big fire where I was standing. Here they stopped and ended the ceremony by a minute or two's vigorous dancing amid singing and wild shouting. The firelight gleamed and flickered across the grim dead beasts, and the shining eyes and black features of the excited savages, while all around the moon flooded the landscape with her white light.



"A CHARMED LIFE"

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATION BY F. GRAHAM COOTES



HE loved him so much that when he went away to a little war in which his country was interested she could not understand, nor quite forgive.

As the correspondent of a newspaper, Chesterton had looked on at other wars; when the yellow races met, when the infidel Turk spanked the Christian Greek; and once he had watched from inside a British square, where he was greatly alarmed lest he should be trampled upon by terrified camels. This had happened before he and she had met. After they met, she told him that what chances he had chosen to take before he came into her life fell outside of her jurisdiction. But now that his life belonged to her, this talk of his standing up to be shot at was wicked. It was worse than wicked; it was absurd.

When the *Maine* sank in Havana harbor and the word "war" was appearing hourly in hysterical extras, Miss Armitage explained her position.

"You mustn't think," she said, "that I am one of those silly girls who would beg you not to go to war."

At the moment of speaking her cheek happened to be resting against his, and his arm was about her, so, he humbly bent his head and kissed her, and whispered very proudly and softly, "No, dearest."

At which she withdrew from him frowning.

"No! I'm not a bit like those girls," she proclaimed. "I merely tell you *you can't go!* My gracious!" she cried, helplessly. She knew the words fell short of expressing her distress, but her education had not supplied her with exclamations of greater violence.

"My goodness!" she cried. "How can you frighten me so? It's not like you," she reproached him. "You are so unselfish, so noble. You are always thinking of other people. How can you talk of going to war—to be killed—to me? And now, now that you have made me love you so?"

The hands, that when she talked, seemed

to him like swallows darting and flashing in the sunlight, clutched his sleeve. The fingers, that he would rather kiss than the lips of any other woman that ever lived, clung to his arm. Their clasp reminded him of that of a drowning child he had once lifted from the surf.

"If you should die," whispered Miss Armitage. "What would I do. What would I do!"

"But my dearest," cried the young man. "My dearest *one!* I've got to go. It's our own war. Everybody else will go," he pleaded. "Every man you know, and they're going to fight, too. I am going only to look on. That's bad enough, isn't it, without sitting at home? You should be sorry I'm not going to fight."

"Sorry!" exclaimed the girl. "If you love me——"

"If I love you," shouted the young man. His voice suggested that he was about to shake her. "How dare you?"

She abandoned that position and attacked him from one more logical.

"But why punish me?" she protested. "Do *I* want the war? Do *I* want to free Cuba? No! I want *you*, and if you go, you are the one who is sure to be killed. You are so big—and so brave, and you will be rushing in wherever the fighting is, and then—then you will die." She raised her eyes and looked at him as though seeing him from a great distance. "And," she added fatefully, "I will die too, or may be, I will have to live, to live without you for years, for many miserable years."

Fearfully, with great caution, as though in his joy in her he might crush her in his hands, the young man drew her to him and held her close. After a silence he whispered. "But, you know that nothing can happen to me. Not now, that God has let me love you. He could not be so cruel. He would not have given me such happiness to take it from me. A man who loves you, as I love you, cannot come to any harm. And the man *you* love is immortal, immune. He holds a charmed life. So long as you love him, he must live."

The eyes of the girl smiled up at him through her tears. She lifted her lips to his. "Then you will never die!" she said.

She held him away from her. "Listen!" she whispered. "What you say is true. It must be true, because you are always right. I will love you so that nothing shall harm you. My love will be a charm. It will hang around your neck and protect you, and keep you, and bring you back to me. When you are in danger my love will save you. For, while it lives, I live. When it dies——"

Chesterton kissed her quickly.

"What happens then," he said, "doesn't matter."

The war game had run its happy-go-lucky course briefly and brilliantly, with "glory enough for all," even for Chesterton. For, in no previous campaign had good fortune so persistently stood smiling at his elbow. At each moment of the war that was critical, picturesque, dramatic, by some lucky accident he found himself among those present. He could not lose. Even when his press boat broke down at Cardenas, a Yankee cruiser and two Spanish gunboats, apparently for his sole benefit, engaged in an impromptu duel within range of his megaphone. When his horse went lame, the column with which he had wished to advance passed forward to the front unmolested, while the rear guard to which he had been forced to join his fortune, fought its way through the stifling underbrush.

Between his news despatches, when he was not singing the praises of his fellow countrymen, or copying lists of their killed and wounded, he wrote to Miss Armitage. His letters were scrawled on yellow copy paper and consisted of repetitions of the three words, "I love you," rearranged, illuminated and intensified.

Each letter began much in the same way. "The war is still going on. You can read about it in the papers. What I want you to know is that I love you as no man ever—" And so on for many pages.

From her only one of the letters she wrote reached him. It was picked up in the sand at Siboney after the medical corps, in an effort to wipe out the yellow fever, had set fire to the post office tent.

She had written it some weeks before from her summer home at Newport, and in

it she said: "When you went to the front, I thought no woman could love more than I did then. But, now I know. At least I know one girl who can. She cannot write it. She can never tell you. You must just believe."

"Each day I hear from you, for as soon as the paper comes, I take it down to the rocks and read your cables, and I look south across the ocean to Cuba, and try to see you in all that fighting and heat and fever. But I am not afraid. For each morning I wake to find I love you more; that it has grown stronger, more wonderful, more hard to bear. And I know the charm I gave you grows with it, and is more powerful, and that it will bring you back to me wearing new honors, 'bearing your sheaves with you.'"

"As though I cared for your new honors. I want *you, you, you*—only *you*."

When Santiago surrendered and the invading army settled down to arrange terms of peace, and imbibe fever, and General Miles moved to Porto Rico, Chesterton moved with him.

In that pretty little island a command of regulars under a general of the regular army had, in a night attack, driven back the Spaniards from Adhuntas. The next afternoon as the column was in line of march, and the men were shaking themselves into their accoutrements, a dusty, sweating volunteer staff officer rode down the main street of Adhuntas, and with the authority of a field marshal, held up his hand.

"General Miles' compliments, sir," he panted, "and peace is declared!"

Different men received the news each in a different fashion. Some whirled their hats in the air and cheered. Those who saw promotion and the new insignia on their straps vanish, swore deeply. Chesterton fell upon his saddle bags and began to distribute his possessions among the enlisted men. After he had remobilized, his effects consisted of a change of clothes, his camera, water bottle, and his medicine case. In his present state of health and spirits he could not believe he stood in need of the medicine case, but it was a gift of Miss Armitage, and carried with it a promise from him that he always would carry it. He had "packed" it throughout the campaign, and for others, it had proved of value.

"I take it you are leaving us," said an officer enviously.

"I am leaving you so quick," cried Chesterton laughing, "that you won't even see the dust. There's a transport starts from Mayaguez at six to-morrow morning, and, if I don't catch it, this pony will die on the wharf."

"The road to Mayaguez is not healthy for Americans," said the general in command. "I don't think I ought to let you go. The enemy does not know peace is on yet, and there are a lot of guerillas——"

Chesterton shook his head in pitying wonder.

"Not let me go!" he exclaimed. "Why, General, you haven't enough men in your command to stop me, and as for the Spaniards and guerillas—! I'm homesick," cried the young man. "I'm so damned homesick that I am liable to die of it before that transport gets me to Sandy Hook."

"If you are shot up by an outpost," growled the general, "you will be worse off than homesick. It's forty miles to Mayaguez. Better wait till daylight. Where's the sense of dying, after the fighting's over?"

"If I don't catch that transport I sure *will* die," laughed Chesterton.

His head was bent and he was tugging at his saddle girths. Apparently the effort brought a deeper shadow to his tan, "but nothing else can kill me! I have a charm, general," he exclaimed.

"We hadn't noticed it," said the general.

The staff officers, according to regulations, laughed.

"It's not that kind of a charm," said Chesterton. "Good-bye, general."

The road was hardly more than a trail, but the moon made it as light as day, and cast across it black tracings of the swinging vines and creepers; while high in the air it turned the polished surface of the palms into glittering silver. As he plunged into the cool depths of the forest Chesterton threw up his arms and thanked God that he was moving toward her. The luck that had accompanied him throughout the campaign had held until the end. Had he been forced to wait for a transport, each hour would have meant a month of torment, an arid, wasted blank place in his life. As it was, with each eager stride of El Capitan, his little Porto Rican pony, he was brought closer to her. He was so happy that as he

galloped through the dark shadows of the jungle or out into the brilliant moonlight he shouted aloud and sang; and again as he urged El Capitan to greater bursts of speed, he explained in joyous, breathless phrases why it was that he urged him on.

"For she is wonderful and most beautiful," he cried, "the most glorious girl in all the world! And, if I kept her waiting, even for a moment, El Capitan, I would be unworthy—and I might lose her! So you see we ride for a great prize!"

The Spanish column that, the night before, had been driven from Adhuntas, now in ignorance of peace, occupied both sides of the valley through which ran the road to Mayaguez, and in ambush by the road itself had placed an outpost of two men. One was a sharpshooter of the picked corps of the Guardia Civile, and one a sergeant of the regiment that lay hidden in the heights. If the Americans advanced toward Mayaguez, these men were to wait until the head of the column drew abreast of them, when they were to fire. The report of their rifles would be the signal for those in the hill above to wipe out the memory of Adhuntas.

Chesterton had been riding at a gallop, but, as he reached the place where the men lay in ambush, he pulled El Capitan to a walk, and took advantage of his first breathing spell to light his pipe. He had already filled it, and was now fumbling in his pocket for his match box. The match box was of wood such as one can buy filled to the brim with matches, for one penny. But, it was a most precious possession. In the early days of his interest in Miss Armitage, as they were once setting forth upon a motor trip, she had handed it to him.

"Why," he asked.

"You always forget to bring any," she said simply, "and have to borrow some."

The other men in the car, knowing this to be a just reproof, laughed sardonically, and at the laugh the girl had looked up in surprise. Chesterton, seeing the look, understood that her act, trifling as it was, had been sincere, had been inspired simply by thought of his comfort. And he asked himself why young Miss Armitage should consider his comfort, and why the fact that she did consider it, should make him so extremely happy. And he decided it must be because she loved him, and he loved her.

Having arrived at that conclusion, he had asked her to marry him, and upon the match box had marked the date and the hour. Since then she had given him many pretty presents, marked with her initials, marked with his crest, with strange cabalistic mottoes that meant nothing to anyone save themselves. But the wooden match box was still the most valued of his possessions.

As he rode into the valley the rays of the moon fell fully upon him, and exposed him to the outpost as pitilessly as though he had been held in the circle of a searchlight.

The bronzed Mausers pushed cautiously through the screen of vines. There was a pause, and the rifle of the sergeant wavered. When he spoke his tone was one of disappointment.

"He is a scout, riding alone," he said.

"He is an officer," returned the sharpshooter, excitedly. "The others follow. We should fire now and give the signal."

"He is no officer, he is a scout," repeated the sergeant. "They have sent him ahead to study the trail and to seek us. He may be a league in advance. If we shoot *him*, we only warn the others."

Chesterton was within fifty yards. After an excited and anxious search he had found the match box in the wrong pocket. The eyes of the sharpshooter frowned along the barrel of his rifle. With his chin pressed against the stock he whispered swiftly from the corner of his lips, "He is an officer! I am aiming where the strap crosses his heart. You aim at his belt. We fire together."

The heat of the tropic night and the strenuous gallop had covered El Capitan with a lather of sweat. The reins upon his neck dripped with it. The gauntlets with which Chesterton held them were wet. As he raised the match box it slipped from his fingers and fell noiselessly in the trail. With an exclamation he dropped to the road and to his knees, and groping in the dust, began an eager search.

The sergeant caught at the rifle of the sharpshooter, and pressed it down.

"Look!" he whispered. "He *is* a scout. He is searching the trail for the tracks of our ponies. If you fire they will hear it a league away."

"But, if he finds our trail, and returns—"

The sergeant shook his head. "I let

him pass forward," he said grimly. "He will never return."

Chesterton pounced upon the half buried match box, and in a panic lest he might again lose it, thrust it inside his tunic.

"Little do you know, El Capitan," he exclaimed breathlessly, as he scrambled back into the saddle and lifted the pony into a gallop, "what a narrow escape I had. I almost lost it."

Toward midnight they came to a wooden bridge swinging above a ravine in which a mountain stream, forty feet below, splashed over half-hidden rocks, and the stepping stones of the ford. Even before the campaign began the bridge had outlived its usefulness, and the unwonted burden of artillery, the vibrations of marching men had so shaken it that it swayed like a house of cards. Threatened by its own weight, at the mercy of the first tropic storm, it hung a death trap for the one who first added to its burden.

No sooner had El Capitan struck it squarely with his four hoofs, than he reared, and whirling, sprang back to the solid earth. The suddenness of his retreat had all but thrown Chesterton, but he regained his seat, and digging the pony roughly with his spurs, pulled his head again toward the bridge.

"What are you shying at, now?" he panted. "That's a perfectly good bridge."

For a minute horse and man struggled for the mastery, the horse spinning in short circles, the man pulling, tugging, urging him with knees and spurs. The first round ended in a draw. There were two more rounds with the advantage slightly in favor of El Capitan, for he did not approach the bridge.

The night was warm and the exertion violent. Chesterton, puzzled and annoyed paused to regain his breath and his temper. Below him, in the ravine, the shallow waters of the ford called to him, suggesting a pleasant compromise. He turned his eyes downward and saw hanging over the water what appeared to be a white bird upon the lower limb of a dead tree. He knew it to be an orchid, an especially rare orchid, and he knew also that the orchid was the favorite flower of Miss Armitage. In a moment he was on his feet, and with the reins over his arm, was slipping down the bank dragging El Capitan behind him.

He ripped from the dead tree the bark to which the orchid was clinging, and with wet moss and grass packed it in his leather camera case. The camera he abandoned on the path. He always could buy another camera; he could not again carry a white orchid, plucked in the heart of the tropics on the night peace was declared, to the girl he left behind him. Followed by El Capitan, nosing and snuffing gratefully at the cool waters, he waded the ford, and with his camera case swinging from his shoulder, galloped up the opposite bank and back into the trail.

A minute later, the bridge, unable to recover from the death blow struck by El Capitan, went whirling into the ravine and was broken upon the rocks below. Hearing the crash behind him, Chesterton guessed that in the jungle a tree had fallen.

They had started at six in the afternoon and had covered twenty of the forty miles that lay between Adhuntas and Mayaguez, when, just at the outskirts of the tiny village of Caguan, El Capitan stumbled, and when he arose painfully, he again fell forward.

Caguan was a little church, a little vine-covered inn, a dozen one-story adobe houses shining in the moonlight like white-washed sepulchres. They faced a grass grown plaza, in the centre of which stood a great wooden cross. At one corner of the village was a corral, and in it many ponies. At the sight Chesterton gave a cry of relief. A light showed through the closed shutters of the inn, and when he beat with his whip upon the door, from the adobe houses other lights shone, and white clad figures appeared in the moonlight. The landlord of the inn was a Spaniard, fat and prosperous looking, but for the moment his face was eloquent with such distress and misery that the heart of the young man who was at peace with all the world, went instantly out to him. The Spaniard was less sympathetic. When he saw the khaki suit and the campaign hat he scowled, and ungraciously would have closed the door. Chesterton, apologizing pushed it open. His pony, he explained, had gone lame, and he must have another, and at once. The landlord shrugged his shoulders. These were war times, he said, and the American officer could take what he liked. They in Caguan were non-combatants and could not protest.

Chesterton hastened to reassure him. The war, he announced, was over, and were it not, he was no officer to issue requisitions. He intended to pay for the pony. He unbuckled his belt and poured upon the table a handful of Spanish *doubloons*. The landlord lowered the candle and silently counted the gold pieces, and then calling to him two of his fellow villagers crossed the tiny plaza, and entered the corral.

"The American pig," he whispered, "wishes to buy a pony. He tells me the war is over; that Spain has surrendered. We know that must be a lie. It is more probable he is a deserter. He claims he is a civilian, but that also is a lie, for he is in uniform. You, Paul, sell him your pony, and then wait for him at the first turn in the trail, and take it from him."

"He is armed," protested the one called Paul.

"You must not give him time to draw his revolver," ordered the landlord. "You and Pedro will shoot him from the shadow. He is our country's enemy, and it will be in a good cause. And he may carry despatches. If we take them to the commandante at Mayaguez he will reward us."

"And the gold pieces?" demanded the one called Paul.

"We will divide them in three parts," said the landlord.

In the front of the inn surrounded by a ghost-like group that spoke its suspicions, Chesterton was lifting his saddle from El Capitan, and rubbing the lame foreleg. It was not a serious sprain. A week would set it right, but for that night the pony was useless. Impatiently, Chesterton called across the plaza begging the landlord to make haste. He was eager to be gone, alarmed and fearful lest even this slight delay should cause him to miss the transport. The thought was intolerable. But he was also acutely conscious that he was very hungry, and he was too old a campaigner to scoff at hunger. With the hope that he could find something to carry with him and eat as he rode forward, he entered the inn.

The main room of the house was now in darkness, but a smaller room adjoining it was lit by candles, and by a tiny taper floating before a crucifix. In the light of the candles Chesterton made out a bed, a priest bending over it, a woman kneeling



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

"I will love you so that nothing shall harm you."—Page 541.

beside it, and upon the bed the little figure of a boy who tossed and moaned. As Chesterton halted and waited hesitating the priest strode past him, and in a voice dull and flat with grief and weariness, ordered those at the door to bring the landlord quickly. As one of the group leaped toward the corral, the priest said to the others: "There is another attack. I have lost hope."

Chesterton advanced and asked if he could be of service. The priest shook his head. The child, he said, was the only son of the landlord and much beloved by him, and by all the village. He was now in the third week of typhoid fever and the period of hemorrhages. Unless they could be checked, the boy would die, and the priest, who, for many miles of mountain and forest was also the only doctor, had exhausted his store of simple medicines.

"Nothing can stop the hemorrhage," he protested wearily, "but the strongest of drugs. And I have nothing!"

Chesterton bethought him of the medicine case Miss Armitage had forced upon him. "I have given opium to the men for dysentery," he said. "Would opium help you?"

The priest sprang at him and pushed him out of the door and toward the saddle bags.

"My children," he cried, to the silent group in the plaza, "God has sent a miracle!"

After an hour at the bedside the priest said "He will live," and knelt, and the mother of the boy and the villagers knelt with him. When Chesterton raised his eyes, he found that the landlord, who had been silently watching while the two men struggled with death for the life of his son, had disappeared. But he heard, leaving the village along the trail to Mayaguez the sudden clatter of a pony's hoofs. It moved like a thing driven with fear.

The priest strode out into the moonlight. In the recovery of the child he saw only a demonstration of the efficacy of prayer, and he could not too quickly bring home the lesson to his parishioners. Amid their murmurs of wonder and gratitude Chesterton rode away. To the kindly care of the priest he bequeathed El Capitan. With him also he left the gold pieces which were to pay for the fresh pony.

A quarter of a mile outside the village three white figures confronted him. Two who stood apart in the shadow shrank from observation, but the landlord, seated bareback upon a pony that from some late exertion was breathing heavily, called to him to halt.

"In the fashion of my country," he began grandiloquently, "we have come this far to wish you God's speed upon your journey." In the fashion of the American he seized Chesterton by the hand. "I thank you, senor," he murmured.

"Not me," returned Chesterton. "But the one who made me 'pack' that medicine chest. Thank her, for to-night I think it saved a life."

The Spaniard regarded him curiously, fixing him with his eyes as though deep in consideration. At last he smiled gravely.

"You are right," he said. "Let us both remember her in our prayers."

As Chesterton rode away the words remained gratefully in his memory and filled him with pleasant thoughts. "The world," he mused, "is full of just such kind and gentle souls."

After an interminable delay he reached Newport, and they escaped from the others, and Miss Armitage and he ran down the lawn to the rocks, and stood with the waves whispering at their feet.

It was the moment for which each had so often longed, with which both had so often tortured themselves by living in imagination, that now, that it was theirs, they were fearful it might not be true.

Finally, he said: "And the charm never failed! Indeed it was wonderful. It stood by me so obviously. For instance, the night before San Juan, in the mill at El Poso, I slept on the same poncho with another correspondent. I woke up with a raging appetite for bacon and coffee, and he woke up out of his mind and with a temperature of one hundred and four. And again, I was standing by Capron's gun at El Caney, when a shell took the three men who served it, and only scared *me*. And there was another time—" He stopped. "Anyway," he laughed, "here I am."

"But there was one night, one awful night," began the girl. She trembled, and he made this an added excuse for drawing her closer to him. "When I felt you were in great peril, that you would surely die.

And all through the night I knelt by the window and looked toward Cuba and prayed, and prayed to God to let you live."

Chesterton bent his head and kissed the tips of her fingers. After a moment he said. "Would you know what night it was? It might be curious if I had been——"

"Would I know!" cried the girl. "It

was eight days ago. The night of the twelfth. An awful night!"

"The twelfth!" exclaimed Chesterton, and laughed and then begged her pardon humbly. "I laughed because the twelfth," he exclaimed, "was the night peace was declared. The war was over. I'm sorry, but *that* night I was riding toward you, thinking only of you. I was never for a moment in danger."

THE QUESTIONER

By Carl Werner

I CALLED the boy to my knee one day,
And I said: "You're just past four;
Will you laugh in that same lighthearted way
When you're turned, say, thirty more?"
Then I thought of a past I'd fain erase—
More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned face
For it seemed to say:
"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own
And I said to the boy: "Heigh, ho!
Those lips are as sweet as the hay, new-mown;
Will you keep them always so?"
Then back from those years came a rakish song—
With a ribald jest or two—
And I gazed at the child who knew no wrong,
And I thought he asked:
"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear,
And I cried: "Oh, boy of mine!
Will you keep them true in the after-year?
Will you leave no heart to pine?"
Then out of the past came another's eyes—
Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue—
Did he know they were not his mother's eyes?
For he answered me:
"Did you?"



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

I am sure it was on that stream that Halcyone found retreat.—Page 554.

JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXXIV

THE CONFLICT



FOR a little time it looked as though the efforts of the peace-makers, among whom were conspicuous in the poor section of the town John Marvel and Wolffert, to bring about a better feeling and condition were going to be successful. The men began to return to work. The cars were once more being operated, though under heavy police protection.

One evening not long afterward, under prompting of an impulse to go and see how my poor woman and little Janet were coming on, and possibly not without some thought of Eleanor Leigh, who had hallowed her doorstep the last time I was there, I walked over to that part of the town. Eleanor Leigh had been there, but she had gone to the old Drummer's to see Elsa, who was ill, and had taken Janet with her. The mother said the child was afraid to go out on the street now, and Miss Eleanor thought it would do her good. The poor woman's pitiful face haunted me as I turned down the street. Though the men were returning to work, the effect of the strike was still apparent all through this section of the town. The streets were full of idlers, especially about the bar-rooms; and their surly looks and glum air testified to the general feeling.

Of all the gatherings of men that I have ever seen the most painful is that of men on a strike. They are a forlorn hope. In most assemblies there is enthusiasm, spirit, resolve: something that beams forth with hope and sustains. All of these exist in striking men; yet Hope is absent. In other assemblages her radiant wings light up their faces; in strikes, it seems to me that the sombre shadow of care is always present. A successful strike, like a successful

battle, is the next most terrible thing to a defeat. In this strike Wolffert had been one of the most interested observers. While he thought it unwise to strike, he advocated the men's right to strike and to picket, but not to employ violence. It was passive resistance that he preached, and he deplored the death of McNeil as much as I did, or John Marvel.

This strike had succeeded to the extent of embarrassing Mr. Leigh; but had failed so far as the men were concerned, and it was known that it had failed. The only persons who had profited by it were men like McSheen and Wringman.

I held strong opinions about the rights of men in the abstract; under the influence of John Marvel's and Wolffert's unselfish lives, I had come to realize the beauty of self-sacrifice; but the difficulties which I saw in the application of our theories and my experience that night at the meeting, followed by the death of McNeil, had divided me from my old associates like Wolffert. I could not but see that out of the movements instituted, as Wolffert believed, for the general good of the working classes, the real workingmen were become mere tools, and those who were glib of tongue, forward in speech, and selfish and shrewd in method, like McSheen and Wringman, used them and profited by them remorselessly. Even Wolffert, with his pure motives, had proved but an instrument in their hands to further their designs. Their influence was still at work, and under orders from these politicians many poor men with families still stood idle, with aims often as unselfish and as lofty as ever actuated patriots or martyrs, enduring hardship and privation with the truest and most heroic courage; whilst their leaders, like Wringman, who had been idle agitators during the time of prosperity, now rose on the crest of the commotion they had created, and blossomed into importance. The Nile courses through upper Egypt bearing its

flood to enrich the lower lands; but the desert creeps and hangs its parched lips over the very brink.

I determined to go and inquire after Elsa myself. So I walked over toward the little street in which the Loewens lived, and presently I fell in with Wolffert, who, like myself, appeared to have business in that direction. I should have been glad to escape from him; but as he joined me I could not well do so, and we walked along together. He looked worn and appeared to be rather gloomy, which I set down to his disappointment at the turn affairs connected with the strike had taken, for I learned from him that, under the influence of Wringman, there was danger of a renewal of hostilities; that his efforts at mediation had failed and he had at a meeting which he had attended where he had advocated conciliatory measures, been hooted down. There was danger, he said, of the whole trouble breaking out again, and if so, the sympathy of the public would now be on the other side. Thinking more of the girl I was in pursuit of than of anything else, I expressed myself hotly. If they struck again they deserved all they got—they deserved to fail for following such leaders as Wringman and refusing to listen to their friends.

"Oh, no, they are just ignorant, that is all—they don't know."

"Well, I am tired of it all."

"Tired! Oh! don't get tired. That's not the way to work. Stand fast."

"Wolffert, I am in love," I said, suddenly. He smiled—as I remembered afterward, sadly.

"Yes, you are." There was that in his tone which rather miffed me. I thought he was in love too; but not, like myself, desperately.

"You are not—and you don't know what it is. So, it is easy for you."

He turned on me almost savagely, with a flame in his eyes.

"Not—! I not! You don't dream what it is to be in love. You cannot. You are incapable—incapable!" He clutched at his heart. The whole truth swept over me like a flood.

"Wolffert! Why—? Why have you never—?" I could not go on. But he understood me.

"Because I am a Jew!" His eyes burned with deep fires.

"A Jew! Well, suppose you are. She is not one to allow that——"

He wheeled on me.

"Do you think—? Do you imagine I mean—? I would not allow myself—I could never—never allow myself— It is impossible—for me."

I gazed on him with amazement. He was transformed. The pride of race, the agony and subdued fury of centuries, flamed in him. I saw for the first time the spirit of the chosen people: Israel in bondage, yet arisen, with power to call down thunders from Heaven. I stood abashed—abashed at my selfish blindness through all my association with him. How often I had heedlessly driven the iron into his soul. With my arm over his shoulder I stammered something of my remorse and he suddenly seized my hand and wrung it in speechless friendship.

As we turned into a street not far from the Loewens', we found ahead of us quite a gathering, and it was increasing momentarily. Blue-coated police, grim-looking or anxious, were standing about in squads, and surlier-looking men were assembling at the corners. It was a strike. I was surprised. I even doubted if it could be that. But my doubt was soon dispelled. At that moment a car came around a corner a few blocks away and turned into the street toward us. There was a movement in a group near me; a shout went up from one of them and in a second the street was pandemonium. I found myself borne toward the car like a chip on a fierce flood. The next instant I was a part of the current, and was struggling like a demon. On the platform were a brawny driver and two policemen. The motorman I recognized as Otto. As I was borne near the car, I saw that in it were an old man, a woman, and a child, and as I neared the car I recognized—I know not how—all three. They were the old Drummer, Eleanor Leigh, and the little girl, Janet McNeil. I thought I caught the eye of the young lady, but it may have been fancy; for the air was full of missiles, the glass was crashing and tingling; the sound of the mob was deafening. At any rate I saw her plainly. She had gathered up the scared child in her arms, and with white face, but blazing eyes, was shielding her from the flying stones and glass.

With a cry, "God of Israel!" Wolffert

sprang forward; but I lost him in the throng and I was one of the first men on the car, and made my way into it, throwing men right and left as I entered it. I shall never forget the look that came into her eyes as she saw me. She rose with a cry and, stretching out her hands, pushed the child into my arms with a single word: "Save her." It was like an elixir; it gave me ten times the strength I had before. The car was blocked, and we descended from it—I in front protecting her—and fought our way through the mob to the outskirts, the old Drummer, a squad of policemen, and myself; I with the child by the hand to keep her near the ground and less exposed, and the old Drummer shielding us both and roaring like a lion. It was a warm ten minutes; the air was black with stones and missiles. The crowd seemed to have gone mad and were like ravening wolves. The presence of a woman and child had no effect on them but to increase their fury. They were mad with the insanity of mobbism. But at last we got through, though I was torn and bleeding. As we were near old Loewen's house we took the refugees there, and when they were in that place of safety, I returned to the scene of conflict. I had caught sight of several faces in the crowd that roused me beyond measure, and I went back to fight. If I had had a pistol that day, I should certainly have committed murder. I had seen Wringman urging the mob on and Pushkin enjoying it. Just as I stepped from the car with the child, trying to shield her and Eleanor Leigh, and with the old Drummer bulky and raging at my side, trying to shield us all and sputtering oaths in two languages, my eye reached across the mob and I had caught sight of Pushkin's head above the crowd on the far edge of the mob where it was safe. His face was wicked with satisfaction, and he was laughing. A sudden desire to kill sprang into my heart. If I had not had my charges to guard, I should have made my way to him then. I came back for him now. I recognized his work and I knew I should find him, and for one of us the account would be settled finally.

When I arrived, the fight had somewhat changed. The police, aroused at last and in deadly earnest, had formed in order and the mob was giving way. Only at one point they were making a stand. It was

the corner where Pushkin had stood, and I made toward it. As I did so the crowd opened, and a group stamped itself indelibly in my mind. In the front line of the mob, Wolffert, tall and flaming, hatless, and with flying hair, swinging arms, and wide-open mouth, by turns trying to pacify the wild mob, by turns cursing and fighting a group of policemen—who, with flying clubs, were hammering them and driving them slowly—was trying to make himself heard. Beyond these away at the far edge of the mob the face of Pushkin, his silk hat pulled over his eyes. As I gazed at him, he became deadly pale, and then turned as if to get away; but the crowd held him fast. I was making toward him, when a figure taller than his shoved in between us, pushing his way toward him. His head was bare and his face was bleeding. His back was to me; but I recognized the head and broad shoulders of Otto. It was this sight that drove the blood from Pushkin's face, and well it might; for the throng was being parted by the young Swede as water is parted by a strong swimmer. There was a pistol shot, then I saw the Swede's arm lifted with the lever in his hand, and the next second Pushkin's head went down. The cry that went up and the surging of the crowd told me what had happened, but I had no time to act; for at this moment I saw a half-dozen men in the mob fall upon Wolffert, who with bleeding face was still trying to hold them back, and he disappeared in the rush. I shouted to some officers by me, "They are killing a man there," and together we made our way through the crowd toward the spot. It was as I supposed—the adventurer was down. The young Swede had settled his account with him. He was unconscious, but he was still breathing. Wolffert, too, was stretched on the ground, battered almost beyond recognition. John Marvel, his own face bruised and bleeding, was on his knees beside him, supporting his head, and the police were beating the crowd back. As I drew near, Wolffert half rose. "Don't beat them; they don't know." He sank back. The brawny young Swede, with a pistol bullet through his clothes, was already on the other side of the street, making his way out through the crowd. Pushkin's and Wolffert's fall and the tremendous rush made by the police, caused the mob to give way finally and they were driven from the spot.

Pushkin was taken up and was carried to a hospital, and John Marvel lifted Wolffert in his arms. Just as he was lifted, a stone struck me on the head, and I went down and knew no more.

When I came to, I was in a hospital. John Marvel was sitting beside me, his placid eyes looking down into mine with that mingled serenity and kindness which gave such strength to others. I think they helped me to live as they had helped so many other poor sufferers to die. I was conscious only for a moment, and then went off into an illness which lasted a long time, before I really knew anything. But I took him with me into that misty borderland where I wandered so many weeks, before returning to life, and when I emerged from it again, there he sat as before, serene, confident, and inspiring. He wore a mourning band on his sleeve.

"Where is Dix?" was the first thing I asked.

"He is all right."

It was a long time before I could be talked to much; but when I was strong enough, he told me many things that had taken place. The strike was broken up. Its end was sad enough, as the end of all strikes is. Wolffert was dead—killed in the final rush of the riot in which I was hurt. And so perished all his high aims and inefficient, unselfish methods. Pushkin had recovered, and had been discharged from the hospital and had married Collis McSheen's daughter. Wringman had disappeared. On the collapse of the strike, it had been found that he had sold out to Coll McSheen and the Argand companies, and furnished them information. He had now gone away, Marvel did not know where. Langton, when I saw him later, thought he had been afraid to stay longer where so many men were who had lost their places through him.

"It is always the way—the innocent suffer, and the guilty escape," I murmured.

I felt Marvel's hand gently placed over my lips.

"Inscrutable; but it must be right," he said:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

"I don't believe God had anything to do with it." I was bitter; for I was still thinking of Wolffert and Pushkin.

"The doctors tell me that a hundredth part of an inch more, and a friend of mine would never have known anything again," said Marvel, gravely, looking down at me with sorrowful, kind eyes.

Under this argument *ad hominem* I was silent, if not convinced.

I started to ask after another who had been in the riot, but I could not frame the question. I saw that Marvel knew what I wished. I learned afterward that I had talked of her constantly during my delirium. She was well, he told me. She had not been hurt, nor had the child or old Loewen. She had left the city. Her father was involved now in a great lawsuit, the object of which Marvel did not know, and she had gone away.

"Where has she gone?"

He did not answer, and I took it for granted that he did not know.

"If I had been you, I would have found out where she went to," I said peevishly.

He took no notice of this. He only smiled. He did not say so; but I thought from his manner that she had gone abroad. He had had a note from her saying that she would be away a long time, and enclosing him a generous contribution for his poor.

"She is an angel," he said.

"Of course she is."

Though he spoke reverently, I was almost angry with him for thinking it necessary to say it at all.

"Yes; but you do not know how good she is. None but God knows how good some women are."

One or two other pieces of news he told me. The old Drummer and his wife had gone off too; but only on a visit to Elsa. Elsa and Otto had been married, and were living in another State. I saw that he still had something else to tell, and finally it came out. As soon as I was able, I must go away for a while. I needed change and rest, and he knew the very place for me, away off in the country.

"You appear to be anxious to depopulate the city," I said. He only smiled contentedly.

"I am going to send you to the country," he said with calm decision.

"I have to work——"

"When you come back. I have made all the arrangements."

"I am going to find Eleanor Leigh. I will find her if the world holds her."

"Yes, to be sure," he smiled indulgently. He was so strong that I yielded.

I learned that a good offer was waiting for me to go into the law office of one of the large corporations when I should be well enough to work; but it was coupled with the condition that I should get well first. My speech at the meeting when I denounced Wringman and my part in the riots had become known, and friends had interested themselves in my behalf. So John Marvel reported; and as he appeared to be managing things, I assumed that he had done this too.

I never fully knew till after his death, how truly Wolffert was one of the Prophets. I often think of him with his high aim to better the whole human race, inspired by a passion for his own people to extend his ministration to all mankind, yet cast out by those he labored for, and dying in the act of supplicating for those who slew him. I owe him a great debt for teaching me many things, but chiefly for the knowledge that the future of the race rests on the whole people and its process depends on each one, however he may love his own, working to the death for all. He opened my eyes to the fact that every man who contributes to the common good of mankind is one of the chosen people and that the fundamental law is to do good to mankind.

I discovered that John Marvel knew he was in love with Eleanor Leigh, though how he knew it I never learned. "He never told her," he said, "but died with it locked in his heart—as was best," he added after a pause, and then he looked out of the window, and as he did not say anything from which I could judge whether he knew why Wolffert never told his love, I did not tell what I knew. It may have been the slowly fading light which made his face so sad. I remember that a long silence fell between us, and it came over me with a new force how much more unselfishly both these men had loved than I and how much nobler both had always been—the living and the dead. And I began battling with myself to say something which I felt I ought to say but had not courage enough.

Presently, John said very slowly, almost as if he were speaking to himself, "I believe if you keep on, she will marry you, and I believe you will help each other." His arm was resting on the table.

I leant over and laid my hand on his arm. "I once thought it certain I should win her. I am far from sure that I will now. I am not worthy of her—but I shall try to be. You alone, John, of all the men I know are—I cannot give her up—but it is only honest to tell you that I have less hope than I had."

He turned to me with a sad little smile on his face and shook his head.

"I would not give her up if I were you. You are not good enough for her, but no one is, and you will grow better."

For the first time, I almost thought him handsome.

"You are, old man."

"Me! Oh! no, I am not—I have my work to do—it is useless to talk to me—you keep on."

So, as soon as I could travel, John Marvel sent me off—sent me to a farmhouse where he had lived in his first parish—a place far from the railroads; a country of woods and rolling fields and running streams; the real country where blossoms whiten and birds sing and waters murmur.

"They are the best people in the world," he said, and they were. They accepted me on his word. "Mr. Marvel had sent me, and that was enough." His word was a talisman in all that region. They did not know who the Queen of England was, and were scarcely sure as to the President of the United States; but they knew John Marvel. And because I had come from him they treated me like a prince. And this was the man I had had the folly to look down on!

In that quiet place I seemed to have reached content. In that land of peace the strife of the city, the noise and turmoil and horror of the strike seemed but as the rumble of waves breaking on some far-off shore. I began to quaff new life with the first breath of the balmy air.

The day after I arrived, I borrowed the skiff that belonged to my host and paddled down the little river that skirted his place, with the idea of fishing in a pool he had told me of.

The afternoon was so soft and balmy that I forgot my sport and simply drifted with the current under the overhanging branches of willows and sycamores, when, turning a bend in the stream, I came on a boat floating in a placid pool. In it were a young lady and a little girl. It was a mo-

ment before I could quite take it in, and I felt for a second as if I were dreaming.

Yet there was Eleanor Leigh under the willows, her small white hand resting on the side of the boat, her face lovelier than ever, and her voice making music in my ears with those low, sincere tones that I had never forgotten, and which made it the most beautiful in the world. I must have carried my soul in my eyes that moment; for the color sprang to her cheeks and I saw a look in hers I had never seen there before.

"Well, this is Fate," I said, as the current bore my boat against hers and it lay locked against it in that limpid pool.

"Would Mr. Marvel have called it so?" she asked, her eyes resting upon me with a softer look in them than they had ever given me.

"No, he would have said Providence."

I am sure it was on that stream that Halcyone found retreat. In that sweet air, freed from any anxieties except to please her whose pleasure had become the sun of my life, I drank in health day by day and hour by hour. My farmhouse was only a half-mile or so across the fields to the home of Eleanor Leigh's old cousins with whom she was staying. It was the same place where she had first met John Marvel—and Wolffert. She was even interested in my law, and actually listened with intelligence to the succulent details of livery of seizin, and other ancient conveyancing. Not that she yet consented to marry me. This was a theme she had a genius for evading. However, I knew I should win her. Only one thing troubled me. As often as I touched on my future plans and spoke of the happiness I should have in relieving her of the drudgery of a teacher's life, she used to smile and contest it. It was one of the happinesses of her life, she said, to teach that school. But for it, I would never have "put out her fire for her that morning." Of course, I would not admit this. "Fate—no, Providence was on my side." And I took out my violets and showed them to her, telling her their history. They still retained a faint fragrance. And the smile she gave was enough to make them fresh again. But I, too, was friendly to the school. How could I be otherwise? For she told me one day that the first time she liked me was when I was sitting by the cab-driver holding the little dirty child in my arms, with

Dix between my feet. And I had been ashamed to be seen by her! I only feared that she might take it into her head still to keep the school. And I now knew that what she took into her little head to be her duty, she would perform.

I received quite a shock a few days later when I found in my mail a letter from the Miss Tippses, telling me of their delight on learning of my recovery, and mentioning incidentally the fact, which they felt sure I would be glad to know, that they had settled all of their affairs in a manner entirely satisfactory to them, as Mr. McSheen had very generously come forward at a time when it was supposed that I was fatally injured and had offered to make reparation to them and pay out of his own pocket, not only all of the expenses which they had incurred about the matter, but had actually paid them three thousand dollars over and above these expenses, a munificent sum which had enabled them to pay dear Mrs. Kale all they owed her. They felt sure that I would approve of the settlement, because Mr. McSheen's intermediary had been "a life-long friend of mine and in some sort," he said, "my former law partner, as we had lived for years in adjoining offices." They had signed all the papers he had presented and were glad to know that he was entirely satisfied, and now they hoped that I would let them know what they owed me, in order that they might settle at least that part of their debt; but for the rest, they would always owe me a debt of undying gratitude, and they prayed God for my speedy recovery and unending happiness, and they felt sure Mr. Peck would rejoice also to know that I was doing so well.

Peck!

It was now approaching the autumn and I was chafing to get back to work. I knew now that success was before me. It might be a long road; but I was on it.

John Marvel, in reply to an inquiry, wrote that the place was still waiting for me in the office he had mentioned, though he did not state what it was.

"How stupid he is!" I complained. Eleanor Leigh only laughed.

She "did not think him stupid at all, and certainly she did not think I should do so. In fact, she considered him one of the most sensible men she ever knew."

"Why he could not have done more to

keep me in ignorance, if he had tried," I fumed. And she only laughed the more.

"I believe you are jealous of him." Her eyes were dancing in an exasperating way they had. I was consumed with jealousy of everybody; but I would never admit it.

"Jealous of John Marvel! Nonsense! But I believe you were in—you liked him very much?"

"I did," she nodded cheerily. "I do—more than any one I ever knew—almost."

"Then why did you not marry him?" I was conscious that my head went up and my wrath was rising.

"He never asked me." Her dancing eyes still playing hide and seek with mine.

"I supposed there was some good reason," I said loftily. She vouchsafed no answer—only went on making a chain of daisies, while her dimples came and went, and I went on to make a further fool of myself. I was soon haled up and found myself in that outer darkness, where the cheerful occupation is gnashing of teeth. Like the foolish glass-merchant, I had smashed all my hopes. I walked home through the Vale of Bitterness.

That evening, after spending some hours in trying to devise a plan by which I could evade the humiliation of an absolute surrender, and get back without crawling too basely, I went over to say good-by. It was just dusk; but it seemed to me midnight. I had never known the fields so dark. As I turned into a path through the orchard where I had had so many happy hours, I saw her sitting on the ground beneath a tree; but as I approached she rose and leant against the tree. I walked up slowly.

"Good evening—" solemnly.

"Good evening—" seriously.

I was choosing amongst a half-dozen choice sentences I had framed as an introduction to my parting speech, when she said quietly, looking up: "I thought you might not come back this evening."

"I have come to say good-by."

"Are you going away?" Her voice expressed surprise—nothing more.

"Yes." Solemnly.

"For how long?"—without looking up.

"Forever." Tragically.

"Will you give me Dix?"

"I—I—yes—if you want him."

I glanced at her face just in time to see the dimples disappear, and next second it

had grown grave. She looked up suddenly and looked me full in the eyes.

"What would you think if I were to say I would marry you right away?" She looked down again quickly.

I was conscious of a sudden drawing in of my breath, and a feeling as if I were rising into the sky, "rimmed by the azure world." Then my brain began to act, and I seemed to have been lifted above the darkness. I was up in the sunlight again.

"I should think I was in Heaven," I said quietly, almost reverently.

"Well, I will. I have written my father. Write to Mr. Marvel and ask him to come here."

I have never known yet whether this last was a piece of humor. I only know I telegraphed John Marvel, and though I rode all night to do so, I thought it was broad daylight.

In the ripe autumn John Marvel, standing before us in his white surplice in the little chapel among the oaks and elms which had been his first church, performed the ceremony that gave me the first prize I had really striven for—the greatest any man on earth could have won.

Still, as often as I spoke of my future plans, there was some secret between them: a shadowy suggestion of some mystery in which they both participated. And, but that I knew John Marvel too well, I might have been impatient. But I knew him now for the first time as she had known him long.

On our arrival in the city, after I had given the driver an order where to go, she gave another, and when the carriage drew up, it was not at my hotel, but at the door of the sunny house on the corner where I had first seen Eleanor Leigh come tripping down the steps with her parcels for the poor little crippled child and her violets for the Miss Tipples. Springing out before me, with her face radiant with joy and mystery, she tripped up the steps now just as the door was flung open by a butler who wore a comical expression of mingled pleasure and solemnity, for the butler was Jeams, and then, having introduced him to me, she suddenly took the key from the lock, and handing it to me with a bow and a low laugh of delight:

"I make you, sir, livery of seizin."

This, then, was the mystery.

She still lived in the house on the corner,

and her father had given it to her as a wedding present.

So after long striving by ways that I knew not, and by paths that I had not tried, my fancy was realized.

I now dwell in the house on the corner that I picked so long ago for its sunshine.

It is even sunnier than I thought it. For I have found that sunlight and sweetness are not from without, but from within, and in that home is the radiance I caught that happy morning when I first saw Eleanor Leigh come tripping down the steps, like April, shedding sunshine and violets in her path.

XXXV

THE CURTAIN

IN closing a novel, the old novelists used to tell their readers, who had followed them long enough to become their friends, what in the sequel became of all the principal characters; and this custom I feel inclined to follow, because it appears to me to show that the story is in some sort the reflection of life as it is and not as novelist or reader would make it. Fate may follow all men, but not in the form in which every reader would have it fall.

It might have satisfied one's ideas of justice if I could have told how Collis McSheen reaped in prison the reward of his long hidden crimes, and the adventurer, Pushkin, unmasked and degraded, was driven out from among the wealthy, whom he so sedulously cultivated; but this would not have been true to the facts. Collis McSheen moved into the great house which he had bought with his ill-gained wealth to gratify his daughter's ambition, and lived for many years, to outward seeming, a more or less respectable man; gave reasonably where he thought it would pay, from the money of which he had robbed others, and doubtless endeavored to forget his past, as he endeavored to make others forget it; but that past was linked to him by bands which no effort could ever break. And though he secured the adulation of those whom he could buy with his gaudy entertainments, he could never secure the recognition of any worthy man.

In his desperate hope to become respectable he broke with many of his old friends and with all whom he could escape from,

but he could not escape from one, however he strove to break with him: himself. It is the curse of men like him that those he longs to make his friends are the element who will have none of him. Thus, like Sisyphus, he ever strives to roll the stone to the hill-top, and, like Tantalus, he ever strives to reach the water flowing below his lips. Though he had escaped the punishment of his crimes, his punishment was that he lived in constant dread of the detection which appeared ever to dog his footsteps. The last measure in the bitter cup which he had filled with his own hand came from his daughter, who now called herself Countess Pushkin. Finding that, notwithstanding her so-called title and large establishment, she was excluded from that set to which she had been tolerantly admitted while she had youth and gayety and the spirits of a schoolgirl, not to mention the blindness of that age to things which experience sees clearly enough, she conceived the idea that it was her father's presence in her home which closed to her the doors of those houses where she aspired to be intimate. The idea, though it had long had a lodgment in her mind, had been fostered by Pushkin. Having to make her choice between her father and her social aspirations, she decided promptly. The scene which occurred was one which neither Collis McSheen nor his daughter ever forgot, nor could forget. In the sequel McSheen moved out and took quarters in a hotel, where he gradually sank into the hopelessness of a lonely misanthrope, shorn of his power, feared only by those he despised, detested by those he admired, and haunted by the fear of those he hated.

Pushkin remained in some sort in possession of the field, but though McSheen's daughter had been able to banish her father from his own home, she could not escape from her husband, whose vices, if apparently less criminal than McSheen's, were not less black. His capacity for spending money was something she had never dreamed of, and, like the horse-leech's daughter, he continually called for more, until after a furious scene, his wife awoke to her power, and already half beggared, suddenly shut her purse as her heart had been long shut against him, and bade him go. From this time her power over him was greater than it had ever been before; but

unless rumor belied them desperately, they lived a life of cat and dog with all that it implied, until finally Pushkin was driven out, and after hanging about for a few years died, as I learned, while his wife was off in Europe, and, strangely enough, died in the house of my old drummer Loewen, who, for the sake of his father's memory, forgot his injury and befriended him in his last days.

Peck continued, to outward appearance, a prosperous lawyer. Rumor dealt somewhat freely with his domestic affairs, but I never knew the facts, and rumor is often as great a liar almost as—I had nearly said as Peck, but that would be impossible. My last personal experience of him was in the case of Mr. Leigh's suit to keep control of his railway. In the final suit involving the straightening out of all matters connected with the attempt of the Argand Estate to get control of this property, I was retained as junior counsel along with my kinsman, Mr. Glave, and other counsel, representing Mr. Leigh's and his associates' interest. Peck appeared in the case as one of the representatives of a small alleged interest held by his father-in-law, Mr. Poole, which, as turned out on the final decision of the cause, had no value whatever. This having been decided, Peck, who was not without energy, at least where money was concerned, brought forward a claim for compensation to be allowed him out of the fund, and when this also was decided against him, he sought and secured a conference with our counsel, at which I was present. The contention which he set forth was based upon an equitable claim, as he termed it, to compensation for expenses and professional services expended under color of title, and if the facts he stated had been so, he might have been entitled equitably to some allowance. I had satisfied myself that his claims were without a shadow of foundation, yet he had the nerve, when he concluded his argument, or rather his personal appeal to our counsel, to turn to me for corroboration of his statement.

"I admit, gentlemen," he said, "that these facts rest largely on my personal assurances, and, unfortunately, I am not known personally to most of you, though I trust that my professional standing where I am known may be accepted as a guarantee of my statements; but happily, there is one of you to whom I can refer with confidence,

my old college mate and valued friend, Henry Glave. I might almost term him my former partner, so closely were we associated in the days when we were both struggling young attorneys, living in adjoining offices—I might, indeed, almost say the same office. He, I feel quite sure, will corroborate every statement I have made, at least so far as he knows the facts, and even where they rest wholly on my declaration, I feel sure of his endorsement, for he knows that I would cut off my right hand and have my tongue torn from its roots, before I would utter an untruth in any matter whatsoever; and least of all, where so paltry a thing as money is concerned. I appeal to Henry Glave."

He sat down with his eyes fixed blandly on me. I was so taken aback that I scarcely knew what to say. The smoothness of his words and the confidence of his manner had evidently made an impression on the others. They had, indeed, almost influenced me, but suddenly a whole train of reflection swept through my mind. Peck's duplicity from his earliest appearance in Wolffert's room at college down to the present, with my two old clients, the Miss Tipples, at the end, deceived and robbed by Collis McSheen, with Peck, as the facile instrument, worming himself into their confidence for what he called so paltry a thing as money, all came clearly to my mind. I stood up slowly, for I was thinking hard; but my duty appeared clear.

I regretted, I said, that Mr. Peck had appealed to me and to my long acquaintance with him, for it made my position a painful one; but as he had cited me as a witness, I felt that my duty was plain, and this was to state the facts. In my judgment, Mr. Peck was not entitled to any compensation whatever, as the evidence, so far as it existed outside of Mr. Peck's statements, was contrary to his contention, and so far as it rested on his personal testimony, I considered it as nothing, for I would not believe one word he said where his personal interest was concerned.

"And now," I added, "if Mr. Peck wishes me to give the grounds on which this opinion of mine is based, either orally or in writing, I will do so."

I paused, with my gaze fastened on him, and with a sudden settling in their seats, the other counsel also turned their eyes on

him. His face had suddenly blanched, but beyond this, his expression did not change. He sat for a few seconds rather limply, and then slowly rose.

"I am astonished," he began slowly, and his voice faltered. "I am surprised, gentlemen, that Mr. Glave should think such things of me." He took out his watch, fumblingly, and glanced at it. It was the same watch he had got of me. "I see I must ask you to excuse me. I must catch my train," he stammered. "Good morning," and he put on his hat and slunk out of the door.

As the door closed every one drew a long breath and settled in his seat, and nearly every one said, "Well."

My kinsman, whose eyes had been resting on me with a somewhat unwonted twinkle in them, reached across the board and extended his large hand.

"Well, young man, you and I had a misunderstanding a few years ago, but I hope you bear me no grudge for it now. I should like to be friends with you. If you had needed it, you would have squared all accounts to-day. I know that man. He is the greatest liar on earth. He has lost the power to tell the truth."

It may well be believed that I had gripped his hand when he first held it out, and the grip was one of a friendship that has lasted.

I had expected to hear from Peck, but no word came from him, and the last I ever heard of him was that he and McSheen had had a quarrel, in which McSheen had kicked him out of his office. A suit appeared on the docket against McSheen, in which Peck was the plaintiff, but no declaration was ever filed, and the case was finally dropped from the docket.

Jeams failed to hold long the position of butler in our modest household, for though my wife put up—on my account, as I believe—with Jeams's occasionally marked unsteadiness of gait or mushiness of utterance, she finally broke with him on discovering that Dix showed unmistakable signs of a recent conflict, in which the fact that he had been worsted had possibly something to do with Jeams's discharge, for Dix was the idol of her heart, and it came to her ears that Jeams had taken Dix out one night and matched him against the champion of the town. But though Jeams lost

the post of butler, he simply reverted to his old position of factotum and general utility man about my premises. His marriage to a very decent woman, though according to rumor with a termagant's tongue, helped to keep him reasonably straight, though not uniformly so; for one afternoon my wife and I came across him when he showed that degree of delightful pomposity which was the unmistakable sign of his being "half-shot."

"Jeams," I said, when I had cut short his grandiloquence, "what will Eliza say to you when she finds you this way again?"

Jeams straightened himself and assumed his most dignified air. "My wife, sir, knows better than to take me to task. She recognizes me, sir, as a gentleman."

"She does? You wait and see when you get home."

Jeams's manner suddenly changed. He sank back into his half-drivelling self. "Oh, she ain't gwine to say nothin' to me, Marse Hen. She ain't gwine to say no more than Miss Nelly there says to you when you gets this way. What does she say to you?"

"She doesn't say anything to me. She has no occasion to do so."

Jeams twisted his head to one side and burst into a drunken laugh. "Oh! Yes, she do. I've done heard her. Eliza, she regales me, and Miss Nelly, she regales you, an' I reckon we both knows it, and we better know it, too."

And this was the fact. As usual, Jeams had struck the mark.

As for John Marvel, he remained the same old John—plodding, quiet, persistent, patient, zealous, cheery and self-sacrificing, working among the poor with an unfaltering trust in human nature which no shocks could shake, because deep down in the untroubled depths of his soul lay an unfaltering trust in the Divine Goodness and wisdom of God. He had been called to a larger and quite important church, but after a few days of consideration he, against the earnest wishes and advice of his friends, myself among them, declined the call. He assigned among other reasons the fact that he was expected to work to pay off the debt for which the church was somewhat noted, and he knew nothing about business, his duty was to preach the gospel, but when friends made it plain that the debt would be taken care of if he became the rector, he

still shook his head. His work was among the poor and he could not leave them.

My wife and I went out to his church the Sunday evening following his decision, and as we strolled along through the well-known squalid streets, I could not help expressing my disappointment that after all our work he should have rejected the offer.

"He is really the most unpractical man on earth," I fumed. "Here we have gotten him a good call to a church that many a man would jump at, and when he finds a difficulty in the way, we work until we have removed it and yet he rejects it. He will remain an assistant to the end of his days." My wife made no reply, a sure sign that she did not agree with me, but did not care to discuss the matter.

When we arrived we found the little church packed to suffocation and men leaning in at the windows. Among them I recognized the tall form of my old Drummer. As we joined the group, John Marvel's voice clear and strong, came floating out through the open windows.

He was giving out a hymn.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before."

The whole congregation joined in, those without the church as well as those who were within.

As I heard the deep bass of the old Drummer, rolling in a low, solemn undertone, a sudden shifting of the scene came to me. I was in a great auditorium filled with light, and packed with humanity rising tier on tier and stretching far back till lost in the maze of distances. A grand orchestra, banked before me with swaying arms and earnest faces, played a wonderful harmony which rolled about me like the sea and whelmed me with its volume till I was almost swept away by the tide, then suddenly down under its sweep I found the low deep roll of the bass drum. No one appeared to mark it. Nor did the big Drummer pay any heed to the audience. All he minded was the harmony and his drum. But I knew that, unmarked and unheeded, it set athrob the pulsing air and stirred the billows through which all that divine music reached and held the soul.

As we walked home that night after pressing our way into the throng of poor people to wring John Marvel's hand, I said, after a struggle with myself to say it:

"I think I was wrong about John, and you were right. He did right. He is well named the Assistant."

My wife said simply: "I feel that I owe him everything." She slipped her hand in my arm, and a warm feeling for all mankind surged about my heart.

THE END

RENASCENCE

By Ada Foster Murray

WHITE are the ashes of old faiths' dead fruit;
The tree is withered, and the heedless throng
Has trampled down the fallen leafage long,
Yet mightier growths shall blossom from the root.
O master of the clarion and the lute—
The soft-voiced madrigal and battle song—
With one clear blast, imperious and strong,
Arouse the spirit, dormant now and mute!
Again the east burns with prophetic fire;
Lone watchers on the soul's high tower may see
The beauty of strange visions, the desire
Of the deep earth since it began to be,
And catch the strains of pagan flute and lyre
Exalted to a finer ecstasy.

THE DRUM-BEAT OF THE TOWN

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PAGES OF GEORGE WRIGHT'S "SKETCH-BOOK."



HE was a scrub woman in a hospital, all day long on her knees, dragging after her a bucket and a brush as she moved about. Even this humble task was allowed her as a charity. She was not a figure to awaken interest, and the few friends she had were made for her by her baby, a chubby, healthy boy, who was growing up in happy ignorance of an unlovely present and a foreboding future. For the child's sake, after much effort a better home was found for the mother. It was on a farm, far from New York, in the heart of a neighboring State, but compared to her old condition, her new situation was one of affluence. She had what had never been hers before, a bright, clean room, all her own; food in plenty, steady employment with wages, and work that was as play beside the monotonous drudgery of the hospital. Above all, there was a brighter future for her child, for he was in the care of a kindly people. But the town called. Peace, shelter, and plenty were over-matched. And what had the town to offer her? To few a harder fate. Just without her kitchen window the orchard was white with blossoms, and beyond it the green fields rolled away to meet the sky. It was a fair prospect, but to her the city street was one fairer, and there was no music like the near clatter of the alley and the distant rumble of the avenue. For a time the mother in her resisted. It was not long though, and with her first month's wages in her hand she turned back to New York to be lost, with her child, among the myriads of the East Side.

She was just a city-bred woman, ignorant and illiterate, we know. Yet how many of us who boast our love of the fields and woods have not heard at times the irresistible call of the town? The same gross metal is in us all that feels the tug of the mighty magnet. They are few who could live like Thoreau by Walden Pond, con-

tented to explore their own minds. We march indeed to the music of another drummer, and here in New York the drum beats faster than anywhere we know. It stirs the blood, and once you have heard it, once you have stepped to it, wherever you may go you will hear the long roll of it, distant but distinct.

Every great city has this mysterious drawing power in some degree, and it is as difficult to analyze as the fascination of smoking. In Europe we can often trace it to buildings which have a thousand stories to tell us or to quaint streets that our imaginations can readily people with the men of another age. Here there are no such elements in the equation. Yet New York gets in the blood. The senseless hurry of it—our critics always point out our lack of repose—the rush for wealth, the barbaric opulence, the obtrusive poverty—how often we hear them excoriated! And smiling we admit it all. We march to a quick drum-beat and perhaps to barren conquests. But there is something martial in our very noises; something of the fight in our stirring life.

Bigness is in itself fascinating. One man studies the wonders of an ant, while a thousand stand gaping at an elephant. In its way our city is the biggest in the world. London may cover twice its area and number twice its people, but it takes statistics to convince you, for standing in Ludgate Circus or Charing Cross, you might imagine yourself in the heart of any large city. It lies about you in two dimensions, and the rumble of its wood-paved streets is reduced to the monotony of the plane. Here we look up as well as around. The third dimension gives us a sense of overpowering bigness. The clang of the rivetting machine comes down from the sky to tell us that the heavens themselves are being conquered.

The Frenchman boasts his Paris and its fascination; the Englishman his London; and together they view our city with lofty condescension. When I asked a French friend what he thought of our sky-



Fifth Avenue.

scrapers, a question akin to remarks about the weather, his reply was an expressive shudder. But he was a supersensitive person who criticised the lines of my chair on which he was sitting, from which I drew that only a people who could be comfortable

on Grand Rapids furniture could be capable of such monstrous structures. Far from arousing him to any appreciation of the city, I could bring from him only denunciations of its barbaric noises, its barbaric architecture, its barbaric luxury. So, too, I strove patriotically, while journeying from Marseilles to Paris a winter ago, to

drag a few words of commendation from the pleasant old Englishman who had the window seat opposite mine. He was a Londoner, bound for Algiers for a fortnight stay—to get warm, I suspected. When he had put his boxes and his luncheon basket on the rack and had wrapped himself in his rug, he made my acquaintance with a pleasant remark on the superiority of the European train service over the American. He had been in America, but his visit must have been a great condescension. Driven to the defensive, I compared the gloom and gray of London with our bright skies and brilliant coloring; the widespread monotony of London with our interwoven variety. He smiled amiably as though he were listening to the babble of a child. To the untutored and the unthoughtful New York might have a fascination as a sublime manifestation of restless and resistless force, but for him it was too noisy, too energetic, too motley. Indeed of all our American cities but one had appealed to him at all, had left on his mind any lasting impression, had seemed to be the abode of a people who had found themselves and learned contentment. Boston, of course, I suggested. No. He had stopped over trains in Harrisburg.



The scissors man.



Some café types.

"And I was especially fortunate in having an opportunity to see your parliament in session," he said.

Happy in that illusion he had thoroughly enjoyed his few hours in the little city, because it was completed, and it seemed to him that its people had settled down to live. In New York he stood bewildered in the hurry. No one was settled or had any idea of ever being settled; the very amusements were taken in a mad rush like the luncheons, as a stimulus for overworked brains and bodies. We were pioneers, he said, working in a wilderness of steel and stone, and would never be a finished people

until we had completed what we had begun and paused a while for breath. With that my finished Englishman lost himself to me for a while in the pages of a French novel. With him the haunting chord had fallen on deaf ears.

The human mind is voracious. For sixteen hours a day it is demanding food, grinding up impressions. Work satisfies it best, but

when the hour comes for recreation most of us do not seek for solid nourishment. We are content with the lighter things the eye can serve. We enjoy travel because the changing scenes easily satisfy our mental hunger. We demand variety. What makes a journey across our continent comparatively uninteresting is the sameness of the land and people. Abroad every few miles gives a change. The very old things are new to us, and we can sit a whole morning in some ancient ruin, knowing of it only the little our guide-book tells us. Through foreign streets we can wander by the hour, unwearied, for at every turn we come upon



Types.



Drawn by George Wright.

On an East Side street.

the new and the unfamiliar. But few of us travel intelligently and get beneath the surface of what we see. We are simply mov-



pressions. She longed for the kaleidoscope of the alley and the avenue, though the part she had to play there was so humble we wonder she did not shrink from it with shame. If only in the evening she could see the city's life, she would drag over the floor on her knees all day long. Poverty denied her those pleasures we hold high because of their cost. Her melodrama must be a fire-engine tearing along the street; her romance, a walk on Fifth Avenue on a sunny day. To those who are more discerning and whose opportunities are broader, how much deeper, then, comes the spirit of the town! In it we may move unconsciously; away from it we hear the distant music and our feet tingle to be in the dance once more.

An English writer in one of those staid and quiet essays which occasionally en-

ing-picture machines and bring home stored in our memory hardly more than a mental post-card album. There is that friend whom I met in Rome last winter. He descanted with enthusiasm on the charms of

the Eternal City. Inquiry brought forth the fact that he spent every morning over coffee in the Corso and every afternoon at tea in the Pincio. The day before he left he visited the Palatine hill for the first time, and found it only an intricate system of wearying steps. Yet he is going back to Rome because its streets never failed to interest him. And so we all go, again and again, like children to the pages of the same picture-book.

The simple mind of the scrub woman is easily understood. She soon wearied of the quiet scene which was framed by her kitchen window, and hungered for new im-



Vaudeville artists.

liven the pages of the *Times* dwells affectionately on the drawing power of London, "the city of a thousand potent memories." He meets the unexpected at every turn; he walks in quiet streets and in the shadows of old buildings endeared to him by the great men whose spirits seem still to lurk there. Go where he will in London he never exhausts its possibilities. In New York he finds variety, romance, and splendor, but all catalogued—the picturesque on the East Side, tradition in the lower town, splendor on Fifth Avenue. It is true that New York has few potent memories. She is too young. Necessity has effaced her



Drawn by George Wright.

The majesty of the law.



More snow.

landmarks. But memories are potent to only the fortunate few, for the many know just the little hemmed in by their own experience. The few may wander in the quiet of the Temple where the shade of Lamb seems near them, while the many will seek the gayety of Piccadilly, with its

thronged pavements, its brilliant shops, its hotels, clubs, and stately mansions, scenes hallowed to them far less by their past than by their present fashion. To some of us the bit of the old town that remains on lower Fifth Avenue has a peculiar charm. In our fancy we still see the dreaming book-



Along the water front.

The Sketch of London



Spring 1921

Under the elevated.

keeper wandering here of an evening while the faithful Prue sits home knitting; see him watching the brownstone house over the way, waiting to behold the lovely Aurelia come forth to her waiting carriage. Those quiet blocks, now isolated, making a last stand against encroaching trade have a subtle hold on you and on me; but as we linger here hundreds will hurry by us, seeking the opulent splendor to the north-

ward, drawn thither by forces more widely potent. As the Parisian leaves the haunted regions of Notre Dame for the brighter boulevards, so we find endless enjoyment in the life of the avenue. And to the urban mind is there any place more satisfying on a bright spring day? We own the wistfulness in the soft gray of London, the fascination of its antiquity and its very griminess. There we ramble. Here the sky is bluer



On the stage of a Bowery theatre.

and the sun more smiling. Studying the architecture in detail we may shudder at it; lament its lack of concord; rail at Greek temples poised high in the air, at the Gothic hand in glove with the Colonial, at modest brownstone dwellings cowering beneath precipitous walls, quiet homes jostled by mighty shops. It is a motley of brick and

stone, but the lights are multiplied and magnified. The air seems charged with the energy of youth. Our steps are quickened. No gray old buildings turn us aside to linger with the past. Indeed, it is hard to imagine the avenue ever growing old. Let the first wrinkles of age creep in, and we are at them to smooth them out. The



Comedians.

clang of the drill and rivetter resounds throughout its length. It will never be allowed to doze, to settle down, to be hoary and wizened. Nor can we think of it ever becoming hallowed by memories. Not here alone, but everywhere, the moderns build on very commercial foundations and do not seem to be rearing monuments to delight posterity, and though the Flatiron brave the storms of a hundred winters we can hardly picture our grandchildren standing reverently in its shadow. They will hurry on, as we do to-day, over a still lordlier length of street, finding its fascination not in its past but in its present, beating quick with life. Is it not by this that a city's magnetic power is measured for the many?

That we have no antiquities to add interest to our streets, we own. The lack of them, we deplore. Lacking them has but made our appreciation keener when we come upon them in foreign lands, so keen that the avidity with which we search them out has made us the butt of blasé witticism.

"You Americans do so love a ruin," my English traveller said to me in that gracious way that only the English traveller can assume.

This was his reply to my mild suggestion that he might find the charm of Algiers in the Roman ruins. His answer was terse, but not enigmatic. He was a finished, settled man, and ruins had always been a part of his environment. He was accustomed to them and accepted them without effort. To hunt deliberately for a ruin was a confession of a craving unsatisfied, of poverty. In going to Algiers he would find his pleasure in sitting beneath the palm and fig-tree and revelling in the varying color of the land and town. Soon he would

feel his London tugging at his heart, hear it calling, not from the shadows of its past, but from its present, from its brilliant streets, its shops, its theatres, and clubs. And so New York calls to those who know it.

We have variety. We have the picturesque. We have even some scattered fragments of tradition. Yet there are many who walk our streets with eyes open and see nothing. They move between high walls pierced with numberless windows, and the crowd which sweeps around them is as monotonous as a swiftly flowing stream. They never get step with the music of the town. But he whose eyes are quick can travel far within the circuit of the rivers; he can visit many lands and talk with many strange peoples. The unexpected does give interest to the streets, and he will meet it here at every turn. He will find the picturesque in the squalor of the East Side, but not there alone. He will come upon it on the broad reaches of the water front, in the respectable somnolence of Gramercy Park, and amid the splendor of the avenue. His interest once whetted will never be dulled. There may be moments when he will read sympathetically of "festering piles of brick and stone," of garish wealth and obtrusive poverty, and will gladly seek the quiet of fields and woods. But soon he will hear the distant notes of the city's fanfare, the clatter of the alley, and the rumble of the avenue. He will turn back. Smiling, he will drink deep draughts of the salt vapors of the Jersey meadows, and smiling he will look away over the dark river to that mysterious shore where the lights of the lower city rise bewilderingly to mingle with the stars.





WHAT IS A COLLEGE FOR?

By Woodrow Wilson

President of Princeton University

IT may seem singular that at this time of day and in this confident century it should be necessary to ask, What is a college for? But it has become necessary. I take it for granted that there are few real doubts concerning the question in the minds of those who look at the college from the inside and have made themselves responsible for the realization of its serious purposes; but there are many divergent opinions held concerning it by those who, standing on the outside, have pondered the uses of the college in the life of the country; and their many varieties of opinion may very well have created a confusion of counsel in the public mind.

They are, of course, entirely entitled to their independent opinions and have a right to expect that full consideration will be given what they say by those who are in fact responsible. The college is for the use of the nation, not for the satisfaction of those who administer it or for the carrying out of their private views. They may speak as experts and with a very intimate knowledge, but they also speak as servants of the country and must be challenged to give reasons for the convictions they entertain. Controversy, it may be, is not profitable in such matters, because it is so easy, in the face of opposition, to become a partisan of one's own views and exaggerate them in seeking to vindicate and establish them; but an explicit profession of faith cannot fail to clear the air, and to assist the thinking both of those who are responsible and

of those who only look on and seek to make serviceable comment.

Why, then, should a man send his son to college when school is finished; or why should he advise any youngster in whom he is interested to go to college? What does he expect and desire him to get there? The question might be carried back and asked with regard to the higher schools also to which lads resort for preparation for college. What are they meant to get there? But it will suffice to centre the question on the college. What should a lad go to college for,—for work, for the realization of a definite aim, for discipline and a severe training of his faculties, or for relaxation, for the release and exercise of his social powers, for the broadening effects of life in a sort of miniature world in which study is only one among many interests? That is not the only alternative suggested by recent discussions. They also suggest a sharp alternative with regard to the character of the study the college student should undertake. Should he seek at college a general discipline of his faculties, a general awakening to the issues and interests of the modern world, or should he, rather, seek specially and definitely to prepare himself for the work he expects to do after he leaves college, for his support and advancement in the world? The two alternatives are very different. The one asks whether the lad does not get as good a preparation for modern life by being manager of a foot-ball team with a complicated programme of intercollegiate games and trips away from home as by becoming proficient in mathe-

matics or in history and mastering the abstract tasks of the mind; the other asks whether he is not better prepared by being given the special skill and training of a particular calling or profession, an immediate drill in the work he is to do after he graduates, than by being made a master of his own mind in the more general fields of knowledge to which his subsequent calling will be related, in all probability, only as every undertaking is related to the general thought and experience of the world.

"Learning" is not involved. No one has ever dreamed of imparting learning to undergraduates. It cannot be done in four years. To become a man of learning is the enterprise of a life-time. The issue does not rise to that high ground. The question is merely this: do we wish college to be, first of all and chiefly, a place of mental discipline or only a school of general experience; and, if we wish it to be a place of mental discipline, of what sort do we wish the discipline to be,—a general awakening and release of the faculties, or a preliminary initiation into the drill of a particular vocation?

These are questions which go to the root of the matter. They admit of no simple and confident answer. Their roots spring out of life and all its varied sources. To reply to them, therefore, involves an examination of modern life and an assessment of the part an educated man ought to play in it,—an analysis which no man may attempt with perfect self-confidence. The life of our day is a very complex thing which no man can pretend to comprehend in its entirety.

But some things are obvious enough concerning it. There is an uncommon challenge to effort in the modern world, and all the achievements to which it challenges are uncommonly difficult. Individuals are yoked together in modern enterprise by a harness which is both new and inelastic. The man who understands only some single process, some single piece of work which he has been set to do, will never do anything else, and is apt to be deprived at almost any moment of the opportunity to do even that, because processes change, industry undergoes instant revolutions. New inventions, fresh discoveries, alterations in the markets of the world throw accustomed methods and the men who are accustomed to them out of date and use without pause

or pity. The man of special skill may be changed into an unskilled laborer over night. Moreover, it is a day in which no enterprise stands alone or independent, but is related to every other and feels changes in all parts of the globe. The men with mere skill, with mere technical knowledge, will be mere servants perpetually, and may at any time become useless servants, their skill gone out of use and fashion. The particular thing they do may become unnecessary or may be so changed that they cannot comprehend or adjust themselves to the change.

These, then, are the things the modern world must have in its trained men, and I do not know where else it is to get them if not from its educated men and the occasional self-developed genius of an exceptional man here and there. It needs, at the top, not a few, but many men with the power to organize and guide. The college is meant to stimulate in a considerable number of men what would be stimulated in only a few if we were to depend entirely upon nature and circumstance. Below the ranks of generalship and guidance, the modern world needs for the execution of its varied and difficult business a very much larger number of men with great capacity and readiness for the rapid and concentrated exertion of a whole series of faculties: planning faculties as well as technical skill, the ability to handle men as well as to handle tools and correct processes, faculties of adjustment and adaptation as well as of precise execution,—men of resource as well as knowledge. These are the athletes, the athletes of faculty, of which our generation most stands in need. All through its ranks, besides, it needs masterful men who can acquire a working knowledge of many things readily, quickly, intelligently, and with exactness,—things they had not foreseen or prepared themselves for beforehand, and for which they could not have prepared themselves beforehand. Quick apprehension, quick comprehension, quick action are what modern life puts a premium upon,—a readiness to turn this way or that and not lose force or momentum.

To me, then, the question seems to be, Shall the lad who goes to college go there for the purpose of getting ready to be a servant merely, a servant who will be nobody and who may become useless, or shall he go there for the purpose of getting ready

to be a master adventurer in the field of modern opportunity?

We must expect hewers of wood and drawers of water to come out of the colleges in their due proportion, of course, but I take it for granted that even the least gifted of them did not go to college with the ambition to be nothing more. And yet one has hardly made the statement before he begins to doubt whether he can safely take anything for granted. Part of the very question we are discussing is the ambition with which young men now go to college. It is a day when a college course has become fashionable,—but not for the purpose of learning, not for the purpose of obtaining a definite preparation for anything,—no such purpose could become *fashionable*. The clientage of our colleges has greatly changed since the time when most of the young men who resorted to them did so with a view to entering one or other of the learned professions. Young men who expect to go into business of one kind or another now outnumber among our undergraduates those who expect to make some sort of learning the basis of their work throughout life; and I dare say that they generally go to college without having made any very definite analysis of their aim and purpose in going. Their parents seem to have made as little.

The enormous increase of wealth in the country in recent years, too, has had its effect upon the colleges,—not in the way that might have been expected,—not, as yet, by changing the standard of life to any very noticeable extent or introducing luxury and extravagance and vicious indulgence. College undergraduates have usually the freshness of youth about them, out of which there springs a wholesome simplicity, and it is not easy to spoil them or to destroy their natural democracy. They make a life of their own and insist upon the maintenance of its standards. But the increase of wealth has brought into the colleges, in rapidly augmenting numbers, the sons of very rich men, and lads who expect to inherit wealth are not as easily stimulated to effort, are not as apt to form definite and serious purposes, as those who know that they must whet their wits for the struggle of life.

There was a time when the mere possession of wealth conferred distinction; and

when wealth confers distinction it is apt to breed a sort of consciousness of opportunity and responsibility in those who possess it and incline them to seek serious achievement. But that time is long past in America. Wealth is common. And, by the same token, the position of the lad who is to inherit it is a peculiarly disadvantageous one, if the standard of success is to rise above mediocrity. Wealth removes the necessity for effort, and yet effort is necessary for the attainment of distinction, and very great effort at that, in the modern world, as I have already pointed out. It would look as if the ordinary lad with expectations were foredoomed to obscurity; for the ordinary lad will not exert himself unless he must.

We live in an age in which no achievement is to be cheaply had. All the cheap achievements, open to amateurs, are exhausted and have become commonplace. Adventure, for example, is no longer extraordinary: which is another way of saying that it is commonplace. Any amateur may seek and find adventure; but it has been sought and had in all its kinds. Restless men, idle men, chivalrous men, men drawn on by mere curiosity and men drawn on by love of the knowledge that lies outside books and laboratories, have crossed the whole face of the habitable globe in search of it, ferreting it out in corners even, following its bypaths and beating its covert, and it is nowhere any longer a novelty or distinction to have discovered and enjoyed it. The whole round of pleasure, moreover, has been exhausted time out of mind, and most of it discredited as not pleasure after all, but just an expensive counterfeit; so that many rich people have been driven to devote themselves to expense regardless of pleasure. No new pleasure, I am credibly informed, has been invented within the memory of man. For every genuine thrill and satisfaction, therefore, we are apparently, in this sophisticated world, shut in to work, to modifying and quickening the life of the age. If college be one of the highways to life and achievement, it must be one of the highways to work.

The man who comes out of college into the modern world must, therefore, have got out of it, if he has not wasted four vitally significant years of his life, a quickening and a training which will make him in some

degree a master among men. If he has got less, college was not worth his while. To have made it worth his while he must have got such a preparation and development of his faculties as will give him movement as well as mere mechanical efficiency in affairs complex, difficult, and subject to change. The word efficiency has in our day the power to think at the centre of it, the power of independent movement and initiative. It is not merely the suitability to be a good tool, it is the power to wield tools, and among the tools are men and circumstances and changing processes of industry, changing phases of life itself. There should be technical schools a great many and the technical schools of America should be among the best in the world. The men they train are indispensable. The modern world needs more tools than managers, more workmen than master workmen. But even the technical schools must have some thought of mastery and adaptability in their processes; and the colleges, which are not technical schools, should think of that chiefly. We must distinguish what the college is for, without disparaging any other school, of any other kind. It is for the training of the men who are to rise above the ranks.

That is what a college is for. What it does, what it requires of its undergraduates and of its teachers, should be adjusted to that conception. The very statement of the object, which must be plain to all who make any distinction at all between a college and a technical school, makes it evident that the college must subject its men to a general intellectual training which will be narrowed to no one point of view, to no one vocation or calling. It must release and quicken as many faculties of the mind as possible,—and not only release and quicken them but discipline and strengthen them also by putting them to the test of systematic labor. Work, definite, exacting, long continued, but not narrow or petty or merely rule of thumb, must be its law of life for those who would pass its gates and go out with its authentication.

By a general training I do not mean vague spaces of study, miscellaneous fields of reading, a varied smattering of a score of subjects and the thorough digestion of none. The field of modern knowledge is extremely wide and varied. After a certain number of really fundamental subjects

have been studied in the schools, the college undergraduate must be offered a choice of the route he will travel in carrying his studies further. He cannot be shown the whole body of knowledge within a single curriculum. There is no longer any single highway of learning. The roads that traverse its vast and crowded spaces are not even parallel, and four years is too short a time in which to search them all out. But there is a general programme still possible by which the college student can be made acquainted with the field of modern learning by sample, by which he can be subjected to the several kinds of mental discipline,—in philosophy, in some one of the great sciences, in some one of the great languages which carry the thought of the world, in history and in politics, which is its framework,—which will give him valid naturalization as a citizen of the world of thought, the world of educated men,—and no smatterer merely, able barely to spell its constitution out, but a man who has really comprehended and made use of its chief intellectual processes and is ready to lay his mind alongside its tasks with some confidence that he can master them and can understand why and how they are to be performed. This is the general training which should be characteristic of the college, and the men who undergo it ought to be made to undergo it with deep seriousness and diligent labor; not as soft amateurs with whom learning and its thorough tasks are side interests merely, but as those who approach life with the intention of becoming professionals in its fields of achievement.

Just now, where this is attempted, it seems to fail of success. College men, it is said, and often said with truth, come out undisciplined, untrained, unfitted for what they are about to undertake. It is argued therefore, that what they should have been given was special vocational instruction; that if they had had that they would have been interested in their work while they were undergraduates, would have taken it more seriously, and would have come out of college ready to be used, as they now cannot be. No doubt that is to be preferred to a scattered and aimless choice of studies, and no doubt what the colleges offer is miscellaneous and aimless enough in many cases; but, at best, these are very hopeful assumptions on the part of those

who would convert our colleges into vocational schools. They are generally put forward by persons who do not know how college life and work are now organized and conducted. I do not wonder that they know little of what has happened. The whole thing is of very recent development, at any rate in its elaborate complexity. It is a growth, as we now see it, of the last ten or twelve years; and even recent graduates of our colleges would rub their eyes incredulously to see it if they were to stand again on the inside and look at it intimately.

What has happened is, in general terms, this: that the work of the college, the work of its classrooms and laboratories, has become the merely formal and compulsory side of its life, and that a score of other things, lumped under the term "undergraduate activities," have become the vital, spontaneous, absorbing realities for nine out of every ten men who go to college. These activities embrace social, athletic, dramatic, musical, literary, religious, and professional organizations of every kind, besides many organized for mere amusement and some, of great use and dignity, which seek to exercise a general oversight and sensible direction of college ways and customs. Those which consume the most time, are, of course, the athletic, dramatic, and musical clubs, whose practices, rehearsals, games, and performances fill the term time and the brief vacations alike. But it is the social organizations into which the thought, the energy, the initiative, the enthusiasm of the largest number of men go, and go in lavish measure.

The chief of these social organizations are residential families,—fraternities, clubs, groups of house-mates of one kind or another,—in which, naturally enough, all the undergraduate interests, all the undergraduate activities of the college have their vital centre. The natural history of their origin and development is very interesting. They grew up very normally. They were necessary because of what the college did not do.

Every college in America, at any rate every college outside a city, has tried to provide living rooms for its undergraduates, dormitories in which they can live and sleep and do their work outside the classroom and the laboratory. Very few colleges whose numbers have grown rap-

idly have been able to supply dormitories enough for all their students, and some have deliberately abandoned the attempt, but in many of them a very considerable proportion of the undergraduates live on the campus, in college buildings. It is a very wholesome thing that they should live thus under the direct influence of the daily life of such a place and, at least in legal theory, under the authority of the university of which the college forms a principal part. But the connection between the dormitory life and the real life of the university, its intellectual tasks and disciplines, its outlook upon the greater world of thought and action which lies beyond, far beyond, the boundaries of campus and classroom, is very meagre and shadowy indeed. It is hardly more than atmospheric, and the atmosphere is very attenuated, perceptible only by the most sensitive.

Formerly, in more primitive, and I must say less desirable, days than these in which we have learned the full vigor of freedom, college tutors and proctors lived in the dormitories and exercised a precarious authority. The men were looked after in their rooms and made to keep hours and observe rules. But those days are happily gone by. The system failed of its object. The lads were mischievous and recalcitrant, those placed in authority over them generally young and unwise; and the rules were odious to those whom they were meant to restrain. There was the atmosphere of the boarding-school about the buildings, and of a boarding-school whose pupils had outgrown it. Life in college dormitories is much pleasanter now and much more orderly, because it is free and governed only by college opinion, which is a real, not a nominal, master. The men come and go as they please and have little consciousness of any connection with authority or with the governing influences of the university in their rooms, except that the university is their landlord and makes rules such as a landlord may make.

Formerly, in more primitive and less pleasant days, the college provided a refectory or "commons" where all undergraduates had their meals, a noisy family. It was part of the boarding-school life; and the average undergraduate had outgrown it as consciously as he had outgrown the futile discipline of the dormitory. Now

nothing of the kind is attempted. Here and there, in connection with some large college which has found that the boarding-houses and restaurants of the town have been furnishing poor food at outrageous prices to those of its undergraduates who could not otherwise provide for themselves, will be found a great "commons," at which hundreds of men take their meals, amid the hurly-burly of numbers, without elegance or much comfort, but nevertheless at a well-spread table where the food is good and the prices moderate. The undergraduate may use it or not as he pleases. It is merely a great co-operative boarding-place, bearing not even a family resemblance to the antique "commons." It is one of the conveniences of the place. It has been provided by the university authorities, but it might have been provided in some other way and have been quite independent of them; and it is usually under undergraduate management.

Those who do not like the associations or the fare of such a place provide for themselves elsewhere, in clubs or otherwise,—generally in fraternity houses. At most colleges there is no such common boarding-place, and all must shift for themselves. It is this necessity in the one case and desire in the other that has created the chief complexity now observable in college life and which has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about that dissociation of undergraduate life from the deeper and more permanent influences of the university which has of recent years become so marked and so significant.

Fraternity chapters were once—and that not so very long ago—merely groups of undergraduates who had bound themselves together by the vows of various secret societies which had spread their branches among the colleges. They had their fraternity rooms, their places of meeting; they were distinguished by well known badges and formed little coterie distinguishable enough from the general body of undergraduates, as they wished to be; but in all ordinary matters they shared the common life of the place. The daily experiences of the college life they shared with their fellows of all kinds and all connections, in an easy democracy; their contacts were the common contacts of the classroom and the laboratory not only, but also of the board-

ing-house table and of all the usual undergraduate resorts. Members of the same fraternity were naturally enough inclined to associate chiefly with one another, and were often, much too often, inclined, in matters of college "politics," to act as a unit and in their own interest; but they did not live separately. They did not hold aloof or constitute themselves separate families, living apart in their own houses, in privacy. Now all that is changed. Every fraternity has its own house, equipped as a complete home. The fraternity houses will often be the most interesting and the most beautiful buildings a visitor will be shown when he visits the college. In them members take all their meals, in them they spend their leisure hours and often do their reading,—for each house has its library—and in them many of the members, as many as can be accommodated, have their sleeping rooms and live, because the college has not dormitories enough to lodge them or because they prefer lodging outside the dormitories. In colleges where there are no fraternities, clubs of one sort or another take their places, build homes of their own, enjoy a similar privacy and separateness, and constitute the centre of all that is most comfortable and interesting and attractive in undergraduate life.

I am pointing out this interesting and very important development, not for the purpose of criticising it, but merely to explain its natural history and the far-reaching results it has brought about. The college having determined, wisely enough, some generation or two ago, not to be any longer a boarding-school, has resolved itself into a mere teaching machine, with the necessary lecture rooms and laboratories attached and sometimes a few dormitories, which it regards as desirable but not indispensable, and has resigned into the hands of the undergraduates themselves the whole management of their life outside the class room; and not only its management but also the setting up of all its machinery of every kind,—as much as they please,—and the constitution of its whole environment, so that teachers and pupils are not members of one university body but constitute two bodies sharply distinguished,—and the undergraduate body the more highly organized and independent of

the two. They parley with one another, but they do not live with one another, and it is much easier for the influence of the highly organized and very self-conscious undergraduate body to penetrate the faculty than it is for the influence of the faculty to permeate the undergraduates.

It was inevitable it should turn out so in the circumstances. I do not wonder that the consequences were not foreseen and that the whole development has crept upon us almost unawares. But the consequences have been very important and very far-reaching. It is easy now to see that if you leave undergraduates entirely to themselves, to organize their own lives while in college as they please,—and organize it in some way they must if thus cast adrift,—that life, and not the deeper interests of the university, will presently dominate their thoughts, their imaginations, their favorite purposes. And not only that. The work of administering this complex life, with all its organizations and independent interests, successfully absorbs the energies, the initiative, the planning and originating powers of the best men among the undergraduates. It is no small task. It would tax and absorb older men; and only the finer, more spirited, more attractive, more original and effective men are fitted for it or equal to it, where leadership goes by gifts of personality as well as by ability. The very men the teacher most desires to get hold of and to enlist in some enterprise of the mind, the very men it would most reward him to instruct and whose training would count for most in leadership outside of college, in the country at large, and for the promotion of every interest the nation has, the natural leaders and doers, are drawn off and monopolized by these necessary and engaging undergraduate undertakings. The born leaders and managers and originators are drafted off to "run the college" (it is in fact nothing less), and the classroom, the laboratory, the studious conference with instructors get only the residuum of their attention, only what can be spared of their energy—are secondary matters where they ought to come first. It is the organization that is at fault, not the persons who enter into it and are moulded by it. It cannot turn out otherwise in the circumstances. The side shows are so numerous, so diverting,—so impor-

tant, if you will—that they have swallowed up the circus, and those who perform in the main tent must often whistle for their audiences, discouraged and humiliated.

Such is college life nowadays, and such its relation to college work and the all-important intellectual interests which the colleges are endowed and maintained to foster. I need not stop to argue that the main purposes of education cannot be successfully realized under such conditions. I need not stop to urge that the college was not and can never be intended for the uses it is now being put to. A young man can learn to become the manager of a foot-ball team or of a residential club, the leader of an orchestra or a glee club, the star of amateur theatricals, an oarsman or a chess player without putting himself to the trouble or his parents to the expense of four years at a college. These are innocent enough things for him to do and to learn, though hardly very important in the long run; they may, for all I know, make for efficiency in some of the simpler kinds of business; and no wise man who knows college lads would propose to shut them off from them or wish to discourage their interest in them. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, not only, but may make him a vicious boy as well. Amusement, athletic games, the zest of contest and competition, the challenge there is in most college activities to the instinct of initiative and the gifts of leadership and achievement,—all these are wholesome means of stimulation, which keep young men from going stale and turning to things that demoralize. But they should not assume the front of the stage where more serious and lasting interests are to be served. Men cannot be prepared by them for modern life.

The college is meant for a severer, more definite discipline than this: a discipline which will fit men for the contests and achievements of an age whose every task is conditioned upon some intelligent and effective use of the mind, upon some substantial knowledge, some special insight, some trained capacity, some penetration which comes from study, not from natural readiness or mere practical experience.

The side shows need not be abolished. They need not be cast out or even discredited. But they must be subordinated.

They must be put in their natural place as diversions, and ousted from their present dignity and pre-eminence as occupations.

And this can be done without making of the college again a boarding-school. The characteristic of the boarding-school is that its pupils are in all things in tutelage, are under masters at every turn of their life, must do as they are bidden, not in the performance of their set tasks only, but also in all their comings and goings. It is this characteristic that made it impossible and undesirable to continue the life of the boarding-school into the college, where it is necessary that the pupil should begin to show his manhood and make his own career. No one who knows what wholesome and regulated freedom can do for young men ought ever to wish to hail them back to the days of childish discipline and restraint of which the college of our grandfathers was typical. But a new discipline is desirable, is absolutely necessary, if the college is to be recalled to its proper purpose, its bounden duty. It cannot perform its duty as it is now organized.

The fundamental thing to be accomplished in the new organization is, that, instead of being the heterogeneous congeries of petty organizations it now is, instead of being allowed to go to pieces in a score of fractions free to cast off from the whole as they please, it should be drawn together again into a single university family of which the teachers shall be as natural and as intimate members as the undergraduates. The "life" of the college should not be separated from its chief purposes and most essential objects, should not be contrasted with its duties and in rivalry with them. The two should be but two sides of one and the same thing; the association of men, young and old, for serious mental endeavor and also, in the intervals of work, for every wholesome sport and diversion.

Undergraduate life should not be in rivalry and contrast with undergraduate duties: undergraduates should not be merely in attendance upon the college, but parts of it on every side of its life, very conscious and active parts. They should consciously live its whole life,—not under masters, as in school, and yet associated in some intimate daily fashion with their masters in learning: so that learning may not seem one thing and life another. The organizations whose objects lie outside study should be but parts of the whole, not set against it, but included within it.

All this can be accomplished by a comparatively simple change of organization which will make master and pupil members of the same free, self-governed family, upon natural terms of intimacy. But how it can be done is not our present interest. That is another story. It is our present purpose merely to be clear what a college is for. That, perhaps, I have now pointed out with sufficient explicitness. I have shown the incompatibility of the present social organization of our colleges with the realization of that purpose only to add emphasis to the statement of what that purpose is. Once get that clearly established in the mind of the country, and the means of realizing it will readily and quickly enough be found. The object of the college is intellectual discipline and moral enlightenment, and it is the immediate task of those who administer the colleges of the country to find the means and the organization by which that object can be attained. Education is a process and, like all other processes, has its proper means and machinery. It does not consist in courses of study. It consists of the vital assimilation of knowledge, and the mode of life, for the college as for the individual, is nine parts of the digestion.





THE ANCESTRAL DWELLINGS

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

DEAR to my heart are the ancestral dwellings of America,
Dearer than if they were haunted by ghosts of old-world splendor;
These are the homes that were built by the brave beginners of a nation,
They are simple enough to be great, and full of a friendly dignity.

I love the old white farmhouses nestled in New England valleys,
Ample and long and low, with elm-trees bending above them:
Borders of box in the yard, and lilacs, and old-fashioned flowers,
A fanlight over the door, and little square panes in the windows,
The wood-shed piled with maple and birch and hickory ready for winter,
The gambrel-roof with its garret crowded with household relics—
All the tokens of prudent thrift and the spirit of self-reliance.

I love the look of the shingled houses that front the ocean;
Their backs are bowed, and their lichened sides are weather-beaten;
Soft in their color as gray pearls, they are full of patience and courage;
They seem to grow out of the rocks, there is something indomitable about them:



Facing the briny wind, in a lonely land they stand undaunted,
While the thin blue line of smoke from the square-built chimney rises,
Telling of shelter for man, with room for a hearth and a cradle.

I love the stately southern mansions with their tall white columns;
They look through avenues of trees, over fields where the cotton is growing;
I can see the flutter of white frocks along their shady porches,
Music and laughter float from the windows, the yards are full of hounds and horses;
They have all ridden away, yet the houses have not forgotten;
They are proud of their name and place, but their doors are always open,
For the thing they remember best is the pride of their ancient hospitality.

In the towns, I love the discreet and tranquil Quaker dwellings
With their demure brick faces and immaculate white-stone doorsteps;
And the gabled houses of the Dutch, with their high stoops and iron railings
(I can see their little brass knobs shining in the morning sunlight);
And the sober, reserved homes of the descendants of the Puritans,
Facing the street with swell-fronts and pointed dormer-windows;
And the triple-galleried, many-pillared mansions of Charleston,
Standing sideways in their gardens full of roses and magnolias.

Yes, they are all dear to my heart, and in my eyes they are beautiful;
For under their roofs were nourished the thoughts that have made the nation,
The glory and strength of America come from her ancestral dwellings.



OUR EMANCIPATION

By Anne O'Hagan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



"HERE," cried Larry, stamping red and cold into the study where I sat crouched before the fireplace, grilled as to the face, chilled as to the shoulder-blades, "here is our passport to liberty."

I clutched at the legally folded paper. "A Bond for a Deed" it proclaimed itself in large black print surrounded by small explanatory script.

"O Larry!" I cried, in rapture a little tremulous from uncertainty, as a child's joy in beholding its first fairy might be tintured by doubt. "Is it true? Is it really so? Have you sold the farm? Have you found at large a human being so imbecile as to buy it of you? Are you so lost to every sentiment of humanity, every stirring of conscience, as to sell it to the deluded fool?"

Larry heard me out—an unusual concession to courtesy. He stood looking down upon me, a proud, masterful smile upon his face.

"I have found that lunatic," he answered. "I have sold the farm." He spoke with the Cæsarian *veni-vidi-vici* ring. As for me, I arose and flung myself upon my husband, careless of the cold outdoor air that enveloped him like the aura of a particularly chilly set of mysticists.

"Larry, I adore you!" I told him fervently.

"That is, practically," Larry amended his statement as to the sale of Hillacres. My flattering words he heeded not at all. My arms fell limp at my sides.

"Oh, 'practically'!" I echoed in a voice flat from disappointment.

"It's all right," he asseverated warmly. "It's a sure sale. Why, you didn't suppose people went about buying land on sight, like women at a bargain counter?"

"We did," I murmured.

"Oh—we!" My husband's contempt for us was boundless. "But this is a sensible, practical business man from Hartford, not a sentimentalist smitten by a hill view." The contempt was all for me now. "Of course," he pursued, in the large manner of

one who is himself a sensible, practical man and in sympathetic understanding with all such, "he wants to have the title examined. But he wants the place all right. His money is tied up in a mortgage until April, when it's due. The deeds will pass then. He's crazy to try fancy-sheep farming here—says the land's exactly right. He's so much in earnest that he's bound the bargain with a three-hundred-dollar deposit which he forfeits if he backs down. You wouldn't catch a wide-awake Connecticut Yankee planking down any such sum if he didn't want a thing and want it pretty blamed badly, too!"

That theory rang reasonable to my ears. Had I not lived among wide-awake Connecticut Yankees for three summers? So I nodded in convinced acquiescence, and while Larry divested himself of his overcoat and warmed his hands, I read over the "bond for the deed" whereby Laurence Saxton and Lemuel Guild each bound himself by a three-hundred-dollar penalty to a bargain to be consummated on the fifteenth of the next April.

"So!" I said finally, when I had folded the heavy paper and returned it to my husband. "So we're out of it at last!"

"We're free men again," he answered, locking the bond in the strong-box, while I

piled more hickory on the fire, and turned my left side toward it.

"We needn't sit in the top gallery at the opera this winter because we have to save for fertilizer," I said.

"I can join the University Club—sha'n't want the money for a hay-loader," said Larry, pulling his chair close to the blaze.

"I can go back to Celestine for my good evening frock," quoth I, "since we sha'n't require the money for a stone-crusher."

"We can take an occasional cab on rainy nights," rejoiced my husband.

"There'll be no roof to mend—we can have the living-room in town done over," I carolled.

"No veterinary bill—that means a good many more books."

"I am going to Harry Hooper's gymnasium this winter—all the women are going there now," I announced. "I can afford it if we don't have to put up those chicken-houses."

Thus we antiphonally chanted our pæan of small blessings. Suddenly Larry exclaimed, with a larger brightening of his expression: "What goats we are, Phœbe! With our cabs and dinner-gowns and such odds and ends! Why, we can go to Greece and the Ægean Islands next spring. Remember how wild we were



about it when we read that fellow's book—what was his name?"

"Larry!" I shrilled. "Of course! His name was Marden. We'll have the money——"

"And the time! No spring ploughing, no spring planting, for me to oversee every blooming week-end!"

I arose in my excitement and, dragging Larry from his chair, waltzed him around the study and through the door into the big living-room. It was chilly. In late October we were conserving our wood and were sitting in the most readily heated small room in the house. Consequently the familiar aspect of the summer sitting-room was changed. It smote me with a sense of strangeness. Through all the tiny panes of the old windows that ran around three sides of the deserted apartment, the pale early moonlight of the autumn evening streamed. The dim radiance and the chill of the air were ghostly, and I thought it was this phantasm of unreality that gripped my heart with a sudden pang.

"Ugh! How cold!" I cried, and walked instead of dancing back into the reassuring, human, commonplace glow and warmth of the firelit, lamplit study.

"I suppose I'll have to begin to pack the things," I said, mentioning the fly in our amber of pure joy.

"Guild wants to make us an offer on most of them——"

"Laurence Saxton!"

"Oh, of course not on your mahogany plunder and all that—but the beds and bedding and the kitchen stuff; linoleum and stew-pans and such," Larry reassured me vaguely. "And the rest we can come up and pack after the deeds have passed."

"Oh!" said I, mollified and at ease about my davenport, my splint-bottomed chairs, my work-tables and all the treasure-trove of three assiduous summers.

Lena, in an old red sweater making an incongruous note in her trim black-and-white uniform, appeared and announced supper hoarsely and with the air of goaded, almost snapped patience which she had worn ever since the first snow-spat had patched the hill-tops with white.

"Lena," I told her, meanly currying favor, "Mr. Saxton has sold Hillacres." Lena darted a distrustful look at me, but the ingenuous gladness of my own countenance convinced her that I was not guilty of the levity of a joke on so serious a subject.

"All I can say, ma'am, is, it is high time to be gettin' back to New York."

"It's higher than that, Lena," Larry gravely assured her, and we adjourned to the dining-room.

Always, I think, I shall be able to call up before my vision, no matter how dim my eyes may have grown to the sights of the common sunlight, that dining-room in the first house we two ever owned. Low-ceiled, rough-floored in ancient, grayish oak; with its windows of many twinkling panes at either end, its great, cavernous, oven-flanked fireplace in the middle; with its plain wide wainscoting, its high, narrow mantel-shelf, its curved corner cupboard—I shall always love its recollection. To-night when Lena opened the door for us and I saw the big logs blaz-



ing upon the wide hearth, the mellow-shaded candles shining with a softer radiance than jewels have above the square mahogany table that was old and the blue dishes that simulated antiquity, a prescient throb of homesickness smote me, a reproach of disloyalty. But Larry crushed the nascent sentimentality.

"Ah, you've got the oil heater going, Lena," he remarked. "That's good."

I shall not attempt to deny that the unobtrusive oil heater was an able ally to the splendidly conspicuous fireplace.

"Thank God," said Larry piously, "this is our last week of trying to figure out how our ancestors escaped pneumonia long enough to become our ancestors! Come, Phoebe, let us toast the man who adapted steam to domestic uses." He fished for his keys. "Lena, will you kindly ascend to the wine-vaults and bring us down a modest bottle of champagne? We will drink our benefactor's health."

Lena dutifully ascended to Larry's room, where a chimney-cupboard served as a depository for our small store of alcoholics—a concession to the bibulous weaknesses of our succession of "hired men" and their admirable skill in manipulating accessible locks.

"It scarcely needs chilling," announced my spouse when Lena returned with the festive bottle. "Nothing in our cosy little home does after September fifteenth. Which advantage I neglected to point out to Lemuel Guild. Here's to him! Lena"—he poured a little wine into a glass, evidently forgetting his complimentary intentions toward the steam-fitter—"I know you want to join us in this toast in spite of your temperance principles. To the man who takes our folly off our hands—to the man who buys our farm!"

We stood to drink it, Larry and I, and Lena, with a prim, unwilling smile, touched her lips to her glass. We drained ours.

"The man who takes our folly off our hands!" Yet, two years and a half before, we had bought—bought?—we had espoused that farm with a gladness almost devout, with deep, gentle dreams of a lasting content.

"Mistaking a summer's infatuation, my dear," said Larry sonorously that evening as we talked over our coming emancipation, "for a life-long passion."



In those reveries, I used to walk again in "our own" woods . . .—Page 584.

"Putting our trust, like the Babes-in-the-Wood that we were, in that deceitful Ananias-and-Sapphira literature," I added viciously, kicking at a file of farm-and-garden magazines on the lowest book-shelf.

"The truth is," pursued my husband more soberly, "there's only one class—except that which was born in overalls, as J. F. says—which can afford to farm."

"I'd like to know what that is," said I sceptically.

"The captains of industry—such of them as happen to be out of jail," Larry told me.

We are some thousands of financial leagues removed from that class, so we congratulated ourselves anew upon our approaching escape from an undertaking for which we were not fitted, banked up the fires against the possibility of flying sparks, and mounted to our bedrooms, all silver-shining with moonlight. Before we drew the curtains, we looked out upon the magic scene, blue and pearl and wide-stretched peace.

"I don't care," Larry informed the seductive night, "you may be a winner for looks, but you're blamed cold and uncomfortable."

Of course, with the usual contrariety of things, the next day the weather suddenly mellowed and softened, and our last week at Hillacres was one of loafing in autumn sunshine, of basking in mellow russets and browns; and we drove away on a day so full of delicious warmth that it seemed like June come again, and we seemed like the veriest malcontents and ingrates to be turning our backs forever upon it.

In the early days of our emancipation we were a little extravagant, as new freedom is likely to make all the world. When I, in duty bound, reproached Larry for presenting me with a tourmaline pendant on a day which was neither Christmas, birthday nor wedding anniversary, he replied:

"S—sh, my dear! No grain-bill this year—I can afford to hang you with jewels like Zuleika, the Pride of the Harem." When I gave him a first edition of Boswell's Johnson in old brown leather covers, lustrous from many loving hands, he raised his eyebrows and asked if he had unwittingly married an heiress. "I feel like one," I retorted. "No incubators, no brooders, no separators on the horizon! I can buy first editions until the cows come home!"

But later we went more prudently, less buoyantly. We began to save for Greece and the Ægean. We took to writing for

steamship folders almost as assiduously as we had been in the habit of writing for nurserymen's catalogues. We talked, though I sometimes thought it was with a feverishly deliberate interest, almost as much about the Acropolis and Dr. Schliemann and the temples of Zeus, as we had been wont to talk of dwarf fruit-trees and windbreaks and early russet potatoes.

Almost, but not quite. Pauses fell now and then in the animated planning for our wonderful spring trip. Sometimes I had misgivings as to whether Larry felt we could really afford it, but when I asked him, he always banished the absent-minded look from his brow and became the most reassuringly enthusiastic of prospective tourists. And sometimes I did not dare to ask him what thoughts filled his evening silences before our tiny city grate. I knew what filled my own, and I was more than half ashamed of my reveries.

I would fall to dreaming of peaceful hours in the



They were lovely recollections that I cherished of the place . . . —Page 585.

vegetable garden, when I thinned carrots and beets, or lopped the unnecessary, strength-sapping stalks from the tomato-vines—hours when I, near the soft earth, under the wide sky and the sun, was myself scarcely more active than the vegetables and certainly no more troubled about life. Those days I used to feel as I imagine a fisherman feels, with his boat anchored on a calm lake, wood-fringed, sky-arched, the abode of utter peace.

In those reveries, I used to walk again

in "our own" woods, beside our trickle of a brook, the smell of damp ferns in my nostrils, the shadows of chestnut and hemlock flickering on the moss and the grasses and the flowers at my feet. I saw again our old, rocky, unused pasture in June—a king's park for beauty with its laurels foaming in pink and white. I saw the hills lying blue and amethyst against the west; I saw the violet shadows that moved across them with the moving clouds, I saw the white morning mists among their hollows, sun-smitten to a more silvern beauty than the Cytherean spray. I saw the scattered farms, deep-rooted, close-folded, among those hills—ah, they were lovely recollections that I cherished of the place I had so rejoicingly given up.

It was the thought of my flower-garden that pricked me most—a garden only just begun, as every garden always seems—and so soon abandoned! What might not a dreadful Mrs. Lemuel Guild make of it—what horror of star-shaped beds, of crescents and gravel? My old-fashioned borders, my clumps of hardy flowers, my rose-plot—what stepmotherly treatment might she not mete out to them? Would she ever put up the pergola I had planned for next spring? Would she say, season after season, "Another year I shall surely set out a sun-dial," and take the same absurd satisfaction in the saying?

Then, in the midst of my reveries, I would catch Larry's gaze fixed upon me, and I would haste to talk of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. And I would correct my recollections of country life. Did I not also remember Silas? And Gus? And the three Henrys? And Willie? And the boy from the Home at Bornstead? Did I not recall the carpenter's threatened lawsuit? Could I not even now see the entire family running to the northwest doors and windows whenever a storm blew from that direction and striving, with futile cloths, to stay the deluge that always poured through that carpenter's casings? Had I not, in short, grown fairly to hate that farm—I, who now indulged myself in these sentimental regrets?

Above all, I felt that I must keep from my husband—my husband, who before going out to that final conference with Lemuel Guild at the village lawyer's that October day had sternly warned me to be

sure, to be certain *this time* what I wanted—above all, I must keep from him the pitiful, the contemptible vacillations of my mind and my affections!

The winter dragged along between our spurts of somewhat manufactured enthusiasm over Greece and our silent remembrances of what we had given up. As the season passed we grew never to speak of the farm, even to tell ourselves how glad we were to be rid of it. As the farm had been wont to occupy all our leisure thoughts and talk, its banishment from household conversation left a good many gaps. Laurence frequently yawned on evenings at home with me—and though I might myself be suppressing yawns at the very same time, I never failed to resent his manifestation of boredom, and to prognosticate dark events in the future from it. However, as April approached and our passage was taken on the *Prinz Rudolphus* we began to have intermittent heats of excitement over our journey.

One day, the first week in April, I had taken a languorous trip down-town to look at our stateroom in the *Prinz Rudolphus*. The tarry and briny scents of the ship, the sight of the broad blue waters with their pleasant, plying traffic, failed to give me their customary sense of exhilarating adventure. "Spring fever" had me in its grip. I did not care overmuch for anything. The stateroom disappointed me by not offering me an excuse for fault-finding.

I walked slowly up from West Street, past the commission houses with their aromatic crates of exotic fruits, past the candy-shops set to lure the suburban Jersey coin from the pocket of the homeward-hurrying commuter. And suddenly I was at our old seed-store. My sluggish heart took up a quickened beat—I paused and looked in. There were the baskets of bulbs—I had meant to try gladiolus this year!—And how was my lily-of-the-valley doing under the apple-tree by the back piazza?—And there was the grass-seed Larry had meant to try on the new-graded lawn—and—and——

As irresistibly as the struggling drunkard's feet are drawn across the threshold of the saloon, mine were led into Andrew MacNaughton's Sons! Warm life flowed again through my veins. The greeting of the sandy Scotch youth who had always

paternally attended to us, though we were decades his elders, from the first day when we had gone in with our tentative list, made me feel as happy as an undeclared lover's smile makes a girl.

"I thought it was about time for ye, Mrs. Saxton," he told me, arming himself with a mammoth pad and a fresh-sharpened pencil. My heart sank. What could I order? I chose a ten-cent packet of barley-seed. He looked his astonishment, but I could not bring myself to confess to him that our farm had been only a soon-worn-out fad and ourselves the veriest of amateurs. Why, it was only last season that he had allowed his patronizing helpfulness to be tinged with a slight color of respect for us; I could see his swift return to unqualified condescension should I make my admission. I took my packet of seeds and fled downstairs to the implement department.

There they were, all the wonderful seeders and cultivators and planters we had meant to buy when we had more money. I priced them all over again; I lovingly fingered pumps and spraying machines; I asked the purpose of unfamiliar contriv-

ances. It was a full hour before I emerged again into the street.

With a remorseful sense of not keeping faith with Laurence, I hurried home. Had I not urged him to sell the farm? Had I not declared that never again would I submit myself for a summer to the caprices of farm-hands, of the weather, of everything? And here I was now, revisiting the scenes of lost delight, deliberately flirting with my longings, my regrets, my old fondnesses? Well, I would expiate my hour's disloyalty. I would be enthusiastic over the *Prinz Rudolphus* and our stateroom when Larry came home that evening.

"Mr. Saxton has come home, ma'am," announced Lena as I entered the hall. "He's in the settin'-room."

"He isn't ill, is he?"

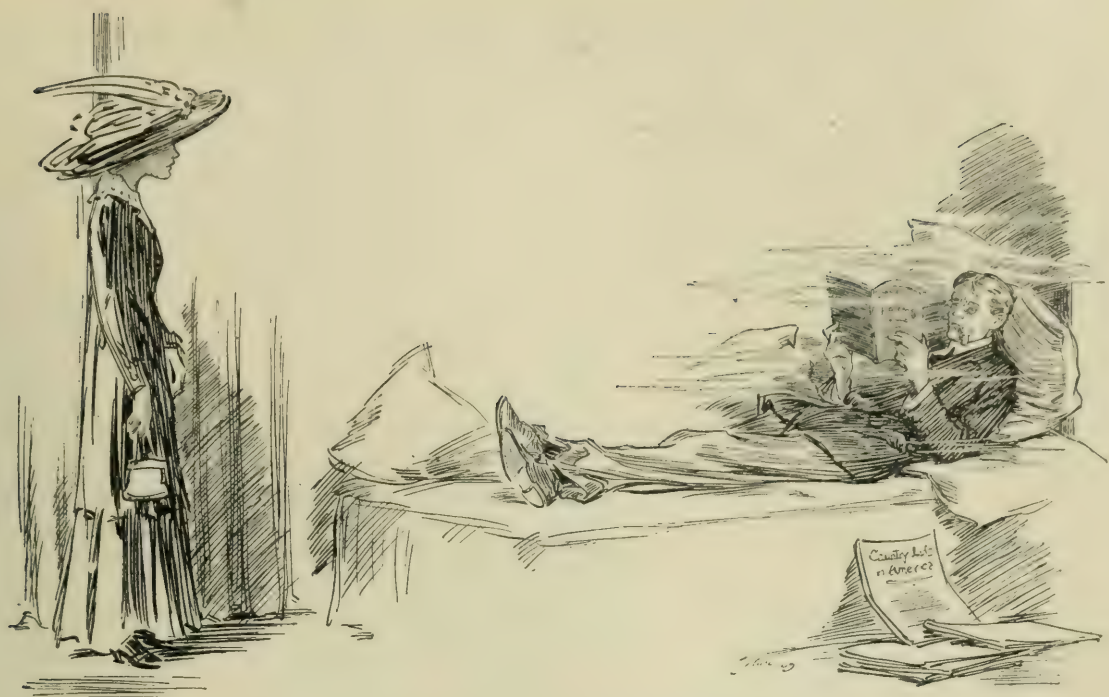
"No'm, not that he said anythink about."

I tiptoed in; perhaps he was tired and asleep. He had seemed tired and lack-lustre so often lately.

He was stretched on the couch, the pillows piled beneath his head. In his hand was a pamphlet, dimly discernible through smoke. On the floor beside him was a pile of magazines.



And suddenly I was at our old seed-store.—Page 585.



"Larry, you're not ill or anything?"

"Larry, you're not ill or anything?"

He jumped up and made an awkward effort to conceal what he had been reading beneath a cushion, at the same time half succeeding in an endeavor to kick the things on the floor under the couch.

"Lena said you wouldn't be home until tea-time," he reproached me for my early return. "I'm all right. I just came home for a loaf."

It was with some difficulty that I enforced upon myself that general safe rule for a pleasant social intercourse—to display no curiosity concerning that which some one else is obviously trying to conceal. I repressed my questions and I tried to keep all inquisitiveness out of my eyes. I sat down on the edge of the divan and talked about the beauties of the *Prinz Rudolphus*. I was in the midst of my description of the gymnasium when the telephone bell rang sharply, and Larry jumped to answer it. He knocked over a cushion in his haste and the pamphlet which he had clumsily hidden lay, cover uppermost, before my eyes. "Clark's Catalogue of Abandoned and Low-Priced Farms in Connecticut and New York," I read in large letters, above an idealized presentment of a farm-house and its inhabitants.

Larry came back from the telephone to find me absorbed in the list of farms. He flushed.

"Oh—you've found that, have you?" he said, in an elaborately indifferent manner. "I just happened—I just happened——"

"Larry, tell me the truth! Are you crazy for Hillacres? Can you live without it?" He looked at me, hope and incredulity battling on his face.

"I've been feeling a little homesick for it, to tell the truth," he said, as remotely and impersonally as possible. "Spring, you see—the planting——"

"I'm *aching* for it," I cried in italics, throwing pretence to the winds. "I've just spent an hour in MacNaughton's! O Larry, let's tell those Guild people they can't have it! I want it so much!"

"But—" began Larry bewilderedly.

"Yes, I know. I know all I said. But I want it! Our own dear place! Our own lovely place! Of course, it's been maddening a lot of the time—and it's work, and it's vexation of spirit. But it's our own. I don't want to change it now any more than I want to change my mother, though she does drive us frantic with her self-denying economies; or than I want to change you—irritating as you are, dearest, dearest Larry! Oh, let us keep our own place!"

"We'll forfeit three hundred dollars," said Larry, but his face was shining.

"We'll give up Greece! We can give up the stateroom; we've only paid a deposit to hold it."

"Are you sure this time, Phœbe?" asked my husband. As though he hadn't been as keen to sell as I in October! But he was already getting out paper to write to the Guilds, and I magnanimously forbore to twit him. The instant the letter was written he sent Lena out to mail it, and we dragged the old magazines from beneath the couch,

"No matter—we've always gotten on somehow."

"And Lena will probably leave?" continued he.

"Yes, and the roof will leak in a new place, and the well will go dry in August, and the chickens will get the pip. But I tell you, Larry, I don't care! There'll



There'll be the hills with the sunset above them, and the long wood-roads."

and in an hour we were deep in plans again.

"You know that it isn't going to be paradise there any more than it ever was?" Larry suddenly looked up from a catalogue to warn me.

"Paradise enow," I quoted, without looking up from mine.

"The perfect hired man is still unborn," proceeded Larry, "and the ideal married couple to work not yet wed—you realize that?"

be the hills with the sunset above them, and the long wood-roads, and the sunny garden; there'll be rough-tongued little calves to lick one's hands, and there'll be thrushes. And twilights that fold you into the bosom of the hills and make you part of them, and make you one with all the plain, patient people who have worked among them and who rest among them forever! You can't buy a farm as you would enter upon a flirtation, Larry; it's

like marrying; you must sink all the little annoyances in the big goodness of it.—I've struck roots at last, Larry—if you have!”

“‘Paradise enow,’” said Larry in his turn, nodding in deep satisfaction. “‘Though it comes a little high——’”

“Three hundred dollars is a dear price to pay for a lesson in learning your own mind,” I admitted. “Never mind! We've learned the lesson.”

But we were not obliged to pay the price. That was due to Mrs. Lemuel Guild—may angels ever guard her rest, and her summers be full of white-shod maids and youths and parasoled dowagers and hotel hops and piazza embroidery groups, and every good gift according to her tastes! For the next morning came a letter from Lemuel Guild crossing ours and begging off from his bargain.

“I took Mrs. Guild over to Siloam Corners to drive out to your place, Hillacres,”

he wrote, “and I am sorry to say that she doesn't think it will do at all. She had not realized from my description that it was just an old house made over—she thought it was modern throughout. Anyway, she thinks it too lonely. I should be glad if you could see your way to letting me out of the bond. Of course, however, a bargain's a bargain, and I realize with regret that I have probably interfered with the satisfactory sale of your place during the winter.” Etc., etc.

Well, our letters crossed. The three hundred dollars which we did not have to forfeit, we have put into

One hay-loader.

One new work-horse.

One old sun-dial.

One pergola.

And I hope that Mrs. Lemuel Guild has put theirs into lingerie hats and bridge prizes and hotel bills. I want her, our good angel, to be as happy as we are!





The concourse, and north end of Baird Court.
New administration building on left, Italian garden in centre, large bird-house on right.

THE NEW YORK PLAN FOR ZOOLOGICAL PARKS

By William T. Hornaday

Director of the New York Zoological Park



VERY large American city in which the masses are intelligent and proud, desires a good zoological park; but for all that, a city can be very proud and boastful without having sufficient energy to make one. The New York Zoological Park is an object lesson of which many American cities may well take heed. It points the way by which every city, large or small, may create and maintain a zoological park of a size suitable to its population and resources. That end is to be attained by a judicious union of private effort, and municipal support at the expense of the taxpayers. New York has clearly demonstrated the fact that the taxpayer is willing to be taxed in a

reasonable way for something that will furnish free and perpetual entertainment both to his wife and children and to himself, and at the same time be a credit to his home city. Give the taxpayer a fair chance, and he will support the zoological park idea, willingly and even gladly.

The prime essentials to success in the creation and maintenance of a joint-effort zoological park are few in number, but the demand for them is inexorable. There must be (1) a free site in a public park; (2) permanence of control; (3) absolute freedom from "politics" and "graft" of every description; (4) wise but energetic management by a zoological society; (5) a general plan of development based on the best expert knowledge; (6) the merit sys-

tem in choosing employees; (7) all collections must be furnished by the Society, (8) and all improvements and costs of maintenance must be paid for by the taxpayers. Finally, the park must be free on five days of the week, but two week-days should be pay-days, unless the population of the city concerned is under 500,000.

The European plan for the creation and maintenance of live-animal collections differs from the above, in several important

municipal support, and the very poor never see the inside of the establishment, because they cannot afford the price. I think it may truly be said that, even with occasional days of admission for the equivalent of ten cents, the zoological gardens of Europe chiefly benefit the rich and the well-to-do classes, to the exclusion of the very poor masses.

New York City builds no public institutions from which the Man-Without-A-Quarter is shut out. In a liberality of spirit



The den and swimming pool of the polar bears.

particulars. Rarely does the municipality furnish a free site, or even free water. Usually the creating society is compelled to purchase ground, and it is usually selected as near as possible to the heart of the city concerned, so as to be very easily accessible. The result is a zoological *garden*, of from twenty to sixty acres, surrounded by dwellings, and sadly limited in space for the animals. A huge and costly restaurant and concert hall provides entertainment that draws society members, and strangers, also, many times each year; and there is no admission for non-members without the payment of a fee at the gate. There is no mu-

entirely surpassing that of the American nation, at least as it is represented at Washington, and with not one pennyworth of aid from the State of New York, this city has created and to-day maintains for her citizens and the world at large six great institutions for public betterment, all of them of national importance. I refer to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Public Library, the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Zoological Park, the Botanical Gardens, and the Aquarium. In this field of high-class educational endeavor there are only three other cities that are in New York's class—Lon-

don, Paris and Berlin; but I think that New York clearly is entitled to first place.

Through a combination of private generosity and municipal support, wise provisions of Nature and good management, imperial New York has created in ten years time, and now presents to her people and to the world, an institution that three distin-

the nerve-weary business and professional men of New York, how many are there who know that during the whole forenoon of every day in the year, and all day on pay-days, the Jungle Walk in the Zoological Park offers nerve balm of rare quality?

On Sunday afternoons, even the sight of the crowd is inspiring. It is good to see,



The elephant house, and surrounding yards.

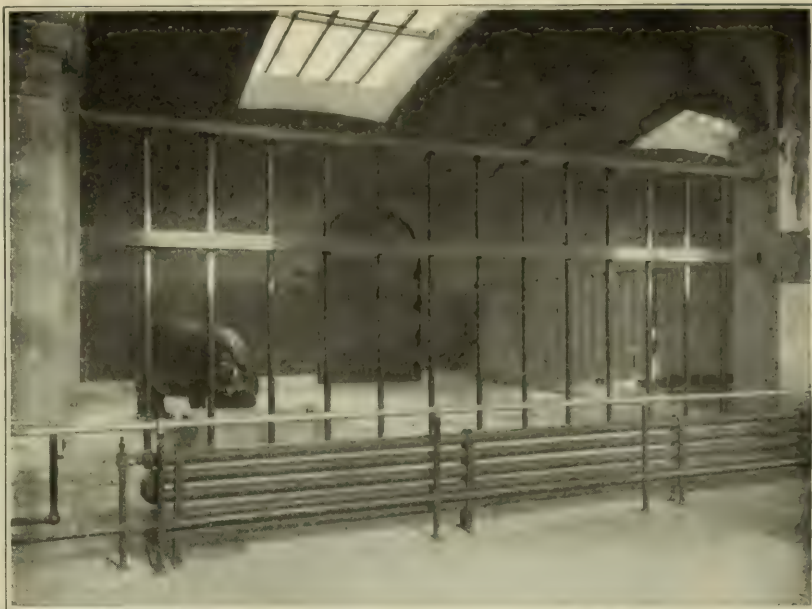
guished foreign critics have openly declared to be the foremost vivarium of the world. Those critics were Lord Northcliffe, Sir Harry Johnston, the African explorer, and Mr. F. G. Aflalo, a qualified expert on zoological gardens, and author of out-door books. It is for the purpose of furnishing a bill of particulars that the writer has been editorially coerced into writing at this time.

Every perfectly appointed zoological garden is a haven of rest to overwrought nerves, with the gentle and healthful stimulus of restful interest in new and different lines of thought. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, when the housekeeping of the day has been finished, and before the daily crowd has begun to arrive, a well-appointed zoological garden—with a good showing of flowers—comes as near to being an earthly paradise as the skill of man ever can produce within reach of the busy haunts of men. Of all

at one sweep of the eyes over Baird Court and the region below it on the west, fully twenty thousand well dressed people, one-third of whom are well behaved and attractive children, busily enjoying the beauties of the place, and the band music. It is good to see, on every Monday morning in summer, from the records of the turnstiles, that on the previous day between 30,000 and 40,000 people have enjoyed the temples and shrines of Nature that God and man together have created for the benefit of the working millions in South Bronx Park.

The correct building of zoological gardens and parks is an exact science, just as much so as is astronomy, and the building of observatories. In formulating principles, and in working out the general design of the New York Zoological Park, we diligently studied nearly all existing zoological gardens, partly to ascertain what errors to avoid, and partly to acquire ideas of

practical use. Knowing well what all the world had done previously, and having in hand the ideal site of all the world, is it then any cause for surprise that the last built institution for living wild animals is the best one for the health and comfort of its occupants? The writer has been persuaded that it is no violation of the proprieties frankly to state, for the information of the American public,



Hippopotamus cage in elephant house.



Interior of elephant house.

just wherein we think we have improved upon the work of our predecessors.

It must be counted as actually providential that the New York Zoological Society was founded in 1895 by Madison Grant; that it immediately attracted the support of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn; that for twelve years both those gentlemen have dedicated an important portion of their lives to the Society's work; that South Bronx Park was acquired by New York City in 1884 and had remained an unspoiled wilderness; that the administration

of Mayor Strong accepted in good faith the partnership proposal of the Zoological Society; and that every Mayor and Comptroller and Board of Estimate since 1897 has faithfully *and generously* supported the Zoological Park undertaking.

The Zoological Park represents a perfectly harmonious joint effort on the part of a powerful philanthropic organization and the taxpayers of the City of New York. By reason of the first large financial sacrifice of the Zoological Society, justly regarded as a pledge of good faith, from the inception of the undertaking, the city government has relied absolutely upon the men and methods of that organization. In the plans and their execution, and in the selection of a permanent working force of 145 persons, there never has been even a hint of interference, or pressure, "political" or otherwise. In working out its own systems of economy in money, and in the saving of time, the Zoological Society has been permitted a degree of freedom of action that is probably without precedent in such matters.

In "maintenance" and in "construction" combined—our two grand divisions of all labor and expenditure—the Zoological Society has paid out at least \$2,000,000 of public money, so far as we know without even a whisper of a charge of "graft," or "favoritism," "mismanagement," or even "extravagance."



The zoological park idea.

About one-half the American bison herd, in the breeding ranges.

We mention thus prominently the confidence of the city government in the Zoological Society, because that confidence has been a factor of tremendous importance in securing for New York, in eleven years of active work, a Zoological Park which represents high-water mark for such institutions.

We began under the Reform Administration of Mayor Strong and City Chamberlain McCook and Comptroller Fitch; and we were generously prospered under Mayors Van Wyck and Low, and Comptrollers Coler and Grout. Then there followed eight glorious years under Mayor McClellan and Comptroller Metz; and thus have we been enabled to achieve in eleven years of actual labor the goal of our heart's desire—practical *completion!* And what has been the price paid by the Zoological Society for the confidence of the highest officers of this city—the Mayor, the Board of Estimate and the Board of Aldermen?

In actual money expended it has cost about \$475,000; but in comparison with the unpurchasable time and services of the members of the Executive Committee, the half million of money is not the most important item. Without having seen it, I would not have believed it possible that such men as Henry Fairfield Osborn, Charles T. Barney, Samuel Thorne, Levi P. Morton,

John L. Cadwalader, John S. Barnes, Percy R. Pyne, Philip Schuyler, Madison Grant and William White Niles would give time and services without limit, not only cheerfully but even joyously, for twelve busy years, to any undertaking of this kind. It requires a great many fine men, as well as a great many fine animals, to make a great Zoological Park.

The past eleven years have been years of intense, unrelenting, and at times exhausting effort; but they have produced a succession of triumphs. Even the "hard times" did not stay the Society's progress by more than a few months on our two final improvements for animals. We say to-day that the Park is practically "complete," because, for such an institution as ours, that term is accepted by all sensible persons in a comparative sense. We do not say that the Park is no longer open to improvement, or that further beautification is impossible. It is entirely possible that, during the next ten or twenty years, some other animal buildings may be found desirable.

Prior to 1898, many persons outside of New York wondered why the metropolis of the American continent remained for so many years without a zoological establishment for live animals in keeping with her municipal rank. Even when the men

of New York were asked, they could not answer; but now we know.

The event was waiting for South Bronx Park and the Zoological Society!

The former came through the splendid wisdom and foresight of the Municipal Park Commission of 1880-84, which contained, among others, William W. Niles (Sr.) and Charles L. Tiffany. And how many men of New York are there to-day who know that the passage of the act so

own hands, and said to the trees, the rocks, the valleys and the meadows—"Be thou here!"—I am sure we could not have produced the ideal result that the cunning hand of Nature fashioned for us in that marvelous site. Our total area is 264 acres; and it is all that we desire.

Fate graciously so ordered events that the pleasure of discovering South Bronx Park and revealing its beauties to the Zoological Society was reserved wholly



The zoological park idea.
Herd of American elk in their range.

opportune creating that commission was due to the hard work of Assemblyman Theodore Roosevelt, or that he was specially chosen for that service by Matthew P. Breen?

As the stranger passes through one of our turnstiles, there spreads before him the most magnificent composition of land and water that ever was dedicated to zoology. Its qualities were well summed up in one sentence by an English critic, F. G. Aflalo, when he described it as being "at once the envy and the despair of all European makers of zoological gardens."

If we could have modeled a site with our

for me. The day was a sunny afternoon in February, 1896.

"—when comes the calm mild day as still such days will come
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter homes;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

I entered Bronx Park by way of West Farms, alone and unguided; went along the eastern bank of Bronx Lake up to Pelham Avenue, crossed the old iron bridge and zigzagged back through the wilderness



The small-deer house and corrals.

and the glades wherein our animal buildings now stand. I saw everything.

My first sensation was of almost paralyzing astonishment. It seemed incredible that such *virgin forest*, of huge, *old* oaks and chestnuts, tulips, sweet-gums and beeches, had been spared in the City of New York until 1896! But there they were, waiting for us. And then the beautiful ridges and valleys, the open woods, the meadows, the Rocking Stone, and the basins for ponds!

The magnificent possibilities of the place as an ideal home for wild animals in comfortable captivity—*freedom in security*—unrolled before me like a panorama. At the end of two hours I saw a great New York Zoological Park. But I did not dare to hope that even imperial New York would be willing to spend the money to make it in ten short years.

First, then, of all our advantages we must place our marvellous grounds, which, for such purposes as ours, are in a class by themselves, and incomparable. Because of the tremendous advantage they gave us at the outset, it is hardly fair to compare our establishment with others that are handicapped by small grounds, on a dead level.

Second in line we place our open-air animal dens, aviaries and ranges, generally. Opportunities for out-door life are available to *about seven-tenths* of all our vertebrates. It is only the serpents and a

few other reptiles, some of the smaller monkeys, and about three-fourths of the birds in the Large Bird-house that in summer are not quartered out-doors. The open-air ranges for our hoofed and horned animals are from two to eight times as spacious as such animals can be allowed in even the largest Old World zoological garden.

As an important item under the above heading, consider our series of Bear Dens, that has only one rival—in the National Zoological Park at Washington.

The bear dens of Europe annoy me greatly; for, in general, they are quite inexcusable. Evidently some of them have been designed by men who never hunted bears. By reason of the improved conditions that surround them—space, open view of the world, sunlight, abundance of water, rocks and companionship—our bears are the jolliest, happiest and most amusing of any in captivity, or out of it! They are more playful than so many monkeys, and although very troublesome on account of their vigor, they are assuredly one of the chief attractions of the Park.

The third feature in this enumeration is our House of Primates, unofficially called the Monkey House. It is notable because it is a house in which apes and monkeys can live long and happily, and because it is free from sickening monkey odors. The undenied success of our Monkey House is due to its new and practically perfect



The large bird-house and sea-lion pool, on Baird Court.

schemes of heating, ventilation, cage arrangements, lighting and sanitation.

Rotterdam has paid us the compliment of building, with the aid of our plans and specifications, an understudy of our Primate House, about as complete as it was possible to erect, even to the wire netting on the guard rails, only the roof and walls being of different materials.

Our Lion House is the only lion house in the world that employs wire netting for cage fronts instead of heavy prison bars; that has balconies in its cages, and beautiful green tiles on its cage walls instead of whitewash or paint. It is also the only animal building that contains a studio for painters and sculptors.

The Large Bird-House is the only one of which we know that is filled with great flocks of birds flying about in large cages, and with a huge flying cage in the centre of its main hall. Our fundamental idea of large communal cages is, I think, new in our bird-houses. It is also our belief that nowhere else in the world is there to be found such a splendid collection of rare and beautiful tropical birds living in such freedom and comfort under one roof.

There are several great out-door flying cages in other zoological establishments, both in Europe and America. That ours is the most spacious of all is nothing particularly commendable; for all of the others—at Rotterdam, London, Paris, Wash-

ington, St. Louis and San Francisco—are amply large to render their feathered occupants supremely contented and happy. But in one respect we have made a great advance over our colleagues. Our Flying Cage (150 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 55 feet high) has been provided with a concrete pool, of running water, 100 feet long by nearly 30 feet wide, and so deep that it is a constant delight to the diving pelicans, cormorants, ducks, gulls, herons and flamingoes for which it was designed. Visitors like activity among the birds and mammals they come to see, and this spacious pool provokes it, to a delightful extent.

Our Antelope House is the equal of the best elsewhere, and thus far it has preserved its living inhabitants in remarkably good health. Its outside yards are about three times as spacious as those around any other antelope house that we know. They have a total frontage of 1,200 feet and an average depth of 90 feet.

The Small-Deer House is the first of its kind. It houses a great number of species of small deer, gazelles, wild goats and sheep that cannot endure our wet New York winters in the open; and it keeps on exhibition a fine selection of animals that otherwise would have to be taken from their ranges in November or December, and kept in storage until May.

The only rivals of our Reptile House are

in the zoological gardens of London, Philadelphia, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Frankfurt and Paris; but we know that our alligator pools, and the systematic collection of turtles and terrapins, are not matched elsewhere.

Our Mountain Sheep Hill is unique, in that it is the only fine, *natural* outcrop of rocks in a zoological garden or park that is available for a systematic collection of wild sheep and goats. Between this and manufactured rocks there is a wide difference. But, after all, this feature has brought some disappointments. While other species do well, for some reason as yet unknown the White Mountain Goat and Chamois do not thrive upon it, and require quarters elsewhere.

Let all those who are interested in making comparative studies of the zoological gardens and parks spend a few moments in considering our provisions for bison. The "zoological park idea" is well illustrated by our herd of 36 American Bison, roaming over two spacious ranges with a total area of about 20 acres. There are some zoological gardens that *as a whole* contain only that area! When you see the breeding herd—about 25 head of cows and "young stock"—either grazing contentedly on the knoll in the centre of the main range, or galloping toward the corrals at feeding time, you are thrilled by the feeling that this is an adequate representation of the great American Bison as he lived and thrived on his native plains. It was from this herd that the Zoological Society founded the Wichita National Bison Herd, as a contribution to the perpetual preservation of the species by our government. The nucleus herd was taken out of our ranges in October, 1907.

After all is said, it is not alone the fine buildings of brick and stone, or the fine corrals and ranges, that make a zoological establishment great or commanding. It is the living creatures themselves. I have seen some fine animal buildings that were poorly filled with animals, and others that were fully filled with poor animals. If the exhibits do not frequently compel visitors to exclaim, "*How fine your animals look!*" you may know that something is wrong.

If the animals of the "zoo" are not round and sleek and shiny; if their eyes are not bright and their heads erect; if there are no cases of assault and battery on the

fences and gates, there is a lack of the glowing vigor that rightly belongs in every well-conditioned wild animal. Our latest Park sensation was caused by the great Alaskan Brown Bear, "Ivan," who, in order to gain access to a hated rival and his lady love, bodily tore out a large and heavy panel of woven steel bars from the partition between his corral and the next, and trampled it down upon the floor as if it had been a sheet of tin. It would have required at least six men with two heavy sets of blocks and tackles to have done in an hour what that bear did with his naked claws in ten minutes. The exhibition of ursine strength was astounding; and a little later the battle of the two Alaskan giants was a fearsome sight. They stood up on their hind legs, more than seven feet high, and chewed each other in silence until separated.

One word here regarding the personnel of our bear collection, by way of an impression of its zoological value. I think that all of the bears of Europe added together would not make a collection *zoologically* equal to this one; and the reason is—seventeen species in fine condition.

Of the very remarkable yet little known giant Brown Bears of Alaska there is *not one in all Europe*; but we have a collection of seven individuals, representing four good species (and possibly five), as follows: 1 *Ursus eulophus* ("Admiral"), from Admiralty Island; 2 *Ursus dalli*, from Hudson Lake; 1 *Ursus merriami* from the Alaska Peninsula; 2 *Ursus middendorffi*, from Kadiak Island (the famous Kadiak Bear). Last, and most valuable of all, we have recently acquired an undetermined new Alaskan Brown Bear from the Kobuk River, *north of the Arctic Circle*, and only 300 miles south of Point Barrow!

There are also four grizzlies—from Yukon Territory, Wyoming, Colorado, and Mexico. There is a huge Yezo Bear (*Ursus ferox*), from Yezo Island, Japan; a regulation Japanese Black Bear (*U. japonicus*), and a fine side-whiskered Himalayan Black Bear (*Ursus torquatus*), also from Japan! Central Asia is represented by two beautiful golden-yellow Hairy-eared Bears from Kuldcha (*Ursus piscator*) and from Trebizond, Asia Minor, there has come a very satisfactory Syrian Bear. The queer Sloth Bear of India and the ugly and mean Malay Sun Bear have not been ignored. Of the American



From a photograph, copyright 1908, by The New York Zoological Society.

Alaskan brown bears.

Black Bears we have specimens from eight different localities, scattered all the way from Prince William Sound, Alaska, to Chihuahua, Mexico, and finally, after ten years of constant effort, we have at last secured a good, healthy black cub from the Andes of Colombia, which represents the relative of the Spectacled Bear, recently described as *Ursus ornatus majori*.

By reason of the work that Nature has done on our Polar Bear Den, it is, in my opinion, the finest bear den in the world; and it contains a pair of white bears that are up to the standard fixed by the den itself.

Our Elephant House and its adjacent yards represents high-water mark in wild-animal buildings. It is the crowning feature of the Zoological Park—spacious, beautifully designed, well built, perfectly lighted, heated and ventilated, and generously provided with open-air yards for all its animals. The keepers say that the elephants, rhinoceroses and hippo greatly enjoy their fine quarters, winter and summer; and where has New York City ever acquired elsewhere so fine a building for so little money as \$157,000?

But the finest Elephant and Rhinoceros House is of small interest unless the collection under its roof is also of commanding importance. We are extremely fortunate in being able to exhibit a collection of elephants and rhinoceroses in every way worthy of the new building. It contains five elephants, representing three species—the Sudan African, West African Pigmy, and the Indian; three rhinoceroses of two species—Great Indian and African Black Rhinoceros; the Hippopotamus, and two species of Tapir.

Of the animals in the Elephant House, the Indian Rhinoceros is the greatest prize. Our lusty young male specimen is the only one of its kind that has come to America in fifteen years, and it cost the Society \$6,000. The Sudan African Elephants, from the Blue Nile country, are young, but by 1915 each one will be so huge that a stall which now serves well for both animals will be none too large for one. The tusks of this species are said to be smaller than those of the African elephants of Uganda and British East Africa, but in height and bulk the Blue Nile ani-



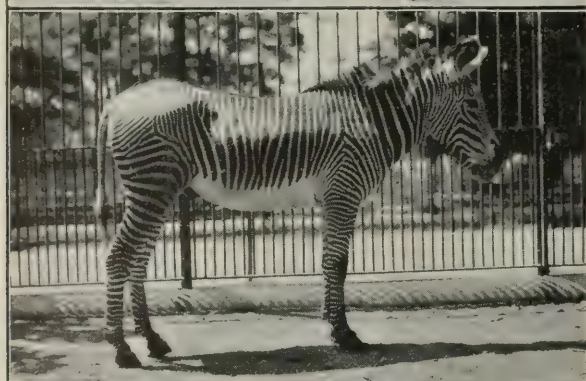
Nubian
giraffes.



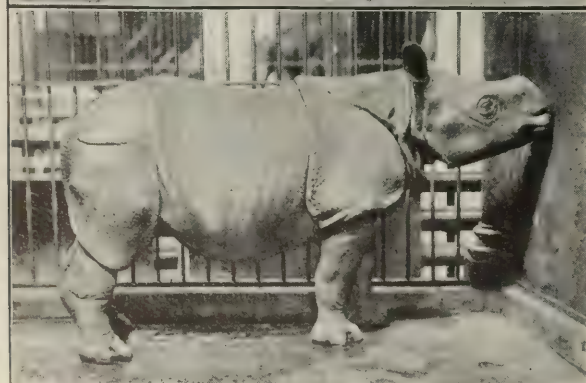
Alaskan
brown bear.



Prejevalsky
wild horse.



Grevy zebra.



Indian
rhinoceros.

mals grow as large as the largest; which means eleven feet at the shoulders.

Consider the collection of antelopes, and other animals, also, in the Antelope House; and ask how many of the world's zoological gardens and parks contain such a showing of rare species. Certainly not more than two or three. We find there a pair of Sudan Three-Horned Giraffes, a Greater Kudu, a pair of Elands, a Sable Antelope, Baker Roan Antelope, the Addax of the Sahara, and the Beatrix Antelope of the Arabian desert (three), the Beisa, the Sing-Sing Waterbuck, the Leucoryx, the Nylgai, the Bontebok and two species of Sitatunga, the White-tailed Gnu and the Brindled Gnu, the Reedbuck, Indian Black Buck (a herd), the Grevy Zebra, Mountain Zebra, Grant Zebra, Chapman Zebra (just arrived), Tibetan Kyang and Persian Wild Ass. The Zebras and wild asses will shortly make room for hartebeests, gazelles and bushbucks.

Of the above, the following species have bred here: Eland, Beatrix Antelope, Leucoryx, Nylgai, Black Buck and Grant Zebra. Since our Giraffes arrived, in October, 1903, they have not been sick for a day, and the male has grown from 10 feet 3 inches, to 14 feet 3 inches. With the wild equines named above we should mention the Prejevalsky Wild Horses (a pair), from the Gobi Desert, Mongolia, to whom a fine colt was born in May, 1909—the first birth for that species in America.

Our Asiatic deer (eleven species) are breeding at a rate so rapid that the young animals have become a serious embarrassment. Of all our Asiatic deer, the most satisfactory are the Axis, or Spotted Deer, from the jungles of India. They are surpassingly beautiful, they do not fight (much), they are "easy keepers," and they breed persistently.

No sketch of the New York Zoological Park can be complete without a reference to the only herd of Rocky Mountain Goats in captivity, and besides which only two (one died recently) other individuals exist on exhibition. Of the five kids brought from the mountains of British Columbia by the writer

in October, 1905, four are alive and in perfect health. The fifth one gave her life to the first kid ever bred or born in captivity. The latter, now eighteen months old, is a lusty male, large for his age, very vigorous, and so free with his horns that it has been necessary to saw off their sharp and dangerous tips.

We find it rather strange that the Mountain Goat can live, and thrive, and even breed on the Atlantic Coast, where the Rocky Mountain Sheep cannot survive longer than about eighteen months. Thus far not one specimen of the latter has ever reached maturity in the eastern United States. But, after all, is not our success with the Goat more surprising than our failures with the Big-Horn? Think of abruptly transplanting a herd of animals from the summit of the Canadian Rockies, 10,000 feet up, above timber-line, and from *dry* cold in winter down to tide-level, 3,000 miles away, hot in summer, horribly rainy in winter, humid at all times, and salty besides. At the same time, we make an entire change in food and drinking water. To ask animals of the summits of the continental divide to endure such a change, and live, surely is asking much.

Of the bewildering variety of zoological varieties in the small Mammal House, there is space to mention only such distinguished foreigners as the Hyrax, Hyæna Dog, Caracal, Thibetan Fox, Suricate, Kusimanse, Spotted Genet, Binturong, Patagonian Cavy, Kinkajou, Clouded Leopard, Yaguarundi, Paca, Hutia, Golden Agouti, and the Giant Malabar Squirrel.

The Lion, the Tiger, the Jaguar, the Leopard and the Puma are commonplace, and even *passé*. Every collection of live animals has them; but one can count on the fingers of one hand all the zoological gardens and parks that exhibit specimens of the rare and beautiful Snow Leopard, or Ounce of Tibet, the Clouded Leopard of Borneo, and the Cheetah of Africa.

Our finest lion, old "Sultan," is well beloved of the animal painters and sculptors, and I think he has been painted and modelled about one hundred times. His countenance is refined,



Markhor.



Rocky Mountain goat.



Snow leopard.



Sable antelope.



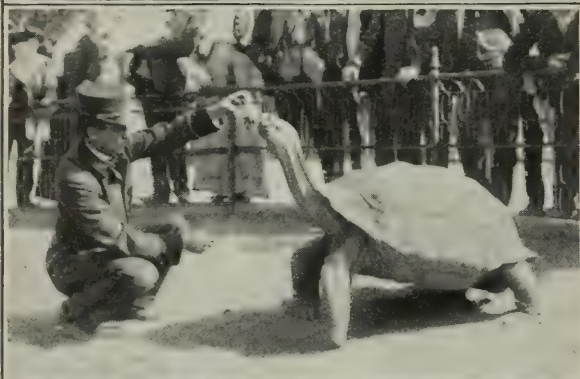
Sudan African elephants.



The Tegu
lizard.



Florida
crocodile.



Elephant
tortoise.



Reticulated
python.



Boa
constrictor.
(Black phase.)

dignified, imposing and beautiful, and his form is about perfect.

Our herd of Elk is to be viewed with unalloyed complacency. The stock is fine and robust, and the four males are as heavily antlered as any elk-hunter could possibly desire.

The Caribou, Moose and Big-Horn sheep we have given up as impossibilities; at least for acclimatization in New York. The salty humidity of the climate, the low altitude and the wet weather of every winter is hopelessly against those species.

And all this time we have not found space for a word concerning our wonderful bird collection, to which we have devoted the Aquatic Bird-House, the Large Bird-House, the great Flying Cage, the Duck Aviary, Pheasant Aviary, Ostrich House, Crane Paddock, and Wild-Fowl Pond. The great Eagle and Vulture Aviary will come in the near future, as the finish of the final plan that we laid down eleven years ago. The total number of species to be seen on July 15, 1909, was 644, and the whole number of specimens then on exhibition in good health was 2,816.

The Large Bird-House shelters, within and without, a glorious array of rare, odd and beautiful feathered forms. Of all birds, no species is more immaculate than the green and crimson Touracou, or Plantain-Eater, with his jaunty crest, and wings of flame that contain in their primaries ten per cent. of metallic *copper*! Structurally, no bird is more interesting than that odd mixture of characters, the Seriema, from South America, a composite stork-plover-bird-of-prey-without-talons. The South American Sun Bittern beside it, with a glorious sunburst painted on each wing, is equally rare. The Laughing Jackass from Australia is really a giant kingfisher. The long row of queer but pleasing Toucans of several species instantly arrest the eye, and the Toco Toucan would excite admiration anywhere. Close beside the Victoria Crown Pigeons of New Guinea, the odd and erratic Roadrunners from southern Arizona cheerfully hop and jerk through the day, watching the visitor with eyes that suggest practical jokes and mischief.

In the great main hall of the Large Bird-House about 75 species of birds, perhaps the queerest *omnium gatherum* ever peacefully harmonized in one apartment, disport joyously in the huge indoor flying-cage. There are gaudy Mandarin Ducks, Wood Ducks, Patagonian Plovers, Ruffs, Sandpipers, Quails of various species, Golden Pheasants, Bleeding-Heart Pigeons from the Philippines, a few Terns and Skimmers, and song birds in great variety of color and song.

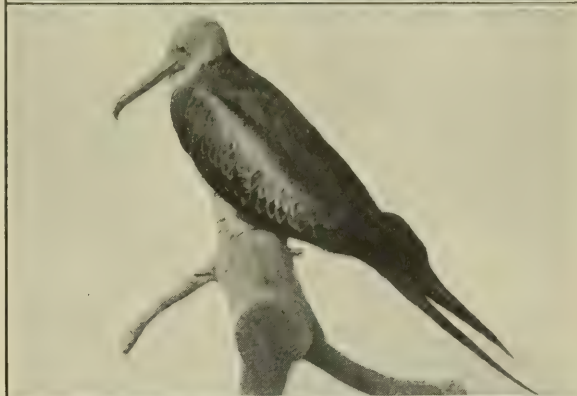
The Parrot's Hall is teeming and screaming with Parrots, Macaws, and Parakeets; but there also will be found a large collection of tropical Pigeons, Doves, and Quail. When the visitors have had enough of the noisiest birds on earth, it is pleasant to drift out into the Glass Court, where the American song-birds have almost exclusive possession. There you will find twelve species of our warblers living most happily in one big cage; and near by there are other and more vigorous songsters in goodly numbers.

The Ostrich House was built for the ostriches, rheas, emeus and cassowaries, and while it contains good examples of all these groups, many other rare feathered folk have crept into that comfortable haven of refuge. It is an odd gathering, scattered somewhat in summer, but in winter embracing such zoological prizes as the California Condor (now nearly extinct), the Harpy Eagle of South America, the odd Bataleur Eagle of Africa, the gorgeous King Vulture, the Paradise Crane, Java Peacock, and others.

Our Pheasant Aviary is 240 feet long, and its 48 runways and shelter houses are all 8 feet in height. It is a two-story installation. The pheasants live upon the ground; and aloft, on the perches and in the bush-tops, live many species of hardy song-birds, pigeons and doves. Each bird in the place can exercise the following options provided for the promotion of its comfort: a sandy bed in the sun, a perch in the sun, a shelter open on the front only, or a closed shelter with only one small door. It is here that the pheasant fancier will find the gorgeous Golden, Reeves, Amherst, and



Californian
condor.



Frigate bird.



Black-footed
penguin.



Crested
screamer



Whooping
crane.



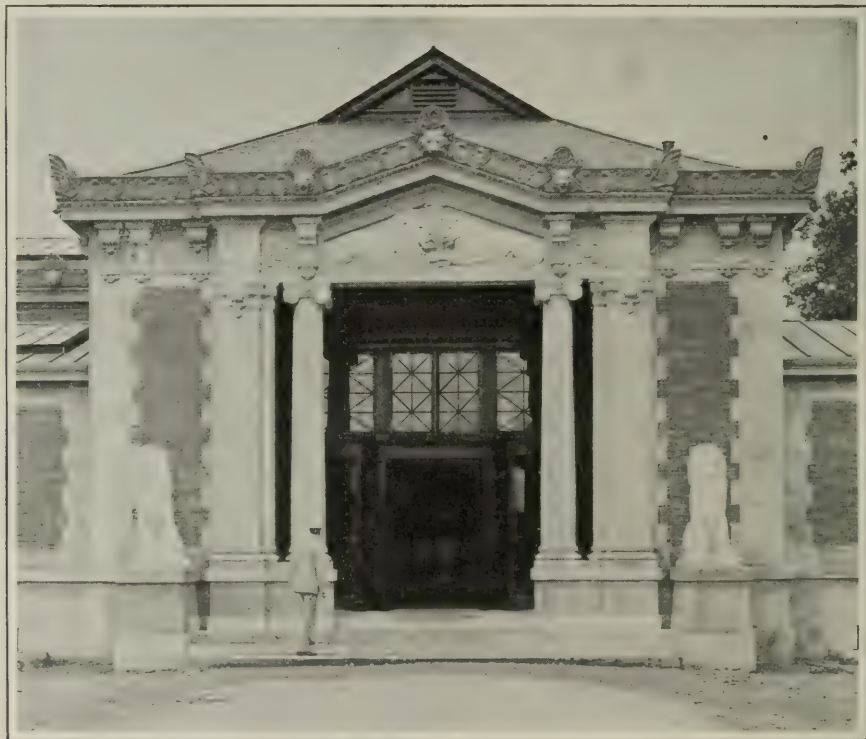
The lion house, showing open-air cages.

Impeyan pheasants; the Silver, Japanese Ring-neck, English, Fire-back, Elliott, Eared, and many others.

The Reptile House was the first building erected in the Park, and it was dedicated at the formal opening on November 9, 1899. It was built by the Zoological Society, and, with about 20 other installations, was presented to the city on the date mentioned. It was given a leading position in the pro-

gramme because of the universal ignorance of the public regarding reptiles generally; and it is safe to say that it has cured a greater amount of ignorance and folly than any other collection of the Park.

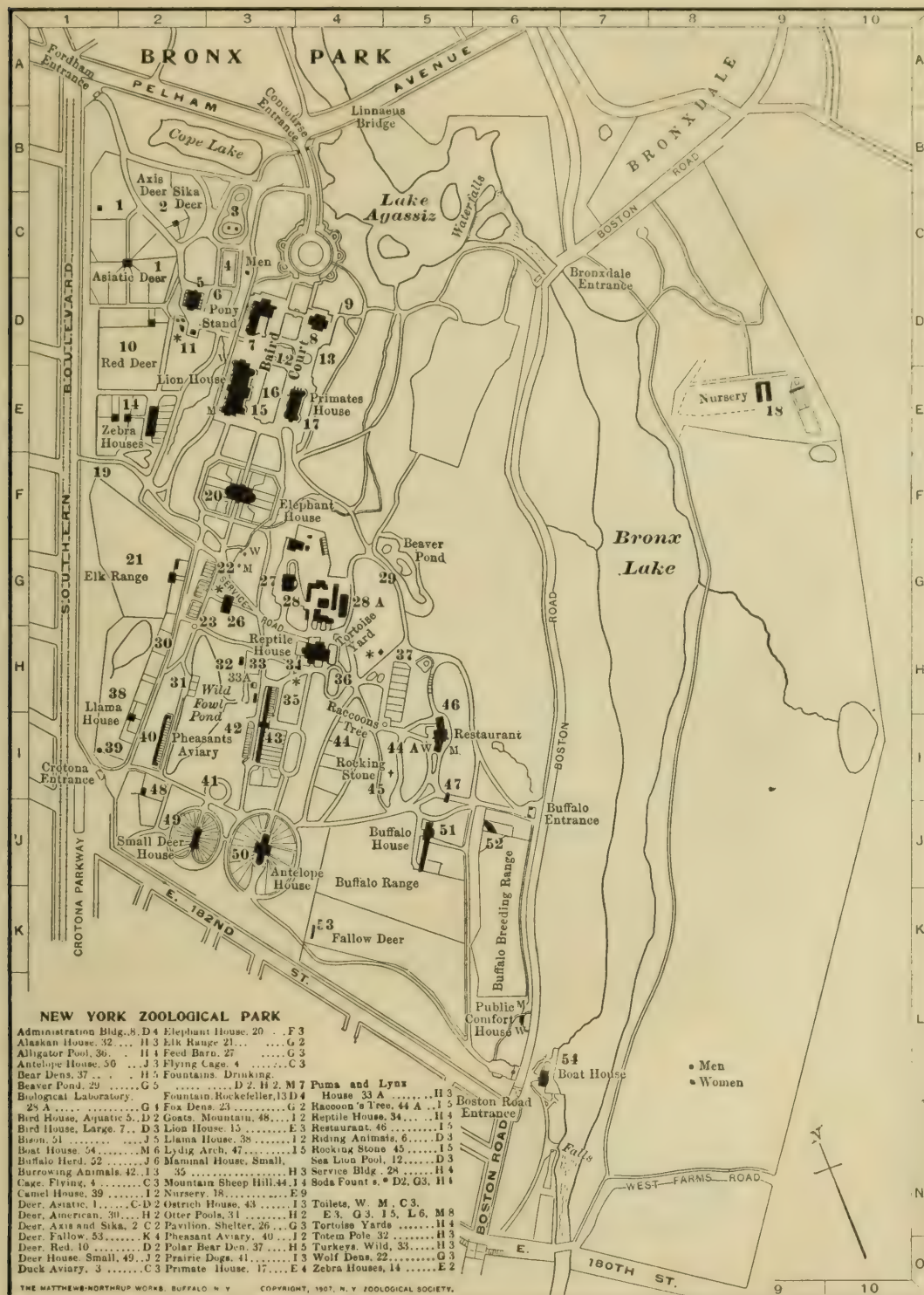
Under this broad roof, in comfortable captivity, is gathered the world's greatest collection of poisonous and other serpents, crocodilians, turtles, terrapins, tortoises, and lizards.



Entrance to the lion house.

Our alligator pool in the Reptile House is far in advance of every other crocodilian pool, and represents one of the most com-

and view the world whenever it suits him to do so. Our crocodiles and alligators eat as greedily as pigs, and they grow with a



plete "hits"—in a small way—that we have made. It is beautifully lighted, it has a living jungle background, it is deep and wide, its water is properly warmed, and each habitant can crawl out upon the bank

degree of rapidity that has completely upset all previous ideas and records of the growth of such reptiles.

We have been at much pains to establish in the centre of the main hall of reptiles an

elaborate turtle crawl, with a deep pool at one end, in which to make comfortable a systematic collection of fresh-water turtles and terrapins. The eastern wing of the building is our Tortoise and Lizard House, heated in winter like a bake-oven, and in summer opening upon a series of sanded yards, in which the reptiles can roast themselves in the hot sun until they feel "fine."

Iguanas and monitors do not thrive in small cages, but put them in a sanded yard that is hot enough to roast eggs, and straightway they begin to run, and jump fences, fight and eat in a manner that is at first fairly bewildering! It seems odd to think of Iguanas fighting, but in our yards they are much given to it, greatly to the annoyance of their keepers.

If we are to be fair to ourselves, we must call attention to the labeling of the Zoological Park collections, particularly the descriptive labels, the maps of distribution, the charts, keys and picture-labels in endless profusion, to inform and entertain the visitor, and render the collections of the utmost value.

Naturally, the public will desire to know something of the number of specimens living in the various great zoological gardens of the world. Very few institutions publish their statistics annually, but we will offer all that are available at the present date. The latest general census was that for January 1, 1907, when the figures were as shown below, drawn chiefly from the official report made by Dr. Gustave Loisel, of Paris, to the French Government. All are as of January 1, 1907, ex-

cept New York and London, which are for 1908:

Institution.	Mammals.	Birds.	Reptiles and Amphibians.	Total.
New York Zoological Park.....	607	2530	897	4034
Berlin.....	946	2176	27	3149
London.....	873	1621	478	2972
Philadelphia.....	487	952	1087	2526
Hamburg.....	473	1665	251	2389
Schoenbrunn.....	593	1351	171	2085
Cologne.....	424	1479	98	2001
Breslau.....	592	1067	184	1843
Frankfort.....	644	1002	158	1804

And how do our collections stand to-day in number of species and of individuals? The animal accommodations of the Park are crowded full, to the overflowing point. On July 15, 1909, a careful census revealed the following:

LIVING ANIMALS NOW IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Mammals	246 species	743 specimens
Birds	644 "	2816 "
Reptiles	256 "	1969 "
Total,	1146 "	5530 "

The tale is told. The Zoological Park and its collections must now speak for themselves. Last year they spoke to 1,413,739 visitors. The common people hear them gladly, but as yet the scientists of America, as a mass, do not seem to know that the New York Zoological Park has arrived. They are, as a rule, too much interested in soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable to care for such trivial things as living animals drawn from strange places. But the unscientific millions, whom we specially desire to instruct and entertain, are with us, in ever-increasing numbers; and for them we will continue to strive.



ILION

By George Cabot Lodge

I

THEY turned into the day-break, and the light
Lay level in their eyes. They held the free
Fortunate wind across the blue bland sea:
Of all their lives the flame burned wild and bright.
Clear as the eyes of Helen shone by night
The lordly stars, which spelled their destiny;
The sun's perennial splendour seemed to be
Gold as the hair of Helen in their sight.
But Agamemnon, saviour of the fleet,
Only forever saw, with haunted eyes,
Iphigeneia bleeding at his feet;
And, in prophetic rapture, felt, too late,
Fierce as the eyes of Clytemnestra's hate,
Burst from his palsied tongue death's strangling cries! . . .

II

Crying, she woke, with fate's relentless hand
Cold at her heart; and, breathless with despair,
She saw the great gaunt galleys, and the flare
Of camp-fires kindling on the Trojan strand.
And Menelaus!—she beheld him stand
With ravaged eyes that could not cease to stare. . . .
She heard, borne up the windy Ilian air,
The lyric language of the Fatherland.
Then, with a roar as when the storm-wind blows,
The innumerable alien city rose,
And thronged the ramparts,—where, amid the gloom,
The inviolate victim of God's thwarted lust,
Cassandra, robed in mourning, crowned with dust,
Wailed in deaf ears the inexorable doom!

III

He saw Scamander crawl in fire and blood,
Stagnant with slain, beneath the burning wall.
Seaward he drove! But still, tho' like a pall,
Darkly, where once the rumoring city stood,
He felt Death's immemorial silence brood,
Shrill in his blood-sick heart he heard, withal,
The shriek of Hecuba, the frenzied call
Of Hector's Bride, bereft of motherhood!
And still of Helen his only visions were!—
Her eyes of wonder, and her endless hair,
Lightening like sunrise! . . . still he felt, for her
His wrath had branded with a harlot's shame,
Leap in his heart the blind consuming flame
Of love imperishable and love's despair!

EMERSON

By W. C. Brownell

I



EXCEPT a childhood recollection of Lincoln speaking from a hotel balcony on his way to his first inauguration—of his towering size, his energy in gesture and emphasis, his extraordinary *blackness*, his angularity of action, and a certain imposing sincerity of assertion, the last very likely an imputation of later years—I have no memory of any of our public men more vivid than that of hearing in early youth a lecture by Emerson. Surely when Lowell called Lincoln “the first American” he forgot Emerson. Or he was thinking of Lincoln’s representative character in, rather than of, his country. Politics is “too much with us.” The first American both in chronology and in completeness appeared in the field of letters, and—if we are, as of course Lowell meant, to consider personal greatness in the comparison and thus exclude Cooper—in the efflorescence of New England culture. Naturally I do not in the least recall the topic of Emerson’s lecture. I have an impression that it was not known at the time and did not appear very distinctly in the lecture itself. The public was small, attentive, even reverential. The room was as austere as the chapel of a New England Unitarian church would normally be in those days. The Unitarians were the intellectual sect of those days and, as such, suspect. Even the Unitarians, though, who were the aristocratic as well as the intellectual people of the place, found the chapel benches rather hard, I fancy, before the lecture was over, and I recall much stirring. There was, too, a decided sprinkling of scoffers among the audience, whose sentiments were disclosed during the decorous exit. Incomprehensibility, at that epoch generally, was the great offence; it was a sort of universal charge against anything uncomprehended, made in complete innocence of any obligation to comprehend. Nevertheless the small audience was manifestly more or less spellbound. Even the dissenters—

as in the circumstances the orthodox of the day may be called—were impressed. It might be all over their heads, as they contemptuously acknowledged, or vague, as they charged, or disintegrating, as they—vaguely—felt. But there was before them, placidly, even benignly, uttering incendiarism, an extraordinarily interesting personality. It was evening and the reflection of two little kerosene lamps, one on either side of his lectern, illuminated softly the serenest of conceivable countenances—nobility in its every lineament and a sort of irradiating detachment about the whole presence suggestive of some new kind of saint—perhaps Unitarian. There was nothing authoritative, nothing cathedral in his delivery of his message, the character of which, therefore, as a message was distinctly minimized; and if nevertheless it was somehow clear that its being a message was its only justification, it was in virtue of its being, so to say, blandly oracular. It was to take or to leave, but its air of almost blithe aloofness in no wise implied anything speculative or uncertain in its substance—merely, perhaps, a serene equability as to *your* receptivity and its importance to *you*. Communication was manifestly the last concern of the lecturer. That was conspicuously not his affair. If, in turning over the leaves of his manuscript, he found they had been misplaced and the next page did not continue his sentence, he proceeded unmoved, after an instant’s hesitation, with what it recorded. The hiatus received but the acknowledgment of a half smile—very gentle, wise, and tolerant. Nothing could better emphasize the complete absence of pretension about the entire performance, which thus reached a pitch of simplicity as effective as it was unaffected. “It makes a great difference to the force of a sentence,” he says somewhere, “if there is a man behind it.” Such lyceum technic cannot be considered exemplary. But in this case the most obvious fact about the lecture was that there *was* a man behind it. Conventions of presentation, of delivery, of all the usually imperative arts of persuasion—even

of communication, as I say—seemed to lose their significance beside the personal impressiveness of the lecturer.

This, at all events, is true of the literature he produced—of his works in both prose and poetry. His life, his character, his personality—quite apart I mean from the validity of his precepts—have the potency belonging to the personality of the founders of religions who have left no written words. All the inconsistencies, the contradictions, the paradoxes, the inconsequences, even the commonplaces of his writings are absorbed and transfigured by his personal rectitude and singleness. One feels that what he says possesses a virtue of its own in the fact of having been said by him. He has limitations but no infirmities. He is no creature of legend; from cradle to grave his life was known, intimately known, of all men. There is a wealth of recorded personal reminiscence about him and one may soberly say there has been found “no fault in him.” Everything testified of him explicitly attests this. “I never heard of a crime which I might not have committed,” he says (or cites), in speaking of “Faust.” But this was the sportiveness of his obsessive intellect. As a matter of fact he never committed any—not even the most venial error. Nor was his blamelessness in the least alloyed with weakness. His energy was as marked as his rectitude. He had the dauntless courage of the positively polarized—as he might say—and in no wise illustrated the negative virtues of passivity. He is of our time, of our day, he lived and wrote but yesterday at Concord, Massachusetts, he passed through the most stirring times, he shared, with whatever spiritual aloofness, the daily life of his fellows and neighbors and was part and parcel of a modern American community for nearly fourscore years and never in any respect or in the slightest degree, in any crisis or any trivial detail of humdrum existence, failed to illustrate—to incarnate—the ideal life. Introducing his lectures on “The Ideal in Art,” Taine exclaims eloquently: “It seems as if the subject to which I am about to invite your attention could only be treated in poetry.” Similarly, one feels in approaching any consideration of Emerson that his character is such as to implicate a lyric strain. Criticism is exalted into pure appreciation. Not

only is there no weakness, no lack of heroic ideality in his life and conduct, but neither is there in his writings. Not only every poem, every essay, but every sentence, one may almost say, is fairly volatile in its aspiration toward the ideal. His practical admonitions and considerations—and his works are full of these—all envisage the empyrean. His homeliest figures and allusions direct the mind to the zenith and never stop with the horizon. And this incarnation of the ideal is a Massachusetts Yankee, for he was absolutely nothing else. I know of nothing in the history of literature, or in history itself, more piquant as an indifferent, more inspiring as a patriotic, critic would say. Emerson is our refutation of alien criticism, grossly persuaded of our materialism and interestedness. To “mark the perfect man” has been left to America and American literature.

II

NOTE moreover that Emerson’s moral greatness—most conspicuous of all facts about him, as I think it is—receives its essentially individual stamp, aside from its perfection, from its indissoluble marriage with intellect. When he left his church he took his pulpit with him. He preached throughout his life. And he did nothing but preach; even his poetry is preaching. As a man of letters, an artist, a poet, a philosopher, a reformer, he has limitations that it is impossible to deny. As a preacher—a lay preacher—he is unsurpassed. Since the days of the Hebrew prophets, whom temperamentally he in no wise resembled, there has been no such genius devoted to the didactic. His distinction *as* a preacher, however, is not the authority with which he speaks—others have spoken as authoritatively—but that, though preaching always, his appeal is always to the mind. He never pleads, adjures, warns, only illuminates. He may talk of other gods, his Zeus is intellect. The hand may be Isaiah’s, the voice is that of the intelligence. “The capital secret of the preacher’s profession,” he says, “is to convert life into truth.” These five words define his own work in the world with precision. And his instrument, his alembic, for this conversion was the intellect. Treating moral questions, or questions which by extension are to be so called,

almost exclusively, he treats them without reference to any criterion but that of reason. Pure intellect has never received such homage as he pays it. Its sufficiency has never seemed so absolute to any other thinker. "See that you hold yourself fast,"—by the heart, the soul, the will? No,—“by the intellect,” is the climax of one of his earliest and most eloquent preachments. The strain is recurrent throughout his works. "Goethe can never be dear to men," he says, with his extraordinary penetration. "His is not even the devotion to pure truth: but to truth for the sake of culture." He would have blandly scouted Lessing's famous preference for the pursuit over the possession of truth, and was far from "bowing humbly to the left hand" of the Almighty and saying, "Father, forgive: pure truth is for Thee alone." He never pursued truth—or anything. He simply uttered it, with perfect modesty but also with absolute conclusiveness. He never pretended to completeness, to the possession of all truth. "Be content with a little light, so it be your own," he counsels the youthful "scholar." He was imperturbably content with his; it was indubitably his own, and he trusted it implicitly.

Moreover it was the pure, as distinguished from the practical, intellect that he worshipped. Naturally, since it was this that he possessed. He himself admits, or rather proclaims, that his "reasoning faculty is proportionally weak." He is in fact Plato *redivivus* in his assumption that conceptions as such justify and prove themselves; or rather, that all kinds of proof are impertinent. He speaks always as one having authority, and as little like the logicians as the scribes. Not only his practice—which others have shared—but his theory, in which he is unique among the serious philosophers of the modern world, is quite definitely that of the seer. However blandly, however shrewdly, he unfolds his message, he has consciously and explicitly as well as inferentially the attitude of merely transmitting it. More—far more—than that, for with his inveterate didacticism he insists that this attitude be universal. Abstract yourself sufficiently, he seems to say to his audiences, and let the god speak through you. Then all will be well. To what purpose? Well, to no purpose, except the end of the formulation of truth.

Truth he viewed almost as a commodity. If you could but get enough life converted into truth, there would be nothing left to ask for. That would be the legitimate end and conclusion of effort, because—though of course he never stooped to assign any reason for assuming the all-sufficiency of truth—since error is blindness, once perceived it won't be followed. He is, I confess, a little exasperating in his airy avoidance of this "conclusion of the whole matter." Even artistic completeness—for which, however, he had no sense—seems to require it. Logic also; axiomatically the highest good is goodness. But doubtless there are plenty of people to draw conclusions. Emerson was concerned mainly with premises—even major premises. The utilities he in general abhorred. There were in effect too many people to attend to them; to say nothing of the notorious fact that they would take care of themselves. The important thing was, as one may say, to illustrate Tennyson's exquisite image,

"Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,"

and let the divine interpenetrate and fecundate human deliverances on any subject—as little alloyed as possible with any ratiocination or other obstruction of pure transmission. "We cannot spend the day in explanation," he says theocratically. There is no syllogism in all his essays—not even, I fancy, a "therefore." There is no attempt to argue, to demonstrate even statements and positions that almost seem to cry out for such treatment. It is all distinctly facultative, but all instinct with the *ex cathedra* tone of the inspired or even the possessed.

His deification of intellect inevitably involves a corresponding deficiency in susceptibility, and defective sympathies are accordingly—and were as a matter of fact with him—as characteristic of Emerson's order of moral elevation as is this one enthusiasm to which his susceptibility limited him. Distinctly he lacked temperament. His was a genial but hardly a cordial nature—in personal relations, indeed, more amiable even than genial. As he says, "the intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colors of affection." "Something is wanting to science until it has been humanized," he asserts, but by humanization he means "union with intellect and

will"—quite formally neglecting the susceptibility, the necessary transition between the two. Will comes next to intellect in his esteem—he praises action on occasion—but it is a distant second. Virtue itself, he says, "is vitiated by too much will." He was poise personified, and both will and feeling impair equilibrium. The ether that he breathed habitually was too rarefied a medium for the affections to thrive in. He was in love only with the ideal—and the ideal as he conceived it, *i. e.*, "the absolute order of things." In all human relations, even the closest, a certain aloofness marks his feeling. As to this the testimony is unanimous. It was far from being shyness in the sense of diffidence. He did not know what diffidence was. On the contrary, it proceeded from an acute sense of self-respect. Mr. Cabot's Memoir contains a delicious letter to Margaret Fuller, who sighed for more reciprocity in him. Plainly he was to be neither wheedled nor bullied into intimacy. He was himself quite conscious of his innate unresponsiveness—as indeed what was there that escaped his all-embracing, all-mirroring consciousness? He was twice married, and received his life long the deferential devotion of family and friends. But he undoubtedly felt that "my Father's business"—or his equivalent for it—had claims upon his preoccupation superior to theirs. The essence of love is self-abandonment, and such an attitude is quite foreign to him. It was in fact inconsistent with his idea of the dignity and importance of his own individuality, which he cherished with a singleness quite exactly comparable with the saint's subordination of all earthly to divine affection. He did not care enough for his friends to discriminate between them—which I imagine is the real reason for the extraordinary estimate of Alcott that has puzzled so many of his devotees. Aloofness is no respecter of persons. Seen from a sufficient height ordinary differences tend to equalization. He was silent for the most part in company—not constrained, not abstracted, just resting, one fancies, in a temporary surcease of meditative activity. And at home, he says, "Most of the persons I see in my own house I see across a gulf."

Such temperamental composure it is perhaps that saves him from the fanaticism regnant around him through much of his

life, and more or less directly derived from the disintegration of conservatism whose elements he had himself set free. We owe him our intellectual emancipation in all of its results, no doubt. But he himself never lost his equilibrium. His enthusiasms did not enthrall him, nor did he ever become the slave of his own ideas. Of theories he had practically none. And his lack of fixity was not only too integral for fanatical determination but too frigid for volcanic disturbance. Common sense—of the recognizably Yankee variety—was less his balance-wheel than a component part of his nature, and gives to his intellect its marked turn for wisdom rather than speculation. It is this element in his writings that prevents his oracular manner from arousing distrust and makes his paradoxical color seem merely the poetizing of the literal. On all sorts of practical things he says the last word—the last as well as the *fin mot*. With the eloquence and enthusiasm of youth—no writer is so perennially young—he had the coolness of age; and this coolness is as marked in his earliest as in his latest writings, which indeed show increased mellowness and a winning kind of circumspect geniality. But, to adopt the terms he himself would have sanctioned, if not employed, his susceptibility was really stirred by the reason alone—the self-knower, the organ of immediate-beholding—and was in no wise responsive, even in dealing with the most practical matters, to the conclusions of the understanding, or the report of the senses. "There is no doctrine of the Reason," he exclaims with tender fervor, "which will bear to be taught by the Understanding." Being thus stimulated in the main by only a portion (to speak anciently again) of his beloved intellect, his feelings really glowed, one may say, within extraordinarily narrow limits. When he could exercise his *Vernunft* in complete neglect of his *Verstand* he reached the acme of his exaltation. The direct perception of truth—meaning, of course, moral truth—suffused him with something as near the ecstasy he so often seems to aspire to without ever quite reaching, as his extremely self-possessed temperament would suffer. "God, or pure mind," is one of his phrases, incidental but abundantly defining his conception of Deity, and it is this central conception that colors

his philosophy and on its religious side makes it so strictly ethical.

Professor Woodberry—whose “Life of Emerson” is in my judgment not only a masterly study of a difficult subject but one of our few rounded and distinct literary masterpieces—maintains that Emerson is essentially religious. I cannot myself see it. Perhaps it is a question of definition, but surely it is an accepted idea that religion is a matter of the heart, and one is confident that no religious or other emotion ever seriously disturbed the placid alternation of systole and diastole in Emerson’s. It is fortunate probably that it is so little a matter of the intellect; otherwise the mass of mankind whom it guides and consoles in one way or another, *tant bien que mal*, would distinctly be losers. The wise and prudent themselves, as a matter of fact, to which class Emerson eminently belonged, have mainly manifested a susceptibility to it in virtue of that side of their nature which they share with the babes to whom it has been revealed. What the unaided intellect has ever done for it, except by way of occasionally divesting it of the theology it had previously encumbered it with, is difficult to see. Certainly no secular writer, even, ever cared less about it, however defined—unless it be religious to aggrandize the moral sentiment and insist on it as the *summum bonum* and the *suprema lex* of life—than Emerson. Matthew Arnold called it “the most lovable of things,” though in describing it as “morality touched by emotion” he seemed to many to eliminate its divine and therefore most characteristic sanction. With Emerson neither morality nor anything else is “touched by emotion” in any other sense than that of exaltation. He counsels the “scholar” to be “cold and true.” And though on the other hand he is in constant communication with the divine element in nature, what he understands by this is not the power that makes for righteousness, but mind—universal mind, whose sole manifestation is not goodness, or beauty, but truth, of which goodness is altogether a concomitant, and beauty a mere manifestation. “No law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to this or that; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it.”

III

It would indeed be hardly too fanciful to find Emerson’s philosophy very considerably derived from the natural man in him—using the terms in the “orthodox” theological sense and not in his nor in Rousseau’s. Bland angel as he was, he very much wanted his own way. One is tempted to say that he invented or elected his philosophy in order to get it. At all events his philosophy exactly suited him. He had no sentimental needs. It satisfies none. He had, to an inordinate degree—as how should he not have?—the pride of intellect. It magnifies mind. He was assailed by no temptations, knew “no law of the members.” It contemplates none. He was impatient of constraint. It exalts freedom. He suffered from the pressure of traditional superstition. It lauds the leading of individual light. He felt acutely, with an extraordinary and concentrated intensity, the value, the importance, the dignity of his own soul. It invents the “over soul”—surely an exercise in terminology!—to authenticate it. The natural man, however understood, is the undisciplined man. And discipline is precisely the lacking element in his philosophy. The philosophers are very impatient with it. One of them, certainly one of the most instinctive, erudite and expert of American members of the guild—practitioners of the art, I was about to say—informs me that “no one who has worshipped in the shrine of Kant can put up with that loose sort of practical ‘philosophy.’” “Practical” in his view is manifestly not a laudatory epithet for philosophy—Carlyle’s “moonshine” indeed, more so. But so far as Emerson himself was concerned I suspect that it is an exact one; for him it was extremely practical, even essential. In the silver shimmer of his “moonshine” the whole moral world lay argently if not effulgently illuminated, and if objective truths were not revealed in their completeness, they were essentially defined with a shadow both sharper in outline and fuller of suggestiveness than sunlight secures or permits.

Logic has been said—not very scientifically, it is true—to be a justification of one’s instincts. But vigorously and indeed airily eschewing logic as it does, Emerson’s philosophy may nevertheless be called

the justification of his intuitions to himself in more or less obscure logical fashion; concatenated intuitions involve a kind of deductive logic. Essentially novel Emerson's ideas cannot be called—though it should be said that he never claims novelty for them, merely advancing them in serene independence and disregard of their to him doubtless “secondary sources,” as drawn from the fountain of truth. “Fragments of old thought that have been long in the world, like boulders left by the primeval streams of man's intellect,” Professor Woodberry picturesquely if rather hardly calls them. Even the theory of Nature, perhaps his most personal philosophic contribution, is, he continues, “not without copious illustrations in mystical writers.” But however strictly he had inherited them, Emerson had undoubtedly, in Goethe's famous phrase, “reconquered” them for himself. And out of them he had composed what for him was an eminently practical-working hypothesis which it pleased him to regard as the constitution of the universe. If he mistook guesses at, for glimpses of, truth on occasion, it cannot be denied that, given his intense love of it—in itself the most powerful clarifier of mental vision—and his altogether remarkable good sense—inherited perhaps from generations of intellectual ancestors who knew not whim—his own extraordinarily gifted intelligence worked with a minimum of insecurity, as it undoubtedly worked in its freest, its happiest, and its most congenial possible way, within the elastic framework of an intuitional philosophy, and would have been strangled by an empirical one. His philosophy at any rate, as I say, suited *him*. It fostered the expansion of his native genius and fructified as any thing other would have sterilized, the luxuriant efflorescence of his meditation. Without it, without the certainty his direct vision enabled him to feel, his wisdom would have far less authority and would have suffered from the inevitable enfeeblement of speculation. Induction is impertinent to the seer. “Without the vision” he loses his office quite as inevitably as “the people perish.”

His philosophy also suited the time and environment of which he was in turn a product as well as a prophet. Elusive as he is, Emerson was of the essence of New England, and the New England of the

early nineteenth century: Generations of militant Protestantism necessarily intensified the essence of non-conformity without of course necessarily transmitting its traditional expression. It is of course the type that persists, and the type is not a set of opinions, however rigid, but the attitude of mind in which they are held. Emerson's catholicity extends to indifference rather than to tolerance, and in itself is distinctly intellectual rather than sympathetic or voluntary. He is constitutionally less a descendant of Erasmus than of Luther. His protest against technical Protestantism, against dogma in general, is identical in nature with the Reformers' protest against specific dogmas. Its expression is in scope chiefly an evolution, though in temper a miraculous variation from type. It allows him, to be sure, an occasional return to the Puritan luxury of oppugnation and excess, as in his remark that John Brown had made the gallows as glorious as the Cross, or in an ironical reference to history or culture or “Europe,” or tart censure of the “Oriental” way in which “the good Jesus” has been deified—instead perhaps of being “ground into paint” for more specific use, as he says was the fate to which Plato subjected his relations. But in general it is needless to say he has retained the mental attitude of Puritanism purged of its polemic and contentious temper. And this attitude is illustrated in the two chief objects of his consecration—individualism and the ideal.

Specifically one of his greatest services both to us and to mankind—chary as he was of specific service:

“He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true,”

and subtly as this one is rendered, being in fact rather an implication of his writings than anywhere explicit in them—is what may be called the rationalization of democracy through the ideal development of the individual. His defective sympathies qualify his own democracy which thus rests wholly on an intellectual basis, and for this reason his service to it will perhaps some day be perceived as one of the greatest that have been rendered to this greatest of modern causes. Too modest to conceive his mission as otherwise benevolent than is involved in the conversion of life into truth,

too fastidious to respond to the elementary appeal of philanthropy, he was yet bold enough and detached enough to recognize the injustice of privilege and the claims of every human potentiality for development into power. Besides, his philosophy of the identity of mind and his gospel of individualism imposed democracy upon him. The very fact that he was no respecter of persons, protected him from illusions as to classes, and the finality of feudalism was alone enough to lead his revolutionary and independent spirit to see it as at best a makeshift and not an ideal. Association with God and his own higher self naturally induced contempt of artificial human distinctions, and a theologian who did not divide mankind even into sheep and goats had no disposition to fix them in categories of complicated mutual interdependence, where to preach to them his favorite doctrine of self-reliance would be derision. If his emotional nature lacked warmth, what eminently it possessed was an exquisite refinement, and a constituent of his refinement was an instinctive antipathy to ideas of dominance, dictation, patronage, caste, and material superiority, whose essential grossness repelled him and whose ultimate origin in contemptuousness—probably the one moral state except cravenness that chiefly he deemed contemptible—was plain enough to his penetration.

He hated the mob, and shrank from the vulgar. No doubt Tiberius Gracchus did. "Enormous populations," he exclaims, "if they be beggars, are disgusting, like moving cheese, like hills of ants, or of fleas—the more, the worse." He certainly could not echo St. Francis's: "My brother, the ass." But if his democracy was not founded on sentiment, it was perhaps all the more firmly established in principle by penetrating vision, and perhaps it is only in this way that democracy will be able to complete its conquest of the human spirit, that is to say by convincing the mind; the heart of mankind has often been persuaded even to ecstasy, but pure sentiment is subject to striking, not to say, tragic, reaction. From the democratic point of view, I know of no finer spectacle than that furnished by the procession of Emerson's lecturing years. All over the North and West of the country, as well as in his own New England, "the people"—there were no others

—gathered in cities and villages and in substantial numbers to listen to the suave delivery of his serene message, to enjoy, each one after his capacity, the honeyed extract of his assimilated culture, the fruit of his claustral meditation, on various phases of all sorts of topics, but always the Ideal. However much or little they comprehended, they at least savored it, and their eagerness to breathe its rarefied air and experience its elusive stimulus, witnesses a corresponding idealism in his public. His public was no doubt as eminently naive as he was subtle, but they met on the common ground of the dignity of the individual and his indefinitely great capacity for development through divine illumination. Truly a different social phenomenon altogether from that of the University Extension movement, say, whether or no as valuable measured by its fruits.

IV

MEASURED by its fruits, however, Emersonian doctrine must certainly be, and it cannot be contested that some of these have not been fair. When Emerson affirms "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist," one recalls, thinking of some of his disciples, Mrs. Shelley's prayer for her son: "Oh! my God, send him where they will teach him to think like other people," and wishes that he had varied his preaching of self-reliance occasionally by commending culture. Culture, however, did not enter into Emerson's philosophy. His philosophy indeed, following his instinct, does not so much neglect as positively impeach it. There is no denying the fact, which is vaunted rather than dissembled. He has a hard word for it always. Culture means on the one hand discipline, which irked him, and on the other acquisition, which to him could only have a disciplinary function. In either aspect it involves effort and effort lay quite outside his ideal of surrender to intuition and impulse. "I would not degrade myself," he says, "by casting about for a thought nor by waiting for one." And it is far less a transient than a prevailing mood in which he affirms, "I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*." And this spirit informs not only his intellectual but his moral philosophy, so far as these are

separable. What he holds in reserve in the one case is the "explanation" in which he "cannot spend the day," and in the other the postulate that impulse should of course be pure and good. His own being angelic, he assumes integrity in that of the world in general. "Our moral nature," he insists, "is vitiated by any interference of our will."

But even for culture that involves a minimum of effort, he feels no particular friendliness. Although it is at the least the other side of the shield of self-reliance, it is one of the few that he rarely turns around. "Obey thyself," "Trust thyself," are adjurations he never qualifies. Bishop Wilson's caution, after saying "Act in accordance with the best light that you have," namely, "be sure that your light is not darkness," is one he never adds. He establishes egoism on a basis of practicable infallibility. Everything external, in fact, is valued so strictly for what it educes and evokes as to minimize its importance as augmentation and even illumination. Education is of course essentially as well as etymologically thus to be conceived. But even thus conceived culture is its complement, and the education of others may advantageously correct, modify, and enrich, as well as stimulate the mind—increase its store as well as strengthen its powers. Knowledge *is* power as well as a source of it. It is only emphasis doubtless that saves the distinction from barrenness, but in such a matter emphasis is everything.

Emerson's whole stress and accent belittle culture in both its aspects, but especially in its aspect as acquisition. The essay on "History" is certainly not designed merely to state the trite truth that education is educative, but to deny that it is anything else. Yet in maintaining so rigidly that the educative is the sole function of history, he is really belittling this function itself. The furniture of the mind, the material it has to work with is hardly less important than the condition of its muscles, so to speak, and Emerson's peremptory rejection of all that was not plainly addressed grist for the individual's own mill, appears elsewhere as plainly as in his view of history. It appears in his literary prejudices, certainly the most whimsical that could be predicated of a really great mind, whatever its temperamental defects. "He could see nothing," Mr. Cabot re-

cords, "in Shelley, Aristophanes, Don Quixote, Dickens." Dante, whom he conventionally celebrates in verse, he called obscurely "another Zerah Colburn"—described in the dictionaries as a youthful mathematical prodigy of the day. He finds that Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, Wordsworth all lack the intuition of religious truth, adding: "They have no idea of that species of moral truth [identifying 'religious' with 'moral,' one perceives incidentally] that I call the first philosophy." His race prejudices are also plain, as appears especially in "English Traits"—a work distrusted by the English themselves almost as much as "Our Old Home" is disesteemed, and though surprisingly full of instructive data as well as distinctly entertaining, distinctly less penetrating and sound than it might have been had he had even a touch of cosmopolitanism wherewith to modify its rather loose panegyric. He knew German and Germany of course. His philosophy issued thence on its way from Plato, though he caught a good deal of it in rebound from Coleridge, of course; his positive preference for translations is well known. But one may almost say that he appears never to have heard of France, except as an appanage of Napoleon, of whom he had a curious and curiously enlightened appreciation. Social questions also left him cold. "I have no social talent," he says of himself and might with equal truth have added, no social interests. Culture prescribes an interest in the present and future of mankind as well as in its past. But mankind, as such, interested him very superficially. Unlike his ally Nature he is careless of the type and though it is his individuality that chiefly he cares for in the individual he certainly emphasizes this in a way that minimizes all the relations of fellowship. His social sense, in a word, has always been found by his critics even more defective than his historic, and attests even more plainly to the present time his deficiency in culture, which alone could have modified his instinctive individualism and to which in an essential respect therefore his philosophy appears provincial and, however vital, barbaric. Individualism is currently, it need not be said, a waning force in all "practical" philosophy, in whose domain on the contrary the social sense has strongly entrenched itself.

It has done so in no small degree in virtue of its substantial accord with what culture recognizes as the survival in society of the spirit of fraternity that Christianity inherited perhaps from Stoicism and, enriched with its own emotional opulence and elevation, transmitted to the modern world—one of its latest embodiments being in fact expressly labelled “Christian socialism.” And Emerson, to go one step further, whether or no his devotion to the “moral sentiment” be exactly characterized as religious or merely ethical, is as distinctly un-Christian as he is unsocial. The orthodox of his day followed a sure instinct in distrusting him, however pusillanimous the form the feeling took on occasion. The orthodox distrust of him has largely passed away, partly through its own transformation, partly through the extreme winningness of his eloquence and his personal saintliness, partly through its failure to perceive that his variety of idealism is as hostile to the essence as to the ecclesiasticism of Christianity. From the point of view of culture Christianity, denuded of its ecclesiastical sanctions, is still more to be explained as a force, a factor in evolution, an element of progress. It is impossible not to reckon with its principles, its discoveries, its modifications and deflections of the Pagan current of tendency and constitution of moral attitude. Goethe, for example, passes with the orthodox for a Pagan in virtue of his culture. But culture includes the orthodox and Goethe’s web of life lost no single thread furnished by Christianity. The profound contribution to the philosophy of existence made in the utterance “He that loveth his life shall lose it” finds its echo across the dissonances of twenty ages in

“Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren”

—the key-note of the greatest modern poem.

The gospel of self-assertion, therefore, which is but another name for Emerson’s stirring “self-reliance” has less virtue to-day than in a period of traditional tyranny especially blind to the ideal. Its virtue is incontestable, but it is already practically relegated to the category of “subsumed” and presupposed *principia* of all thought and conduct. His optimism, accordingly, remains tonic, but it is no longer daily food. It is marked rather by elevation than

depth; and his philosophy, taken as a whole, which it pervades and indeed unifies, is thus marked. In its concentration on the ideal and its corresponding neglect of the actual, it is not philosophically central and complete. It stimulates aspiration, but does not sustain realization. It would be shallow to describe it as superficial. Nothing in Emerson is superficial. And to the sense that marks his lack of depth, his elevation is quite as clear if not wholly compensatory. Moreover, his lack of depth is always felt as a temperamental coldness never, it need hardly be said, as intellectual aridity. There is nothing of which he fails to take account, but his accent and stress—an immense matter—are not dictated by feeling, and consequently have the less weight. The ascription of optimism to him in the Pangloss sense would be absurd. A view of the actual as the best possible world can hardly be ascribed to a revolutionary and reformatory spirit, always and systematically a critic of the established order—a writer whose work is full of allusions to the ineptitudes of human imbecility (not an infrequent word with him) and who asserts that “a person seldom falls sick but the by-standers are animated with a faint hope that he will die.” His optimism consists in his confidence in the *natural* constitution of things, in the exhilaration its contemplation gives him, in his persuasion that *Nature* is the best possible Nature, and that man, though “fallen,” has infinite potentialities, his perfectibility being dependent only on the transformation of “masses” into individuals, on ignoring the cultivation of his garden and, not to put too fine a point upon it, brushing up his wits; with intellectual illumination thus obtained his salvation is secure. Besides, *ex vi termini* the revolutionist is an optimist. It is the conservative—temperamental or purely philosophic—who is the pessimist, as being less content than timorous.

Fear, however, is as fundamental as courage in the constitution of the universe. It is at least the salutary complement of courage of the adventurous order, which is rather the instrument of crises. It is the fear of the Lord that is the beginning of wisdom. It is fear that conserves and guides and shields from peril and destruction, and fosters growth and protects from error, and whose service is over only when perfect love hath cast it out and the child is

reassured in the arms of its mother and the weary soul at rest in the bosom of God. The fact that fear is rational is what makes fortitude divine. Emerson's optimism as to the constitution of the universe—essentially unmodified, as I have said, by his asperity toward both human nature and human institutions—is too blithe, too bland, too confident. His ideal of independence and non-conformity is easily made to sanction guerilla skirmishing in the conflict of life, which is serious enough for a concerted campaign. It undervalues the enemy's strength. Doubtless one can so station the camera of his mind as to catch the universe at Emerson's angle and identify his "perception" of positive good everywhere with negative evil as an insubstantial and illusory shadow—"Captive Ill attending Captain Good." The youthful Goethe, aged six, at the time of the Lisbon earthquake did so, and reported his vision of the truth that a mortal accident cannot affect an immortal spirit. But it is difficult to "hold the position"—which requires a dervish tension and its accompanying insensibility. The slightest shifting of the purely intellectual point of view discloses the old panorama. Pain hurts, poverty pinches, bereavement is bitter, injustice cruel, remorse torture. If evil is but the shadow of good, its blackness leaves any but an invincibly optimistic temperament sadder still by minimizing the moral order in rendering it less substantial and therefore less apt a field for calculable conflict. Moreover, how explain sin—the *choice* of evil? To call sin "good in the making," to ascribe it to some "circle" or other in following which the "ways of the wicked" are made to serve the harmony of the spheres, is to minimize its gravity and "wither" the individual with a vengeance. But Emerson is always minimizing when he is not magnifying the individual—an inevitable alternation, perhaps, in an intellectual philosophy which ignores *conscience*, and considers potentialities to the exclusion of responsibilities. As a part of the universe, you are a veritable *mouche de coche*, and whatever you do is muted in the celestial symphony. As an individual, consciousness itself gives a glowing, an almost incredible account of your capacities. Conscience, however, is another matter.

Emerson was "all his days," says Henry

James, Sr., "an arch-traitor to our existing civilized regimen, inasmuch as he unconsciously managed to set aside its fundamental principle, in doing without conscience. . . . He had no conscience, in fact, and lived by perception, which is an altogether lower or less spiritual faculty." His neglect of conscience is undoubtedly due in large measure to his personal immunity from its mordant functioning. Unlike the youth—tenderly nurtured in the lap of Calvinism—who expressed surprise at hearing of an *approving* one, his own must have been radiantly commending. It was easy for him to affirm that "no man can afford to waste his moments in compunction." Personal blamelessness conjoined with modesty, which in Emerson was correspondingly marked, naturally induce optimism. There is nothing like sin to give one a gloomy view of the universe. It is the ally and often the parent of cynicism, doubtless, and its natural tendency is to impair philosophic integrity—since its concomitant is suffering and suffering of any sort deflects and distorts. But culture as well as experience feels the lack of depth in any philosophy that ignores conscience. Emerson is epitomized in the word *confidence*. He has the pride which Meredith aptly called Pagan. He is not arrogant in spirit but autocratic in attitude. The attitude of "The Problem" is even exultant. He has not the defiant note of Henley's "Invictus" or the *insouciance* of Stevenson's *gaudium certaminis*. But his confidence indubitably recalls writers of this slightly aggressive order, rather than the deeper notes of the masters who interpret life with more deference, if not with a greater sense of dependence on, than of unison with, the divine. No wonder Nietzsche habitually carried one of his volumes in his pocket. If Socrates is "terribly at ease in Zion," Emerson is elate there. And only those for whom elevated elation is an equivalent of depth, will find in a philosophy of intellectual pride and moral confidence the soundness and substance for which culture as well as conscience calls.

V

Its genesis naturally furnishes the key to Emerson's style. It is that of the pulpit modified by the lyceum, and the forensic

element struggles in it with the literary. Its ideal is eloquence, not exposition, and it is more than likely that this ideal affected his thought as well—manner so marked inevitably reacting on matter. A marked influence, during his formative period, was undoubtedly exercised over him by Everett. In early days he adored Everett—to a degree which, since the episode of Everett's overshadowing at Gettysburg perhaps, has been popularly incomprehensible. But Emerson's eulogy of his style is specific and convincing. There are many echoes in this panegyric of his own procedure. In the matter of style a writer never fully recovers from his early admirations; they are such, doubtless, because his nature responds to them. And perhaps the seven preachers of his ancestry had transmitted to Emerson the taste and the talent for treating the written as if it were the spoken word and predisposed him to admire, and later to emulate, the oratorical manner of which Everett was—with whatever reservations in respect of artificiality, unappreciated by his youthful adorer—the most admirable exponent in his day.

To the present generation it is almost needful to protest that eloquence and oratory are not, normally, varieties of tasteless inflation and tropical excess, that they are not of necessity alloyed with the meretricious. At all events in Emerson's case, his early ideals and his subsequent practice in the lyceum pulpit, are undoubtedly largely responsible for what is the salient merit of his style—for the fact that what he wrote has the vitality of the spoken word. Every sentence is addressed to the mind directly. It has a complete value in itself, and is not merely contributory to any general cumulative effect. So far, accordingly, as the prevailing blandness of his nature permits, it is decidedly a sententious style. But blandness is also an obvious element of it and bridges the absence of transitions, or at least softens it, so that while your attention receives really a constant succession of stimuli, they almost blend in the equivalence of tendency. As there is no reasoning there is no appeal to the reasoning faculties and you turn the pages even more submissively than you follow an orator, conscious only of a series of apprehensions. And each paragraph, each sentence—sometimes nearly every word—is instinct with individual effective-

ness, often conceived with a wonderful intuitive sense of beauty and fitness, always chosen with a wonderful felicity of selection, incisive, apt, illuminating, and on occasion fairly vibrant with charm. His vocabulary is a marvel of eclecticism—drawn from all fields, from poetry to science, from the country of the imagination to that of every-day existence, ranging from the most exotic to the most familiar, the most ornate to the most ordinary, and excluding nothing but the pedantic and the mediocre. No writer ever possessed a more distinguished verbal instinct, or indulged it with more delight. He fairly caresses his words and phrases and shows in his treatment of them a pleasure nearer sensuousness, perhaps, than any other he manifests. Everywhere his diction is penetrated with these essential traits of eloquence—traits that is to say which endue mere expression with values of force, of weight, of heightened and intensified vigor that in Emerson combine to weave the garment of vitality itself.

On the other hand, the lack of continuity is obvious. His inconsequences of expression image his inconsecutiveness of thought with even more than the natural closeness. But it is to be borne in mind that the lack of continuity in Emerson's style in general does not exclude passages of such substantial extent as really to count as periods. And such passages so count in virtue not only of extent, but of character; they are in construction and rhythmic sentiment truly periodic. His eloquence is not merely pointed, but on occasion—when in fact he indulges the weakness of lingering over a thought instead of uttering another—sustained. It is needless to say this is a disposition he does not abuse. Nevertheless his habitual and prevailing elevation of mind and mood is such that in the kind of passage to which I refer, hardly any prose is richer than his. No writer ever had in more opulent measure the unusual power of maintaining throughout varied thematic modulation a single tone, a central thought, until the expression of its strict implications was complete, and one after another of its phrasings apt for echo in eloquent unison. Eloquence, in fact, either of word, phrase, or passage, pervades his style as a flavor; it is present as a distinct, and, indeed, dominant element and governs the entire technic, already germinant in its inspiration.

What his style lacks is art in the larger sense. It is distinctly the style of a writer who is artistic, but not an artist—to apply to himself the useful distinction he applied to Goethe. He had no sense of composition; his compositions are not composed. They do not constitute objective creations. They have no construction, no organic quality—no evolution. He is above the “degradation” of resort to the elementary, but in some guise or other fundamental, machinery of rhetorical presentation—the succession of exordium, theme, conclusion. His essays often begin happily with an arousing, stimulant, utterance, but there is no graded approach to any distinguishable middle, which in turn is followed by some end; they do not terminate, but cease. His sense of form—exquisite where purity and simplicity are concerned—disappears in the presence of complexity and elaboration. The impressiveness of a work of art resides largely in the relations between its larger values, but Emerson has no larger values. The details themselves—often as I say beautiful, and caressingly burnished—are not grouped in mutual interdependence, and consequently do not constitute parts. *A fortiori* there is no whole, and as a rule, the essays do not leave a very definite single impression, so far as the reinforcement of the theme by the treatment is concerned. You get the idea that “self-reliance” is a fine thing, but not how, or why, or with what qualifications. The detail of such essays as “Power,” “Success,” “Greatness,” is almost interchangeable. His way of working, combined with his depreciation of effort, made this inevitable. He read, walked, and meditated eight or nine hours a day, thus accumulating golden nuggets of thought, but without the direction of the will his meditation was of necessity desultory, and when subsequently he subtracted from his accumulation of nuggets enough for a lecture or an essay their classification was perforce rather arbitrary. It is only nature, however, that can be trusted to work thus at hap-hazard, and even *Pactolus* was a stream, not a moraine. For man’s creation art is rigorously requisite. And art in the constructive sense found no echo in Emerson’s nature.

In general terms, to be sure, he says the most searching things about it. About what subject of human concern, indeed,

does he fail to? There is no witness of his wisdom, of the wide embracing character of his intellect, more striking than some of his deliverances about its character and scope largely considered, for, being temperamentally without sensuous strain, he looked through things rather than at them. But what he betrays in his attitude toward art is sapience, not sensitiveness. The fact—considering the New England of his day—is still another, and not the least significant, evidence of his powers of intellectual divination. As to these one is constantly tempted to ask oneself in reading him, if after all intellect *enough* is not all-sufficient. But when we come to his own appreciation of art in the concrete, we realize how little it meant to him. He could, as in the case of Goethe, recognize, and even regret, its absence, but actively and positively it was quite indifferent to him.

The real and fundamental reason for this I suspect to be that he was, so to speak, his own artist, and had as little need of or use for others, in other realms of practice, as in his own. What he delights in is nature, and in nature for what it says, not what it shows, to him. He can perhaps make his own synthesis—his own picture. He was inexhaustibly synthetic and hardly functioned otherwise. He knows precisely, as I have said, what constitutes the picture. But whether he does or not, he is not enough interested in it to communicate it, and when some one else paints it, it is not his, and therefore it fails to interest him at all. Nor does he take art quite seriously enough to comprehend what may be called its physiology, academically alive as he is to its essential principles. When he first saw the old masters, he was surprised at their simplicity, which approves his penetration—the philistine note simply never appears in Emerson—but it is plain that he deemed this end easily attained by them, and ascribable to the direct vision of genius. His maxim is that one does best what is easiest for him to do—surely a transcendental view of art, aside from the notorious truth that what one does easily is not worth doing, unless indeed one has done it before with difficulty. He did not linger among the aforesaid old masters, moreover. Mr. Henry James records that on walking with him through the galleries of the Louvre and

the Vatican, "his perception of the objects contained in those collections was of the most general order"—doubtless not an overstatement. Europe, indeed, said little to him in any way. Its chief interest for Americans is probably its monuments and museums. And for him these treasures were negligible as having served their purpose—a purpose in the nature of things, according to his philosophy, needing ceaseless renewal, continuous change. Anything static tends to impede the flux that was his ideal. Doubtless he took his world—the kingdom of his mind—with him on each of his two visits abroad, but one fancies him glad to be at home again, where the concrete forced itself less on the attention. At Concord, certainly, so far as art is concerned, he could escape it altogether—cultivate his cherished propensity for whim and listen to Alcott, and call Dante "another Zerah Colburn" at his ease.

VI

It is the absence of art, too, that is the most obvious weakness of his poetry, where it is of much more moment. Imaginative art is precisely what his poetry lacks to give it classic color and substance. The Poems, taken as a whole, constitute an expression altogether inferior to that of the Essays of which they are, indeed, a kind of intimate reverberation. They are largely Emerson's communion with himself, as the Essays are his communication with the world. And since, so far as form goes certainly, even communication was not a matter on which he "wasted the day," he is naturally more esoteric and elusive in what one is inclined to call, for the most part, merely articulate meditation. Poetry was distinctly an avocation with him. "The rhyming fit seldom comes to me," he acknowledged. He wrote it to please himself—overflowed tricklingly in verse often more careless even than awkward, cadenced to measures that could have gratified only a tuneless ear, and constituting an exercise rather than an expression. He insisted that he was a born poet, "of inferior rank, no doubt, but all the same a poet," by "nature and vocation," and maintained that everything in him proceeded from that. But he was mistaken. In the exact sense in which he called

Goethe artistic, but not an artist, we may say of him (what indeed also he precisely says of Shelley) that he was poetic—oh! distinctly—but not a poet. It is not a little significant that in the appreciative and really monumental work Mlle. Dugard has recently published—"Emerson: Sa Vie et Son Oeuvre"—there is scarcely a reference to the Poems. In this country the elect consensus would perhaps rank Emerson with the greatest of English poets. But this is one of the literary estimates that the present generation has inherited from Emerson's own, in which the more exclusively intellectual ideals imposed themselves rather imperiously. Such an estimate will infallibly be revised when it is realized that quintessential an element as intellect is in poetry of a high order, it is not the characterizing element of poetry at all—when in fact we either produce more poetry that is distinctively poetry or come to have a deeper and more exacting sense of it.

It is idle to maintain that a true poet, a poet, that is, to whom verse is his native medium, should have written so much indifferent and so little real poetry as Emerson. The conclusion from the obvious data is irresistible that his extremely exceptional achievements proceed from an equally exceptional inspiration. This is to say that a writer of unimpeachable genius, whose native medium is prose, may occasionally receive from the high gods the impulse and the capacity to transmute into the gold of perfect and beautiful musical expression the silver of his habitual elevated and eloquent substance. It is not at all to say that he is a great poet. Nor, of course, on the other hand, is it to say that he is incapable of great poetry. But the aim of criticism is correct characterization, and to characterize as essentially a poet, a writer whose greatness is almost invariably apparent in his prose, and only occasionally in his verse, is misleading. Professor Woodberry, a poet himself, maintains that Emerson was "fundamentally a poet with an imperfect faculty of expression." One differs with so good a judge with diffidence. But as a matter of fact wherever Emerson shows himself a poet at all, his faculty of expression is perfection. "When Emerson's line is good," says Mr. Gilder—another expert and practitioner—"it is

unsurpassably good—having a beauty not merely of cadence, but of inner, intense, birdlike sound: the vowels, the consonants, the syllables, are exquisitely musical.” The adverbs are enthusiastic, but the description is just; just and extremely accurate. The difficulty is that his line so rarely is good, or at any rate, that his goodness, from the point of view of poetry, is so generally confined to his “line.” And as I say it is the “mass” that counts, here as elsewhere.

So slight is the proportion of admirable to negligible verse in the Poems that one feels like saying that he can repeat all of Emerson’s poetry that repays reading. It is true that of the poetry one knows by heart, the proportion of Emerson’s to that of other poets is more considerable. At least this is true in America, partly no doubt because, as with Lowell, patriotism and nature—particularly our variety of each, one may say—are the twin inspirations of his muse. The “embattled farmers” lines or “Muscatequit” would naturally be less popular in England. But the popularity of some of his lines with us contradicts Arnold’s contention that Emerson fails to answer this elementary but essential test. Almost any lover of poetry among us can repeat “Brahma” and “The Problem” and “Terminus”; and a substantial number of more isolated “lines” than those aggregated under these titles, are as familiar to most of us as the English instances of household words given by Arnold:

“Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind,”

for example, as familiar as

“Patience on a monument, smiling at grief.”

Emerson’s aptness in aphorism, so marked in his prose, naturally serves him to the same good purpose in verse. He can pack his thought so close that when it is exceptionally elevated in idea, it almost falls of itself into lyric expression. When it is not, the compactness itself remains attractive, as in the lines just quoted, while the poetry evaporates. As poetry of course one can only contrast these with Shakespeare’s charming image. And though other collocations more favorable to Emerson might readily be made, this answers as

well as any to indicate the distinction between Emerson’s verse in general and such imaginative art as that of the poet to whom poetry is a native expression, who sees truth in images rather than in propositions, and whose imaginative faculty is at home in construction rather than exclusively in statement—artistic or other. Mr. Gilder says Emerson is “preëminent in his power to put a moral idea into artistic form,” and—perhaps reading “eminent” for “preëminent”—very truly, I think. But not often in imaginative form. The noble figure he cites of the Departing Day silent and scornful “under her solemn fillet” has almost too few congeners to be called characteristic. In any case a great poem is composed not of a moral idea but of many moral ideas, however single the central motive. The poem is a construction of their interrelations imaginatively treated. For imaginative construction, however, Emerson naturally had as little faculty as for the more mechanical analogous requirement of mere rhetoric. The seer is not constructive. He is the instrument of inspiration, the exponent of intuition, the channel of celestial wisdom, not the artificer that, equally with the artist on any plane, the poet—the maker—must be.

The poet thus parallels the ideal and abstract world by an imaginative counterpart of his own creation. He does not interpret it in verbal terms, rhythmic or other, of merely energetic and illuminating, or even beautiful, rational exposition. He must create rather than communicate, and to create he must know not merely to “sing” but “to build the lofty rhyme.” So imperative is construction in poetry indeed that what we feel in the Essays as mere lack of continuity we note in the Poems as positive fragmentariness. Emerson’s genius has not the opulence that is profitably compressed by poetic form. His thought needs no condensation nor confinement and in metrical order acquires no energy—as substance that is rich and full so often does. The constructive imagination is replaced in him by no small degree of fancy, but whereas the material of the former is the concrete, fancy, in Emerson at least, revels in the abstract and frolics—to use one of his favorite words—in the realm of the inner not the outer sense. Even in na-

ture it is not the concrete that attracts him. Consider these lovely lines—the oasis of “Woodnotes”:

“Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.”

Even here the poet is not so much noting the beauty of the phenomena he records, as inviting our attention to the law underlying them, apparent to the fancy of the inner sense, and declared not without a truly poetic but distinct tinge of the didactic. It is the poetry of the poetic seer. And the lines are exceptional in Emerson's verse in which, in general, significance excludes all sensuous alloy; whereas the poetic ideal insists on the fusion of sensuousness with significance. The latter element in fact can, by definition at least, be better spared than the former. No one doubts for example the titular claims of Swinburne's verse. The claims of the sensuous element in poetry are unimpeachable since the concrete is its corollary and blindness to the concrete is as fatal to poetry as to plastic art. It is the concrete in fact that makes poetry an art. Of course it is the abstract in art as well as elsewhere that supplies significance, and all art that surpasses the *merely* sensuous is a statement, as well as an image, of truth. For that matter, philosophically speaking, everything constructed ought, of course, equally with everything existent, to mirror the macrocosm—as Emerson would, and probably does somewhere, insist. But art is a magic mirror that contributes as well as reflects, and if it does not count in, as well as for, expression, if in other words it lacks or even dilutes the concrete, it loses its characteristic sanction.

But Emerson not only has no sensuous strain. He is deficient in sentiment. Of love, as understood by the poets—and the mass of mankind—he had his habitual intellectual and not emotionally enlightened conception. He quite comprehended its physiology. To the question once addressed to him: “Do you believe in Platonic friendships between the sexes?” he replied with quaint sapience: “Yes, but ‘Hands off.’” Surely wisdom is justified of her children! He had, however, no *sense* of the feeling, and of the two great instincts from which all the rest that actuate

humanity are derived it is extraordinary how exclusively he was possessed by that of self-preservation. Emotional expansion—or even concentration—was plainly not a need of his ethereal nature, but of all directions in which soul or sense expand that of romantic love was the most foreign to his constitution. We owe him the charming phrase: “All mankind love a lover.” But the kind of lover he means is he who feels warmly “when he hears applause of his engaged maiden.” “Engaged” is charming, too; it connotes Concord and its regularity in essentials whatever its theological heresies. Beautifully wise things he occasionally utters about love. “Do you love me, means do you see the same truth,” for example, records exquisitely the lover's longing for spiritual fusion. But even here a part stands for the whole and we gather that a negative reply would merely lead the inquirer, not too disconsolately, to seek elsewhere his other self. Had it been he, one is persuaded that he never would have pleaded for “a last ride together,” and at most have proposed a walk. Such an admonition as “we must not contend against love or”—what he seems to imply is the same thing—“deny the substantial existence of other people,” certainly witnesses no temperamental ardor.

And for the pathos as well as for the passion of love his emotional equability is too perfect to suffer any real concern. Neither passion nor pathos, nor indeed any depth of feeling properly to be called human fell in with his scheme of things. His idealism was essentially intellectual and his optimistic philosophy excluded emotional elements so distracting to serenity and so menacing to what he probably conceived as true spiritual success. One may almost say that he shrinks from feeling and when it seems imminent swiftly substitutes an idea. It is true that the world is passably familiar with the contrary practice and that here as elsewhere he eludes the conventional. As another American poet observes:

“If love alone would save from hell,
Then few would fail of heaven.”

Without distinction, thus—commensurable with his genius—in art, in imaginative construction, in concrete imagery, in sensuousness or in sentiment, Emerson's poetry is, like his philosophy, very largely an af-

VII

fair of the intellect. And even as such it is fragmentary, inconclusive, and only now and then lighted by felicities, mainly of "line" and rarely long enough to satisfy the sense they stimulate, though within their narrow limits they are felicities of a penetrating, thrilling pungency, inspired by a peculiar spiritual elevation, which have been never perhaps surpassed, and certainly never quite matched. But the intellect unaided will not produce great poetry. Browning's poetry is great poetry and no one will deny that it is intellectual poetry. Its secret, however, is disclosed in Browning's expressed conviction, "Little else is worth study save the development of a soul"—a statement of which all three terms are distinctly un-Emersonian: study, development, and—in Browning's sense—the soul. The heights Emerson sometimes attains—never, I think, the depths he sounds—causes his missing true greatness in poetry to arouse a sense of frustration. He seems to have rented a lodge on the slopes of Parnassus and never to have taken the fee of it, and his home is elsewhere. Well, then, on Olympus, perhaps? Certainly of the two, yes. Even so, he should have left some masterpiece, whereas in no one of the formal categories of poetry can he be enrolled as a master. His place is with the wisdom writers of the world, not with the poets. And just as, had he been a great writer, his essays would have been constructed by toil however "degrading," some at least of his poetry, had he been a great poet, would have had a monumental character—whereas his whole work, his *œuvre*, is rather a cairn than a structure, with of course dire loss from a monumental point of view. Of all the shortcomings of his poetry, indeed, the greatest, I think, is this lack of any architectonic quality commensurate with his vision and vitality. A great poet who never wrote a great poem is an anomaly. One who never tried to is not fundamentally a poet, however poetic the angle from which he viewed the universe and whatever the radiance that plays about it in the interpretation he essayed. Emerson's real greatness appears in the Essays in which, of course, imaginative art is less essential and which his poetic fancy lifts as much above "Proverbs" as his formal poetry falls below "Job."

THE Essays are the scriptures of thought, the Virgilian Lots of modern literature. To open anywhere any of the volumes (including "Representative Men," which very strictly belongs with the Essays) is to be at once in the world of thought in a very particular sense. The abruptness of the transition is a part of the sensation—like that of landing from a steamer or leaving a city train at a country station with the landscape stretching out green and smiling in the morning sunshine. The completeness of the contrast deepens as you go forward with Emerson into the day, and surrender yourself to his influence in the spirit of his surrender to his inspiration. This is the mood in which to read him—the one, that is, in which he wrote. Soon you are thinking almost in his diction. Any approach to the contentious spirit you feel would affront opportunity and denounce your denseness to the benignity around you. Even the critical spirit with its scrupulousnesses is far behind, its most delicately balanced scales a rude apparatus, and the thought of *weighing*, an impertinent blindness to the imponderable iridescence that shimmers in the atmosphere, electric with uplift and aspiration. For it is the world of moral thought that you are in. The phenomena around you lose their usual aspect and individual meaning, and what you are beholding is their relations in principle and law, now clear, now confused, now co-ordinate, now conflicting, but always significant and superior to "mere understanding and the senses."

It is this that most saliently characterizes the Essays—the way in which in spite of *lacunæ* of rhetorical connection the relations of things are elicited, their relations to each other, to the cosmos, to the individual. Every statement stimulates thought because it is suggestive as well as expressive. Everything means something additional. To take it in you must go beyond it. The very appreciation of an essay automatically constructs a web of thought in the weaving of which the reader shares. All its facts are illustrative, all its data examples. The world of phenomena is lifted to the plane of principle where if it loses the material substance with which, through the imagination, art and poetry

deal, it is the object of a classifying vision that distributes and arranges it in accordance with mutual affinities and general laws, and in this way draws out its utilities for the mind. Every thought is pollent rather than purely reflective. And if Emerson does not preach action and ignores emotion, the state of mind he induces is of an energetic and exhilarated character, out of which such emotion as aspiration may be called and such action as resolve may implicate issue of themselves. He stimulates a mood at all events, in which effort seems needless, compunction useless, conscience superfluous, logic a fetter, consistency negligible, fear contemptible, courage instinctive, culture exotic, and what normally we recognize as unattainable within easy reach of one's hand—a mood, that is to say, that dissipates all possible criticism of him. To those who can convert such a mood into a permanent state of mind and habit of thought, or even make it occasionally the springs of conduct and performance, the Essays are a priceless possession. Those who cannot can hardly fail to find it exhilarating that, instead of walking crowned with inward glory and finding merely his own content in meditation, he should have walked and meditated his daily stint out of reach of the working world and out of touch with its concerns—beholding them in the wise candor of perspective—and should nevertheless have had the naiveté or the sapience—which is it?—to take this exceptional, this unique experience and procedure as normal enough to be preached practically and commended confidently to weary and struggling mankind.

And scarcely less notable than the method that gives it such vitality is the material of the Essays. Emerson's mind is as spacious as it is active, and as stored as it is spacious. Not a scholar in any strict sense, he read as much as he reflected, and, owing

to his extremely catholic appreciativeness, as widely. His extraordinary power of assimilation and conversion somewhat obscures the opulence of his spoils. Whatever his depreciation of culture and its results to his philosophy, the tapestry of the Essays is wonderfully figured with it. Dr. Holmes gives the number of citations they contain as 3,393, taken from 868 writers. And the abundance of this harvest of his reading is less impressive than the aptness and fecundity of everything—*everything*—quoted. One almost sees it in its process of transformation into the proverbial manifold enrichment of good seed, and views as seed the grain but freshly reaped from the ripest fields of the world's thought. He dips into the bins of every storehouse and draws on all treasures, though with an eclecticism so personal and a usage so prompt that one fairly loses sight of the origin of the material with which he sows and builds. It is there nevertheless—an encyclopædia of others' thought, however combined, developed, refined, and utilized by, as well as embedded in, his own. And the lessons of experience he drew from every source from the most familiar as well as the most recondite. As he said of Plato he kept "the two vases, one of ether and one of pigment, at his side" and illustrated his own assertion: "Things used as language are inexhaustibly attractive." Consider merely the titles of the ten volumes of Essays. They form a *catalogue raisonné* of wisdom, of wisdom divined and wisdom garnered, and the whole beautifully and winningly as well as pungently alembicated by an indisputably great mind. And if the Essays are, as they seemed to the wisest English critic of the nineteenth century, the most important work in English prose of that century, it is because they are the work of the master genius of wisdom among the writers of his time.



"Well, really, Mr. Parlow," was the young creature's reply.—Page 626.

"MAKE WAY FOR THE YOUNG"

By Henry B. Fuller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

I



OF the twenty and more typesetters in the composing-room of the *Semicolon*, the youngest and sprightliest was Frank Parlow. Daily, for the allotted number of hours, he would chasten his nimble spirit by a sturdy clanking at his linotype, as he reduced to print the innumerable small scraps of manuscript that reached him from the copy-chopper. His recompense came later. Then he would light a little black pipe, unfold the perfected issue of the day's endeavor, bring down his cocky gray eye to a narrow squint, and treat himself—in a tone

of airy tolerance that was but one remove from cynicism—to a review of the crudities, futilities, and insincerities of the "high-brows" down-stairs. His comments were always tart and jocular and were frequently enough to the point.

These comments fell, as often as elsewhere, upon the head of Leopold Golson. Golson was one of the editorial writers and was responsible for the make-up of the editorial page. He was a tall, lean man of saffron complexion and atrabilious temperament, and passed for a philosophical anarchist. It was the torment of his life that the *Semicolon* would not permit him an adequate expression of his ideas; and it was the chief joy of his none too happy existence to

circumvent, wherever the least opportunity offered, that unwary man, his employer.

This individual—known to varying departments of the business as the "old man" and the "lord proprietor"—was a representative of the capitalistic class. He addressed the prosperous and the satisfied, and his paper upheld the *status quo*. The tariff was not to be disturbed; the railroads could do no wrong. His richly appointed office, to which few of his employees ever penetrated, took cognizance of many interests beyond those of mere newspaper routine, and often knew private conferences with personages whom more radical journals handled with but scant respect.

In these circumstances Golson did the best he could. If instructions were positive, he would be as bourgeois and reactionary as possible—only to upset the apple-cart slyly in his concluding paragraph. If his proprietor were absent from town for a day or two, the other members of the staff kept their eyes open for a subversive germ set here or a revolutionary petard planted there. If warned or cautioned, the hapless man would take refuge in subjects that were altogether nugatory, and would treat them with an anæmic æstheticism than which nothing could have been more futile. He was too clever and well-informed to be dismissed, and so averse to change as to dread seeking employment elsewhere; but there was little wonder that, playing thus at cross-purposes with himself and his work, his utterances often enough took on a cast of the ineffectual and the insincere.

"He an anarchist?" observed Parlow one day to the head-line man. "He's a dub. I'm ten times more of an anarchist myself." Which, from a practical point of view, was pretty close to the truth; for an airy yet determined avoidance of rule and regulation was the very warp and woof of the young fellow's nature.

Another of the *Semicolon* staff whom Frank Parlow held in but low esteem was Avis Mathilde Grahame, editor of the art department. She was a tall and slender blonde, past her first youth; she wore gold eyeglasses and wrote a ladylike hand. She was Golson's immediate neighbor, and for a year or more they had sat back to back in their respective dens. It was Miss Grahame's cheerless vocation to make a Saturday afternoon half-page out of the limited

local doings in the field of painting and sculpture; and she was obliged (in the manufacture of her tale of bricks with so slight a provision of straw) to magnify mezzotints and cry up china decorating, and to turn to the fullest account every peripatetic exhibition that visited the town. She had never held a brush in her hand, and she was the victim of a languishing admiration for Botticelli and Velasquez—an admiration which, from the very nature of things, could not be given an hebdomadal airing in the paper. She was also strong on the pontificate of Julius the Second and wrote too much—though less than she would have liked—about it. So that, whenever Frank Parlow met her in the corridor or in the elevator, he would say, as likely as not, yet gravely and respectfully:

"Good-day, Miss Grahame. How is the Renaissance?"

The result of all this was that Avis Grahame turned back upon herself—her emotional potentialities struck inward. And she often made herself declare, with feeble pointlessness, that, after all, the great art was life itself.

This sentiment was welcomed pleasantly enough in the genteeler suburbs, but it irritated Frank Parlow. "Oh, fudge!" he would say to the young woman who was obliged to proofread this dolorous matter, "I don't see how you can stand up under it." And on one occasion he added—for their acquaintance was becoming almost an intimacy: "I can get more out of life in one evening than this puling old girl has got out of it in the last thirty-odd years. And so, I expect, can you."

"Well, really, Mr. Parlow," was the young creature's reply, as she rolled back her large yellow wave from her forehead with a fair, ringed hand: "I don't quite know what you mean. If you had only said that I could do ten times as much with a paint-brush as she can"—a pathetic allusion, this, to the frustration of a higher career—"I might grasp you."

"Oh, I guess you 'grasp' all right," returned Frank. "Or, if you don't, you soon will."

II

GOLSON was a bachelor. His private life was correct, and as a citizen he was no less exemplary. He hated the law—or so he



Tried to inject interest by picking a quarrel with the guard.—Page 628.

thought—but he submitted to it. Property was theft, and matrimony was a worn-out form. Yet everybody held him to be honest; and it was assumed that if he ever entered the double life it would be on the banal basis of a marriage license. He had never been, however slightly, “in contravention of the law”—as the Latins so grandiloquently express it. If the policeman hectored too stationary a crowd, it was not Leopold Golson who expostulated or resisted; no, he docilely “moved on.” If some officer drew attention, during the illness of the janitor, to the heavy snowfall on the front sidewalk and called upon Golson’s landlady, occupant of the first flat, to remove it, no protest ensued. “I need air and exercise,” Golson would declare; “I’ll shovel it off”—and more than once he

had done so. He felt the weight of autocracy, but——

To Frank Parlow, on the other hand, whatever was was substantially right. He made no great claims to be a thinker; he had no ambition to reform the world. Nothing mattered much so long as he was free, during his unemployed hours, to let his young blood have such full course as it demanded and required. If the police came into relations with *him*—this happened now and again—he would cajole, dupe, hoodwink, jolly, and generally slip away. If he reached work late some morning, and was perceived to sit pensive at the loom on which he helped weave the ephemeral tissue that was to drape the fleeting form of the Day, none of his mates took notice, but all of them knew why: the re-

form movement had caught him at some prize fight or in some gambling raid; and nothing, after the failure of his usual wiles, had been able to loosen the hold of justice save the intervention of some high power in his ward. For Parlow was as active politically as every good citizen should be, and had once or twice been more effective in shaping local events than many of Golson's editorials could claim to have been. Again, if Parlow came down with a suppressed swagger in his gait and a scratch on his temple or just a shade of discoloration near his eye, it was tacitly understood that some difficulty had developed at a dance-hall—that he had disposed satisfactorily of the other fellow and still stood high in the opinion of the "lady."

"Ay, he's a tough little nut," the old Scotch foreman would now and then declare.

About Golson's attitude toward the sex little definite was really known. It was understood that there was an intermittent platonic dalliance between him and Avis Grahame, and that sometimes, when there were spare tickets for theatres or concerts, or when the regular critic was overtaken by the embarrassment of conflicting dates, he escorted her to an entertainment of sufficient intellectual calibre.

"Them concerts would be too swift for me," declared Frank Parlow, on a return from one of his dances.

His companion was the young proof-reader. She had yielded to his blandishments and had consented to accompany him to Harmony Hall, where they had footed it industriously until nearly two in the morning. Up to the present hour they had had little but the shop in common, and as they sped along homeward in the half-empty car the talk drifted back, with automatic ease, to the associates in their daily work.

"Too swift? Same here," returned Myrtle Race, concisely. "No 'symphonic poems' for me. I wonder," the girl went on, knitting her brows to call up an image of the absent Miss Grahame, "if she knows anything more about music than she does about painting?"

"As much," returned Parlow, "as he knows about a primary, or a twenty-four-foot ring." And the young man's tone made it clear that Golson was ignorant of "life" indeed.

"I could do her work," Myrtle Race continued. "If papa had only made out a little better last year, I shouldn't have had to drop my studies at the Art Academy and take up with proofreading."

"Papa" was the proprietor of a small weekly "down state"; and his daughter—before the call of art had lured her to the city—had made herself useful about his office.

"In that case," observed her escort, fondly, "where should I have come in? Don't forget little Frank."

Myrtle had gone to the dance with a fearful joy. She had heard various tales of her young knight's prowess, and knew that, so far from "side-stepping" life—as he himself expressed it—he welcomed its rush with outstretched arms and a hearty hug. She had anticipated becoming a bone of contention—the envied object, perhaps, of a scuffle on the open floor. But nothing of the sort had ensued. Parlow had taken her to quite the choicest of his resorts, a place against which no "lady" could bring the slightest objection. The evening had passed pleasantly, but uneventfully. Parlow himself had felt this lack of saliency and had tried to inject interest by picking a quarrel with the guard on the home-bound train. The man had wearily refused to make much of him, and the young fellow was still suffering from a sense of vague dissatisfaction.

"You don't think we've had a slow time?" he asked her anxiously, at parting.

"Oh, no; not at all," replied Myrtle, feeling in her pocket for her night-key. "I *love* refinement, and have to thank you for a very pleasant evening."

III

ON that same evening, though at an earlier hour, Leopold Golson and Avis Grahame were attending a concert. An anarchistic symphony by a new and notable Russian composer was the principal number on the programme, and Golson sat before a golden shell within a certain ivory-tinted temple, well pleased. For this daring composition undertook not only a transvaluation of all musical values, but also—with the help of a great body of exegetical comment which was to be mastered in advance—a transvaluation of all moral values. Golson had mastered the com-

ment, thanks to some general musical reading and to a fortnight's close study of the immediate matter in hand. He knew, therefore, just to what extent the sensational Slav, in *his* turn, was upsetting the ethical and æsthetical appplecart, and he

and daring soul—one who would sweep away the conventionalities and timidities and injustices that fettered the modern man and would help to make all things fair and hopeful and new.

The next morning at nine, purged of all



"What I hear is the loud trumpeting of a band of high-mettled young individualists."—Page 630.

was gratified in proportion. A full cadence was a weak banality—and so was the practice of Christian charity. A plain passage in thirds or sixths was a feeble futility—and so was that flat old notion of monogamy. Welcome to the strong man who would banish pity and strangle decency and would do in all things as he willed. Golson was immensely uplifted, and during the short intervals between the movements he endeavored, by means of hurried and eager exposition of the composer's aims and practice, to help his companion share his delight. Here, he declared, was a great

asperities, he was writing away in his little editorial den with a patient self-control that promised soon to become habitual.

Avis Grahame was deeply affected by this hour of revolutionary harmonies. She, too, felt the need of wider horizons and of greater freedom of action. As they parted that evening, she invited him to accompany her, the next afternoon, to an exhibition of German paintings which had been sent across the water to jar the complacency of the prosperous bourgeois and to raise the loud shout of rebellion in a new and alert society.

Golson wrung his hand with delight as his quick eye swept over these insurgent canvases. He hardly needed the exposition his companion was so desirous of making—surely the revolt of such men spoke for itself. "Secession!" he cried, from the middle of the room. "'Secession' is all too weak a word. What I hear is the loud trumpeting of a band of high-mettled young individualists, rearing, tugging, straining at their traces, and determined to overtake and trample down the tyrannous academics of whatever established order. My brothers, I salute you!"

"Get the color scheme," panted Avis Grahame, determined that the technique of these revolutionaries should receive due recognition, too. "It is a tonality completely new. And note the brushwork—knife-work, thumb-work, what you will. Even at this distance it is like a fist-blow in the eye. See that pig wallowing in the sunflecked stream—it is like a wild pattern in oil-cloth. Note that woman contorting in the moonshine—she is like all the seven deadly sins in one. The composition—how chaotic! The anatomy—how independent! The lightning—how wilfully perverse! Oh, it is all so new, so different, so vivid, so vital, so stimulating! . . ."

They left with reluctance these halls through which the winds of freedom were circulating in such a tornado. On the outside steps Miss Grahame said:

"And now, I suppose, I must go up to Oliver Dent's and look at his portrait of John M. Woodward and see if I can get a photograph of it for a half-tone."

IV

LEOPOLD GOLSON had never been in the habit of regarding himself as likely to become the subject of a tender passion—he led a life too starkly intellectual. Nor was he likely to extend consciousness, on this point, to another man's heart and mind unless that other offered himself with the completest unmistakableness. Frank Parlow now "offered"—if the consensus of the composing-room was any guide: it was generally assumed that, in his own peculiar fashion and according to his own peculiar lights, he was paying court to Myrtle Race. Golson set aside his own "ideas" and resolved to speak.

He caught the young fellow in the corri-

dor late one afternoon and talked with him about mending his ways. Parlow, who was conscious enough of laying siege to one a peg above himself, and who enjoyed the universal appreciation of his nerve, listened with unexpected docility. He had listened on previous occasions to some of Golson's tempestuous theorizings, and did not quite understand how a man could be so loose in the abstract yet so exigent in the concrete; but he patiently gave ear.

"Come, Frank," said this mentor; "get in line behind Falstaff: 'purge and live cleanly.' If you are meaning to marry, search your heart and scrub your morals. Different hours, with different company, in different places. Fewer young fellows about you, and those of higher aims. Fewer young women, and those of—well, you understand me"—as Frank blinked rapidly, once or twice—"of less dubious character. Set a higher mark for yourself—and keep to it. Raise the general average; don't lower it."

"Oh, say, now," replied the young man, with a gulp; "if a fellow's going to live in this world, he's got to know it. If a man's to stand between the world and a—a family, let him begin by understanding the thing he's got to face. I can't say I looked for a sermon from *you*. Thanks, just the same, though. I hope to come out all right, pretty soon—ever so many other fellows have."

Golson moved on in some little confusion. "I trust *you* will, too," was all he could say.

At about the same time Avis Grahame was moved to address a few words to Myrtle Race. She was some twelve or fifteen years the girl's senior and felt she might make the venture. There had been hours, of late, when Avis had allowed herself to open a little under the influence of one or two advanced writers who were inclined to maintain that the single woman of thirty-five might be justified in taking matters into her own hands. Yet many women, after all, would have to take such a course before she could agree to follow it. The rule for the advanced was still the same as for the young—and about that rule there was no matter of doubt.

But her chief support in addressing Miss Myrtle came from the fact that, during the last vacations, she had done the "Answers for the Anxious." The "tone" still clung; and it was now employed with Myrtle, as with her predecessors.



"Come, Frank," said this mentor; "get in line behind Falstaff."—Page 630.

In answering her correspondents, Avis Grahame had made the assumption, common to the office, that all her young women stood alike on one social plane. That plane was her own, and she made them gentlewomen without exception. In a few cases she may have done harm; but in most, doubtless, she worked only good. The young female of the middle sort was brought face to face with the ladylike ideal. The girl must never descend to the young man; the young man must always rise to her. No weak concessions; no lowering of standards. "He will think all the better of you for it in the end," Miss Grahame had often added.

Myrtle Race, when this method came to be applied to her case, was piqued and almost saucy. But she saw that the motive was of the best, and she kept her temper. After the first minute or so she was listen-

ing quietly and with the deepest deference, as to one who was immensely older and possessed of all the wisdom of the ages.

"Thank you, my kind friend, for your deep interest"—this, with a little reverence, was all her retort; and Avis Grahame came away feeling for wrinkles in her face and almost prepared to find her first gray hair.

But the passage of a few weeks seemed to show these efforts as all in vain. One forenoon Golson's galley-proofs came to him queried in a new hand, and he soon learned that Myrtle had forsaken the *Semicolon*. Closer inquiries disclosed her return to her native town. Her father had lapsed into invalidism, and if his paper was to continue publication his daughter must lend her help. So Myrtle had removed her covetous eye from the position of art editor, and leaving Avis Mathilde



"Well, Miss Grahame, and how is the Renaissance."—Page 633.

Grahame in undisturbed possession had gone back to Central City.

A fortnight later another familiar face was missing; Frank Parlow had left the *Semicolon*, too. During his last few days his expansive and communicative manner had quite failed, and nobody understood with complete clearness where he had gone, or why.

"This is a world of change," remarked Golson. "And a newspaper office is the very heart of it."

V

BUT no particular change came for Leopold Golson and Avis Grahame. A year and more passed, and they still sat back to back in adjoining dens. The one was engaged, as before, in perfunctory and spiritless comment on the happenings of yesterday or in comment upon comment on

the happenings of the day before. The other was still endeavoring to swell local talent to the proportions and significance of genius, and was still wondering if she should ever be able to round out life to a completeness artistically satisfying. Yes, the art of life was the great art, as always; but how it slipped through one's fingers!

The first afternoon edition was off the press; errors had been lamented and corrected; and all hands in the editorial department were engaged on a languid miscellany of minor matters for the morrow. It was a day in early May. On Avis Grahame's desk stood a spray of lilac in a tumbler. Its odor persisted against the smells of lubricating oil and of printer's ink that always clung round the building, and it helped some obscure sixth sense within her to register the approach of youth and hope and success and joy—of youth triumphant,

hope fulfilled, success accomplished, and joy abundantly bestowed.

She had lost all sharp sense of time and place, when a tumult (as it seemed to her suddenly restored consciousness) sounded just outside her door. There was a scuffling of many feet—as many as eight or ten, perhaps—and she knew, with nothing more to tell her, that prosperity was in full advance, that self-confidence was forging ahead under rapidest momentum, that General Satisfaction and Boundless Complacency sat high, side by side, in their chariot, and that the long corridor of the *Semicolon* building had been chosen as a *Via Sacra* by the latest of triumphing conquerors.

Avis Grahame shook herself to alertness and glanced through her open door out into the hall. She saw a young man, a young woman, and a very young baby. The man was Frank Parlow; the woman was Myrtle Race; and the baby—well, the baby filled in the historical hiatus and indicated the precise relationship between the other two.

Success and self-satisfaction sat upon the young couple like a double aureole. Each was proud of the other and of the baby, and of the position—presently explained—which their united efforts and talents had gained for them in the world. Their progress was taking them from the city room, where they had exhausted the admiration of the few late lingerers, on toward the private office of the lord proprietor, whom they were gallantly purposing to meet on terms of unblinking equality. An unoccupied copy-boy was at their heels admiringly; a casual window-washer was glad of their notice; and the youth in charge of the elevator had delayed his descent as long as he dared.

The little party paused at Miss Grahame's door and looked in on her with all possible friendliness. Myrtle, a paragon of high fashion, explained that they had come to town for a few days to look up old friends; she was cordial, but she made it clear that a wife and mother was addressing an unattached spinster. And Parlow himself said, with beaming condescension:

"Well, Miss Grahame, and how is the Renaissance?"

Miss Grahame smiled wanly—less, perhaps, at Parlow than at the baby. The Renaissance had not yet taken place.

In the next compartment Golson had just shut his desk and put on his hat with the

idea of stepping over to the public library and getting some figures about the iron trade. He was as lean and gaunt as ever, and Dissatisfaction was still openly claiming him for her own. Parlow caught him on the threshold and greeted him with gusty complacency. He even reached down into a well-stuffed pocket and handed out a card, and Golson learned that he was face to face with the editor and proprietor of the *Central City Clarion*.

"Her father's health got bad," said Parlow, jerking his plump thumb toward Myrtle, "and a practical man was needed. Pretty soon he was glad to let me buy him out—on easy terms. Central City is humming, and the *Clarion* with it. You're still doing editorials, I suppose?"

"Still doing editorials," replied Golson, suddenly overcome with a sense of life's futility.

"And still single, I presume?"

"Still single," said Golson, patiently, but with a crescent sense of the emptiness of the universe.

"Your hair's grizzling, I see . . ."

"It's much the same, I think," returned Golson, with a flat tone from which all vibrancy had vanished.

"Get married," counselled the young man, "and have somebody to take care of you. It's the only way to live." He left his wife and infant son and drew a step or two nearer the other. "Come," he said, in an undertone, with a slight gesture toward Miss Grahame's door; "she's a fine woman—and Myrtle says so, too. Ain't you ever going to throw the bomb?"

Miss Grahame came out into the hall, dressed for the street and busily pencilling the finish of some brief memorandum. In her modish gray gown and her gold eyeglasses she seemed the perfected expression of good taste and "gentility."

"Going my way?" asked Golson.

"I'm going to the library, to look up some of the later French impressionists."

"That's my way. We will go together, if you like."

"Do," Parlow advised genially, as he moved along, with his little family, toward the secluded and well-guarded quarters that were sacred to the proprietor of the paper. "Well, good luck; and good-by. I must say 'Howdy' to the Old Man, and ask him out to lunch with me to-morrow."

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

I HAVE lately been condemned—and yet I have committed no crime—to read the greater number of the better sort of novels published here and in England during the last six months. The severe sentence passed upon me was not commuted; no amount of good behavior has made the least difference, and I have worked out my time. Of the adventures I have thus suffered, the trials I have passed through, the dangers I have escaped, I say nothing. Plot within plot, wheels within wheels are indeed whizzing recklessly in my mind, scores of tales falling together and affording in

The Manufacture
of Characters

kaleidoscopic fashion new and posterous combinations, but this I do not mind. That which staggers me is the number of characters I have encountered, many of them wearing a familiar look betokening old acquaintanceship. I have met dozens of people, in all stages of creation, finished, unfinished, and hardly begun, and I feel that I have now emerged from an awful limbo, full of the unseeing eyes and the vacant faces of those coming to be. I have wandered among detached expressions, fragments of thought that fit no mind, feelings hunting for bodies to inhabit. The secret horrors of the novelists' very inner workshop have been opened to me; the materials, the methods, have been betrayed. Here and there, in that monstrous laboratory where the stores of earlier novelists are utilized with shrewd economy, I encountered fragments of old friends, bits of Maggie Tulliver, *dissecta membra* of Colonel Newcome, small pieces of Diana of the Crossways and of David Copperfield. A vivisection against which there is none to protest is taking place; a surgery surpassing that of modern specialists is proceeding unashamed. What is the skill of him who can transfer the liver of a rabbit to a monkey, or graft a dog's leg upon a goat, beside that of him who can take out a bit of some well-known and loved personage of earlier fiction and piece it upon the body of another, or remove the lobe of the brain of some great character and insert it into a head that would be otherwise brainless? The very heart of Richard Feverel I have seen in recent fiction beating within a lifeless mechanism, as I have seen in a laboratory the naked heart of a frog

attempting to perform its functions upon a wooden frame; in more than one modern tale I have found a small cross-section of the mind of Jane Eyre grafted upon a body that could not work it; innumerable are the pale shades I have encountered clutching alien characteristics to uncreated bosoms.

To be serious, nothing in this late experience has struck me so vividly as the almost mechanical dexterity wherewith the people of fiction are manufactured nowadays. There is a knowingness in handling the tools, a facility in collecting and arranging materials, a quickness in disposing of appropriate characteristics that suggests a combination of the methods of the surgeon and of the milliner. What if this or that trait is not quite fresh? It will do nicely once again. This bit may be a trifle shopworn, but it will look well on the head. You want a modern villain? Take part of an old one and give him a different setting. Put him in the Stock Exchange, and let him hold all the railroads of the country in one hand, while the other is thrust into the bosom of his coat. You want a worldly woman? She is dressed and furnished while you wait: so much cold heart, so much shrewd brain, so many elaborate clothes, so many cruel schemes. Old types, with the fine touches eliminated, decked out in modish garments, are thicker than blackberries; nothing strikes one so forcibly in meeting this congregation of fictitious folk as the lack of original insight and of fresh contact with existence. Study of literature rather than of life has gone into them, and observation of imaginary rather than of real people. They suggest skilled practice rather than penetration, and you come to think of them as the result of a process of hand work for which, presently, factories might be substituted to turn out a larger product.

As you meditate on this aspect of the matter you begin to wonder if these factories have not already come into existence. Great numbers of the young are taught this art in college classes; in many an institution it leads to the B.A. degree. There you have them in the large English electives, an hundred analyzing like one. They are taught acuteness, drilled in penetration, examined in insight, and marked

down for failing to have it. In many an academic office, on the day when the themes come in, you may wade knee deep in subtle discussions of human nature. Talk of the machinery of the plot! It is nothing to the machinery of character manufacturing in our colleges, either in the form of exposition or of fiction. Laws are laid down for the discovery of characteristics and for the expression of results; all literature is rifled in order to see how to do it. One shudders to think of the hundreds pouring out each year from our institutions of learning, experts in pulling people apart and putting them together again.

But this is not all. Were the deliberate teaching of the art confined to our colleges, that would be one thing, but this is far from being the case. So popular is this diversion that, in literary centres, little handbooks are published telling just how to concoct this or that type of personality. Gravity itself characterizes these directions, showing how this trait manages itself, how that characteristic works out toward certain results. I have seen recipes for the tyrannical father and for the benevolent uncle; absolutely sure prescriptions for bringing about tragic consequences from the failing of the former, happy results from the virtue of the latter. One might perhaps rejoice in this evidence of interest in human nature and in making it known, were it not for the fact that the handbooks treat this not as an art but as a paying industry, and present knowledge of human nature as valuable only in proportion to the number of dollars it will bring.

But whither has fled that old fashion of portrayal of character for the love of it, that affectionate delineation of remembered or imagined traits that we associate with many a beloved novelist of the past? Where is that slow intimacy of an author with his hero, of Fielding with Parson Adams, Goldsmith with his Vicar, embodiment of lifelong gracious memories, of Sterne with Uncle Toby? Where is the novelist's careful scrutiny of his imagined friend, as he watches with delighted eagerness for new manifestations of personality, whether great or small? Who nowadays walks and talks with his people as Thackeray did with Becky Sharp and with Colonel Newcome? This widespread talk about humanity, this air of knowingness about its ultimate characteristics, does not seem to betoken any deep love of it, or any profoundly original insight into the heart of man. He is indeed a poor creature nowadays who cannot discuss you a motive, dissect you a ten-

dency, analyze an action, and discern results, and yet you cannot help the feeling that he undertakes his task, not because he must, impelled by inner motive, but because it is good for trade. As one reads the modern novels in large numbers, one is impelled to wonder if we have not nowadays more analysis of character than we have character to analyze.

A VERY funny complaint was made not long ago by one of the "patrons" of an organ of culture for the million. "Why," said this complainant, "do your writers keep on making allusions to things that I have not read, allusions, consequently, which I do not understand? Why do you quote with admiration similar allusions? You profess to be a magazine for the people, of, and by the people. Why keep shooting over the heads of the people and giving them just grievances against you?" And the organ of culture responded, with quite equal funniness, not by telling its subscriber to go and acquire some elementary knowledge before resorting to criticism, but by virtually acknowledging the justice of his strictures, and promising not wittingly to do so any more. It promised, in effect, to become, to the best of its ability, a blind leader of the blind, and to accompany the most illiterate of its subscribers "into the ditch."

Literary
Allusiveness

The main funniness is the notion that, by taking thought, one can detract a cubit from his literary stature. How can an educated man possibly know at what precise point he becomes unintelligible or irritating to an uneducated man? The educated man may consider himself a plain, blunt man, "that only speaks right on," and makes no allusion to matters that are not of common notoriety. Even so he is liable to excite the opposition of those who have not heard of those matters, and who so curiously resent the assumption that they have—instead of being flattered by it. One imagines one of them even turning and rending the instructor for using or quoting those five words we just now put in quotation marks, without explaining, in the old-fashioned eighteenth-century manner, whence he quoted them.

It is a heart-breaking requisition, and quite impossible of fulfilment. For it is in effect a requisition that the instructor shall make it his business to "harden ignorance in contempt." One who knows anything beyond the alphabet and the current slang must systematically and

successfully forget it in order to write down to his assumed audience. And that is quite out of the question. The only way to secure the result is to secure writers as ignorant as the most ignorant of the readers.

As a matter of fact, it is not the ignorant who desire instruction who resent allusions to what they do not understand. It is only the ignorant who resist instruction. To recur to our Johnson, "ignorance" must be "hardened in contempt." The simple man who has not been spoiled by conceit is flattered by being assumed to know what he does not in fact know. Rufus Choate, it is traditionally related, used to tell a common jury, "Of course, gentlemen, you remember that line of Homer's," and thereupon rap it out to them in the original Greek, whereupon they all sat up and looked knowing and pleased. (To be sure this is a legend of a Bostonian jury.) One may say that, even in print, a reader whose ignorance is not hardened in contempt is pleased to have it assumed that that is intelligible to him which is in fact unintelligible, provided it does not, as with good writers it never does, cause him to lose the thread of the narrative or the argument he is following. One remembers Macaulay's remark upon Milton's proper names: "They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas." But then, it is true, Macaulay had the university or at least the English public-school "public" in his mind. There is no association of ideas with Milton's names on the part of an immigrant into the United States from north-eastern Europe or north-western Asia. If such an immigrant yearns to appreciate Milton, a long preliminary course of study is indicated for him. But unless his ignorance is hardened in contempt, he will not make the unintelligibility of the poet to him a grievance against the poet. Or take Thackeray's famous and just laudation of Macaulay's own style:

"Take at hazard any three pages of the 'Essays' or 'History,' and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score, of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is that epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbor, who has his reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."

That "glimmering below the stream of the narrative" is a particularly happy touch. One can follow the course of the narrative even without detecting a single one of these partly submerged and "glimmering" allusions. But how his delight is enhanced the more of them he detects. And the perfect enjoyer would detect them all. Such a reader the literary writer writes for. Considering the painful research of the toilsome scholiasts upon Tennyson's "classical allusions," the blunt prose of the poet in a note to the posthumous edition becomes even comic: "My paraphrases of certain Latin and Greek lines seem too obvious to be mentioned." But the paraphrases are delightful, even to the reader to whom not one of them is "obvious." Doubtless every detection of a paraphrase is an added delight to the detective. At any rate when a refractory Telemachus scolds his Mentor for giving him something he does not understand, he hardens ignorance in contempt, and when Mentor takes the scolding meekly, he abdicates his office. He ought to recur to his Johnson: "Sir, I have found you a reason: I am not bound to find you an understanding."

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE HUDSON-FULTON EXHIBITION OF DUTCH PICTURES AT THE MET- ROPOLITAN MUSEUM

THE occasionally recurring festivals and celebrations which mark the commemoration of some historical event or achievement possess, among other advantages, that of recalling facts of interest contemporaneous to those thus specifically signalized; and the various exhibitions, now in progress in connection with the Hudson-Fulton ceremonies seem particularly to suggest this beneficent result. The human mind loves to wander through productive periods of the past; and in this case while the fancy plays around the material significance of achievements like those of the two figures in whose honor the recent demonstrations have been made, the doors of our art collectors have incidentally been thrown open revealing veritable treasures of painting of the best period of Dutch art, that of about Hudson's time.

At just this moment in the practice of painting when subtlety of seeing is so opening a new world that the painter in his elation at the vision is sometimes neglectful of his means, it is singularly propitious to be given access to an unusual collection of what is perhaps the soundest method of painting recorded in the annals of art. As it is of the genius of rectitude in any activity that its meliorative attributes are widespread, the art connoisseur and amateur have peculiar cause for congratulation that the present occasion happens to commemorate the enterprise of the Dutch at an epoch particularly rich in the art of painting. Earlier than this the art of Holland had not the distinct national note that at this moment it reached.

The painting of few nations indeed offers so interesting a study as that of Holland, for we know of none so little derivative, so essentially characteristic of the people who produced it, so eminently direct and personal—in fact so entirely indigenous and original. Fully to appreciate and enjoy it one need not study the craft of immediate predecessors, but should rather bear in mind the political and social conditions which preceded this flowering of an art born of a large leisure purchased by a past of strenuous combat with nature at

home and oppression from abroad. These obstacles, this discipline, this long abstinence from the lighter moments of existence, this repression of the spiritual side of humanity seems to have prepared the ground for a rich harvest when the time arrived in which these people could look about them in security and comfort. This land they had saved from the sea, these homes they had established through privation and hardship became objects of delight and pride; and when they sought subjects upon which to lavish their artistic skill it was these familiar things that appealed to them—the things they loved.

Holland had by this time cast off the Spanish yoke, the Italianate influence of travelled painters and of its Flemish neighbors, and had become its own independent self looking honestly in the face of nature and reporting her with an integrity that to the knowing ones is simply admirable. These interiors and the life of the home, as may be noted in the work here of de Hooch, Terborch, Metzu and others, furnished subject enough—their art ceased to be that of mere picture-making and religious imagery which until now outside influence had largely stimulated; while in the splendid school of landscape they founded may be discovered the forerunners of the Rousseaus, Troyons, Daubignys of a later day in France.

The Dutch also celebrated themselves, their personalities—they were so essentially national that guilds, corporations, charitable institutions, municipal bodies and public buildings encouraged portrait painting, and it may be to this fact that they owe the noble school of portraiture of which many fine examples may be studied here, and which adds such lustre to their art.

The richness of the holdings of Dutch pictures by a few discerning collectors in this country will be a matter of surprise to many visiting these galleries, and they will be moved to an expression of appreciation to the owners of these treasures for their public spirit in collecting them and permitting them to be shown. The extent of the collection is so unlooked for that it may be well to mention that of the seven Vermeers owned in the United States, five are here on view, while some thirty Rembrandts, and in the neighborhood of twenty Franz

Hals; many of finest quality, are distributed among this profusion of lesser, but still brilliant lights of the time.

As mere demonstrations of how to paint one need look no further than to certain examples of Hals, for instance; and there are others among these who might serve as exemplars of sane and wholesome technical methods, although none, save Hals, perhaps, so obviously demonstrates the actual application of pigment—this, too, in his case, in conjunction with intelligent composition and often good, if not great color. There are others again who in perfection of seeing and doing elude definition and enter into the mysteries of the circumambient air. In these particular canvases there appears no thought of clever accomplishment, they simply exist as the world about us exists bathed in that all-enveloping atmosphere which the Dutch were first to successfully render. The consciousness of drawing, technique, methods, is lost in the unconsciousness of satisfied vision. Of the producers of these marvels of painting Rembrandt ranks supreme, but there are painters of works of smaller size who, from the standpoint of perfection rank little lower than he.

To the lover of processes alone, then, there is material in these galleries for boundless enjoyment. One may go from canvas to canvas with varying emotions, but unvarying delight. The beautiful veracity of Vermeer, the competency of Van der Helst, unerring vision of Hals, mysterious "enveloppe" of Rembrandt, suavity of Dou, Terborch, Metz and de Hooch, dignity and impressiveness of Ruisdael, versatility of Cuyp, simplified breadth of van Goyen, vitality of Jan Steen, and homeliness of van Ostade are some of the qualities peculiar to a few among this host of masters.

One may discuss only a small portion of this stately whole and then with feelings of regret that much must necessarily be ignored. But as we are on the search for some representative examples where so many appear to represent adequately, can one do better than to hail with pleasure the Vermeer entitled: "Woman Writing a Letter!" This is one of those canvases whose perfection is almost elusive, but which may be appreciatively approached by comparing it with it matters little what modern master of genre. Something of the magic of Holland's softened light seems to have filtered through the aperture by which this figure with the still-life objects on the table is illuminated, although the window is not seen. This is a

Vermeer that places him near the great Rembrandt himself in its rendering of graduated light. This light plays from object to object with the inevitableness of nature, and so perfect is its management that the spectator forgets to analyze the source of its undoubted charm. When one seeks to account for this wonderful result it is found perhaps in the perfect adjustment of the figure to its surroundings. The theme is trivial enough, which only goes to prove that art can make any moment great. The melting into the background and the material itself of the ermine bordering the yellow sacque the figure wears, the quiet merging of the hand with the objects it touches are all demonstrations of a vision as fine, as subtle and as true as one can recall in the whole range of painting. This is not painting in the sense of Hals, of van der Helst, it is an emanation of a sensitive personality using pigment as a medium. If space permitted a fuller discussion—"The Lady with Guitar," "The Music Lesson," "Girl Playing a Guitar," "Young Woman at Casement," should each and all be reviewed, for this painter is one of the rarest.

"The Music Party," by Pieter de Hooch, is less naive in its presentation than the above-mentioned works, more sought-for as a tableau, not so genuinely felt as he is sometimes in his earlier works where the less formal occupations of home-life engaged his brush. He is still interested, however, in varying cross-light and scrupulous in his attention to detail. A larger method of painting and probably of seeing is to be noted in the picture by Gerard Terborch, "Lady Pouring Out Wine." This group of three persons is given with a breadth more often found in life-size work than in a canvas of this dimension. All is painted with a free touch, the figures in half-tone strongly put in, the still-life of truthful observation, while the salient figure of the woman in the foreground is of a mastery quite delightful. This is not of Terborch's most usual subjects, but it reveals the large competency and painter-like quality which gave such value to his transcriptions of the interiors of the patrician class of Holland, and his glimpses of the domestic life of the Dutch merchants. He displays high accomplishment in the practice of painting in this work, which may also be remarked in "Interior with Soldiers," and in the portrait of a man and one of a woman to be seen here.

Had Cuyp been less varied in subject, had he pursued, for instance, out-door light exclusively, such as we see in his "Landscape with

Cattle" one feels that he would have gone farther and have exerted a more potent influence on his school. His very versatility seems to militate against surpassing excellence in any one direction, he is spread over too large a field to strongly impress in any; but in these landscapes with living interests he is at his best, and this makes one regret that his curiosity did not here penetrate deeper, for the unmistakable sensitiveness to surface-light remarked in this picture as it plays on the hides of the cattle and touches the various substances of earth and vegetation goes to prove that here is a painter who by happy disposition and lightness of touch seemed destined to vivify the art of painting, who had something to say, something to reveal concerning the world of sight that for the time in which he worked was new and stimulating.

We will now turn to Jan Steen, who is here with, among other things, a "Dutch Kermess" full of a rollicking vitality and tipsy mirth, and of excellent color. He certainly could give movement, and the spirit of the scene, as may be observed in his "Dancing Couple," "Drunken Family," and "Grace Before Meat."

Adrian van Ostade's "The Old Fiddler" is, from our present-day ideas of such a scene, rather conventionally lighted, the foreground foliage kept somewhat arbitrarily in half-tone with the evident intention of emphasizing more effectually the central incident. The color, however, is good, and the painting solid.

Of the group of landscapists, Jacob van Ruisdael comes out with the strength that is his own. It is not difficult to detect here the fountain-head of that splendid stream of technical influence which inspired later the Fontainebleau school. One picture, entitled "Landscape," showing a foreground pool where float swan and water-plants and edged with well observed sedges, at the foot of a knoll where tosses a wind-driven tree, is of a tonality that compels admiration. Other "Landscapes" attest the solemn sentiment and dignity of this painter, who, if not brilliant in his color or facile in his touch, is profound in temper, and a master of drawing and terrestrial construction.

As already suggested, it was typical of the Dutch at this period, that they devoted themselves to portrait painting as well as to landscape and genre. If nature outside and indoors appealed strongly to them, so did the men who made the State, the women who ruled the home. Portraiture pure and simple probably never reached a higher level of ac-

complishment than at this time through the genius of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, van der Helst, Ravesteyn, Flinck, Santvoort and Bol, all of whom sought this human characterization with much directness and vitality.

It will be impossible to speak fully of the masterpieces of this side of their art, to be met with in this exhibition, but a number must be signaled as among the finest examples.

Perhaps for emphasis of personal identity there never painted a man more marvelously equipped than Franz Hals. Not only is he the most dexterous, but with celerity and sureness of touch he managed to preserve the sentiment of the presence of the subject before him to an extraordinary degree; while for the address and precision with which he treats various articles of human attire, the damasked pattern of a silk, for example, obeying the laws of perspective in its design, and of construction in its retreating folds there has yet to be found so consummate a master. Trinkets, ornaments, filmy cuffs, fluted collars, books of devotion, or what not, these are observed and given with a fidelity of vision and an obedience of hand little short of miraculous. His wizard touch is no less noted in the constructive planes of the head, the hands, the superficies of the flesh of his sitters, while he preserves always a breadth of treatment which never degenerates into useless detail. He is the King of practitioners in the virtuosity of his performance, but he does not sacrifice the personality of his subject to the exhibition of his skill. We find portraits here which exemplify these observations concerning his method of painting. His "Woman with a Rose" is an instance of this splendid *bravura* of brushwork, this swift but accurate differentiation of textures, tactful emphasis of the important, and the discriminating subservience of the secondary incidents of sight. The amplitude of stroke in broad passages and planes of the dress, the quick but decided touches that suggest the detail of ornament and pattern so justly given that they sustain their rightful surface in the constructive modelling of the gown, all this, with largeness of gesture and of pose mark this canvas as a sumptuous example of the painter. The portraits of Heer and Vrouw Bodolphe are of that intimacy of likeness which seems a documentary record of an existing type, almost ethnical in its searching definition of race. They are painted with a sobriety of statement that is in contrast to the "Woman with a Rose" as befits the presenta-

tion of elderly persons of settled condition, and which goes to prove that Hals is possessed of a valuable artistic judgment which equals that of his technical superiority. "Portrait of a Man Standing" is one of the broad, crisp, but fluent, examples of his dexterity.

After all is said, even he, it must be admitted, sometimes plays with his brush in a way not too edifying from the point of view of art; so that for all his excellence he is to be admired with reserve, and, at his best, hailed a master.

As if to point the lesson that superlative performance may still lack that something which is almost incommunicable but of undoubted power, surpassing in its profundity the achievements of his most accomplished fellows, Rembrandt stands in this brilliant circle of painters as the one possessed of this gift divine.

This solitary, living practically apart in an atmosphere of his own creation, appeared in his higher moments to wrest secrets from the surrounding air. Without losing the concrete quality of substance all objects existed for him in an intervening world of light where they lost certain accents of outline that guide lesser men to the conservation of the contours which developed this outline, and to which they resorted as a necessary convention for the interpretation of form. Rembrandt did not, as a rule, depend on this to give reality to the figures he painted—they seem to emerge into visibility as images of this thought; this thought potential enough to become real, and real enough to touch the profound. Neither "The Gilder" nor the "Portrait of an Old Woman" is of this phase of his art, superb as they are; but "The Savant" emits this note of profundity and becomes, so to say impalpably real. This spacious canvas is of a sentiment and significance quite other than may be felt in his portraits mentioned above. Those are of this world, of conventional existence—the Savant is of Rembrandt's own.

One would like to dilate on the "Young Man Putting On His Armor," "Lucretia," "Hendrickje Stoffels," and many more, but we may only call attention to the vivid although restrained canvas named "The Noble Slav," with its unctuous painting and concentrated chiaroscuro causing it to stand out by some apparent illumination peculiar to itself. This voluminous presence is seizing in corporiety, while in the painting of the chain about the shoulder and the sacrifice of needless accesso-

ries it is one of Rembrandt's most characteristic moods of vision and production. "The Portrait of Himself" is in the sentiment of this kind of evolution of a figure in a costume of no particular date, but sitting there, staff in hand, a clothed entity of serious mien betraying the ravages of life on a stalwart frame, vital still in its decline. It is haunting in its personality telling of a life passed in seeking to embody plastically its thought. Massively pathetic, yet of a splendor of presentation which appeals to the connoisseur, announcing that he is confronted by not only a great figure of the past, but by that ever present joy—a work of art. When painting thus freely and unhampered by a commission, there is observed something in Rembrandt's treatment of the apparel of his subject that is peculiarly his own. The dress is of no particular time, nor is it quite recognizable as drapery—it clothes his thought and drapes the person painted; but one forgets these matters in experiencing a sense of satisfied vision. He is a creator in more ways than one, and at these times it is as though some brooding and elemental sentiment became invested with a form which he evolved; became indeed in his hands, as I have said, a thing of art.

Among the deductions that occur to one who has examined this exhibition with attention and a certain familiarity with the processes of painting are these; these Dutch can still hold their own, nay, we may learn much from them about frank, solid and sincere manipulation of paint—their work is done to stay, to withstand the deterioration of time, it is of honest execution so far as the medium is concerned, and in some respects mere painting cannot be better done. Where perhaps we moderns have surpassed them is in our manner of seeing; of using the eyesight, in which, with the years, we have developed an almost new sense of sight; so that a lighter, more subtle, more amusing aspect of nature seems to have been revealed to us, permitting us, through painting, to touch a now wider range of emotions through painted art. And even this advance is more appreciable in the field of landscape painting than in that of figure work and portraits.

If these two qualities, then, could be united, sanity of method and subtlety of sight, there would burst upon this age of art a splendor of achievement which might rival that of Haarlem and of Amsterdam.

FRANK FOWLER.



Drawn by C. W. Ashley.

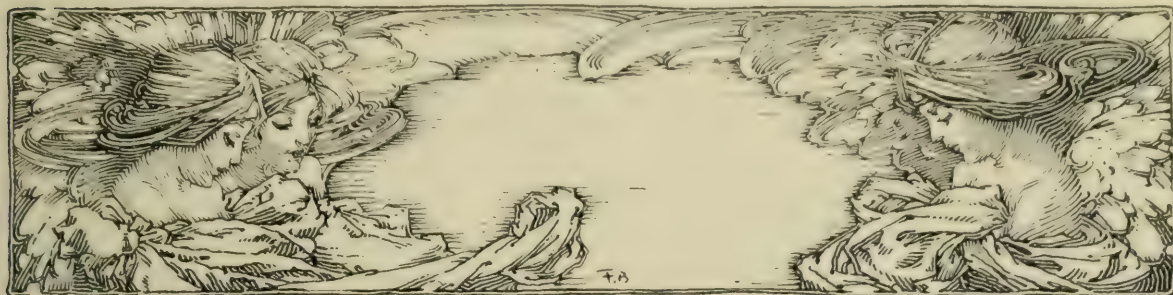
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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME INTO ENGLAND

✧ By James A. B. Scherer ✧

Illustrations by Frank Craig

PART ONE: CARADOC'S OAK



ANY greatmen have come out of old Warwickshire. Shakespeare is most famous of these, yet one who was even greater than he lived and wrought a mighty work a thousand years and more before the poet was born. But the Stratford man was ever a curious delver in old forgotten facts, which he overlaid with innumerable fancies, and you may read in his books a fanciful story of Cymbeline, or Cunobelin, real king of ancient Britain, and true father to Caradoc. Caradoc is the hero of Warwickshire, although Master Shakespeare seems not to have heard of him. It is ever the world's loss that he did not, for his deft fingers would have woven a marvellous, beautiful web from the strange tangled threads that have fallen into my clumsy hands. Yet here they lie, on this clear Christmas morning in Warwickshire, and though you find my handiwork labored, you may know it is a labor of love.

King Caradoc came out with his train and his troop of Druidical priests to rebuild the stronghold of Warwick on a beautiful dawning of May. Warwick had been founded by "the radiant Cymbeline," his father, in the truly radiant year when Christ was born; but it had been overthrown by the Romans in the struggle about the tribute-money, described by Shakespeare himself. Cymbeline, from some strange whim of happiness, had closed that warfare with the memorable words:

Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute. . . .

Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together. So through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there!

But Caradoc had not been nurtured at the court of Augustus in the manner of his fickle father, Cymbeline; his nourishment

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had been that of freedom. That island "outside the world," as the Romans called Britain—that "Neptune's park," as Master Shakespeare quaintly names it, "ribbed and paled in with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters"—had fed in Caradoc the love of liberty and scorn of tyranny and fealty to Fair Play, which is Britain's chiefest glory to this day. Not so with his brother Adminius. When the dying Cymbeline had pressed the crown upon Caradoc's ruddy head last year, in the presence of all the people, the dark and gloomy elder brother had stolen away to Cæsar, with a promise to return and take revenge.

But no foreboding clouded the brightness of the young king's countenance as he came out through the forest to the rebuilding of Warwick in the chill dawn of this May day morning, the sixth of the moon, in the fortieth year of our Lord. That "perfect beauty and great strength" which Britain early demanded of her kings met in regal consummation in Caradoc. His lithe, erect figure, with its crown of rich ruddy hair, was set off by true kingly trappings that spoke of no mean artifice among his weavers, jewellers, hosiers, and needlewomen. One who has dugged in the musty records of that ancient age informs us that he must have worn a long furred mantle of saffron over his tunic of blue, which reached to his shapely knees; and the tight hosen or breeches were bound with golden cross-garterings from the middle of the calf to the ankles, where they were met by black-pointed skin shoes. Around his neck was a massive gold torque. At his side hung a long shining sword, the hilt of which was studded with bright enamel. His flowing hair was surmounted by a peaked cap of gay striped cloth, the predominating color being scarlet. To the peak clung the golden dragon of Britain—"the dragon of the great Pendragonship." His eyes were blue and keen and fearless; his features clear cut, and his face clean shaven except for an auburn moustache that grew well down on either side of a mouth at once gentle and firm, betraying also that lurking sense of humor which is the unfailing accompaniment of both sympathy and hard common-sense. Caradoc, leading his ceremonious procession through the starlit aisles of the forest, was followed close by a band of twenty tangle-haired chieftains,

whose long and brightly chequered woollen cloaks—the primitive Highland plaids—were fastened with pins and brooches of boars' tusks, each man carrying spear and battered shield. Behind these came trooping, two by two, the bearded Druids, clothed in clinging robes of solid scarlet, with massy rough bands of hammered gold on wrist and bare ankle, and a long rough wooden staff in each right hand. Caradoc, scorning the splendid new temples of Rome, had fostered this ancient British cult, not because it appealed to his devotion, but because it was fixed in the soil, and could be utilized for patriotic purposes.

These sombre disciples of Taranis and Camulus were chanting their hymn to the dawn in low monotonous wailings as the king led on the advance through and out of the forest to the smooth summit of a little gorse-sprinkled hill, beside the "soft-flowing Avon"—and, there suddenly pausing, struck his gigantic spear into the soil which he had chosen for the planting of the corner-stone of Warwick. It was beneath the spreading branches of an oak, the only tree left standing on the hill, and the Druids gave a shout of rapturous joy. With them the high oak was held sacred as the stern and lonely monarch of the trees, speaking to them of their gods; and it pleased them to note the pious foresight of the king. Instantly the archpriest, old Dallan, hurried forward, searching the pale green boughs with keen eyes, while his fellows pressed about him in silence, and the chieftains encircled the tree. Then, suddenly, without warning, and as though he never had come before, the sun shot up above the vast unbroken forests to eastward, and kissed the budding oak upon the hill-top, so that there ran "a little noiseless noise among the leaves" as they trembled at the touch of his rays. On the instant the eager-eyed arch-Druid, thrusting both clenched hands straight upward in highly wrought religious excitement, uttered a tense prolonged shriek which fairly curdled Caradoc's blood:

"Oo-ye! The Mistletoe, All-Heal!"*
Oo-ye!"

As the sunrise lit up the big tree, the searching eyes of Dallan the Druid had discerned a branch of the mystical mistletoe growing close in against its huge trunk, little witting that the shrewd king had found

* The druid word for mistletoe meant "All-Heal."



Drawn by Frank Craig.

"Keep thou to thy oaks and thy mistletoe."—Page 647.

it there before him, and had carefully chosen his hour. To these fanatical religionists, the combination of omens was so impressive that not a man of them but shivered to his marrow with the rapture of superstitious awe—the oak, the dawn, the mistletoe in the sixth day of the moon, the king and his corner-stone!—and the cry that shrilled from their throats as they stood with uplifted clenched hands behind Dallan, their leader, frightened many a squirrel from his feast of tender twigs among the tree tops.

When the cry had died down from want of breath, but before its echoes had faded in the forest, the hook-nosed, bearded Dallan, beating himself twice upon the breast, raised his hands once more toward heaven and then shouted:

“Know ye, O people of Britain, that heaven smiles on you this day! The oak is the strong unswerving god. The mistletoe is man, dependent on the gods for his being. The dawn is heaven’s smile. It is the sacred sixth day of the moon. Here have ye seen the holy tokens, fixed in perfect unison at the moment of mighty adventure. By the sacred Anguineum which I bear upon my breast”—here he wrenched it from its twisted chain of gold and held it aloft—“I declare that the favor of our gods is with King Caradoc, and that he shall mightily prevail!”

Here the Druids chanted a loud and fervent “amen,” and the war-men clashed spear against shield, while Caradoc stood smiling proudly beneath the beneficent tree. Dallan was an impressive figure, tall and tense, the sun striking fire from the curiously fashioned gold disc that formed his head-gear, and turning his robe to blood color. He resumed his interrupted oration:

“Wherefore I call upon you, Druids, while the king with his chieftains marks out the boundaries of new Warwick, to get you to your duties, which ye know so well, and build here, where the king’s spear stands, an altar for fitting sacrifice on this golden day of the dawn.”

He lowered his gaunt arms, in token that his speech was now ended. Three priests pressed toward him for instructions. These directions he whispered in their ears; then held against each of their hearts, in turn, that mystical charm of the serpent’s egg, or Anguineum, which the elder Pliny de-

scribes as of “about the size of a moderately large round apple, having a cartilaginous rind studded with cavities like those on the arms of a polypus.” It was always produced—according to tradition—from the saliva and frothy sweat of innumerable serpents, writhing in an entangled mass in the moonlight, the egg being tossed up by their hissing as soon as formed. The divinely favored Druid who contrived, as it fell, to catch it in his sagum, or white linen apron, rode off at full speed upon horseback, pursued by the serpents until they were checked by the passage of a clear running stream. When Dallan had pressed the Anguineum hard against the breasts of the three priests in turn, they disappeared quickly in the forest; one, with a livid scar upon his face, which reached from temple to nostril, going in the direction of the village of wattled huts from which the procession had come, the others toward a neighboring cattle-pit. Meanwhile, the remaining Druids, about two score in number, were already hurrying hither and thither in search of large stones from the hillside, which they built in an astonishingly short time into a rough unplastered altar between the tree and the sun.

This done, Dallan beckoned to the chief of the saronidæ, or bardic instructors of youth; and the winner of the circlet of gold in the last annual contest of bards stepped out facing the sun, with the British banner of scarlet uplifted in the same hand that held his rude harp, and chanted:

O Thou strong King of Day,
 Lord of Light,
Who chasest away
 the dark night,
Thou hast smiled on the Oak,
Thou hast bless’d Caradoc,
And we praise Thee with all of our might!

O Wheel of the world,
 Turning Wheel,
On our banner unfurl’d
 set Thy seal!
Give us true hearts of oak
For our liege Caradoc,
In the name of the sacred All-Heal!

Gruff shouts of applause arose from the throats of the war-men as the bard brought his impromptu chant to its close and the poet had no sooner retired to his place in the now silent and expectant band of Druids than the two scarlet-robed priests were seen

advancing from the rim of the forest leading two large white bulls. Caradoc and his chieftains moved out from under the tree to observe the ceremony which followed. The bulls were fastened by their horns to the trunk of the oak. Dallan was then lifted up on the shoulders of the two assisting priests until he could clamber to a seat upon the lowest bough. A golden knife was handed up to him. With this, standing upright among the branches of the tree, he cropped the sacred All-Heal, or mistletoe, amid the pious chanting of the priests, catching the precious parasite in his snow-white sagum as it fell. He then descended, with the assistance of the two tall Druids, and placed the mistletoe upon the altar. Returning to the tree, amid the perfect silence of the people, he raised the same golden knife above his head, and, with two deft practised strokes of his sinewy arm, severed the jugular veins of the bulls. Their hot blood spouted gurgling on the tree-trunk, and the Druids chanted a mournful "amen" to this further good omen. The bulls fell, without breaking their bands, one sharp horn piercing the tree until the sap oozed. A short convulsive struggle, and they lay quite still. The Druids heaved a sigh of relief over the fortunate killing. After Dallan had placed certain parts upon the altar for burning, his followers rushed in for their portions of the sacrificial feast. Caradoc and his chieftains, knowing that the great fire would not be lit upon the corner-stone altar until the sun had quite reached his zenith—when the elaborate ceremony of dedication would take place—now set out on their journey to mark out boundaries for the walls of the town.

This engaged them for the space of several hours. Meanwhile the Druids had built a huge fire, and had eaten their hastily roasted beef "rather after the fashion of lions," though with the assistance of little bronze knives; gnawing the joints to the bone, and then tossing the denuded bones upon the glowing coals. The feast ended, they had stretched themselves around the barbecue fire to enjoy the sleepy pleasure of repletion, awaiting the hour of high noon. But their luxury was soon interrupted by the return of the scar-faced priest, bearing a crying child in his arms, and followed by the crouching figure of the mother. She seemed but a poor soiled creature, in her

rough ragged gown of hodden-gray, tied about the waist with thongs of straw—her matted hair covering her face like a veil, and half stifling her pitiful sobs. They gave no heed to her, but instantly every man sat erect with attention to this highest rite of all the Druid ritual. Only on extraordinary occasions did the Druids practise human sacrifice, but Dallan had felt that the events of the morning demanded high mass to Taranis, and was the more willing to make it since Myfanwy's sunny-haired boy had caused scandal among the chaste Britons. Her husband had been slain by the Romans, and her honor thus left defenceless against the tongue of Coran the scar-faced. Why should not the child be built as a stone of offence into the altar of the corner-stone, acceptable to the gods on two counts? So the archpriest arose with great dignity, and directed that preparations should begin, after observing that the king and his warriors had quite disappeared in the distance.

The two-year-old boy had been quieted by a big pone of saffron cake which Myfanwy drew from her bosom and thrust into his small chubby hands. This poor creature seemed utterly cowed as she squatted on her haunches near the altar and watched the awful procedure through her tresses of rough tangled hair. Coran had placed the little child within, by the removal of three or four stones, and now Dallan stood directing the mason who was busily mixing his mortar. When it was finally ready, the workman scooped a quantity of the slimy mass into his hands, and smeared it skilfully between the chinks with his bony forefinger. The small Dunwallo sat quietly within, munching his saffron cake in the growing darkness.

Suddenly Myfanwy thrust herself forward on her knees, and, peering hungrily through a crevice in the altar, exclaimed in tones that were vibrant with the pain of wounded love, and that framed themselves into the blind unconscious poetry of Celtic passion:

"I see his face, there gleaming like a rose!"

The mason's hands were busy at their task of shutting out the light from the oven; the smack of mortar against the stones made deeper darkness about the innocent child.

"I see his eyes, gleaming like twin stars!" exclaimed the passionate mother.

A rough hand seized her by the shoulder, but she wrenched herself free and pressed her wet face against another part of the unfinished oven, while the mason's hand closed up the crevice that had just served as a little window of love.

"I see his hair, gleaming like the dawn!" screamed Myfanwy; and then, as they tore her away and closed the last poor channel of vision, she thrust her knotted hands high above her head, and, falling backward prone upon the ground, shrieked in heart-rending agony:

"I see nothing, nothing, nothing! O my child!" *

Coran spurned the prostrate woman with his foot, and harshly bade her be silent. Like a fury she seized him by the ankles, and began gnawing at his bones like a snarling maddened dog. When they tore her loose the shins of the priest were bleeding, and while they held her there half reclining on the ground, she fixed her crazed glassy eyes upon him and poured forth a torrent of words:

"Thou dog of a Druid!" she screamed; "would thou wert with the dead fetid marsh-hag that bore thee! May scurvy rot thy bones and the darkest demons seize thy scowling soul! Thou it was that didst enter my hut with thy leer and thy lolling tongue! Hand of my husband it was that did brand thee across thy foul face when he came in at eve from the hunt to find a wild beast in his home! Him didst thou betray to the Romans; me hast thou robbed of mine honor, with the ulcerous sting of thy slander; and now thou hast taken my child!"

But her voice was stifled with the folds of her own coarse gown as they finally crushed her fierce convulsions with superior strength, and dragged her back to the village through the forest. Coran, pointing ruefully down at his ankles, suggested that she, too, be included in the sacrifice; but Dallan, who remained unruffled throughout the *mêlée*, waved away the suggestion with a stately gesture and the curt pronouncement that so high a dedication could not be profaned or cheapened by the blood of an unholy female.

The sacred oven having now been com-

*These four exclamations of Myfanwy, together with the name, are borrowed from the book of the Warwick Pageant, which occurred in the summer of 1906.

pleted, quantities of punk and dry wood from the hill-side were heaped about the bloody sacrifice on the altar, as well as on the ground at its base; and, as the sun drew almost directly overhead, while Caradoc with his escort of warriors could be seen coming in from their circuit, the three priests seized brands from the barbecue fire, and awaited the word of command. Old Dallan, his arms folded and his bushy gray brows gathered to a dignified frown, stood under the oak facing the altar, his Druids assembled around him ready to chant with their bards the solemn incantation to Taranis when the flames should leap up toward the sky. The men who had dragged poor Myfanwy back to her empty hut in the village came running, quite out of breath, in time to join themselves to the Druidical company—followed to the edge of the forest by a motley group of villagers, who stood peering timidly and in open-eyed wonder at the mystic ceremonial on the hill-top. Caradoc, with a half-suppressed yawn leaned on his spear among the war-men, facing the archpriest and the altar. Dallan cut his keen eye toward the sun, then lifted his hand as a signal for the chant to begin. It droned like the low drowsy murmur of bees as the Druids took up the weird strain:

O Taranis, oak-hearted Deity,
Taranis, blood-loving Lord,—

swelling to articulate sound as the priests rushed with their flaming firebrands and thrust them among the fagots on the altar. The dry twigs crackled as the fire caught them; the chant dropped again to a drone, before the wild hurricane of sound that should ascend with the uplifted flames. A tiny red coal sifted in through the lid of the oven and fell upon the baby's naked shoulder, just as the little drowsy eyes were yielding to the spell of the close darkness and the feast of the great yellow pone—and the shrill cry of a terrified child pierced the low monotone of the bards precisely as the flames roared heavenward and the chant soared into a scream.

But the quick ear of Caradoc had caught the shrill note of keen childish agony, cutting the air like a knife, and he thought of his tiny infant daughter in Siluria. At a flash his eye swept the freshly plastered oven of human sacrifice; he discerned that his well-known dislike of this horrid feature

of Druid ritual had almost been baffled—and on this day of all days!—by the crafty fanaticism of Dallan. Like a catapult he flung himself toward the altar, his splendid robe and towering cap slipping from him; and lay fiercely about him with his great Homeric spear, showering sparks and living coals in such fashion that the amazed Druids shrank back under the tree. In a moment he had toppled over the altar, with its burden of scorched bloody sacrifice; in a moment he had seized small Dunwallo and lifted him aloft in his arms. Turning then with blazing eyes toward old Dallan, he read that hook-nosed fanatic a lesson in royal rebuke such as made him flinch before the face of his Druids, while the war-men looked stolidly on.

“Thou bloody evil priest!” shouted Caradoc, his right hand burning with pain,—

“Keep thou to thy oaks and thy mistletoe, but know that human sacrifice shall never stain the stones of new Warwick, nor bloody the fame of my reign! On peril of thy life shalt thou venture ever to attempt the like again! I swear it by the great Pen-dragonship!”

Dallan had recovered his composure; and there was real majesty in the old fanatic’s bearing as he spoke for the outraged gods:

“And know thou also, O Caradoc, that the gods will be avenged this very day! I swear it by the sacred Egg-of-the-Serpents!”

The king was walking indifferently over toward his chieftains, all his splendid youthful grace and strength revealed with the loss of the trappings that had veiled him—the half-naked and quite dirty child snuggling its sunny head on his shoulder. As if in swift answer to the priestly imprecation, a horseman came crashing through the underbrush from the village and flung himself on one knee before the king:

“The Romans are upon us, my Master! They have crossed the street-ford* of the Avon and are within two leagues of this place! Adminius, thy brother, leads the way!”

PART TWO: TWENTY YEARS AFTER

A score of years have passed by, and we look upon the same scene again. The great oak is still standing, more majestic and

* Now Stratford.

stalwart than ever, though bare and forbidding of aspect in the gloom of a baleful December evening. Every trace of the ill-starred altar has disappeared, and the boundary stones so carefully placed by Caradoc and his warriors had never been visited again, for the coming of the treacherous Adminius with the Romans had brought on a seven years’ war, which had left no time for town building. Adminius was slain in the opening battle, while Caradoc fought the war through, only to be betrayed at its close by a treacherous step-mother, Cartismandua, who delivered him up to the Romans. That had been twelve years ago—just after the final sanguinary struggle at the great stronghold of Breidden Hill. The subsequent revolt of the amazonian British queen, Boadicea, which expelled the Romans from Lud’s town (or London), and slew them to the number of seventy thousand, was a merely temporary victory, succeeded by fiercer oppression. During the dozen dreary years that had intervened since Caradoc’s war, the people of Warwickshire had endured a dread peace that seemed to them far worse than warfare, trodden down as they were by their conquerors. They longed for Caradoc’s return from his enforced exile in Rome, but there were no priests to voice their petitions, as the fierce Druids had been exterminated by order of Claudius on account of their frenzied resistance to invasion. Suetonius with his powerful army had even stormed their sacred island of Mona—now known as Anglesey—burning the fanatical priests by the hundred in their own huge cages of wickerwork, built for colossal human sacrifice.

The forest had been partially cleared between the hill-top and the old British village, and now a strong Roman settlement marked the site of the Warwick of the future. The Romans, always keen judges of locality, had confirmed the judgment of Caradoc, and posterity continues to praise it. “Under this hill, hard by the river Avon,” as one quaint old writer has phrased it, is “the very seate itselfe of pleasantnesse. There have yee a shady little wood, cleere and cristall springs, mossy bottomes and caves, meadowes alwaies fresh and greene, the river rumbling here and there among the stones, with his stream making a milde noise and gentle whispering, and

besides all this, solitary and still quietness, things most grateful to the Muses." The muse of William Shakespeare was certainly partial to his native Warwickshire,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads.

The Romans of that period have been charged with decadent taste in many things, but Warwick must be remembered in their favor.

The old tree on the deserted hill-top had become a sort of Charter Oak to the Britons, recalling the days of their freedom, and bound up with the memory of their lost leader, whose unselfish defiance of Taranis had been talked of beside every hearthstone, though there were not wanting those who believed that all the ills of the last score of years had been extorted by the angered gods as ransom for Dunwallo's freedom. The less superstitious, however, pointed with some reason to the fact that Druidism had been quite extinguished as a proof that its gods wanted power. The people lacked a religion, and centred their scanty hopes upon the return of King Caradoc, to whom the more faithful looked forward to as one who should redeem Britain out of all her troubles.

Around the solitary "Oak of Caradoc," as it had now come to be called, Britons chafing under serfdom were accustomed to gather as opportunity offered, there to find that companionship which misery is said to delight in. On the December evening in question, about the time of the sinking of the sun, a group of men bearing great bags of corn on their shoulders came trudging over the hill toward the village—paused wearily underneath the oak as if by common agreement—dumped the bags down on its gnarled spreading roots, and then threw themselves upon the damp ground for an hour of sweet stolen leisure. Believing that an idle brain is a mischievous workshop, the taskmasters had contrived that their subjects should have small respite from toil; when nothing else remained to be done, the peasants were forced to bring uncounted tribute of corn from their strange subterranean granaries, for storage in the governmental warehouse. It was a doubly odious drudgery, because it combined with sweaty and painful labor the surrender of hard-earned harvests. It is

not to be wondered at, therefore, that a white-haired but still vigorous laborer, with a livid scar seaming his face, kicked viciously at his burden as it fell on the ground at his feet, and exclaimed, when he had thrown himself upon it and leaned his thin aching back against the tree:

"May this corn rot the bones of the Romans! 'Tis the heaviest load ever I bore!"

"Peace, Coran," replied a youthful companion, of strikingly thoughtful demeanor; "curses come home to roost, and our curse is heavy already."

Old Coran sat upright as though he had springs in his backbone. His pale eyes flashed fire, and the scar on his face seemed to deepen. The fanatical devil that lived in his heart shook his voice to a very cataract of utterance:—

"Ay, well hast thou said, young Dunwallo, that curses come back home to roost! And well hast thou said that our curse is too heavy to bear! To come from thy lips of all men! Came not our curse out of thee?"

This question he screamed with such shrillness that Dunwallo looked alarmedly about; and then, smiling sadly, replied:

"Softly, softly, testy Coran, or the Romans will give us merry Yuletide with a vengeance—if they snare us thus loitering at our toil."

"Yuletide, indeed!" answered Coran, the four other men listening intently to what promised to become a lively broil. "What knowest thou of the Yuletide?"

"Oh, Coran," soothed the gentle Dunwallo, "thou art not the only one to meet and converse with the Norsemen who came up the river from Lud's town. I know of their worship of the Yule."

"Ay, the Yule!" whispered the bitter old priest of former days, with strident intensity of passion, leaning forward with skinny elbows on his knees, his pale eyes glowing like coals,

—"Knowest thou not 'tis the hour of the power of the Yule Wheel?—that the angered Wheel God of heaven is turning him now in his courses?—and, if he be not appeased in his wrath, he will burn us to hell with his curses? This week the Sun wheels in his circuit; woe be to us if we spit toward the Yule!"

The superstitious British peasants sat now with their chins in their palms, weary

and worn with sore toil, despondent from oppression and exposure in this strangest of all British winters, but listening with eager intentness to the spokesman of long forgotten gods.

"Who would spit toward the Yule, Father Coran?" asked Dunwallo, seriously enough, for he had brooded long and deeply on his possible share in the curse, and was accustomed to furtive reproaches, though never before had any dared openly frame the indictment that had haunted his melancholy mind. Since that dreadful Doomsday, as the Britons were accustomed to call it, when Caradoc had overthrown the altar, and Myfanwy had died of her epileptic fit in the poor empty hut of wattled reeds, and the Romans had overrun the country, he had been treated as a being apart, belonging as it were to the gods, and therefore immune from harm and entitled to bounty as their foundling, yet shunned by many with dread. These facts had wrought their effect on a naturally sensitive temperament, and now his heart was like lead as he waited for Coran to answer.

The old man held back his reply, peering keenly into the youth's fearless eyes, his face twitching with unearthly excitement, his scar throbbing like a thing alive. When the answer was finally moulded, it fell slowly from his thin writhing lips, each word with a sting as of a wasp, impelled by that malignant ferocity which religious bigotry draws to its prime.

"Accursed of the gods!" he hissed.

"Spawn of leprous sire and lying dam! Robber of the altar, cheater of the sacrifice, it is thou that spittest at the Yule! Seest thou not that thy living is a daily insult to deity? Knowest thou not that thy life's blood is forfeit to the hunger of Taranis? Well do I remember that damnable May-day noontide when old Dallan called vengeance from the skies. The smell of fire still clung to thy swaddling bands when the courier fell from his frothy horse and proclaimed, like a herald of hell, the coming of Jupiter's scourge. The beak of the eagles of Rome hath rended the hearts of our people because all the gods in high heaven wreak revenge for the cheating of Taranis. Thy hag mother died in her frenzy, and left me these anklets as keepsake, as thy father hath marked me this scar. Thy puny life was forfeit, I tell thee; the mad king raped

it from the oak god's very jaws! In exchange for thy puling infant's drachm of blood, the blood of our oak-hearted manhood has deluged Britain with red floods of fury, even from that day to this. War, war, war! Toil and pain, toil and pain, toil and trouble! Bloody curses, stinking woes, and filthy serfdom—that hast thou brought to our bosoms! Thou art the hell-born incubus of Britain, and the father of fiendish woes! Even the clouds and the seasons retch at thee! Why this reeking moisture of midwinter? Why these steamy months of lukewarm fog? Why this baleful threat of deadly plague? Why do the worms rot the trees, and the weevils plague the corn, and the mole-rats pollute the brook-bed, except for thee? Wherefore should the snow stick in the sky, save for shuddering fear of thee? 'Land of the wintry pole,' indeed! Why should the oily rivers creep unpurified of ice in their slimy serpentine beds except that the cold gods of purity disdain thee? They are all in league with Taranis; never has such a winter's season come to Britain, never hath land groaned under heavier woe. Thou clingest to thy whelp's life as a leech—yea, leech thou art to Britain's sucked-up heart—devourer of thy land and thy people! Here under this oak tree came the awful curse on us from thee; when thou payest here under this tree thy debt to the cheated Taranis, then, and not till then, will Britain be freed of her curses! I swear it by the Egg-of-the-Serpents, which I tore from the dead hand of Dallan!"—and, wrenching the sacrosanct charm from its hiding place in his girdle, he thrust it with violence against Dunwallo's wildly beating heart.

The aged man leaned back exhausted, his breast heaving with its torrent of delirium. The fetid breath of that dense winter in England turned more than one man toward madness. The half-mad and wholly fanatical Coran had not escaped the sword of Suetonius for naught. With such seed corn of fierce Druidism existent, that intense barbaric faith might again find full field in Britain. His hearers were visibly affected. The four peasants muttered anxiously together, stealing deadly looks toward Dunwallo. The full watery moon that had supplanted the failing twilight showed the youth's face as pallid as a ghost's, his great eyes staring into vacancy. Presently he

spoke. It was the fruit of much melancholy brooding, fertilized by the sick ghastliness of the season, and ripened suddenly by the blaze of Coran's wrath. In Dunwallo spoke the voice of a martyr, unremembered now, yet worthy of a place beside those who died in the highway at Oxford. His voice was low but steady; his face had the grandeur of a god.

"Coran, it comes to me that thou art right. And I am ready to pay the forfeit for my people."

The old man leaped to his feet with the agility of a panther; the four peasants lumbered clumsily to theirs. Only Dunwallo remained seated among the scattered bags of corn.

"Say it again!" screamed the unfrocked priest—"say what mine ears have seemed to tell me!"

"I say it," answered Dunwallo. "Here and now will I pay forfeit for my people."

One of the men said:

"Dunwallo, well spoken. It is due that thou shouldest die and save thy people. Thy life is truly forfeit to the gods." And in this they all seemed to concur.

They found a scrawny spray of mistletoe, and bruised its juices on his face and hands. Coran sealed him with the deadly Anguineum. They bound him with their leather girdles to the oak tree, as an ox. They discussed the place where they might sink his corpse in the Avon and escape the detection of the Romans, being afraid to venture a fire. Coran was feverish with excitement, while Dunwallo, his eyes closed, remained to all appearance divinely calm throughout the whole procedure. The five men finally stood out before him in the moonlight—Coran in the centre, harshly chanting the blood-curdling death-song, knife in hand. But listen!

A voice of singular sweetness and persuasion interrupted the unholy dirge:

"My children!"

Coran whirled about with the swiftness of lightning, recognized as by intuition the wan figure of the white-haired Caradoc standing there alone in the moonlight, and raised his murderous knife frenziedly upon the exiled king. But the weapon fell harmless from his hand as he huddled in a dead faint upon the sodden ground. The four men fell back amazed. Caradoc stooped, with infinite tenderness, and min-

istered to the unconscious Druid. When the sick man had revived, he bade one of the peasants support him, then hastened to unbind Dunwallo. When each knew who the other was, they embraced and wept. Then Caradoc stooped once more over the prostrate form of the Druid, whose strength seemed utterly spent, and, laying the gaunt head with its horrible livid scar upon his knee with all of the careful gentleness of a woman, he then bade the others, filled with silent awe-struck wonderment as they were, to be seated about him on the ground.

The watery pall had passed away from the face of the moon, and she shone clear and wholesome upon them—the ragged king and his huddling disconsolate children. And then he told them his story.

"I have come back to you at the Yuletide," said Caradoc, "at the cost of my kingly crown. My freedom I purchased, my children, to lead you to serve the Prince of Peace."

"The Prince of Peace! What a name!" muttered the fierce old priest of Taranis, looking wide-eyed into Caradoc's face.

"Yes, my children," continued this great Nursing-Father, while his hand caressed the face with its scar; "He purchased the peace of His people by the forfeit of His life upon the tree."

Dunwallo stirred uneasily; the peasants leaned forward on their elbows; Coran would have struggled to his feet, but the gentle hand of Caradoc restrained him.

"Why!" exclaimed the old Druid, "we were about to claim the forfeit of Dunwallo!"—and when Caradoc had heard the whole story of the young man's voluntary sacrifice, he looked with deep love on Dunwallo, and then told the story of the Cross. He told them also how his wife and daughter had died in their far Roman exile, happy in the peaceful faith they had heard proclaimed by a notable Jew named Paul. He told them how his own heart had been comforted in the thought of working for the peace of his people. Then, coming back to the present, he continued:

"I had thought it was only the fondness of memory that lured me by way of the oak. I longed to stand under this tree, where I parted with the glory of the past. So I left my men with the coracle, down by the margin of the river, desiring to come on alone. But now I know I was sent here.



Drawn by Walter Craig.

He told them the story of the manger.—Page 651.

I was sent to the Oak as your daysman, to set you at one with Emmanuel, and to turn your awful Yuletide into Christmas."

"Christmas—what is Christmas?" asked Dunwallo.

"Christmas is redeemed childhood," answered the white-haired Caradoc. "It was the unknown touch of Christmas in my heart that set you free from Taranis a score of years ago"—and he told them the story of the manger.

"Christmas is redeemed motherhood," the wise old evangelist went on, thinking of the pitiful Myfanwy; and he pictured to their minds the Virgin Mother.

"Christmas is a redeemed world," the king continued; "and chiefly it is the redemption of our joy. It turns our ugliness to beauty, our slavery into sonship, and all our outward sorrow to an innermost delight. It takes the whole wide world and makes it new again, with a gift like the ministry of snow. There was that in your old religion, faithful Coran, which it will possess and transform. A Father takes the place of Taranis, and Christ shall become your Druid. There is never a truth or beauty in the world but Christmas will welcome them and mould them to itself with fragrant freshness. So the coming centuries will cherish the sacrament of sacrifice,

though Christmas altars shall never feel the stain of blood. Even your Oak"—and he waved his hand lovingly upward—"will surrender his sacred All-Heal, and the Yule log will burn in the chimney, and the greenery of forest gods will wave—not as signs of dark and helpless fear, but to bid the cheerful world a merry Christmas."

And he told them how the trembling shepherds heard the first Christmas words, "Fear not!"

Coran was sobbing like a child whose breast has been eased by the mother. The four burly Britons let the salt tears roll down their swarthy faces, unabashed. A light shone in the eyes of Dunwallo.

"Listen!" whispered Caradoc:

"Hear ye not the sounds of heavenly music?"

But it was only the wind in the woven harp of the boughs of the ancient oak tree, with a soft shy promise of snow. Six men shouldered heavy burdens, Caradoc taking that of Coran. The seven stole together down the hill-side to their huts, through the first falling flakes of Christmas weather. In the morning all the world was wintry white, and the dread of threatened plagues had passed away. The White Christ had come with Caradoc to Britain—Who covers the sins of the world.

TO H. C. BUNNER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

You know the way to Arcady
Where I was born;
You have been there, and fain
Would there return.
Some that go thither bring with them
Red rose or jewelled diadem
As secrets of the secret king:
I, only what a child would bring.
Yet I do think my song is true;

For this is how the children do:
This is the tune to which they go
In sunny pastures high and low;
The treble pipes not otherwise
Sing daily under sunny skies
In Arcady the dear;
And you who have been there before,
And love that country evermore,
May not disdain to hear.

*** This poem, written about 1887, is now first published, by the permission of Mr. Bunner's family with the approval of Mrs. Stevenson.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

By Theodore Roosevelt

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

III.—ON SAFARI. RHINOS AND GIRAFFES.



WHEN we killed the last lions we were already on safari, and the camp was pitched by a water hole on the Potha, a half-dried stream, little more than a string of pools and reed beds, winding down through the sun-scorched plain. Next morning we started for another water hole at the rocky hill of Bondoni, about eight miles distant.

Safari life is very pleasant, and also very picturesque. The porters are strong, patient, good-humored savages, with something childlike about them that makes one really fond of them. Of course, like all savages and most children, they have their limitations, and in dealing with them firmness is even more necessary than kindness; but the man is a poor creature who does not treat them with kindness also, and I am rather sorry for him if he does not grow to feel for them, and to make them in return feel for him a real and friendly liking. They are subject to gusts of passion, and they are now and then guilty of grave misdeeds and shortcomings; sometimes for no conceivable reason, at least from the white man's stand-point. But they are generally cheerful, and when cheerful are always amusing; and they work hard if the white man is able to combine tact and consideration with that insistence on the performance of duty the lack of which they despise as weakness. Any little change or excitement is a source of pleasure to them. When the march is over they sing; and after two or three days in camp they will not only sing,

but dance when another march is to begin. Of course at times they suffer greatly from thirst and hunger and fatigue, and at times they will suddenly grow sulien or rebel without what seems to us any adequate cause; and they have an inconsequent type of mind which now and then leads them to commit follies all the more exasperating because they are against their own interest no less than against the interest of their employer. But they do well on the whole, and safari life is attractive to them. They are fed well; the government requires that they be fitted with suitable clothes and given small tents, so that they are better clad and sheltered than they would be otherwise; and their wages represent money which they could get in no other way. The safari represents a great advantage to the porter; who in his turn alone makes the safari possible.

When we were to march, camp was broken as early in the day as possible. Each man had his allotted task, and the tents, bedding, provisions, and all else were expeditiously made into suitable packages. Each porter is supposed to carry from fifty-five to sixty pounds, which may all be in one bundle or in two or three. The American flag, which flew over my tent, was a matter of much pride to the porters, and was always carried at the head or near the head of the line of march; and after it in single file came the long line of burden bearers. As they started, some of them would blow on horns or whistles and others beat little tomtoms; and at intervals this would be renewed again and again throughout the march; or the men might suddenly begin to chant, or merely to keep repeating in unison some one word or one phrase which, when we asked to have it translated,

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The American flag was always at the head or near the head of the line of march.

The caravan on Safari at Potha.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

might or might not prove to be entirely meaningless. The headmen carried no burdens, and the tent boys hardly anything, while the saises walked with the spare horses. In addition to the canonical and required costume of blouse or jersey and drawers, each porter wore a blanket, and usually something else to which his soul inclined. It might be an exceedingly shabby coat; it might be, of all things in the world, an umbrella, an article for which they had a special attachment. Often I would see a porter, who thought nothing whatever of walking for hours at midday under the equatorial sun with his head bare, trudging along with solemn pride either under an open umbrella, or carrying the umbrella (tied much like Mrs. Gamp's) in one hand, as a wand of dignity. Then their head-gear varied according to the fancy of the individual. Normally it was a red fez, a kind of cap only used in hot climates, and exquisitely designed to be useless therein because it gives absolutely no protection from the sun. But one would wear a skin cap;

another would suddenly put one or more long feathers in his fez; and another, discarding the fez, would revert to some purely savage head-dress which he would wear with equal gravity whether it were, in our eyes, really decorative or merely comic. One such head-dress, for instance, consisted of the skin of the top of a zebra's head, with the two ears. Another was made of the skins of squirrels, with the tails both sticking up and hanging down. Another consisted of a bunch of feathers woven into the hair, which itself was pulled out into strings that were stiffened with clay. Another was really too intricate for description because it included the man's natural hair, some strips of skin, and an empty tin can.

If it were a long journey and we broke it by a noonday halt, or if it were a short journey and we reached camp ahead of the safari, it was interesting to see the long file of men approach. Here and there, leading the porters, scattered through the line, or walking alongside, were the askaris, the rifle-bearing soldiers. They were not

marksmen, to put it mildly, and I should not have regarded them as particularly efficient allies in a serious fight; but they were excellent for police duty in camp, and were also of use in preventing collisions with the natives. After the leading askaris might come one of the headmen; one of whom, by the way, looked exactly like a

beaten, and perhaps the whole line would burst into a chant.

On reaching the camping ground each man at once set about his allotted task, and the tents were quickly pitched and the camp put in order, while water and firewood were fetched. The tents were pitched in long lines, in the first of which stood my tent,



The caravan on Safari at Potha.

In single file came the long line of burden bearers.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Semitic negro, and always travelled with a large dirty-white umbrella in one hand; while another, a tall, powerful fellow, was a mission boy who spoke good English; I mention his being a mission boy because it is so frequently asserted that mission boys never turn out well. Then would come the man with the flag, followed by another blowing on an antelope horn, or perhaps beating an empty can as a drum; and then the long line of men, some carrying their loads on their heads, others on their shoulders, others, in a very few cases, on their backs. As they approached the halting place their spirits rose, the whistles and horns were blown, and the improvised drums

flanked by those of the other white men and by the dining tent. In the next line were the cook tent, the provision tent, the store tent, the skinning tent, and the like; and then came the lines of small white tents for the porters. Between each row of tents was a broad street. In front of our own tents in the first line an askari was always pacing to and fro; and when night fell we would kindle a camp fire and sit around it under the stars. Before each of the porters' tents was a little fire, and beside it stood the pots and pans in which the porters did their cooking. Here and there were larger fires, around which the gun-bearers or a group of askaris or of saises might gather. After



Stopping for luncheon at Bondoni rocks.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

nightfall the multitude of fires lit up the darkness and showed the tents in shadowy outline; and around them squatted the porters, their faces flickering from dusk to ruddy light, as they chatted together or suddenly started some snatch of wild African melody in which all their neighbors might join. After a while the talk and laughter and singing would gradually die away, and

lit fires was a welcome sight as we stumbled toward them through the darkness. Once in, each went to his tent to take a hot bath; and then, clean and refreshed, we sat down to a comfortable dinner, with game of some sort as the principal dish.

On the first march after leaving our lion camp at Potha I shot a wart-hog. It was a good-sized sow, which, in company with



Making camp at Bondoni.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

as we white men sat around our fire, the silence would be unbroken except by the queer cry of a hyena, or much more rarely by a sound that always demanded attention—the yawning grunt of a questing lion.

If we wished to make an early start we would breakfast by dawn, and then we would usually return to camp for lunch. Otherwise we might be absent all day, carrying our lunch with us. We might get in before sunset or we might be out till long after nightfall; and then the gleam of the

several of her half-grown offspring, was grazing near our line of march; there were some thorn-trees which gave a little cover, and I killed her at a hundred and eighty yards, using the Springfield, the lightest and handiest of all my rifles. Her flesh was good to eat, and the skin, as with all our specimens, was saved for the National Museum. I did not again have to shoot a sow, although I killed half-grown pigs for the table, and boars for specimens. This sow and her porkers were not rooting, but



The old bull giraffe and Heller's Wkamba skinners.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



A young bull giraffe, shot by Mr. Roosevelt at Kilimakiu.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

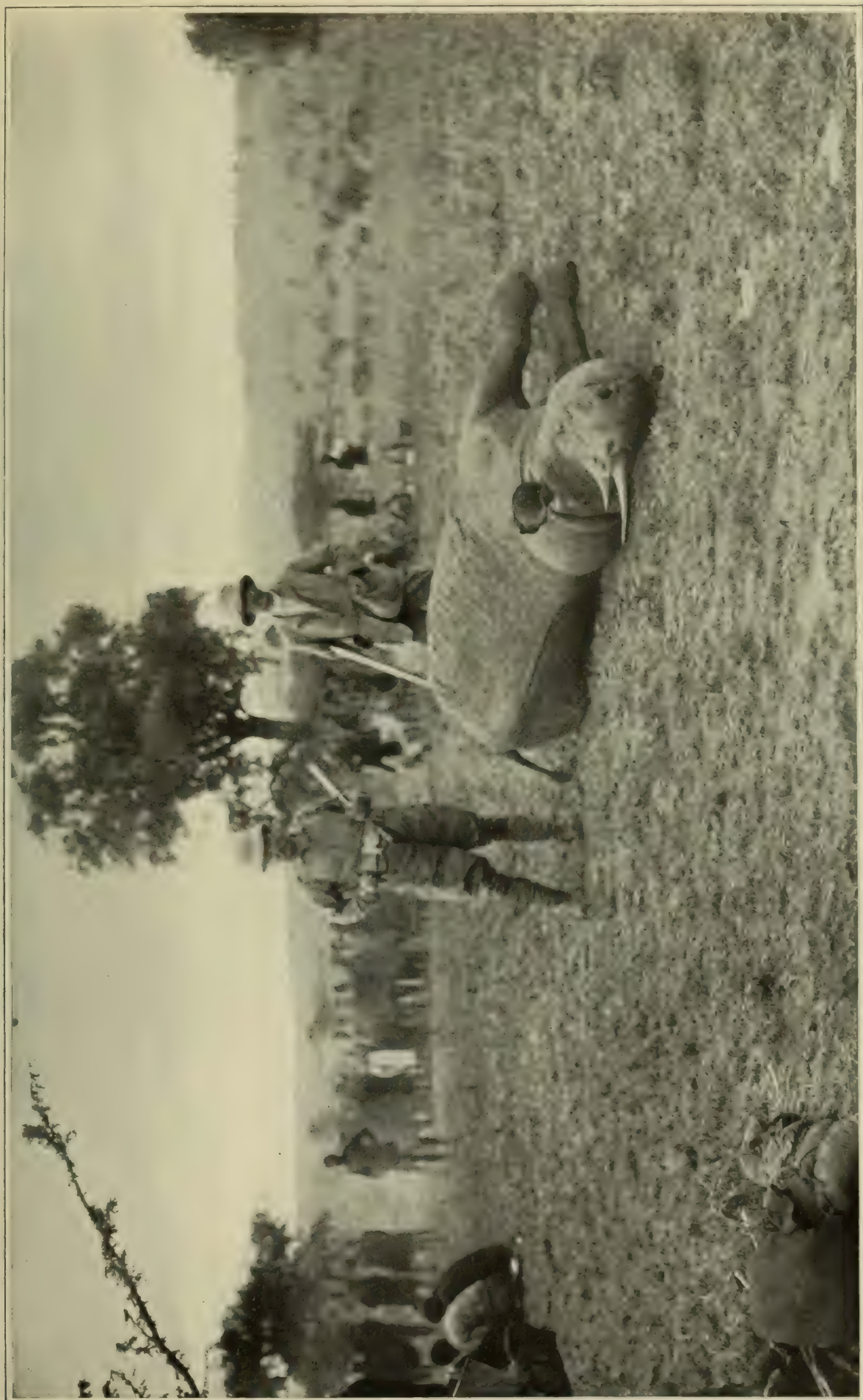
were grazing as if they had been antelope; her stomach contained nothing but chopped green grass. Wart-hogs are common throughout the country over which we hunted. They are hideous beasts, with strange protuberances on their cheeks; and when alarmed they trot or gallop away, holding the tail perfectly erect with the tassel bent forward. Usually they are seen in family parties, but a big boar will often be alone. If the weather is cloudy or wet they may be out all day long, but in hot, dry weather we generally found them abroad in the morning and evening. A pig is always a comical animal; even more so than is the case with a bear, which also impresses one with a sense of grotesque humor—and this notwithstanding the fact that both boar and bear may be very formidable creatures. A wart-hog standing alertly at gaze, head and tail up, legs straddled out, and ears cocked forward, is rather a figure of fun; and not the less so when with characteristic suddenness he bounces round with a grunt and scuttles madly off to safety. Wart-hogs are beasts of the bare plain or open forest, and though they will often lie up in patches of brush they do not care for thick timber.

After shooting the wart-hog we marched on to our camp at Bondoni. The gun-bearers were Mohammedans and the dead pig was of no service to them; and at their request I walked out while camp was being pitched and shot them a buck; this I had to do now and then, but I always shot males, so as not to damage the species.

Next day we marched to the foot of Kilimakiu Mountain, near Captain Slatter's ostrich farm. Our route lay across bare plains thickly covered with withered short grass. All around us as we marched were the game herds, zebras and hartebeests, gazelles of the two kinds, and now and then wildebeests. Hither and thither over the plain, crossing and recrossing, ran the dusty game trails, each with its myriad hoof-marks; the round hoof-prints of the zebra, the heart-shaped marks that showed where the hartebeest herd had trod, and the delicate etching that betrayed where the smaller antelope had passed. Occasionally we crossed the trails of the natives, worn deep in the hard soil by the countless thousands of bare or sandalled feet that had trodden them. Africa is a country of trails.

Across the high veldt, in every direction, run the tangled trails of the multitudes of game that have lived thereon from time immemorial. The great beasts of the marsh and the forest make thereon broad and muddy trails which often offer the only pathway by which a man can enter the sombre depths. In wet ground and dry alike are also found the trails of savage man. They lead from village to village, and in places they stretch for hundreds of miles, where trading parties have worn them in the search for ivory, or in the old days when raiding or purchasing slaves. The trails made by the men are made much as the beasts make theirs. They are generally longer and better defined, although I have seen hippo tracks more deeply marked than any made by savage man. But they are made simply by men following in one another's footsteps, and they are never quite straight. They bend now a little to one side, now a little to the other, and sudden loops mark the spot where some vanished obstacle once stood; around it the first trail makers went, and their successors have ever trodden in their footsteps, even though the need for so doing has long passed away.

Our camp at Kilimakiu was by a grove of shady trees, and from it at sunset we looked across the vast plain and saw the far-off mountains grow umber and purple as the light waned. Back of the camp, and of the farm-house near which we were, rose Kilimakiu Mountain, beautifully studded with groves of trees of many kinds. On its farther side lived a tribe of the Wkamba. Their chief with all the leading men of his village came in state to call upon me, and presented me with a fat hairy sheep, of the ordinary kind found in this part of Africa, where the sheep very wisely do not grow wool. The headman was dressed in khaki, and showed me with pride an official document which confirmed him in his position by direction of the government, and required him to perform various acts, chiefly in the way of preventing his tribes people from committing robbery or murder, and of helping to stamp out cattle disease. Like all the Wkamba they had flocks of goats and sheep, and herds of humped cattle; but they were much in need of meat and hailed my advent. They were wild savages with filed teeth, many of them stark naked, though some of them carried a blanket.



Mr. Roosevelt, Captain Slatter, and rhino shot by Mr. Roosevelt at Kilimakin.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

Their heads were curiously shaved so that the hair tufts stood out in odd patterns, and they carried small bows, and arrows with poisoned heads.

The following morning I rode out with Captain Slatter. We kept among the hills. The long drought was still unbroken. The little pools were dry and their bottoms baked like iron, and there was not a drop in the water-courses. Part of the land was open and part covered with a thin forest or bush of scattered mimosa trees. In the open country were many zebras and hartebeests, and the latter were found even in the thin bush. In the morning we found a small herd of eland at which, after some stalking, I got a long shot and missed. The eland is the largest of all the horned creatures that are called antelope, being quite as heavy as a fattened ox. The herd I approached consisted of a dozen individuals, two of them huge bulls, their coats having turned a slatey blue, their great dewlaps hanging down, and the legs looking almost

too small for the massive bodies. The reddish colored cows were of far lighter build. Eland are beautiful creatures and ought to be domesticated. As I crept toward them I was struck by their likeness to great clean handsome cattle. They were grazing or resting, switching their long tails at the flies that hung in attendance upon them and lit on their flanks, just as if they were Jerseys in a field at home. My bullet fell short, their size causing me to underestimate the distance, and away they went at a run, one or two of the cows in the first hurry and confusion skipping clean over the backs of

others that got in their way—a most unexpected example of agility in such large and ponderous animals. After a few hundred yards they settled down to the slashing trot which is their natural gait, and disappeared over the brow of a hill.

The morning was a blank, but early in the afternoon we saw the eland herd again. They were around a tree in an open space,

and we could not get near them. But instead of going straight away they struck off to the right and described almost a semicircle, and though they were over four hundred yards distant, they were such big creatures and their gait was so steady that I felt warranted in shooting. On the dry plain I could mark where my bullets fell, and though I could not get a good chance at the bull I finally downed a fine cow; and by pacing I found it to be a little over a quarter of a mile from where I stood when shooting.

It was about nine miles from camp, and I dared not leave the eland alone, so I stationed

one of the gun-bearers by the great carcass and sent a messenger in to Heller, on whom we depended for preserving the skins of the big game. Hardly had this been done when a Wkam-ba man came running up to tell us that there was a rhinoceros on the hill-side three-quarters of a mile away, and that he had left a companion to watch it while he carried us the news. Slatter and I immediately rode in the direction given following our wild-looking guide, the other gun-bearer trotting after us. In five minutes we had reached the opposite hill-crest, where the watcher stood, and he at once pointed out the rhino.



Masai Elmoran, Machakos road station.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



The rhino head.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

The huge beast was standing in entirely open country, although there were a few scattered trees of no great size at some little distance from him. We left our horses in a dip of the ground and began the approach; I cannot say that we stalked him, for the approach was too easy. The wind blew from him to us, and a rhino's eyesight is dull. Thirty yards from where he stood was a bush four or five feet high, and though it was so thin that we could distinctly see him through the leaves, it shielded us from the vision of his small piglike eyes as we advanced toward it, stooping and in single file, I leading. The big beast stood like an uncouth statue, his hide black in the sunlight; he seemed what he was, a monster surviving over from the world's past, from the days when the beasts of the prime ran riot in their strength, before man grew so cunning of brain and hand as to master them. So little did he dream of our presence that when we were a hundred yards off he actually lay down.

Walking lightly, and with every sense keyed up, we at last reached the bush, and I pushed forward the safety of the double-barrelled Holland rifle which I was now to use for the first time on big game. As I stepped to one side of the bush so as to get a clear aim, with Slatter following, the rhino

saw me and jumped to his feet with the agility of a polo pony. As he rose I put in the right barrel, the bullet going through both lungs. At the same moment he wheeled, the blood spouting from his nostrils, and galloped full on us. Before he could get quite all the way round in his headlong rush to reach us, I struck him with my left-hand barrel, the bullet entering between the neck and shoulder and piercing his heart. At the same instant Captain Slatter fired, his bullet entering the neck vertebrae. Ploughing up the ground with horn and feet, the great bull rhino, still head toward us, dropped just thirteen paces from where we stood.

This was a wicked charge, for the rhino meant mischief and came on with the utmost determination. It is not safe to generalize from a few instances. Judging from what I have heard, I am inclined to believe that both lion and buffalo are more dangerous game than rhino, yet the first two rhinos I met both charged, whereas we killed our first four lions and first four buffaloes without any of them charging, though two of each were stopped just as they were on the point of charging. Moreover, our experience with this bull rhino illustrates what I have already said as to one animal being more dangerous under certain conditions,



Wkamba at Kilimakiu.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and another more dangerous under different conditions. If it had been a lion instead of a rhino, my first bullet would, I believe, have knocked all the charge out of it; but the vitality of the huge pachyderm was so great, its mere bulk counted for so much, that even such a hard-hitting rifle as my double Holland—than which I do not believe there exists a better weapon for heavy game—could not stop it outright, although either of the wounds inflicted would have been fatal in a few seconds.

Leaving a couple of men with the dead rhino, to protect it from the Wkamba by day and the lions by night, we rode straight to camp, which we reached at sunset. It was necessary to get to work on the two dead beasts as soon as possible in order to be sure of preserving their skins. Heller was the man to be counted on for this task. He it was who handled all the skin, who, in other words, was making the expedition of permanent value so far as big game was concerned; and no work at any hour of the day or night ever came amiss to him. He had already trained eight Wkamba porters to act as skinners under his supervision. On hearing of our success, he at once said that we ought to march out to the game that night so as to get to work by daylight. Moreover, we were not comfortable at leaving only two men with each carcass, for lions were both bold and plentiful.

The moon rose at eight and we started as soon as she was above the horizon. We did not take the horses, because there was no water where we were going, and furthermore we did not like to expose them to a possible attack by lions. The march out by moonlight was good fun, for though I had been out all day, I had been riding, not walking, and so was not tired. A hundred porters went with us so as to enable us to do the work quickly and bring back to camp the skins and all the meat needed, and these porters carried water, food for breakfast, and what little was necessary for a one-night camp. We tramped along in single file under the moonlight, up and down the hills, and through the scattered thorn forest. Kermit and Medlicott went first, and struck such a pace that after an hour we had to halt them so as to let the tail end of the file of porters catch up. Then Captain Slatter and I set a more decorous pace, keeping the porters closed up in line behind us. In another hour we began to go down a long slope toward a pin-point of light in the distance which we knew was the fire by the rhinoceros. The porters, like the big children they were, felt in high feather, and began to chant to an accompaniment of whistling and horn-blowing as we tramped through the dry grass which was flooded with silver by the moon, now high in the heavens.

As soon as we reached the rhino, Heller with his Wkamba skinners pushed forward the three-quarters of a mile to the eland, returning after midnight with the skin and all the best parts of the meat.

Around the dead rhino the scene was lit up both by the moon and by the flicker of the fires. The porters made their camp

the two camps lay the huge dead beast, his hide glistening in the moonlight. In each camp the men squatted around the fires chatting and laughing as they roasted strips of meat on long sticks, the fitful blaze playing over them, now leaving them in darkness, now bringing them out into a red relief. Our own tent was pitched under an-



A tribe of the Wkamba with their chief (in khaki with a golf cap) that came to present Mr. Roosevelt with a sheep near Kilimakiu.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

under a small tree a dozen rods to one side of the carcass, building a low circular fence of branches on which they hung their bright-colored blankets, two or three big fires blazing to keep off possible lions. Half as far on the other side of the rhino a party of naked savages had established their camp, if camp it could be called, for really all they did was to squat down round a couple of fires with a few small bushes disposed round about. The rhino had been opened, and they had already taken out of the carcass what they regarded as titbits and what we certainly did not grudge them. Between

other tree a hundred yards off, and when I went to sleep, I could still hear the drumming and chanting of our feasting porters; the savages were less at ease, and their revel was quiet.

Early next morning I went back to camp, and soon after reaching there again started out for a hunt. In the afternoon I came on giraffes and got up near enough to shoot at them. But they are such enormous beasts that I thought them far nearer than they were. My bullet fell short, and they disappeared among the mimosas, at their strange leisurely looking gallop. Of all

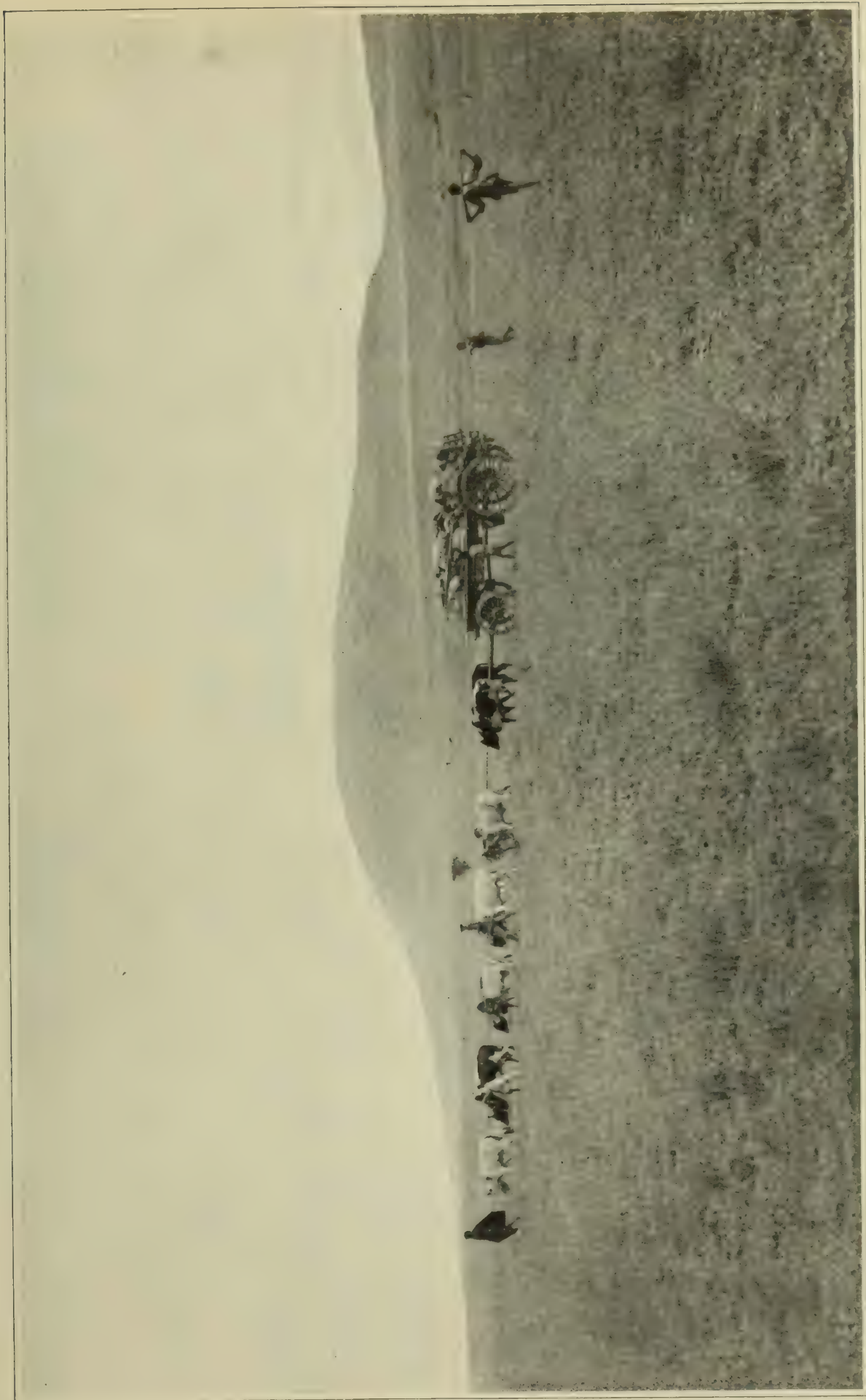
the beasts in an African landscape none is more striking than the giraffe. Usually it is found in small parties or in herds of fifteen or twenty or more individuals. Although it will drink regularly if occasion offers, it is able to get along without water for months at a time, and frequents by choice the dry plains or else the stretches of open forest where the trees are scattered and ordinarily somewhat stunted. Like the rhinoceros—the ordinary or prehensile-lipped rhinoceros—the giraffe is a browsing and not a grazing animal. The leaves, buds, and twigs of the mimosas or thorn-trees form its customary food. Its extraordinary height enables it to bring into play to the best possible advantage its noteworthy powers of vision, and no animal is harder to approach unseen. Again and again I have made it out a mile off or rather have seen it a mile off when it was pointed out to me, and looking at it through my glasses, would see that it was gazing steadily at us. It is a striking-looking animal and handsome in its way, but its length of leg and neck and sloping back make it appear awkward even at rest. When alarmed it may go off at a long swinging pace or walk, but if really frightened it strikes into a peculiar gallop or canter. The tail is cocked and twisted, and the huge hind legs are thrown forward well to the outside of the forelegs. The movements seem deliberate and the giraffe does not appear to be going at a fast pace, but if it has any start a horse must gallop hard to overtake it. When it starts on this gait, the neck may be dropped forward at a sharp angle with the straight line of the deep chest, and the big head is thrust in advance. They are defenceless things and, though they may kick at a man who incautiously comes within reach, they are in no way dangerous.

The following day I again rode out with Captain Slatter. During the morning we saw nothing except the ordinary game, and we lunched on a hill-top, ten miles distant from camp, under a thick foliage-spreading tree. Throughout the time we were taking lunch a herd of zebras watched us from near by, standing motionless with their ears pricked forward, their beautifully striped bodies showing finely in the sunlight. We scanned the country round about with our glasses, and made out first a herd of elands, a mile in our rear, and then three giraffes a

mile and a half in our front. I wanted a bull eland, but I wanted a giraffe still more, and we mounted our horses and rode toward where the three tall beasts stood, on an open hill-side with trees thinly scattered over it. Half a mile from them we left the horses in a thick belt of timber beside a dry water-course, and went forward on foot.

There was no use in trying a stalk, for that would merely have aroused the giraffes' suspicion. But we knew they were accustomed to the passing and repassing of Wkamba men and women, whom they did not fear if they kept at a reasonable distance, so we walked in single file diagonally in their direction; that is, toward a tree which I judged to be about three hundred yards from them. I was carrying the Winchester loaded with full metal-patched bullets. I wished to get for the Museum both a bull and a cow. One of the three giraffes was much larger than the other two, and as he was evidently a bull I thought the two others were cows.

As we reached the tree the giraffes showed symptoms of uneasiness. One of the smaller ones began to make off, and both the others shifted their positions slightly, curling their tails. I instantly dropped on my knee, and getting the bead just behind the big bull's shoulder, I fired with the three hundred yard sight. I heard the "pack" of the bullet as it struck just where I aimed; and away went all three giraffes at their queer rocking-horse canter. Running forward I emptied my magazine, firing at the big bull and also at one of his smaller companions, and then, slipping into the barrel what proved to be a soft-nosed bullet, I fired at the latter again. The giraffe was going straight away and it was a long shot, at four or five hundred yards; but by good luck the bullet broke its back and down it came. The other bulls were now getting over the crest of the hill, but the big one was evidently sick, and we called and beckoned to the two saises to hurry up with the horses. The moment they arrived we jumped on, and Captain Slatter cantered up a neighboring hill so as to mark the direction in which the giraffes went if I lost sight of them. Meanwhile I rode full speed after the giant quarry. I was on the tranquil sorrel, the horse I much preferred in riding down game of any kind, because he had a fair turn of speed, and yet was good about letting me get on and off.



Percival on his way to Kapiti station with trophies.

Kilima Theki in background.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

As soon as I reached the hill-crest I saw the giraffes ahead of me, not as far off as I had feared, and I raced toward them without regard to rotten ground and wart-hog holes. The wounded one lagged behind, but when I got near he put on a spurt, and as I thought I was close enough I leaped off, throwing the reins over the sorrel's head, and opened fire. Down went the big bull, and I thought my task was done. But as I went back to mount the sorrel he struggled to his feet again and disappeared after his compan-

of my prize. In a few minutes Captain Slatter loped up, and the gun-bearers and saises followed. As if by magic, three or four Wkamba turned up immediately afterward, their eyes glistening at the thought of the feast ahead for the whole tribe. It was mid-afternoon, and there was no time to waste. My saïs, Simba, an excellent long-distance runner, was sent straight to camp to get Heller and pilot him back to the dead giraffes. Beside each of the latter, for they had fallen a mile apart, we left a couple



The Percival family.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

ions among the trees, which were thicker here, as we had reached the bottom of the valley. So I tore after him again, and in a minute came to a dry water-course. Scrambling into and out of this I saw the giraffes ahead of me just beginning the ascent of the opposite slope; and touching the horse with the spur we flew after the wounded bull. This time I made up my mind I would get up close enough; but Tranquillity did not quite like the look of the thing ahead of him. He did not refuse to come up to the giraffe, but he evidently felt that, with such an object close by and evident in the landscape, it behooved him to be careful as to what might be hidden therein, and he shied so at each bush we passed that we progressed in series of loops. So off I jumped, throwing the reins over his head, and opened fire once more; and this time the great bull went down for good.

Tranquillity recovered his nerve at once and grazed contentedly while I admired the huge proportions and beautiful coloring

of men to build fires. Then we rode toward camp. To my regret, the smaller giraffe turned out to be a young bull and not a cow.

At this very time, and utterly without our knowledge, there was another giraffe hunt going on. Sir Alfred had taken out Kermit and Medlicott, and they came across a herd of a dozen giraffes right out in the open plains. Medlicott's horse was worn out and he could not keep up, but both the others were fairly well mounted. Both were light men and hard riders, and although the giraffes had three-quarters of a mile start, it was not long before both were at the heels of the herd. They singled out the big bull, which by the way turned out to be an even bigger bull than mine, and fired at him as they galloped. In such a headlong helter-skelter chase, however, it is no easy matter to score a hit from horseback unless one is very close up; and Sir Alfred made up his mind to try to drive out the bull from the rest of the herd. He succeeded; but at this moment his horse put



Skinning the eland.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

a forefoot into a hole and turned a complete somersault, almost wrenching out his shoulder. Sir Alfred was hurled off head over heels, but even as he rolled over, clutching his rifle, he twisted himself round to his knees, and took one last shot at the flying giraffe. This left Kermit alone and he galloped hard on the giraffe's heels, firing again and again with his Winchester. Finally his horse became completely done out and fell behind; whereupon Kermit jumped off, and being an excellent long-distance runner, ran after the giraffe on foot for more than a mile. But he did not need to shoot again. The great beast had been mortally wounded and it suddenly slowed down, halted, and fell over dead. As a matter of curiosity we kept the Winchester bullets both from Kermit's giraffe and from mine. I made a point of keeping as many as possible of the bullets with which the different animals were slain so as to see just what was done by the different types of rifles we had with us.

When I reached camp I found that Heller had already started. Next morning I rode down to see him and found him hard at work with the skins; but as it

would take him two or three days to finish them and put them in condition for transport, we decided that the safari should march back to the Potha camp, and that from thence we would send Percival's ox wagon to bring back to the camp all the skins, Heller and his men accompanying him. The plan was carried out, and the following morning we shifted the big camp as proposed.

Heller, thus left behind, came near having an unpleasant adventure. He slept in his own tent, and his Wkamba skinner slept under the fly not far off. One night they let the fires die down and were roused at midnight by hearing the grunting of a hungry lion apparently not a dozen yards off in the darkness. Heller quickly lit his lantern and sat up with his shot-gun loaded with bird shot, the only weapon he had with him. The lion walked round and round the tent, grunting at intervals. Then, after some minutes of suspense, he drew off. While the grunting had been audible, not a sound came from the tent of the Wkambas, who all cowered under their blankets in perfect silence. But once he had gone there was a great chattering, and



Group of skin-laden mules passing by the Bondoni water hole on their way to the railroad.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

in a few minutes the fires were roaring, nor were they again suffered to die down.

Heller's skinners had grown to work very well when under his eye. He had encountered much difficulty in getting men who would do the work, and had tried the representatives of various tribes, but without success until he struck the Wkamba. These were real savages who filed their teeth and delighted in raw flesh, and Heller's explanation of their doing well was that their taste for the raw flesh kept them thoroughly interested in their job, so that they learned without difficulty. The porters speedily christened each of the white men by some title of their own, using the ordinary Swahili title of Bwana (master) as a prefix. Heller was the Bwana Who Skinned; Loring, who collected the small mammals, was named merely descriptively the Mouse Bwana.

From Potha the safari went in two days to MacMillan's place, Juja Farm, on the other side of the Athi. I stayed behind as I desired to visit the American Mission Station at Machakos. Accordingly, Sir Alfred and I rode thither. Machakos has

long been a native town, for it was on the route formerly taken by the Arab caravans that went from the coast to the interior after slaves and ivory. Riding toward it we passed by herd after herd of cattle, sheep, and goats, each guarded by two or three savage herdsmen. The little town itself was both interesting and attractive. Besides the natives there were a number of Indian traders and the English Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner, with a small body of native soldiers. The latter not a long time before had been just such savages as those round about them, and the change for the better wrought in their physique and morale by the ordered discipline to which they had submitted themselves could hardly be exaggerated. When we arrived, the Commissioner and his assistant were engaged in cross-examining some neighboring chiefs as to the cattle sickness. The English rule in Africa has been of incalculable benefit to Africans themselves, and indeed this is true of the rule of most European nations. Mistakes have been made, of course, but they have proceeded at least as often from an unwise effort to accomplish

too much in the way of beneficence, as from a desire to exploit the natives. Each of the civilized nations that has taken possession of any part of Africa has had its own peculiar good qualities and its own peculiar defects. Some of them have done too much in supervising and ordering the lives of the natives, and in interfering with their practices and customs. The English error, like our own under similar conditions, has, if anything, been in the other direction. The effort has been to avoid wherever possible all interference with tribal customs, even when of an immoral and repulsive character, and to do no more than what is obviously necessary, such as insistence upon keeping the peace, and preventing the spread of cattle disease. Excellent reasons can be advanced in favor of this policy, and it must always be remembered that a fussy and ill-considered benevolence is more sure to awaken resentment than cruelty itself; while the natives are apt to resent deeply even things that are obviously for their ultimate welfare. Yet I cannot help thinking that with caution and wisdom it would be possible to proceed somewhat farther than has yet been the case in the direction of pushing upward some at least of the East African tribes; and this though I recognize fully that many of these tribes are of a low and brutalized type. Having said this much in the way of criticism, I wish to add my tribute of unstinted admiration for the disinterested and efficient work being done, alike in the interest of the white man and the black, by the government officials whom I met in East Africa. They are men in whom their country has every reason to feel a just pride.

We lunched with the American missionaries. Mission work among savages offers many difficulties, and often the wisest and most earnest effort meets with dishearteningly little reward; while lack of common-sense, and of course above all, lack of a firm and resolute disinterestedness, insures the worst kind of failure. There are missionaries who do not do well, just as there are men in every conceivable walk of life who do not do well; and excellent men who are not missionaries, including both govern-

ment officials and settlers, are only too apt to jump at the chance of criticising a missionary for every alleged sin of either omission or commission. Finally, zealous missionaries, fervent in the faith, do not always find it easy to remember that savages can only be raised by slow steps, that an empty adherence to forms and ceremonies amounts to nothing, that industrial training is an essential in any permanent upward movement, and that the gradual elevation of mind and character is a prerequisite to the achievement of any kind of Christianity which is worth calling such. Nevertheless after all this has been said, it remains true that the good done by missionary effort in Africa has been incalculable. There are parts of the great continent, and among them I include many sections of East Africa, which can be made a white man's country; and in these parts every effort should be made to favor the growth of a large and prosperous white population. But over most of Africa the problem for the white man is to govern, with wisdom and firmness, and when necessary with severity, but always with an eye single to their own interests and development, the black and brown races. To do this needs sympathy and devotion no less than strength and wisdom, and in the task the part to be played by the missionary and the part to be played by the official are alike great, and the two should work hand in hand.

After returning from Machakos, I spent the night at Sir Alfred's, and next morning said good-bye with most genuine regret to my host and his family. Then, followed by my gun-bearers and sais, I rode off across the Athi plains. Through the bright white air the sun beat down mercilessly, and the heat haze wavered above the endless flats of scorched grass. Hour after hour we went slowly forward, through the morning, and through the burning heat of the equatorial noon, until in mid-afternoon we came to the tangled tree growth which fringed the half-dried bed of the Athi. Here I off-saddled for an hour; then, mounting, I crossed the river bed where it was waterless, and before evening fell I rode up to Juja Farm.

THE CLOWN AND THE COLUMBINE

By Molly Elliot Seawell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK



If laughter be the daughter of sin, then Perinot must have been the chief of sinners. No man ever aroused more unextinguishable laughter than did Perinot, comedian of the class called low. He had the true clown's physiognomy—a wide, sensitive mouth capable of expressing everything and nothing at all; a serious nose, and the low comedian's eye, melancholy and introspective. Sombreness is the first characteristic of the clown. Men will not tolerate a merry clown. To be merry inside as well as outside is more than envious human nature can stand. The comedian must show his kinship with the sad race of men by making them see that while he commands their laughter, he is no more happy than they. Comedy must ever be weeping behind her mask.

Do you know what a *roulette* is? In general, it means a gypsy caravan, but its scope has become enlarged and sometimes it means a whole travelling theatrical company. Some of the best comedians in the whole world have been evolved from the *roulette*. That was Perinot's beginning.

His *roulette* consisted of three long covered wagons. The rear wagon contained such rude and trifling stage accessories as Perinot's plays demanded. But Perinot, like Thespis in his cart, did not require much scenery. In this last wagon rode the Poillon brothers—very good actors, both of them, and handy men besides. Henri was tall and broad, while Gustave was so small, beardless, and pretty, that he could do women's parts extremely well.

In the next wagon rode, with the bedding and trunks, that excellent woman, Madame Toutant, with her husband and her son, Auguste. Madame Toutant was stout and large-waisted, but a capable actress. The audiences laughed at her when she waddled on the stage, but before long her comic antics made them forget her stout figure and double chin, and they saw

only her fine eyes and heard only her rich voice. Toutant himself was a dull respectable man, and Auguste the son was as near nothing as could be well imagined. He was beautiful beyond expression, perfectly obedient to Madame Toutant as indeed was Toutant himself, and his beauty was an excellent foil to the fascinating ugliness of Perinot.

In the first wagon rode in state Perinot, the proprietor of the whole outfit. With him rode Columbine. She had another name, but it was generally forgotten by everybody including herself. Columbine was picked up on the roadside one summer morning when she was sixteen years old. She was in rags and her toes were peeping through her shoes, and she was weeping vociferously as she watched a regiment marching away to the next town.

Madame Toutant, the kindest creature on earth, spoke to the girl. Columbine admitted that she was weeping for a soldier in the departing regiment. The regiment was going by train, and the *roulette* was travelling in the same direction. So, when the girl begged Madame Toutant to give her a lift, Madame Toutant persuaded Perinot to let the girl go with them.

"She is an ugly thing," said Perinot, surveying at long range Columbine, with her touselled red-brown hair, her swollen eyes, her gawky figure.

"She would not be so bad-looking if she had some clothes and shoes," said Madame Toutant.

The upshot of it was that the girl was given a place in Perinot's own wagon, where she sobbed long and hard after her lover, a young blacksmith, who was glad to get rid of her. Perinot only meant to give her a lift for a few miles, and at the end of six years Columbine was still sitting by his side, driving old Blanc, the stout Normandy nag who drew the cart. Nobody could complain then that Columbine was ugly. She had developed a vivid irregular beauty that made her exceedingly dangerous. This she

knew, and had scrawled under a gaudy lithograph of herself, which hung up inside of the wagon, "*Take care of thyself, if thou lovest me.*"

Her eyes were a red-brown with very black lashes and small, well-marked black eyebrows. She was no longer thin, although still slight, and her complexion, colorless except for her red lips, was clear and healthy. Also, she had developed an extraordinary neatness and order in everything. Very reticent as to her former life, it had leaked out that she was once a charity scholar in her childhood in a convent school where she had been taught the orderly habits which presently she resumed. She could read and write and cipher pretty well, and was always teasing Perinot to go to Paris and try their luck.

"No," Perinot would answer, "I make this circuit every year, and when the people in the little towns and villages see Perinot's *roulette* coming, the boys all run out yelling, 'Here comes Perinot!' Shop people stand at their doors smiling and everybody in the place comes to the performances. It might not be like that in Paris, my dear, and I might not be able every month to lay up something for a rainy day, so you and I can be married, and retire when the boys stop running to meet us and the shop people no longer stand in their doorways to see us pass."

"But I shall never marry you, Perinot," said Columbine decisively, turning her red-brown eyes full of resolution, upon Perinot, who laughed a mirthless laugh.

There was a ruthless tenacity of purpose in this girl that Perinot had never seen in any human being before. Her conduct had been perfectly modest from the beginning and she had expressed great regret at the episode of the blacksmith. Perinot felt in the depths of his heart that Columbine, poor girl, was not safe. Nobody, of course, believed that Columbine was really a modest girl except Perinot and the people in the *roulette*. She always appeared timid and frightened of all men, except Perinot, and actually ran away from Auguste Toutant, whom a chicken could have daunted. The fact once established, that Columbine always ran away from danger, was her greatest security. She attracted much attention among the humble audiences that assembled to see Perinot's plays, generally

done in a large barn on the outskirts of the town and sometimes in a cheap hall.

Gentlemen and gay young officers sometimes sought her out, but Columbine invariably fled to Perinot. People said he was jealous, not knowing that he would have shed the last drop of his blood to save Columbine a single pang, and if he urged her to marry him it was to save her. For Perinot knew that Columbine had no means of defence except running away, and some day she would meet a resolute villain who would run away with her.

That day came at Valence.

Madame Toutant, that very morning, urged Perinot to marry Columbine by force as it were.

"She is good by nature, but like my Auguste, an arrant coward. You can't count on the best people in the world if they are arrant cowards."

"True," answered Perinot sagely; "all the masters of the art of living say that, but it would be like breaking a butterfly on the wheel for me to marry Columbine against her will."

It was on a June evening, and the performance took place out of doors in the garden of a café, open to the street. The place was lighted by Japanese lanterns, hung from the dwarf trees in the garden, and a couple of big screens were used as dressing-rooms and wings to the theatre.

Perinot, who was author as well as actor and manager, had arranged a really remarkable performance in which he took not less than five characters—the lover, the father, the servant, the rival, and the policeman. Columbine, on her part, took three characters—the heroine, the maid, and the confidante.

Undoubtedly she was a clever actress, and many not so good had gone to Paris and made great successes. Her appearance was altogether charming, and she was thoroughly washed and combed, which is not always the case with ladies of the *roulette*. The audience was made up chiefly of clerks and artisans, with here and there a soldier. But, out in the street, a gentleman in evening clothes stopped and watched the little farce. He was a handsome young man—almost as handsome as Auguste Toutant.

When the play was over and Columbine was going around in the audience holding

out her little flower-trimmed basket for contributions, the gentleman advanced and dropped two gold pieces into the basket. Perinot saw it and scented danger.

Columbine returned to Perinot, standing under the trees in the summer night. He counted the money out in the presence of the whole company, and then, taking the two gold pieces, walked into the kitchen of the café, and, to the amusement of the cooks, who thought it was stage money, dropped the gold pieces upon the red-hot coals.

Outside, another person besides the members of the company saw this act of Perinot's. It was the Vicomte de Bestocq, the handsome young man in evening clothes, who had given the money to Columbine. Her duty then was to pack up the costume she had worn during the play, but she was quite forgetful of this, and the clothes lay in disorder on the benches behind the screens.

"What did you do that for?" asked de Bestocq of Perinot, as he stepped out of the kitchen. "I did not give that money to you, but to this young lady."

Perinot went down in his pocket, and to the Vicomte's surprise produced a couple of gold pieces which he put in Columbine's hand.

"I say again," demanded the Vicomte, "what did you do that for?"

In answer Perinot said to Columbine:

"Come on; I'll help you put up the things and we will go to the inn for supper, instead of taking it here."

"Mademoiselle," said the Vicomte politely to Columbine, "will you do me the honor of supping with me at the Café Brillant? It is not much of a place, but the best in the town."

Columbine had seen the Café Brillant, and it seemed to her a magnificent place. She turned her red-brown eyes on the Vicomte and then they involuntarily sought those of Perinot.

"Come with me to the inn," said Perinot.

"Come with me to the Café Brillant," said the Vicomte.

Columbine's eyes returned to those of the Vicomte.

Madame Toutant now took a hand in the matter.

"Here, Columbine, put up your things and come along. You are much better off at the inn with us, than with this gentleman at the Café Brillant."

Columbine made a faint motion as if to

do her usual work, but then stopped. The voice of the Vicomte was very sweet.

"Come," said he, holding out his hand and taking hers.

Madame Toutant flew at the Vicomte like an enraged hen.

"Go away from here," she cried, "and stop trying to lead off this girl. She is a perfectly decent girl and will remain so if you will let her alone. Oh, I see you laughing, but I know what I am saying. I was born with my shirt on, I was, and I knew you for a horrid rascal the minute I saw you."

"Clear out of here, you scoundrel, and let that girl alone," added Perinot, coming toward the Vicomte.

At once there was a general *mêlée*, arms and legs flying. Perinot was pounding the Vicomte, who defended himself skilfully. Madame Toutant was thumping him furiously in the back, while old Toutant, under his wife's orders, was trying to drag Columbine away. The Poillon brothers came to the assistance of Perinot, but Auguste, true to his character as a poltroon, ran behind the screens. The next minute the police appeared, and seeing the Vicomte attacked by three men and a woman, parted them. There was blood upon the faces of both Perinot and the Vicomte. Both of them were perfectly well known to the police, and after a short confabulation they were allowed to go on the promise that there should be no further disturbance.

Then came the question again, "With whom should Columbine go?" She stood the picture of tragic distress, the yellow light of the lanterns falling upon her tearful, girlish face.

"I can't help it!" she cried desperately. "I will go with this man. It is only for supper and I will return to the inn afterward."

"No, you will not," cried Madame Toutant, weeping, "you will never come back. Don't you remember how jolly we have all been together for six years—you sitting by Perinot's side and driving Blanc? Poor old fellow, he will miss having the wild poppies stuck in his headstall to-morrow morning."

"But I will come back," answered Columbine, sobbing. "Blanc shall have his poppies to-morrow morning, I swear."

The Vicomte took his fine white handkerchief and wiped Columbine's eyes. Madame Toutant continued to abuse him



The girl was given a place in Perinot's own wagon, where she sobbed long after her lover.—Page 670.

at the top of her rich dramatic voice. The waiters and late stragglers at the café assembled in a ring around them under the dwarf trees, where the Japanese lanterns cast a fitful, fanciful light.

"You villain! You assassin!" bawled Madame Toutant to the Vicomte. "The murder of that girl's soul be upon you! She was happy and satisfied with us and earning a good living and becoming a better actress every day, when you, with your soft devil's smile and voice, came here to drag her down into the pit of hell."

Madame Toutant, stout and wide-waisted, rose to the dignity of a tragic actress. Her resonant voice vibrated with passion, her dark eyes burned with light. Every gesture of her fat arms was full of expressive force. The men standing around pre-

pared to laugh at her remained silent. Only three persons were unmoved by her outburst, and these were the Vicomte de Bestocq, Perinot, and Columbine herself. The Vicomte was laughing while he wiped the blood from his face and straightened his damaged shirt and waistcoat. Perinot seemed lost in a painful dream as his sombre eyes fixed themselves upon Columbine's tearful, pretty face. The struggle was over with her, but she looked with shame and longing at Perinot. The Vicomte led her into the street, and Madame Toutant wound up her declamation by bursting into a flood of tears.

At the corner of the street Columbine turned back, the tears making little channels down the grease paint on her cheeks.

"I will come back, Perinot," she cried

in a piercing voice, and then disappeared around the corner with the Vicomte.

"No, you won't," shouted Perinot in a frenzy, crossing his arms and trembling. Then he turned to the gaping crowd behind him.

"There," he cried in his best comic manner, "goes a Vicomte. He has legs, arms, eyes, and a nose like the rest of us."

Perinot touched his own nose when he spoke, with a gesture so comic that the crowd roared with laughter.

"But he is a Vicomte. His great-great-grandmother was a hussy, and the King said to her, 'Come with me!' and she went."

Perinot mimicked the Vicomte with such a delightful imitation of the handsome young man that nobody could help laughing. He went on to describe the imaginary life and triumphs of de Bestocq with such delicious grotesqueness, that the crowd nearly went crazy with delight. They were getting a first-class performance for nothing. Even his own company, who thought they knew every turn and trick of Perinot's comedy, watched him with admiration. Perinot concluded his improvised performance by singing in a lackadaisical manner a song supposed to be sung by the Vicomte and dancing as he alleged the Vicomte danced. Pity Perinot. It was the sole revenge he had.

The crowd was so pleased that they followed him half-way back to the inn, applauding him.

All that night Perinot walked up and down in front of the inn, waiting for Columbine's return.

But she never returned.

After that Perinot still continued in his *roulette*. Madame Toutant succeeded in marrying Auguste to a clever little actress who took Columbine's place, and the little company travelled from town to town as before, for the next six years.

It would seem as if Perinot sang and acted better every year. He had many offers to go to Paris, but he always refused them. Nobody but himself knew why. His reason was, a conviction that Columbine was in Paris, and that the constant expectation of coming face to face with her, the poignant thought of her, would disturb him so that he could not act. Prosperity still waited upon him to that extent that it was easy to keep his little company together, wages being paid well and regularly. But

he never had so good a Columbine as the one Madame Toutant had picked up on the roadside.

Six years passed and Perinot was forty-two years old. He reckoned that Columbine by that time was twenty-eight.

As the reputation of Perinot and his little company increased they went to the larger towns, and played in the cheaper theatres, but Perinot wisely stuck to his character as chief clown in a glorified *roulette*, often saying, as he had done to Columbine in the old days:

"It is better to be the head of a dog than the tail of a lion."

One June evening about dusk Perinot and his company found themselves at Avignon, that strange town in southern France, where the popes held court for three hundred years, and where the Mayor leads the *farandole*, that delightful dance in which men, women, and children join hands and dance over fields and lanes, and through the streets of the town.

A bull-fight had taken place in the afternoon, and when it was over somebody started the *farandole*. Madame Toutant, whose girth was increased while her activity and spirits remained unabated, scrambled down from the wagon to the street, and catching Perinot by the hand, dragged him to the Place before the cathedral where, under the light of the gas lamps flaring in the purple dusk, a long line of men and women were dancing in and out of the street to the music of a military band which was playing in the Place. Madame Toutant boldly took the head of the line, where her grace, combined with her stoutness, delighted the dancers.

As for Perinot, his dancing, like everything else he did, had the hall-mark of genius. They danced into a wide, well-lighted street, where there was a fine new theatre, brightly illuminated. Huge placards and lithographs were all over the place announcing the appearance of the great comic actor and singer, Marius, who had made the fortune of Les Folies B erg eres for three seasons.

As Perinot and Madame Toutant danced past the dark arcade upon which was the stage entrance, a man darted out and seizing Perinot by both arms whispered in his ear:

"I am Marcel!"



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

It was on a June evening and the performance took place out of doors.—Page 671.

Perinot left the line of dancers and, followed by Madame Toutant, disappeared with Marcel into the dim arcade.

Marcel was the manager of Marius, and Perinot knew all about him. He dragged Perinot quickly into the theatre and back to the star's dressing-room, a small grimy place, hot and blazing with electric lights.

"Look," said Marcel, pointing to a figure, prone on the floor. It was Marius, dead drunk.

"He has been doing this at intervals for over a year past," said Marcel. "But I managed to keep it from the public. Now he has been seen reeling about the town, and if he does not play to-night, the whole awful story will get into the newspapers. I know all about you, Pierre Perinot, and I want you to make up like Marius and be Marius for this evening. Here is the programme. It is two hours and a half before the curtain rises, and you don't go on until fifteen minutes later. You know some of the songs. You can learn the airs to the rest and write the words off on your shirt-sleeves."

Perinot nodded. All his actor's blood was up in an instant.

"There is plenty of time," he said.

Marcel sent for the chief fiddler in the theatre orchestra, who played the airs to some of the songs, while Perinot studied his part and made notes on his shirt sleeves. Half an hour before he was to go on he made up, with Madame Toutant's assistance, into a very good copy of Marius, lying flat on his back in a drunken sleep upon the floor.

The first appearance which Perinot was to make was in a little comedy in which he, a clown, played with a Columbine. Madame Toutant took the prompt book and read it over to Perinot, while the sound of the opening music was heard on the stage.

Meanwhile, in the theatre, a huge audience was pouring in, and the men who were to report the performance for the newspapers were laughing among themselves, saying:

"Marcel is caught this time."

They knew that Marius for some time past was given to these drunken spells. But Marcel, by the exercise of a devilish ingenuity, had kept it from the public. Now he was caught, for the man who did the theatres for the principal newspaper in Avignon had helped to carry Marius in the theatre, and throw him down on the floor in his dressing-room.

Perinot walked on the stage one minute before the curtain went up. Madame Toutant, to whose voice Perinot was accustomed, was to be in the prompt box, and had already taken her place when Perinot and the Columbine met face to face in the wings.

It was Perinot's Columbine.

The discipline of the stage is far more severe than any military discipline, and can only be compared to that of the Church. But one excuse is accepted for a failure to appear when advertised. That excuse is when one receives peremptory orders from His Majesty, Death.

When Perinot saw Columbine he had no more notion of faltering than an officer has when ordered to lead the "lost children," as the French call the forlorn hope.

Columbine was herself, and yet not herself. Under her grease paint her cheeks were thin and her red-brown eyes burned with a melancholy glory. She was but twenty-eight, yet white threads were visible in her hair, red-brown like her eyes, and tucked up under her head-dress. She trembled as she looked at Perinot.

"Don't forget your part," said Perinot to her, "for if you do, all is lost."

Then the curtain was going up and Marius, alias Perinot, stepped upon the stage.

Every true artist has moments inspired by the fire divine. So it was with Perinot. His intelligence was preternatural, his vast experience, his natural genius were triumphant. The newspaper writers thought they saw Marius before them, acting better than he had ever acted in his life. They observed that he kept near the prompt box and occasionally covered up what they supposed to be a lapse of memory by some exquisite drollery that sent the house in fits of laughter.

Columbine was in great form, but from the moment the bogus Marius stepped upon the stage every eye was riveted upon him. Yet, had Columbine failed to sustain him truly, as Perinot said, all would have been lost. Marcel, a pious man, full of superstition, who carried images of the saints in his pockets, stood back in the wings, mumbling prayers. Madame Toutant, who found herself for the first time in her life in the prompt box, was in herself capable of saving the performance. It was as if the Muse of Comedy herself smiled that night on Marcel the manager, but he ever at-

tributed it to the intercession of his patron saint. The performance went with a dash, a flash, a whirl, and, at the end, the curtain went up and down a dozen times.

When, at last, everything was over and everybody had gone home, Columbine and Perinot talked together in the dark arcade under the quiet stars. Columbine sat on an overturned keg, while Perinot stood. She had washed the paint off her face and he saw then how wan and thin she was.

"Where is the Vicomte?" asked Perinot.

"Married," answered Columbine, "six months after he took me to the Café Brillant. Then I went to Paris and was very successful, but I had to take this——"

She made a motion like a person giving a hypoderm of morphine.

"I got a cough, and then I had to take more, and——"

"Did you have any lovers?" asked Perinot.

For answer Columbine threw back her head and laughed in such a way that it made Perinot's blood run cold.

"How I hated them," she cried. "I think I was by nature good, although I have been bad enough, in all conscience. But I was never happy after I left the *roulette*. Whenever I thought about the sunny days when I sat in the wagon by you and drove old Blanc along the country roads, while the wild poppies and gentian nodded in his head-stall, and how good Madame Toutant was, and the Poillons, lifting all the boxes and things out so cheerfully, and the jokes you used to make when you gave us our money on Saturday night—I would have to take this——"

She made the same motion on her arm again.

"I could not stand it. And the sound of the church bells on Sunday morning worries me. It makes me remember when I used to go to the chapel with the other charity girls in the convent and we had white muslin veils over our heads. I can see those white veils now. But worst of all was the thought of you."

Perinot was weeping.

"Oh, Columbine," he cried, "come back to the old life, come! I have another white horse just as good as old Blanc, and Madame Toutant will take care of you, and the living in the open air all day in the wagon will do you good."

"No," answered Columbine, looking at him with the eyes of fate. "It is too late now. I am caught in the whirlpool of destruction and I can only go round and round until I am dragged into the abyss. The manager told me to-day that what with Marius's getting drunk on brandy and my getting drunk on morphine he could not keep me any longer, and I am discharged at the end of next week. Good-by. The old life seems like a dream of heaven when I look back at it, but I am now the adopted daughter of the devil. I can't return to it or to you either."

Before Perinot could prevent her, Columbine slipped off the keg and, running down the long black arcade, was engulfed in the outer darkness.

Perinot spent all that night hunting for Columbine, who, meanwhile, was in a third-class railway carriage, jolting toward Paris.

Next morning Marcel joined in the hunt, but it ended in Columbine's understudy appearing in her place that night. The public, however, did not like her nor was Marius in his best form. So the performance did not go so well as the touch-and-go one of the night before.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, so that Perinot, having been the pet of professional fortune, was now taken into that lady's lap and stuffed with sweatmeats. Marcel, who was a genius among managers as Perinot was a genius among clowns, offered not only to star Perinot in the provinces, but if he were successful, to call the new theatre after him, which Marcel had just leased in Paris. Marcel was also quite willing to engage the whole of the little company, including Madame Toutant with her big waist and her glorious eyes and rich voice.

Perinot had three principles in theatrical management, and these he confided to Marcel.

"First," said he on his fingers, "actors and actresses must know how to act. Second, they must keep sober. Third, they must not be too handsome. If they are as ugly as the devil, so much the better. Then they must act to keep the people from throwing cabbage heads at them."

It occurred to Perinot at that moment that Columbine had not quite fulfilled the last of these conditions. She was not as

ugly as the devil. On the contrary, she was a trifle too handsome. The conviction that she was in Paris, which had kept Perinot from Paris, now drove him there, and even overcame his resolve never to act under any other man's management. In his own *roulette* he was king. In Marcel's theatre he would be only the leading man. All these notions vanished away, and Perinot accepted Marcel's offer. The success of the provincial tour was so brilliant that all Paris was on tiptoe to see this extraordinary comedian who had scorned the arms of the dazzling city held wide for him during so many years.

The House of Perinot, gorgeous with red and gold and incandescent lights, would not be ready before the first of December. Meanwhile, in October, Perinot established himself in a small, comfortable house close to the theatre, with Madame Toutant and her husband to take care of it for him. Auguste and his young wife were in lodgings close by with the Poillons, all of whom were to share in the coming glory of Perinot next door.

In Perinot's house the best room was made into a bedchamber and fitted up in blue and white, the colors of purity.

"This is for Columbine when I find her," said Perinot.

After all, it was Madame Toutant who found her, and that within a month of the time Perinot came to Paris.

One evening when Perinot reached home in the autumn dusk and went up-stairs, he saw a line of light under the door of the blue and white room. His heart was in his mouth as he knocked, and Madame Toutant, opening the door, cried out:

"Here she is!"

Sitting in a great chair by the fire was Columbine, her thin figure enveloped in a white cashmere dressing robe, all frills and lace, which Perinot had provided in advance for her. She was a changed Columbine in every respect. Her head was shorn of her long, thick red-brown hair; this gave her an odd appearance. She looked to be forty-eight, instead of twenty-eight, so haggard was she. But her eyes were the eyes of Columbine.

Perinot came forward as Madame Toutant slipped out and closed the door, and falling on his knees by Columbine's side, buried his head in her lap and sobbed

aloud. Columbine held him in a faint embrace, but there was something new and strange in her voice and her language.

"Dearest," she said, "something has happened in my soul during the last two hours since I have been here. I was ill and half starved and cold. I sold my hair a fortnight ago and that was the last money I have had. It went mostly in drink and drugs, but from the moment I was brought here and bathed and fed, and dressed in this white robe, it was as if all the evil had passed out of me. If I could but live to be your wife, I swear to you upon my soul, and in the name of Christ, that I could live as purely and as innocently as I did when I was ten years old. I always told you, Perinot, that I was not bad by nature."

"I know it!" cried Perinot, wiping his eyes.

"Then," kept on Columbine, drawing his ugly face toward her, and smiling into his eyes, "all at once in the last two hours I have fallen in love with you. Ah, Perinot, why did you not make me marry you when you first found me, and Madame Toutant washed me and mended me and combed my hair?"

"I tried to persuade you," said poor Perinot, "but you were always an obstinate creature."

"Well," cried Columbine, pushing back her short hair and with her old brilliant smile shining upon her face, "I can be perfectly happy as long as I live, which will not be very long. Not many persons can say that, Perinot."

Columbine kept her word.

Perinot called in the greatest doctors in Paris. They gave Columbine three weeks to live, but Columbine laughed at them and lived six weeks—six happy weeks.

The story got out that Perinot was a gay dog and that the lights burning in his house at all hours of the night meant that there were orgies going on and that an unknown lady held high carnival there with many men. That is to say, the Poillons and the Toutants, father and son, came often and stayed late. Some of the neighbors talked of complaining to the police.

Columbine was able to sit up all day until the last, and employed her fingers in knitting woollen scarfs which she insisted should be sold. The wool cost half a franc and the scarfs sold for a whole franc. This money,



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

At the end the curtain went up and down a dozen times.—Page 677.

which amounted in six weeks to the sum of four francs, Columbine handed over with secret instructions to Madame Toutant.

"I shall take it very ill of the Blessed Virgin, if she does not pray for me so that I can live until the Theatre Perinot is opened," said Columbine to Perinot. "It is bad enough that I can't marry you, now that I am so much in love with you, but that I know is partly my own fault. Oh, Perinot, why didn't you marry me twelve years ago? How happy we could have been, driving around together in the spring and summer, and when the days grew cold we could have had lodgings in some little town and we could have given performances three times a week, and I could have cooked the dinner for you and made your stage clothes——"

"Don't!" cried Perinot; "I can't stand it, Columbine."

A week before the opening of the Theatre Perinot, one night Columbine lay on Perinot's arm as he sat by her white bed. She made him lay his head on the pillow beside her and she fell into a quiet and painless sleep. Perinot, who had slept but little in the last six weeks, fell asleep too. At daylight Madame Toutant entered the room and found Perinot fast asleep, with his cheek touching Columbine. She, too, was fast asleep and never could be awakened.

The people in Paris know nothing of what is going on next door, unless it is very wicked. So, when everything was over in Perinot's house and the lights were put out at a decent hour, the people said:

"Perinot has sent that woman away, and is beginning to live respectably now that he has to go to work and everything depends on whether he can please Paris or not."

Please Paris, Perinot did.

The mere audacity of naming the theatre after the provincial actor drew a great crowd to it on the opening night ready to applaud or to hiss, according to circumstances. Perinot not only played at them, but played with them. They could not look at him without screaming with laughter. His pantomime alone was as good as

other men's speech. It was pure clowning, but it was as if Perinot had gone back to the primitive man and had said to his audience:

"You are only a pack of idle children, and I shall make you laugh just as I did the ploughmen and the farmers' daughters and the waiters in the country hotels. You think yourselves very intelligent because you are Parisians. Whoosh!"

When the audience realized that this exquisite clown was really laughing at them and giving them the meat he chose, rather than what they asked for, they laughed twice as much. The roof nearly came off with the noise and the shouting and the pounding, and Marcel grinned all over and thanked his patron saint for the contract which he had with Perinot for five future years.

At the close of the performance there was no end to the curtain calls, and in each one Perinot performed some antic more comic than before. The people had almost to be driven from the theatre. In his dressing-room Perinot found Madame Toutant to help him wash and dress—there was no formality between the lady and the gentleman. When he was bundled up in his heavy great-coat, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, for it was cold and the snow was on the ground, he said to Madame Toutant:

"Don't wait up for me. I shall not be in for a couple of hours yet."

Madame Toutant opened a little box she had brought and took out four beautiful white roses.

"She told me to buy them with her four francs, and to say to you that the money was honestly come by and they were to be given you on this night."

While the people at home and in the cafés and newspaper offices were still laughing and chuckling at Perinot's jokes and tricks, he was kneeling in the snow on Columbine's grave. The four white roses lay upon it and the haggard moon shone upon his upturned face, distorted with weeping. And he was king of all the clowns who ever lived.

THE MOODS
By
GEORGE T. MARSH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
N. C. WYETH





Spring.

SONG

SING the breezes in the birches.
Hymn the runnels as they journey.
Pipes the warbler where he perches
Challenging to vocal tourney
Brook and breeze—What sylvan spirit
Trolls those magic staves that hover?
Hark! 'tis fairy fluting, hear it?
Of some vanished Huron lover.



Summer.

HUSH

Long the mating season's over;
Motionless lie meadow grasses;
Mute the throat of feathered rover;
Mirrored in the still pools' glasses
Hang the hot clouds' shimmering fleeces.
Are they runes of summers perished
That the fisher hears—and ceases—
Or the voice of one he cherished?



Autumn

WAITING

Through the mists that veil the valley,
Blazoned by the Frost King's brushes,
Vanguards of gray legions sally;
Flaps the heron from the rushes.
In the haze that hides the ranges
Lurks the breath of white winds creeping
With a shroud—the forest changes
Its gay garments, and is sleeping.



Winter.

DEATH

When the wild blasts whip the passes,
In the tepees Famine tarries.
Sore the stinging sleet harasses
Where the snow-swirls sweep the prairies.
The Great Spirit's face is clouded:
Hears he not the women wailing
From his Hunting-Grounds enshrouded?
Shall our prayers rise unavailing?

THE MESSENGERS

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



WHEN Ainsley first moved to Lone Lake Farm all of his friends asked him the same question. They wanted to know, if the farmer who sold it to him had abandoned it as worthless, how one of the idle rich, who could not distinguish a plow from a harrow, hoped to make it pay? His answer was that he had not purchased the farm as a means of getting richer by honest toil, but as a retreat from the world and as a test of true friendship. He argued that the people he knew accepted his hospitality at Sherry's because, in any event, they themselves would be dining within a taxicab fare of the same place. But if to see him they travelled all the way to Lone Lake Farm, he might feel assured that they were friends indeed.

Lone Lake Farm was spread over many acres of rocky ravine and forest, at a point where Connecticut approaches New York, and between it and the nearest railroad station stretched six miles of an execrable woodroad. In this wilderness, directly upon the lonely lake, and at a spot equally distant from each of his boundary lines, Ainsley built himself a red brick house. Here, in solitude, he exiled himself; ostensibly to become a gentleman farmer; in reality to wait until Polly Kirkland had made up her mind to marry him.

Lone Lake, which gave the farm its name, was a pond hardly larger than a city block. It was fed by hidden springs, and fringed about with reeds and cat-tails, stunted willows and shivering birch. From its surface jutted points of the same rock that had made farming unremunerative, and to these miniature promontories and islands Ainsley, in keeping with a fancied resemblance, gave such names as the Needles, St. Helena, the Isle of Pines. From the edge of the pond that was farther from the house rose a high hill, heavily wooded. At its base, oak and chestnut trees spread their branches over the water, and when the air was still were so clearly reflected in the

pond that the leaves seemed to float upon the surface. To the smiling expanse of the farm the lake was what the eye is to the human countenance. The oaks were its eyebrows, the fringe of reeds its lashes, and, in changing mood, it flashed with happiness or brooded in sombre melancholy. For Ainsley it held a deep attraction. Through the summer evenings, as the sun set, he would sit on the brick terrace and watch the fish leaping, and listen to the venerable bullfrogs croaking false alarms of rain. Indeed, after he met Polly Kirkland, staring moodily at the lake became his favorite form of exercise. With a number of other men, Ainsley was very much in love with Miss Kirkland, and unprejudiced friends thought that if she were to choose any of her devotees, Ainsley should be that one. Ainsley was eager to agree in this opinion, but in persuading Miss Kirkland to share it he had not been successful. This was partly his own fault, for when he dared to compare what she meant to him with what he had to offer her he became a mass of sodden humility. Could he have known how much Polly Kirkland envied and admired his depth of feeling, entirely apart from the fact that she herself inspired that feeling, how greatly she wished to care for him in the way he cared for her, life, even alone in the silences of Lone Lake, would have been a beautiful and blessed thing. But he was so sure she was the most charming and most wonderful girl in all the world, and he an unworthy and despicable being, that when the lady demurred he faltered, and his pleading, at least to his own ears, carried no conviction.

"When one thinks of being married," said Polly Kirkland gently, "it isn't a question of the man you can live with, but the man you can't live without. And I am sorry, but I've not found that man."

"I suppose," returned Ainsley, gloomily, "that my not being able to live without you doesn't affect the question in the least?"

"You *have* lived without me," Miss

Kirkland pointed out reproachfully, "for thirty years."

"Lived!" almost shouted Ainsley. "Do you call *that* living? What was I before I met you? I was an ignorant beast of the field; I knew as much about living as one of the cows on my farm. I could sleep twelve hours at a stretch, or, if I was in New York, I *never* slept. I was a Day and Night Bank of health and happiness, a great, big, useless puppy. And now I can't sleep, can't eat, can't think—except of you. I dream about you all night, think about you all day, go through the woods calling your name, cutting your initials in tree-trunks, doing all the other fool things a man does when he's in love, and I am the most miserable man in the world—and the happiest!"

He finally succeeded in making Miss Kirkland so miserable also that she decided to run away. Friends had planned to spend the early spring on the Nile and were eager that she should accompany them. To her the separation seemed to offer an excellent method of discovering whether or not Ainsley was the man she could not "live without."

Ainsley saw in it only an act of torture, devised with devilish cruelty.

"What will happen to me," he announced firmly, "is that I will plain *die*! As long as I can see you, as long as I have the chance to try and make you understand that no one can possibly love you as I do, and as long as I know I am worrying you to death, and no one else is, I still hope. I've no right to hope, still I do. And that one little chance keeps me alive. But Egypt! If you escape to Egypt, what hold will I have on you? You might as well be in the moon. Can you imagine me writing love-letters to a woman in the moon? Can I send American Beauty roses to the ruins of Karnak? Here I can telephone you; not that I ever have anything to say that you want to hear, but because I want to listen to your voice, and to have you ask, "Oh! is that *you*?" as though you were glad it *was* me. But Egypt! Can I call up Egypt on the long-distance? If you leave me now, you'll leave me forever, for I'll drown myself in Lone Lake."

The day she sailed away he went to the steamer, and, separating her from her friends and family, drew her to the side of the ship farther from the wharf, and which, for the moment, was deserted. Directly

below them a pile-driver, with rattling of chains and shrieks from her donkey-engine, was smashing great logs; on the deck above the ship's band was braying forth fictitious gayety, and from every side they were assailed by the raucous whistles of ferry-boats. The surroundings were not conducive to sentiment, but for the first time Polly Kirkland seemed a little uncertain, a little frightened; almost on the verge of tears, almost persuaded to surrender. For the first time she laid her hand on Ainsley's arm, and the shock sent the blood to his heart and held him breathless. When the girl looked at him there was something in her eyes that neither he nor any other man had ever seen there.

"The last thing I tell you," she said, "the thing I want you to remember, is this, that, though I do not care—I *want* to care."

Ainsley caught at her hand and, to the delight of the crew of a passing tug-boat, kissed it rapturously. His face was radiant. The fact of parting from her had caused him real suffering, had marked his face with hard lines. Now, hope and happiness smoothed them away and his eyes shone with his love for her. He was trembling, laughing, jubilant.

"And if you should!" he begged. "How soon will I know? You will cable," he commanded. "You will cable 'Come,' and the same hour I'll start toward you. I'll go home now," he cried, "and pack!"

The girl drew away. Already she regretted the admission she had made. In fairness and in kindness to him she tried to regain the position she had abandoned.

"But a change like that," she pleaded, "might not come for years, may never come!" To recover herself, to make the words she had uttered seem less serious, she spoke quickly and lightly.

"And how could I *cable* such a thing!" she protested. "It would be far too sacred, too precious. You should be able to *feel* that the change has come."

"I suppose I should," assented Ainsley, doubtfully; "but it's a long way across two oceans. It would be safer if you'd promise to use the cable. Just one word: 'Come.'"

The girl shook her head and frowned.

"If you can't feel that the woman you love loves you, even across the world, you cannot love her very deeply."

"I don't have to answer that!" said Ainsley.

"I will send you a sign," continued the girl, hastily; "a secret wireless message. It shall be a test. If you love me you will read it at once. You will know the instant you see it that it comes from me. No one else will be able to read it; but if you love me, you will know that I love you."

Whether she spoke in metaphor or in fact, whether she was "playing for time," or whether in her heart she already intended to soon reward him with a message of glad tidings, Ainsley could not decide. And even as he begged her to enlighten him the last whistle blew, and a determined officer ordered him to the ship's side.

"Just as in everything that is beautiful," he whispered eagerly, "I always see something of you, so now in everything wonderful I will read your message. But," he persisted, "how shall I be *sure*?"

The last bag of mail had shot into the hold, the most reluctant of the visitors were being hustled down the last remaining gang-plank. Ainsley's state was desperate.

"Will it be a symbol, or in cipher?" he demanded. "Must I read it in the sky, or will you hide it in a letter, or—where? Help me! Give me just a hint!"

The girl shook her head.

"You will read it—in your heart," she said.

From the end of the wharf Ainsley watched the funnels of the ship disappear in the haze of the lower bay. His heart was sore and heavy, but in it there was still room for righteous indignation. "Read it in my heart!" he protested. "How the devil can I read it in my heart? I want to read it *printed* in a cablegram."

Because he had always understood that young men in love found solace for their misery in solitude and in communion with nature, he at once drove his car to Lone Lake. But his misery was quite genuine, and the emptiness of the brick house only served to increase his loneliness. He had built the house for her, though she had never visited it, and was associated with it only through the somewhat indefinite medium of the telephone box. But in New York they had been much together. And Ainsley quickly decided that in revisiting those places where he had been happy in her company he would derive from the recollection some melancholy consolation. He ac-

cordingly raced back through the night to the city; nor did he halt until he was at the door of her house. She had left it only that morning, and though it was locked in darkness, it still spoke of her. At least it seemed to bring her nearer to him than when he was listening to the frogs in the lake, and crushing his way through the pines.

He was not hungry, but he went to a restaurant where, when he was host, she had often been the honored guest, and he pretended they were at supper together and without a chaperon. Either the illusion or the supper cheered him, for he was encouraged to go on to his club. There in the library, with the aid of an atlas, he worked out where, after thirteen hours of moving at the rate of twenty-two knots an hour, she should be at that moment. Having determined that fact to his own satisfaction, he sent a wireless after the ship. It read: "It is now midnight and you are in latitude 40° north, longitude 68° west, and I have grown old and gray waiting for the sign."

The next morning, and for many days after, he was surprised to find that the city went on as though she still were in it. With unfeeling regularity the sun rose out of the East River. On Broadway electric-light signs flashed, street-cars pursued each other, taxicabs bumped and skidded, women, and even men, dared to look happy, and had apparently taken some thought to their attire. They did not respect even his widowerhood. They smiled upon him, and asked him jocularly about the farm and his "crops," and what he was doing in New York. He pitied them, for obviously they were ignorant of the fact that in New York there were art galleries, shops, restaurants of great interest, owing to the fact that Polly Kirkland had visited them. They did not know that on upper Fifth Avenue were houses of which she had deigned to approve, or which she had destroyed with ridicule, and that to walk that avenue and halt before each of these houses was an inestimable privilege.

Each day, with pathetic vigilance, Ainsley examined his heart for the promised sign. But so far from telling him that the change he longed for had taken place, his heart grew heavier, and as weeks went by and no sign appeared, what little confidence he had once enjoyed passed with them.

But before hope entirely died, several false alarms had thrilled him with happi-

ness. One was a cablegram from Gibraltar in which the only words that were intelligible were "congratulate" and "engagement." This lifted him into an ecstasy of joy and excitement, until, on having the cable company repeat the message, he learned it was a request from Miss Kirkland to congratulate two mutual friends who had just announced their engagement, and of whose address she was uncertain. He had hardly recovered from this disappointment than he was again thrown into a tumult by the receipt of a mysterious package from the custom-house containing an intaglio ring. The ring came from Italy, and her ship had touched at Genoa. The fact that it was addressed in an unknown handwriting did not disconcert him, for he argued that she might disguise the handwriting to make the test more difficult. He at once carried the intaglio to an expert at the Metropolitan Museum, and when he was told that it represented Cupid feeding a fire upon an altar, he reserved a stateroom on the first steamer bound for the Mediterranean. But before his ship sailed, a letter, also from Italy, from his Aunt Maria, who was spending the winter in Rome, informed him that the ring was a Christmas gift from her. In his rage he unjustly condemned Aunt Maria as a meddling old busybody, and gave her ring to the cook.

After two months of pilgrimages to places sacred to the memory of Polly Kirkland, Ainsley found that feeding his love on post-mortems was poor fare, and, in surrender, determined to evacuate New York. Since her departure he had received from Miss Kirkland several letters, but they contained no hint of a change in her affections, and search them as he might, he could find no cipher or hidden message. They were merely frank, friendly notes of travel; at first filled with gossip of the steamer, and later telling of excursions around Cairo. If they held any touch of feeling they seemed to show that she was sorry for him, and as she could not regard him in any way more calculated to increase his discouragement, he, in utter hopelessness, retreated to the solitude of the farm. In New York he left behind him two trunks filled with such garments as a man would need on board a steamer and in the early spring in Egypt. They had been packed and in readiness since the day she sailed away, when she had told him of the possible sign. But there had

been no sign. Nor did he longer believe in one. So in the baggage-room of an hotel the trunks were abandoned, accumulating layers of dust and charges for storage.

At the farm the snow still lay in the crevices of the rocks and beneath the branches of the evergreens, but under the wet, dead leaves little flowers had begun to show their faces. The "backbone of the winter was broken" and spring was in the air. But as Ainsley was certain that his heart also was broken, the signs of spring did not console him. At each week-end he filled the house with people, but they found him gloomy and he found them dull. He liked better the solitude of the midweek days. Then for hours he would tramp through the woods, pretending she was at his side, pretending he was helping her across the streams swollen with winter rains and melted snow. On these excursions he cut down trees that hid a view he thought she would have liked, he cut paths over which she might have walked. Or he sat idly in a flat-bottom scow in the lake and made a pretence of fishing. The loneliness of the lake and the isolation of the boat suited his humor. He did not find it true that misery loves company. At least to human beings he preferred his companions of Lone Lake—the beaver building his home among the reeds, the kingfisher, the blue heron, the wild fowl that in their flight north rested for an hour or a day upon the peaceful waters. He looked upon them as his guests, and when they spread their wings and left him again alone he felt he had been hardly used.

It was while he was sunk in this state of melancholy, and some months after Miss Kirkland had sailed to Egypt, that hope returned.

For a week-end he had invited Holden and Lowell, two former classmates, and Nelson Mortimer and his bride. They were all old friends of their host and well acquainted with the cause of his discouragement. So they did not ask to be entertained, but, disregarding him, amused themselves after their own fashion. It was late Friday afternoon. The members of the house-party had just returned from a tramp through the woods and had joined Ainsley on the terrace, where he stood watching the last rays of the sun leave the lake in darkness. All through the day there had been sharp splashes of rain with the clouds dull and for-



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"I think," said Ainsley, "they have lost their way."—Page 690.

bidding, but now the sun was sinking in a sky of crimson, and for the morrow a faint moon held out a promise of fair weather.

Elsie Mortimer gave a sudden exclamation. She pointed to the east. "Look!" she said.

The men turned and followed the direction of her hand. In the fading light, against a background of sombre clouds that the sun could not reach, they saw, moving slowly toward them and descending as they moved, six great white birds. When they were above the tops of the trees that edged the lake, the birds halted and hovered uncertainly, their wings lifting and falling, their bodies slanting and sweeping slowly, in short circles.

The suddenness of their approach, their presence so far inland, something unfamiliar and foreign in the way they had winged their progress, for a moment held the group upon the terrace silent.

"They are gulls from the Sound," said Lowell.

"They are too large for gulls," returned Mortimer. "They might be wild geese, but," he answered himself, in a puzzled voice, "it is too late; and wild geese follow a leader."

As though they feared the birds might hear them and take alarm, the men, unconsciously, had spoken in low tones.

"They move as though they were very tired," whispered Elsie Mortimer.

"I think," said Ainsley, "they have lost their way."

But even as he spoke, the birds, as though they had reached their goal, spread their wings to the full length and sank to the shallow water at the farthest margin of the lake.

As they fell the sun struck full upon them, turning their great pinions into flashing white and silver.

"Oh!" cried the girl, "but they are beautiful!"

Between the house and the lake there was a ridge of rock higher than the head of a man, and to this Ainsley and his guests ran for cover. On hands and knees, like hunters stalking game, they scrambled up the face of the rock and peered cautiously into the pond. Below them, less than one hundred yards away, on a tiny promontory, the six white birds stood motionless. They showed no sign of fear. They could not but know that beyond the lonely circle of the pond were the haunts of men. From

the farm came the tinkle of a cow-bell, the bark of a dog, and in the valley, six miles distant, rose faintly upon the stillness of the sunset hour the rumble of a passing train. But if these sounds carried, the birds gave no heed. In each drooping head and dragging wing, in the forward stoop of each white body, weighing heavily on the slim, black legs, was written utter weariness, abject fatigue. To each even to lower his bill and sip from the cool waters was a supreme effort. And in their exhaustion so complete was something humanly helpless and pathetic.

To Ainsley the mysterious visitors made a direct appeal. He felt as though they had thrown themselves upon his hospitality. That they showed such confidence that the sanctuary would be kept sacred touched him. And while his friends spoke eagerly, he remained silent, watching the drooping, ghostlike figures, his eyes filled with pity.

"I have seen birds like those in Florida," Mortimer was whispering, "but they were not migratory birds."

"And I've seen white cranes in the Adirondacks," said Lowell, "but never six at one time."

"They're like no bird *I* ever saw out of a zoo," declared Elsie Mortimer. "Maybe they *are* from the Zoo? Maybe they escaped from the Bronx?"

"The Bronx is too near," objected Lowell. "These birds have come a great distance. They move as though they had been flying for many days."

As though the absurdity of his own thought amused him, Mortimer laughed softly.

"I'll tell you what they *do* look like," he said. "They look like that bird you see on the Nile, the sacred Ibis, they——"

Something between a gasp and a cry startled him into silence. He found his host staring wildly, his lips parted, his eyes open wide.

"Where?" demanded Ainsley, "where did you say?" His voice was so hoarse, so strange, that they all turned and looked.

"On the Nile," repeated Mortimer. "All over Egypt. Why?"

Ainsley made no answer. Unclasping his hold, he suddenly slid down the face of the rock, and with a bump lit on his hands and knees. With one bound he had cleared a flower-bed. In two more he had mounted

the steps to the terrace, and in another instant had disappeared into the house.

"What happened to him?" demanded Elsie Mortimer.

"He's gone to get a gun!" exclaimed Mortimer. "But he mustn't! How can he think of shooting them?" he cried indignantly. "I'll put a stop to that!"

In the hall he found Ainsley surrounded by a group of startled servants.

"You get that car at the door in five minutes!" he was shouting, "and *you* telephone the hotel to have my trunks out of the cellar and on board the *Kron Prinz Albert* by midnight. Then you telephone Hoboken that I want a cabin, and if they haven't got a cabin I want the captain's. And tell them anyway I'm coming on board to-night, and I'm going with them if I have to sleep on deck. And *you*," he cried, turning to Mortimer, "take a shotgun and guard that lake, and if anybody tries to molest those birds—shoot him! They've come from Egypt! From Polly Kirkland! She sent them! They're a sign!"

"Are you going mad?" cried Mortimer.

"No!" roared Ainsley. "I'm going to Egypt, and I'm going *now*!"

Polly Kirkland and her friends were travelling slowly up the Nile, and had reached Luxor. A few hundred yards below the village their dahabieh was moored to the bank, and, on the deck, Miss Kirkland was watching a scarlet sun sink behind two palm-trees. By the grace of that special Providence that looks after drunken men, citizens of the United States, and lovers, her friends were on shore, and she was alone. For this she was grateful, for her thoughts were of a melancholy and tender nature and she had no wish for any companion save one. In consequence, when a steam-launch, approaching at full speed with the rattle of a quick-firing gun, broke upon her meditations, she was distinctly annoyed.

But when, with much ringing of bells and shouting of orders, the steam-launch rammed the paint off her dahabieh, and a young man flung himself over the rail and ran toward her, her annoyance passed, and with a sigh she sank into his outstretched, eager arms.

A half an hour later Ainsley laughed proudly and happily.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "you can never say I kept *you* waiting. I didn't lose much time, did I? Ten minutes after I got your

C. Q. D. signal I was going down the Boston Post Road at seventy miles an hour."

"My what?" said the girl.

"The sign!" explained Ainsley. "The sign you were to send me to tell me"—he bent over her hands and added gently—"that you cared for me."

"Oh, I remember," laughed Polly Kirkland. "I was to send you a sign, wasn't I? You were to 'read it in your heart,'" she quoted.

"And I did," returned Ainsley complacently. "There were several false alarms, and I'd almost lost hope, but when the messengers came I knew them."

With puzzled eyes the girl frowned and raised her head.

"Messengers?" she repeated. "I sent no message. Of course," she went on, "when I said you would 'read it in your heart' I meant that if you *really* loved me you would not wait for a sign, but you would just *come*!" She sighed proudly and contentedly. "And you came. You understood that, didn't you?" she asked anxiously.

For an instant Ainsley stared blankly, and then to hide his guilty countenance drew her toward him and kissed her.

"Of course," he stammered—"of course I understood. That was why I came. I just couldn't stand it any longer."

Breathing heavily at the thought of the blunder he had so narrowly avoided, Ainsley turned his head toward the great red disk that was disappearing into the sands of the desert. He was so long silent that the girl lifted her eyes, and found that already he had forgotten her presence and, transfixed, was staring at the sky. On his face was bewilderment and wonder and a touch of awe. The girl followed the direction of his eyes, and in the swiftly gathering darkness saw coming slowly toward them, and descending as they came, six great white birds.

They moved with the last effort of complete exhaustion. In the drooping head and dragging wings of each was written utter weariness, abject fatigue. For a moment they hovered over the dahabieh and above the two young lovers, and then, like tired travellers who had reached their journey's end, they spread their wings and sank to the muddy waters of the Nile and into the enveloping night.

"Some day," said Ainsley, "I have a confession to make to you."



Drawn by Lester Ralph.

In these two long hours they wandered far.—Page 698.

A CHRISTMAS OF CHRISTMASES

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESTER RALPH



JOHN REDMOND opened his eyes, stretched himself, and yawned. Sitting up, he sleepily surveyed his comfortable bedchamber, and as the familiar objects forced themselves on his waking senses he smiled in great contentment, for he was home, in his own rooms, and it was Christmas. It was to be his Christmas of Christmases, a day all his to enjoy as he willed, and he had willed to enjoy it in solid comfort. That this was selfish, he admitted very frankly, but the memory of an unselfish day spent last year with the Bartow family was still vivid in his mind. A real, old-fashioned Christmas, Peter Bartow had called it, and reviewing that feast of incident and accident, Redmond had determined that better than basking in reflected Christmas light was even being alone when he could have his apartment gods around him and his club close at hand. So plans born in the chaos of that visit had been laid with care. Nothing was to disturb the serenity of hours conceived to satisfy a fastidious bachelor. And truly he had begun well, for he had slept late, with no boisterous children to trouble his slumbers, and now, as he rubbed his eyes, he was conscious of a man moving softly about the room, an early minister to his comfort.

"Merry Christmas, Higgins," he cried, cheerfully.

"Merry Christmas, sir," returned the valet. "It's a lovely day, sir." He raised the shades and let the full sunlight burst into the room. "What suit shall I lay out, sir? I suppose you are going to the country to celebrate with your family."

Higgins being only an apartment-house valet had not had time to become intimately informed as to the history of the score of men to whom he attended, or he would have known that Redmond had no family, but was delightfully and comfortably alone in the world, save for a few distant cousins whom he had almost forgotten.

"With my family?" Redmond laughed, as he pushed his feet into his bath-slippers, drew his dressing-gown around him, and rose to face the day. "Thank Heaven, I have no family to trouble me, Higgins, but am free to do as I wish. And had I a family, you would not find that five-dollar bill waiting for you on the table there."

The man had been eying the money expectantly and lost no time in pocketing it. "Thank you, sir, and a Merry Christmas," he said.

"Oh, I am going to have an ideal Christmas," Redmond returned with great good humor. "I am going to indulge myself in everything, Higgins—going to have a selfish day. To start it, you can draw me a hot tub, and then put out my riding clothes." It was only a step to the bath-room, and as the valet was carrying out his orders, the other, being in a happy, loquacious mood, proceeded to unfold his plans. "I am going to do just the things I want to do, Higgins, and I shall be responsible to no one. Last year I learned a lesson when I spent the day with Mr. Bartow. You remember him?"

"Indeed I do," replied the old servant with a smile. "'E lived 'ere a long time, sir, in the rooms just below—503, sir—till 'e married and moved away."

"Married, gave up solid comfort, and moved to Orange," said Redmond.

"Like most of our gentlemen, sir," Higgins was speaking from the closet, where he was giving a stage-brushing to the neatly arranged array of coats of many colors. He came forth with the riding clothes and fixed them over a chair that they might be donned with the least possible effort. "They all go sooner or later, sir. Three 'as gone this year and Mr. Martin is threatenin'—'as a lady's picture on 'is desk and wants to sublet 'is rooms—the gentleman in 202, sir. I suppose you'll be next."

Redmond flushed guiltily, but he brushed aside the insinuation with a nervous laugh. He had no woman's picture in his rooms, but he carried one where the observing valet

could not see it, printed deep in his mind, a tantalizing picture which, on this Christmas morning, he was trying to forget. For, did he contemplate it, he was called far from the easy paths where his life lay now; the quiet eyes seemed to lure him from the placid waters on which he drifted pleasantly, to those tempestuous coasts where so many of his friends were struggling to keep afloat at all. It was a dangerous picture for him to look upon, for it seemed to have a subtle power of self-multiplication, and did he sit in the quiet of his rooms and look out at it, he saw not alone a winning face with quiet eyes meeting his, but the girl on horseback, the trimmest of figures on the trimmest of cobs galloping with him along quiet lanes; the girl on a rock, at his side, looking out to sea, smiling softly in silent contentment; the girl in the town, swinging up the avenue in step with him, with an eye ever ready to flash at the humor of the street and as quick to soften at its pathos. Could he have seen only these and the hundred others of their kind he would not have been this feast-day morning making a confidant of a valet; but he was a practical soul and from his dreams would turn to consider income and costs, and the case of Bartow and those of his acquaintance who had plenty for one and were trying to make it do for six.

"I guess you can count on me staying, for a while, anyway, Higgins," he said. "When a man reaches thirty-five, he is fairly safe. And then, you see, I am not of the marrying kind. Had I been, that real old-fashioned Christmas I spent with Mr. Bartow would have cured me. Instead of being allowed to enjoy a good sleep like I had this morning, I was awakened at day-break by the children and lay for hours counting the minutes till I could take my tub. My turn came—you see, we had to take turns—and instead of this—" he pointed to his own comfortable bath—"I found a little dark cave, all littered with tooth-brushes, medicine bottles, and toy steam-boats, and to make matters worse, Mrs. Bartow had used all the hot water—absolutely all."

Higgins rubbed his hands and gazed at Redmond in deep sympathy. "You must 'ave been most uncomfortable, sir, most uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable is hardly strong enough, Higgins. We were in Bedlam all day long.

The Christmas-tree caught fire and I burned my hands putting out the flames. Jimmy Bartow ate too much candy and almost died of colic. Baby Bartow broke his sister's new doll and even old Grandfather Bartow had to slip on the ice and sprain his wrist while he was showing Tommy how to use his skates. Altogether, Higgins, I decided that family Christmases were too exciting. To-day I shall celebrate in my own quiet way."

The servant was edging toward the door, for he had other duties and other men as anxious as Mr. Redmond to have some one to talk to, but he could not check the amiable flow of conversation.

"To-day, Higgins, I have planned a thoroughly comfortable Christmas, beginning with the indulgence of a hot bath, then a solid breakfast and a cigar, followed by a ride and a good luncheon at the club with some other sensible man like myself—bridge in the afternoon, and in the evening I dine with friends and go to the opera to hear one act of 'Parsifal.' That is what I call an ideal Christmas. Don't you agree with me?"

Higgins bowed his acquiescence, and backed into the tiny hall. He was fumbling with the latch of the apartment door, being anxious to get away, when he heard a splash and a shrill cry.

"Confound you! Higgins. I told you hot—hot—hot."

The servant did not answer. He slipped out, closing the door softly behind him. Safe in the hall he took the bill from his pocket to make sure of the figure in the corner.

So John Redmond began his Christmas with a chill, but the after-glow restored his good humor and as he sat down to the breakfast which had been laid in his study as by genii hands he was well satisfied with himself and his relations to the world. Comfort he wanted, and surely it was his, we should say, after a survey of his rooms. They were a man's, decorated and furnished with admirable, manly taste. He had made them just as he had dreamed they ought to be, when in his earlier days he was a struggling law clerk and went home nightly to a hall bed-room in a shabby boarding-house. They were the fulfilment of those dreams, as he was well-to-do now for a single man, and it seemed as though all his wants were satisfied, for a single man's real wants are

few. These rooms were thoroughly comfortable and thoroughly sensible, indeed, and uncluttered by needless hangings or dainty bric-a-brac. A woman would have said that the feminine touch was missing, but never having known it, John Redmond never missed it, nor, in all truth, can it be said that his friends did. Even those who were married confessed to envying him this quiet retreat which held everything a man wanted and nothing more. His heavy mahogany chairs with their leather coverings were most comfortable, and through the diamond panes of his bookcases could be seen the backs of many enticing volumes. Prints covered the dark green walls, their brilliantly colored hunting scenes giving a hint of the out-of-doors while the marked contrast of Rembrandt's portrait of himself, which hung above the mantel, spoke a catholicity of taste, a modicum of culture, just as the riding crop tossed carelessly on the divan, and the boot-hooks hanging from a chandelier in the bedroom told us that he kept a horse. The gas-lights in the fireplace burned cheerfully, their ashless, smokeless flames giving visible expression to the warmth and solid comfort of the place. And so in keeping with it all was the very breakfast which the master was contemplating. It was an excellent manly breakfast, such as single men love to look upon as they come from the chill of their morning tub with blood running freely—grapefruit with a tiny pool of rum in its heart floating a blushing cherry; excellent gruel with thick cream, eggs, and a pot of tea. This repast, crowned with a fragrant cigar, could not but put John Redmond in the best of humors, and, as he stretched out in his deep chair and smoked, he congratulated himself on the wisdom he was showing in his Christmas celebration. The morning paper lay unread across his knees and so great was his contentment that he almost purred as he gazed out through the smoke clouds into the vast spaces, with a vision unfettered by mere walls. He saw the picture, the winsome face with the quiet eyes regarding him, just as they had regarded him so trustfully the other day when she had asked him to join her family at their Christmas dinner and he had made excuses that he was going out of town. He shook himself angrily. He would not think of her, he said; he would think of the Bar-

tows. The Bartows had come to be to him an antidote for sentimental dreams. This was the exact hour and almost the minute when the tree had caught fire, when in a thoughtless moment he performed the one heroic feat of his life and beat out the flames with his bare hands. He remembered the torturing pain and the quick-coming regret that he had been so brave. He smiled. He could almost feel the agonizing throb of his nerves; he could almost hear the children cheering as they climbed around his legs; he could almost see Mary Bartow bending over him with bandages and linament and Grandfather Bartow——

The telephone bell rang. It called him from these pleasing reminiscences, and the voice that came to him over the wire brought back the face he was trying so hard to forget.

"What, Madeleine," he said, in the quavering tones of embarrassment. "You thought I had gone out of town?—I had to change my plans. Merry Christmas to you, too. Oh, yes, I am having a delightful day. The roses? I am glad you liked them—it was a pleasure to send them. What is that? Dine with you—your father asks me specially—just an old-fashioned mid-day family dinner. It is very good of you all, and I can't tell you how I appreciate it and how sorry that I have another engagement. Tea? I promised the Grants. I wish I could, but you see I dine with the Bentons and go afterward to the opera with them. If you had only asked me yesterday, but I shall try to drop in to-morrow."

Really John Redmond had no intention of dropping in to-morrow. As he turned from the telephone, he stood smoking thoughtfully and surveying his rooms. She was calling to him again, as she had been calling these many months, from this comfort, this care-free life. That he loved her, he was almost ready to confess to himself, but she stood for everything he did not love; for self-sacrifice; for economy; for a certain disorderly domesticity which was foreign to a nature that found expression in these solid chairs set geometrically about the room, and in the brilliant sporting prints upon the walls. All the creature comforts were his, just as they had been Bartow's and in the Bartow of to-day he saw the Redmond of to-morrow, did he yield to the attraction of a winning face. Undoubtedly Peter thought

that he was happy, but Redmond had fancied more than once that he detected a note of regret in his voice when he spoke of his former years. There was that moment after the Christmas dinner when he offered his guest a cigar, a very bad one, and lighted a pipe himself.

"You see, Jack," he had said, as he pointed to the little Bartows gambolling about the tree, "whenever I spend a quarter on a cigar I feel as though I were robbing them."

Redmond had no mind to go through life so conscience stricken every time he indulged himself in some little extravagance, yet as it had been with Bartow so it would be with him. There were times, though, when the winning face almost routed his worldly wisdom; times when to float alone on the unruffled sea of all he needed became appalling monotony; times when the door-latch clicked behind him on the stillness of his empty rooms and he wished that he might hurl away the key and never return. But at this moment Bartow was in his mind, side by side with Madeleine Wood; Bartow, happy in discomforts which John Redmond could never endure, and he laughed at the sentimental weakness which had turned him into a florist's on the afternoon before; he would be weak no more; in avoiding her persistent invitations he was parting with her finally, and in the future he would see her rarely and would think only as he thought of scores of other women.

Now for the day, the care-free day, so well begun and better still to be carried on! First, he would ride with Bob Harris, a brisk canter in the crisp Christmas air to whet his appetite for luncheon. Turning back to the telephone he called up Harris's rooms and learned that he had just left for the country. He rang for Bronson, and Bronson answered that he was off to a family dinner with some cousins. Disappointed, he appealed to Greenway, at best a bore, yet better than none, and found that he was starting for his sister's in Westchester. Confound these dotards, these idiots who had to borrow their Christmas joys! He must ride alone. He disliked the thought, but after all, riding alone was better than sitting on the floor playing railroad with Jimmy Bartow. So the stable was called and the order given that his horse

be ready in a half hour. "What was that? Don't yell so! My horse has gone lame—a bad sprain." Redmond snapped the receiver on the hook.

The wave of anger passed quickly. It was aggravating, of course, not to be able to ride, but though his horse had failed him he still had that boon companion of his lonely hours, his mechanical piano, and the brass wood-box by the fireplace held enough melody embalmed in paper rolls to fill many empty hours. He found solace in music. Something that would be suitable for Christmas morning, an expression of the Christmas spirit was what he wanted, but he turned in vain over the world's masterpieces. In despair he took the overture from *Götterdämmerung*, adjusted the rollers, leaned back on the stool, and began to work the pedals gently, smoking as he played. The first notes fell softly on his ears, soothing and delighting him. It was only for a moment. Pandemonium reigned within his beloved instrument. The pedals balked. He threw his weight upon them and the overture was torn to shreds. Had that piano a soul it must have quailed beneath the man's gaze. Contemptible, inanimate thing that it was, he stood before it, eying it reproachfully. Had it moved, had it shown some sign of life, he would have fallen upon it and joyfully vented his muffled anger. But he would not let it defeat him; he would not be denied the solace it could give him, and getting down on his knees, he peered up into the mechanical vitals to discover the cause of the trouble. Baffled in his search, he was fast losing control of his nerves when, fortunately, the door-bell called him to his feet and turned his thoughts to pleasanter channels.

He had believed that with Bronson's cigars and Harris's rare old Scotch he had received his full quota of Christmas presents, but here was a pleasant surprise in a daintily done-up box, adorned with ribbon and a holly sprig. Tearing off the wrapper he came to a package within, still more tastefully arranged, and when he read the card, he smiled, for not only had he forgotten his troubles, but he had forgotten, too, that Madeleine Wood was to be in his mind no longer. She had sent him this little Christmas remembrance made with her own hands. Expectantly he cut the ribbon and opened the precious parcel. It held a

waistcoat, and had that waistcoat a soul it must have shed tears over the look that came to Redmond's face when he beheld it. Half sadly, half laughingly, he regarded the beautifully embroidered garment, holding it at arm's length from him to get the best effect of its brilliant stripes.

"I suppose I'll have to wear it," he said, with a little laugh. "She would feel hurt if I did not, and she has worked so hard over it, I must seem to appreciate it. Now to give thanks."

Taking his pen, he began to write: "Dear Madeleine—The exquisite—" He stopped, as he remembered now that he was forgetting her, and his opening sounded too familiar. The sheet went into the wastebasket and he took another. "My dear Miss Wood—It was very kind of you—" He stopped. It was very long since he had addressed her so formally, and it would be a rude return for her more than thoughtful labor to fall back suddenly to cold politeness. As a matter of self-protection he wanted to forget her as far as possible, and how could he forget her if she continued working ties and waistcoats for him. To be cordial was simply to encourage her. He did not want to encourage her. To be formal was to be rude. And surely he would not be rude to her. Evidently he was in no mood for writing, and he looked up from his desk in despair.

It was eleven o'clock and Redmond's Christmas had not yet begun. Luncheon was still two hours away, and to fill them it seemed that there was nothing left for him but walking. He was soon swinging up the avenue at a brisk pace. The crisp air revived his spirits and the varying life and lights of the great street delighted his eyes; but even these began to pall, for the scene was over-familiar. Before he reached the Plaza his pace had slackened, he had drawn within himself and moved almost unconscious of the world about him, so absorbed was he in self-contemplation. Mechanically, he turned into the park and followed the deserted drive to the Mall, there to sink down on a bench and sit gazing vacantly at the bust of Robert Burns. The wind blew hard and the air was cold, but weariness conquered them and he held to his lonely seat, absorbed now in self-commiseration. What must the Bartows be doing? He closed his eyes on the wintry loneliness and

saw them again as he had seen them at this exact minute the year before—Grandfather Bartow in his armchair with his latest descendant perched upon his knee; Peter Bartow by the fire, smoking one of his dreadful cigars contentedly, while he smiled down on his happy youngsters; Mary Bartow, always bustling, alternating violently between kitchen and library to keep both dinner and children out of trouble. And he? He, John Redmond was sprawling on the floor aiming a deadly cannonade of beans at Jimmy Bartow's lead army. Over him rose the tree, hideous in its gaudy coloring, yet beautiful, for as he looked at it the years seemed to roll back from him, and with unfeigned delight he searched the green limbs for flying fairies, gay cornucopia, and glittering stars. What if it did catch fire? The blaze was conquered quickly, and now it shone as brilliantly as ever; and though his hand was burned he would suffer again a hundred times, could his pain be so assuaged, could he be the hero who had saved the house, could he feel the children fighting around his legs as they hailed the savior of their Christmas joy, could he hear a woman's grateful voice as she bathed his wounds and bound them. The fiery pain was but a part of *his* own Christmas joy, the shade that made the light wax stronger.

From these memories now grown strangely dear, he turned to this ideal day, this comfortable Christmas, which had brought him to the park to sit shivering on a bench watching the bust of Robert Burns, like any homeless vagrant. Comfort, at least, was his. Comfort he would have, and company, too. So he rose, and seeking to forget his loneliness in action, walked rapidly to his club.

To the cheery greeting of Patrick, the doorman, he made a scarcely audible reply.

"There's a message for you, sir," the man said, somewhat taken back by the brusque manner of this usually affable member. "Please call up 1509-71."

The clouds left Redmond's face, for he could think of but one person who was likely to telephone him at this time, and he was fully convinced that she was making another appeal to him to join her family at their Christmas dinner. What his answer would be he quickly settled in his mind. Basking in reflected Christmas light was, after all, better than sulking in loneliness, and he would surrender, but for the day

only. Rising hope made greater the fall of his spirits when the number brought him not Madeleine but Mrs. Benton's house, and a message transmitted by the butler that she had been called suddenly to Boston by her mother's illness and so had to abandon her dinner arranged for that night.

The last of Redmond's Christmas plans was wrecked. He did not move from the dark booth, but sat there stupidly, undecided where to turn. His disappointment did not rise from the failure of Mrs. Benton to contribute her share to his holiday. He would have been glad to have those hours free could he fill them as he wished. To do that a sacrifice of pride was demanded, an abandoning of the stoical course to which he had set himself. He wanted to call Madeleine then and there, retract his regrets, and throw himself abjectly on her pity, but he would hesitate, he would think it over and pit sense against sentiment. All his comfort, all his future was in the balance, and sense prevailed. To-morrow would not be like this, a day full of loneliness and disappointment, and to let one weak moment set his course for life was foolish. So he arose doggedly and with his determination firmer set than ever, made his way to the lounging-room. There he dropped into a chair by the window, lighted a cigar, and mournfully watched the avenue.

The room was his, save for a single man, old Matthew Beach, who was dozing in a distant corner by the fire, his dingy top-hat careening in abandon over his eyes, while the morning paper drooped to the floor from his nerveless hands. Of all the men in the club to spend Christmas with Redmond could think of none less interesting; yet he should have known that on such a day Mr. Beach was the very one whom he would meet, for the club was his home and going to it his occupation. It had been so for many years. To the young man watching him dozing away his Christmas morning in comfortable loneliness, it seemed that the mirror was being held up and that he looked into his own future. Here was the complete bachelor, the finished product of the single life, who had never known what it was to want anything for himself and had never given up anything that he wanted; he had drifted down the easy way and had come to this day, when the world was feasting, to doze alone

in a corner of his club. It might be his last Christmas, too, Redmond thought, as he saw the old man open his eyes, blink at him, then rise and come tottering across the room.

"Well, I am glad to see you," Matthew Beach exclaimed, seizing him with a quivering hand. "I have been watching all morning for some one to have my Christmas luncheon with, and I had almost given it up."

Redmond demurred, but his excuses were futile with the insistent Mr. Beach, who gave them no attention, but rang for a card and proceeded to order an elaborate repast for two. This arranged to his complete satisfaction, he lighted a cigar and regaled his silent companion with an account of his adventures in Italy in the early eighties, a story more familiar to his friends than those of the Bible. Redmond had one advantage. He had heard the tale so often and was so familiar with its every detail that he could keep his face turned to the old man in polite interest while he let his thoughts wander where they would. In those two long hours they wandered far. Madeleine and the Bartows claimed them entirely, the girl first, for when he thought of the others it was only as an alternative should his courage fail him when, luncheon over, he went to the telephone to ask her meekly to walk with him in the afternoon. He faced the telephone again after those interminable hours in the clutches of Matthew Beach, and his courage did fail him. He said that it was rising, that he was making a last desperate stand and would not yield. He simply could not afford to. So he called Bartow on the wire and Peter assured him that they would welcome him with open arms for the afternoon and supper; the children had all been clamoring for him; they said that it was not like Christmas at all without Redmond and his antics; it even seemed to Redmond that he could hear their cheers as their father turned to tell them that their friend was coming to them at last.

There was just time for him to go to his rooms, toss a few things in a bag, and make the train, but he left the club with a heart as heavy as when he had entered it, for while there remained for him a fragmentary Christmas he was going to bask in reflected light. And the figure of Matthew

Beach haunted him. He, too, had had his good friends in years gone by who were glad to share their holiday with him; and he must have romped on hands and knees with other people's children. And now Redmond saw the old man turning from him to toddle back to the lounging-room and watch for some one else to talk to. He tried to put the picture from his mind, as he walked with rapid steps up the avenue. But it would not down. Matthew Beach had not always been a tottering, garrulous man of seventy. There was a time when he, too, was thirty-five and a man men liked. He was not always a stooping figure in dusty, wrinkled black. Indeed, he must have been a handsome man, and perhaps he, too, was fastidious about his clothes and was sought after because his well-groomed beauty adorned a dinner-table or a box. There was a time when his stories were new in their telling and brought an honest laugh, when his adventures had a spice about them that—Redmond saw across the avenue the tall building which he called home, and turned mechanically to dive through the tangled traffic of the street.

What happened then, he never knew, except as he gathered the story in fragments. He could recall vaguely being wafted somewhere, and a gong sounded distantly but distinctly in his ears, so steadily that he had smiled at the thought that an ambulance was dogging him. The best account of the incident was the few lines in the daily papers next morning, which said that a shabbily dressed man, carrying no papers by which he could be identified, had been knocked down by an automobile while crossing Fifth Avenue near Forty-second Street, and was taken to the Gotham Hospital. It was in the charity ward of this excellent institution that Redmond opened his eyes late that Christmas afternoon. He was too weak and too much racked by pain to be greatly startled by his new situation. In the dim consciousness of the preceding hours he had grown accustomed to the sounds about him, and heavy breathing and weary sighs came no longer strangely to his ears. He tried to raise his right arm and it would not move. He carried his left hand to it and felt a hard splint. He lifted his hand to his head to find a great bandage encircling it. What could have wrought him all this ruin?

The nurse told him little more than that he had been knocked down by an automobile and the blessing was that he had escaped with his life. A blessing? he said to himself bitterly, when that part of his life most vivid to his dulled senses was the dismal day just going. He almost regretted that he had awakened at all, so much easier would it have been to have gone on as he had begun that moment when the darkness closed around him and he lay back to peaceful dreams. But that idea, at first so agreeable, became curiously abhorrent when he dwelt on the world he would leave behind and the little part that would remain for him to play in it. First he saw himself, the unidentified, cared for carelessly like lost property until some friend for pity's sake would hunt him out. Harris, Bronson, Greenway and their kind, a good kind, too, in their way, would see him to his last rest, as a duty, and then would hurry down to business or back to the club for bridge. Those distant cousins with suddenly awakened affection, would journey to town to quarrel over his little estate, paw over his books and papers, and perhaps shed tears—of disappointment. He would leave the world pitied by some and regretted by a few, and when other spirits spoke to him of earth and the ties that still made earth dear to them, he would be silent, for pride would not let him say that he longed for a word with Patrick at the club door or with Higgins the valet, and a glimpse of the apartment where he had lived in comfortable loneliness.

"Nurse! Nurse!" John Redmond was sitting up in bed. He had gathered all his strength to live. He would not go this way, out of a charity ward into eternity with no one to hold him back, no one to call to him to stay. He sank down again and asked feebly: "Tell me honestly, shall I get well?"

"Of course you will," a voice answered.

Hovering between the real world and the unreal, he could not tell from where the voice came. He was gazing up vacantly at broad reaches of white wall and ceiling and feared to turn his head lest he should hurl himself from pleasant dreams into an un-beautiful reality.

"Nurse," he said, "I guess I was lucky to escape with my life."

"It is not the nurse," came the answer. "I have just brought a few flowers."

Redmond turned. He knew now that he was wide awake, and his ears had not deceived him. Madeleine Wood was standing at the bedside, bending over him holding a rose toward him. He took the flower and smiled gratefully: "It was good of you to come."

"My friends and I always bring flowers to the hospital on Christmas," she said. "Is there anything I can do for you? Perhaps you have relatives you would like to send messages to. Let me write your letters."

Redmond looked up into her face boldly, seeing that she did not recognize him beneath the mask of bandages. He had a hundred pictures of her, but of them all none so good as this newest one, the picture of her as she leaned over the sufferer in the deepening evening light, speaking to him in the voice of sympathy and cheer. He had thought that he had come to know the real woman as they galloped together along the country lanes, when out in the clear day they had watched the play of sea and sunlight. He thought that he had read her when her laughter rang care-free and merry, when her eyes were bright with the joy of living. But this was the real woman before him, and one he had never known till now. What was his vaunted, pleasant ease beside the comfort of her presence, in the hand she laid upon his arm, in the eyes she bent to his.

"If you will write just one letter for me I shall be very grateful," he said, turning his face from her that she might not see the smile lurking upon his lips. He had forgotten everything except that she was beside him. The loneliness had gone. He was happy save for the fear that she would leave him. He was no longer a calculating man, considering income and costs, and the case of Peter Bartow and his kind, who had had so much for one and so little for the many. Peter Bartow was far from his mind, and even the haunting, threatening figure of Matthew Beach had ceased to trouble him. His one thought was to keep her at his side.

For the moment, at least, he was having his desire, for she took a chair and made ready to receive his dictation.

"Now whom shall I address?" she asked.

"I'll put that in later," the man replied.

"You see it's a love letter."

"Then perhaps you'd rather not have me——"

"Please take it," he insisted in a quavering voice. "She must hear from me to-night. It is very important."

"As you will," the girl returned, with gentle compliance.

"Tell her that I have had the most miserable Christmas in all my life."

"I have had the most miserable Christmas in all my life," she repeated as she wrote.

The man spoke with surprising strength and rapidity for one who appeared so badly injured. "Tell her that I have been miserable because I avoided her, and I did not see how we could get along very well together on what I had and, you see, I was accustomed to every luxury and did not like to give them up——"

"Don't go so fast," the girl said in a voice of despair. There was a mystery in this charity patient who was accustomed to every luxury and was ready to let a stranger into his life's secrets. Her mind worked over the puzzle faster than her pen on the paper, and when he did not heed her protests, her hand fell to her side and she stared at the back of the swathed head.

"Tell her that I have learned better to-day. I have been a plain selfish fool. I never considered her at all and kept saying to myself that 'he runs fastest who runs alone.' Well, he may run fast but he does not go anywhere worth while. I suppose I might have run on alone very comfortably, though, had I never known her; but I have come to know her to-day better than ever, and I can go no farther till she comes with me. Do you understand? Have you got it all down?"

Strength had come to John Redmond in leaps and bounds. Though his voice was low, it held the ring of truth and determination.

"Madeleine," he said, lifting himself with his good arm until he faced her, "Don't you know who my letter is for?"

She knew. The color of her cheeks and the flash of her eyes told him that, though she tried to hide it by looking away from him.

"Please do not speak so loud," she said. "I am sure other people are listening."

He lay back on the pillows watching her until the silence seemed to call her eyes to his again.



Drawn by Lester Ralph.

"Please do not speak so loud," she said. "I am sure other people are listening."—Page 700.
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"What brought you here?" she asked, but the tremor in her voice betrayed the effort at composure.

"An automobile," he answered. "It brought me to my senses, too, and now you are not going to complete the wreck of my Christmas?"

The girl rose. "I am sorry I must leave you," she said in a cold tone. "It is dreadful that you should be kept here in this ward. I shall see that they move you to a proper room, and to-morrow my father will come in and look after you. Good-by."

She held out her hand and his fingers closed on it firmly.

"You are not going to say good-by," he said, looking her squarely in the eyes. "Have you had a merry Christmas, too, Madeleine?"

She sat down, for he did not release her

hand, and there seemed nothing else that she could do, but she refused to meet his steady gaze.

"Have you?" he insisted.

"Jack," she said, leaning over him. "I have had a miserable Christmas. All this day I have been saying to myself that I must never see you any more, because it would encourage you, and if you cared for me, I could never give up all I have had, all my comforts and luxury at home, to share——"

"I know," said he, gently, "to share a kind of a Bartow home with me."

"A what?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind." He laughed. "Just lean over a little farther, Madeleine, and tell me, after all, is not this to be our Christmas of Christmases?"

"I think it is," she whispered.



THE ORGAN-GRINDER

By Caroline Duer

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I THINK he cannot hear the tunes he plays,
 Else would the repetition drive him mad.
 Blear-eyed, he is, and old, and very sad—
 This worn interpreter of worn-out lays.
 Yet does a travesty of merrier days
 Lurk in his smile. A hint of life he had
 In vine-sweet countries, as a boy half clad,
 Prone on a hill-side in the hot sun's blaze;
 Or loitering where the moonlight on the plains
 Grew pale with him lest 'Malia should not come.
 Swift are young joys, and slow are age's pains,
 For him not any road leads back to Rome.
 One hopes no black-browed daughter counts his gains
 Nor rates him, coming empty-handed home.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

The Organ-Grinder.

The Saints

By Eleonora Kinnicutt

"Nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time and zeal."
PATER.



WHO were the saints? A startling, an audacious, once almost a punishable, question; but when asked of the laity to-day, it is likely to be answered with a half-pitying smile or a frank admission of ignorance. Yet, happily, the words "saintliness" and "saintly" can never be dispensed with in our common daily language. And who were the saints?

They were men and women of flesh and blood, who, without celestial aura and crown, once trod this dusty earth, like ourselves. They were real people, living real lives, with real results. If we allow ourselves to be led back by the hand of history, sacred or secular, whichever we prefer, to examine the work accomplished by these men and women—now called saints—we shall be surprised. In our age, so worshipful of the material and the visible, we shall respectfully recognize their usefulness and their joyous activity in every sphere of life. Even in earthly affairs, they created and bequeathed to us the best that we have and know.

It was not the Church that made the saints, but the saints, in a very real sense, who made the Church. During the first centuries, after Christ and His apostles had vanished from earth, it was individual men and

Saint Augustine

women, living in deserts, in cells and caves, that guarded the new revelation. It was they who kept the spiritual lamp burning, upheld the new standards of life, and blazed the way for modern civilization.

CHRISTIANITY has always been the religion of the individual, and its power from the very beginning lay in its appeal to personality. It was individuals who first warmed hearts into Christian fervor. And so the Church, like all corporate bodies, was gradually formed by these separate particles coming together. We still hear the song of the saints, as it rings down the centuries.

We "give you the end of a golden string
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall."

A curious error exists in the minds of many people—roughly stated—that all saints are the creation and the exclusive possession of the Roman Catholic Church, and that they are only rightly called saints if they have received the papal stamp of approval through canonization. This is incorrect. For proof, we need only go back to the Psalms of David, "Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his." "To the *saints that are on the earth*, and to the *excellent* in whom is all my delight." "O, love the Lord, all ye his saints." These words were written a thousand years before the birth of the Church of Rome. The Psalms further help to point out to us that the early saints were selected and elected, not through a procedure in ecclesiastical courts, but by the voice of the multitude. Again and again it has happened that a people has insisted upon the recognition of one of its own-made saints, local or national. But history, civil as well as ecclesiastical, owes a great debt to the Roman Catholic Church for having from the very begin-

ning framed and hung in the long gallery of time the portraits of men and women who deserve to be honored. Always keen to respond to the elemental needs of human nature, the Church early appreciated that "there is no more rooted instinct in men than to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves," and that "an example is always better than a precept." Memorials of courage and service help to fortify men's faith in eternal truths, to increase the value of life through expectancy, and to prevent minds from becoming blunted to the great ends of living.

The only real democracy that the world has ever known is the democracy of sainthood, as founded by the early Christians. Apocryphal writings and ecclesiastical art have pictured to us the company of the blessed: "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, kindred and people and tongues." If we examine religious paintings, we find the king and the beggar, the queen and the peasant, the prelate and the friar in the same group. And in earthly relationships the same is true. Over the portico of the great monasteries and convents was written, figuratively: "Ye who enter here must leave all earthly distinctions behind." The great rulers of the world walked side by side, in like garb and on a lineless level of equality, with those who perhaps once had been their vassals or slaves.

We find that rich countries and prosperous times have produced few saints. They flourish better in desolate places, on mea-



gre diet and in poor ground. The sands of Egypt, the bogs of Ireland and the rock-bound coast of Brittany have produced many; Normandy not one. Commercial centres, too, have not had a large enrollment of saints.

During the first three centuries Christians were looked upon openly by the rulers of the world as criminals. "I am a Christian" was accepted by every magistrate as sufficient reason for both charge and conviction. Roasting and grilling and skinning were not enough; there still remained the pit with wild beasts into which to fling the breathing, mangled bodies. No wonder that these hunted creatures longed for written sign and word from one another, and that they made every effort to write down and to preserve, on tree bark, wax tablet and—rare find!—a scrap of parchment, their daily journals.

These fragments, written often with the red ink of their own heart's blood, constitute the first literature on the saints. They were autobiographies.

As soon as the Church became established as an entity, it sought, with the instinct of self-preservation, to gather and guard these records. They became the very foundation stones of the Church historic. Sworn notaries were placed everywhere and rigid precautions taken—even to a decree of death—to hold these writers to the truth. At Carthage in Africa, Smyrna in Asia,

Lyons in Gaul, local bishops accepted and verified the acts of Christians and had copies sent out to other church-centres, so that the faithful everywhere might draw

courage from the courage of their leaders. We have the most conclusive evidence that early in the second century the anniversary of a martyr's death was remembered and kept holy. There exists a contemporary account of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp—about A.D. 145—with a clear statement that the Christians would try to recover his body as a precious treasure and would institute a "birth-feast" in his honor. Bishop Eusebius of Cæsarea in Palestine wrote two large folios about the martyrs, from the testimony of eye-witnesses. These were found in a Chaldaic manuscript in a monastery in Upper Egypt and are now deposited in the Vatican li-



brary. They were written about A.D. 315.

The Golden Legends (*Legenda Aurea*) were short life-stories about the saints, which early were read aloud at church services, each on an appointed day. This was the norm of the Saints' Calendar, with its feast and name-days. The word legend in its original sense stood for strict historic data; after a while poetry crept in, then the words "saga" and "fairy," thus giving a changed meaning, or rather a mixed use, to the word.

How did the Church during the first cen-

turies of the Christian Era, when the then world was still made up of unrelated and geographically separated parts, with no print and press medium of communication, make known its wishes and commands? How did the saints of all countries, from Africa to Scandinavia, manage to get their appointed day and place in this book of the year's turning?

Primarily it was done by the Church appropriating to its own use, as it has always so wisely understood how to do, the best means at hand. This was the pagan calendar. All people, both civilized and barbarian, have always kept some kind of record of the flight of time and appointed certain days for especial rejoicing, mourning or propitiation. In China and Hindostan, in ancient Egypt and Babylon, and on the American continent among the Aztecs and Peruvians traces have been found of a calculation of the seasons, as a basis for religious observances.

Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, who died 672 years before the birth of Christ, is credited with having first promulgated what we still call the "Roman Kalendar." The word is derived from the Greek "Kaleo—I proclaim." A public officer, on the first day of each month, posted proclamations upon marble tablets in the Forum, which stated what pagan ceremonies were to be observed during the month; also astronomical predictions and

dates for the session of the courts. The year was divided into twelve months, January being dedicated to the god Janus. The symbol for the first day of the first month was—and still remains—a circle, signifying eternity.

These marble tablets the Church applied to its own use when it established the Christian Calendar. The high festivals were designated by red lettering—hence the term "a red-letter day."

Passing across to Great Britain we find the same method of public announcement, in the form of the "Klog Kalendar." The origin of the word is unknown, but it is supposed to have cousinship to "log." The Klog came from Denmark. It was a rectangular block of box or beech-wood, upon the sides of which were recorded the twelve months of the year. Each day was marked by a small notch, every seventh day by a large one. The

festival days were indicated by the names and symbols of special saints. Large and elaborately carved Klogs were fixed in the town market-places, to give information to the general public. Smaller ones were hung indoors, at one end of the family hearthstone. Little Klogs were carried, like watches, in people's pockets.

The oldest British ecclesiastical calendar which still survives is the one which was in the possession of the British Saint Willebrord, apostle of the Frisians, who has left in it an autograph note of the date of his



Saint Bridget

consecration as bishop, A.D. 695. As recently as 1897 a remarkable discovery was made at Coligny, France, of inscribed stone tablets, in which archaeologists agree in recognizing an ancient Celtic calendar.

It was the custom of the people everywhere to celebrate, not only the anniversary of their baptism and name-day, but also that of the patron saints of their own town and country, occupation and trade; also of each separate bodily ailment—for the saints were specialists in medicine. Summed up, the 365 days became an embodiment, through names and word-pictures, of every act and aspiration of human life.

It is a curious fact that in the English civil calendar the saints days were continued until the year 1752, and then dropped when the change was made from the "old to the new style." The Anglican Church calendar still retains a large number of the saints' names, but it is misleading to speak of them as "Anglican" saints. They are mostly an inheritance from the Greek or the Latin Church. The Post-Reformation Church of England has never instituted a procedure of canonization, but many of the "black letter days" of the present Prayer Book

of the Church of England commemorate English saints, in the proper sense of that phrase.

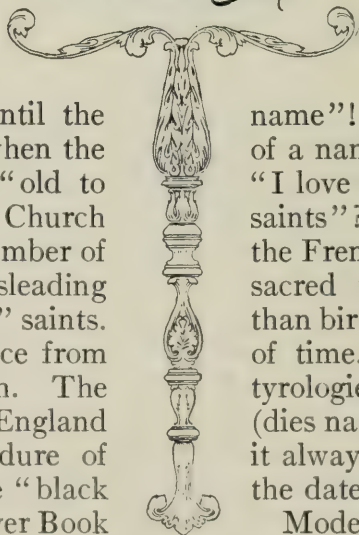
How seldom to-day do we inquire whence came what we are pleased to call, even in everyday talk, our "Christian" names? We have almost forgotten that the term is derived from the once universal Christian custom of bestowing upon a child in baptism the name of a favorite saint, hoping thus for an imitation of his or her special virtues and graces and protection. Thus the saints' feast-day becomes the child's feast and name-day for life. No memories are more tenacious and tender than those with which we encircle the names that are dear to us. O "the love of a lovely

name"! And was it not the thought of a name that made Browning write "I love thee with the love of my lost saints"? The German "Namenstag," the French "jour de fête" have a more sacred place in the heart's calendar than birthday dates in a relentless table of time. When we read in the martyrologies the date of a saint's birthday (dies natalis), we must remember that it always signifies what we should call the date of his death.

Modern readers are often repelled,



Saint **A**gnes





and with good reason, by the accounts of the burial of saints. During the first Christian period, the words "remain" and "remains" had a sharply contradictory meaning. The more venerated a saint, the more unlikely were his or her remains to be allowed to lie unmoved in one spot. This, because of the miracle-working power ascribed to them. Sacred relics were often seized and stealthily carried off by devout believers; they were moved and removed by sovereigns, as a mark of royal favor. When some especial power to heal disease was ascribed to them, the relics were divided into almost as many parts as there are parts to the human body, thus multiplying the places of enshrinement.

We must never forget when studying the histories of the saints, that the early Christians were for the most part converted heathen. Centuries of time were needed to change the worship of visible idols into worship of one invisible God. The breaking of idols, even if willingly broken, must have been followed by a sense of loss and a very natural craving for something to take their place, to make real and near the unseen God. With this thought in mind, we are able to read more understandingly and sympathetically the fantastic, grewsome, and often idolatrous treatment of human relics.

We have a good example of this custom in the story of the Magi—the "three wise men of the East," who followed the star to the manger at Bethlehem. Tradition says that they were kings or princes; that Saint Thomas later baptized them, and that for the remainder of their lives they devoted themselves to the service of Christianity. After death their remains were taken by the first Christian emperor to Constantinople, whence later they were conveyed to Milan. In A.D. 1162 Emperor Frederick I of Germany removed them to Cologne, where they now lie in a costly shrine. The "Drei Könige" over hostlery doors in Germany and the "Three Kings" on the old swinging sign-boards in English villages,

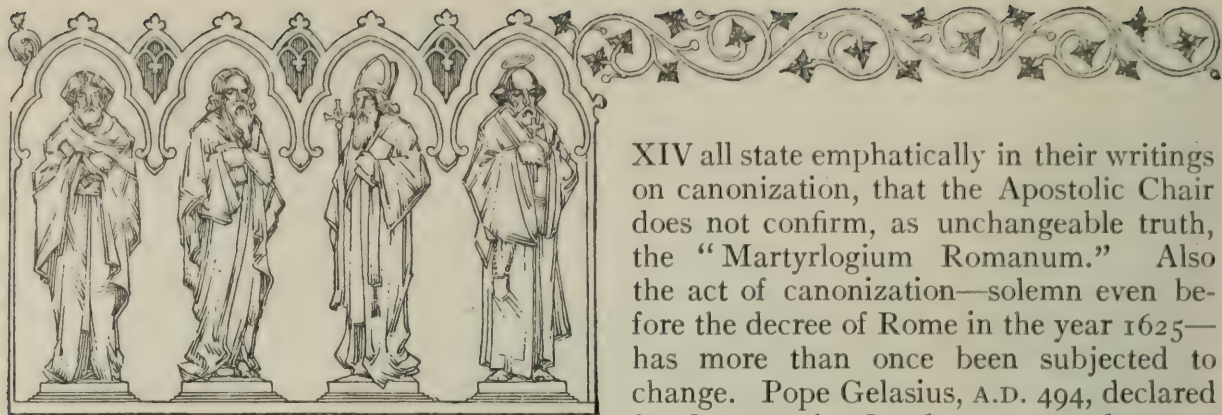
as well as the Three Kings Court, Fleet Street, London, are all derived from the Magi.

Before the Catholic Church split into two bodies, the Greek and the Roman, or the Eastern and the Western as they are called, the act of canonization was a simple one. The word itself signifies to approve—to insert in the canon or the official register of the Church. It meant simply commemoration. The excellent on earth, when they passed away, were not to be forgotten nor their influence to be lost. The Church's own earliest definition is that the act is "in memory of those who have finished their course; also for the preparation of those who have yet to walk in their steps."

In the beginning, every bishop of a province was entitled to canonize a saint according to his own judgment and the will of his people. Thus we find many names in the Greek calendar that are not in the Roman. The recognition was local, popular, and therefore not always discriminating.

Pope Alexander III is said to have been the first, about A.D. 1170, to claim for Rome the exclusive right of canonization. Pope Urban VIII issued a decree, signed on March 13, 1625, which, with slight change, is said still to represent the procedure. It was retroactive for one hundred years, and in many cases for a longer period. It consists of about nineteen successive steps, many of them with interlude and repetition. First, inquiry is made into each separate virtue and miracle of the candidate. The virtues come first. Final pronouncement is not made upon them until fifty years after death. At least two well-attested miracles are required. If one formal error against morals or faith be found, it puts an end to the proceedings unless positive proof of expressed retraction during life can be given. Beatification is a station, when provisional permission is given to honor one who is still standing waiting in the ante-chamber of the fully Blessed. Throughout the process of canonization the same principles of evi-





dence are demanded by the cardinals, bishops, and ecclesiastical judges as are required in a court of law before convicting an offender of a capital crime. Only sworn scribes and messengers are employed. Whatever is most binding in an oath and most solemn in the censure of the Church is used to elicit truth and to detect falsehood. When the decision is reached, it is printed and exposed for the examination of the whole world.

The canonization of a martyr is a comparatively short procedure. Proof that death has been suffered purely and absolutely in the cause of Christ makes an inquiry into virtues not obligatory. "What greater proof can a man give," even before a court of celestial claims, "than that he has laid down his life" in sacrifice for others? Martyrs are allowed the prefix of saint, but happily all saints were not martyrs. What primarily endears them to the hearts of the multitude is, that without exception, at some period in their lives, they gave up as individuals all earthly possessions, and, detached from the world, devoted themselves in love and pity to the sinful, the sick, and the sorrowful.

The nearer one gets to modern times, the less emphasis is laid upon the miracle-working power and the more upon the spiritual influence upon humanity. But the Church always insists upon the miraculous in a saint, as it does upon faith in miracles in its communicants. It by no means demands faith in all so-called miracles; on the contrary, the Church is often the first to reject and repudiate many of them. Popes Gregory XIII, Urban VIII, and Benedict

XIV all state emphatically in their writings on canonization, that the Apostolic Chair does not confirm, as unchangeable truth, the "*Martyrologium Romanum*." Also the act of canonization—solemn even before the decree of Rome in the year 1625—has more than once been subjected to change. Pope Gelasius, A.D. 494, declared St. George, the Greek martyr and patron saint of England and of the chivalry of Europe, to have been not a real man but a pagan myth. Later, a decree placed St. George in the category of those saints "who are justly revered among men, but whose actions are known only unto God." So, in the case of St. Veronika, the Church discarded in the eleventh century many previously accepted legends in regard to her.

As to the literature of saints, we find in the great libraries of the world an immense intellectual monument to them, in the form of a work called "*Acta Sanctorum*." It consists, in fifty-eight large volumes, of the biographies of all the saints, as sanctioned by the Church of Rome. Protestant historians, among them Grotius, Leibnitz, and Kingsley, tell us that we must not suppose these biographies of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" to be only religious romances, edifying but not historical, to be admired but not believed; that the contrary is true.

It was Herbert Rosweyd, a Dutch priest of Utrecht, who began this great work in the year 1569. His only hesitation was that it would require two hundred years to complete it; he was more than right. The last volume issued bears the date of October 29, 1867, with more to follow. The first to succeed Rosweyd was a priest of Antwerp, named Bollandus. His successors in the work formed themselves into a society called the Bollandists. At their task these men remind one of a long line of faithful oxen, ploughing single-file through a deep furrow. One drops out by death and another steps in. Each bows his head willingly to the yoke and takes up the burden, for such number of years as it may please



his Maker to count out to him. In scanning the list we find that one man applied himself steadily to this work during forty-six years, another fifty-six and still another until he was over ninety years of age. Truly it may be said of them, that they gave to the Lord the "gift of their days." There is pathos in the thought that the very thoroughness of their work makes a universal reading of it impossible. There is so much gloom and grotesqueness, such verbosity and repetition, that one feels sorry for the joyous, lovable, and interesting saints whose individuality has been enveloped and concealed by priestly veneration. If one wishes to get at the deep values of the "Acta Sanctorum," it must be by taking a spade—a strong-handled one—and digging down through the fossilized layers of dogma and time, into the rich mine of historic facts.

In studying the lives of the saints we must understand how to place them in distinct groups, for, like the stars, they differ from one another in glory. First come the devotional saints, as they are sometimes called, who represent some phase of beneficent power, some principle or aspect of the universal Christian model. As glorified human beings, their forms have taken on with time an ever-increasing mystic and symbolic meaning. Then follow the patrons of the Church and of nations; the hermit saints and the ecclesiastical doctors. Fourteen among the great saints are called the "Apothecaries" (apothecary signifies in old German "a store-house of solace"). Lastly come the thousands of men and women who have a place in lay history as doers of the world's work. Their figures stand out especially in what are called the "Dark Ages" as light-houses on that black sea of existence.

Among the early saints who illustrate both an era and a type is the hermit, St. Theodosius. He was born in Cappadocia A.D. 423 and was a man who combined austerity and spirituality with ability and accomplishment. He went into the



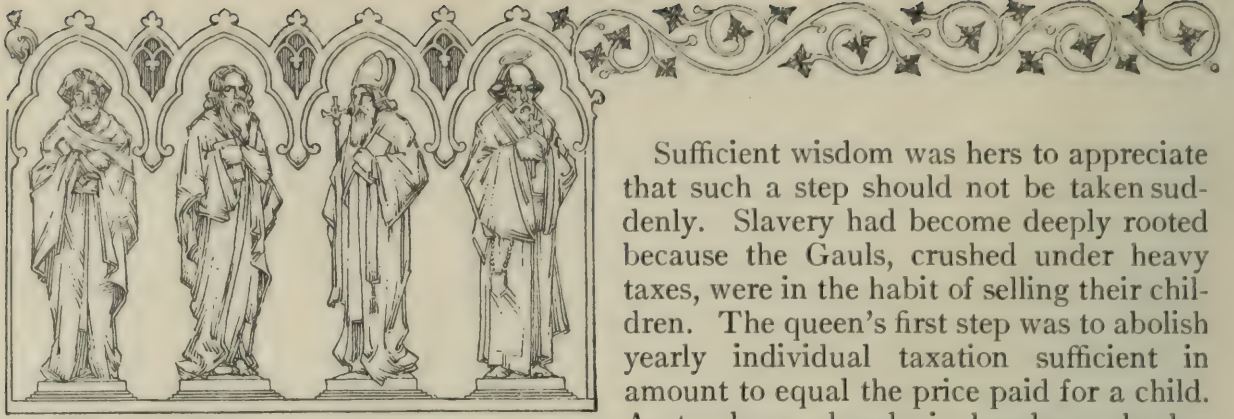
desert alone, a severe ascetic. His food throughout life consisted of coarse herbs; during thirty years he never tasted even bread. He lived and worked indefatigably to the age of one hundred and five years; facts worthy of modern pause and question.

Theodosius first built a monastery and gathered around him a large brotherhood of monks, all of whom he inspired with the wish to be of service to mankind. Their physical activities were great; each learned a trade and worked with his hands toward the support of the community. Three great hospitals were erected; for the ill, the aged, and the insane. This was the first special hospital devoted to the care of the insane. Next came a fourth building for the reception of travellers and all who might ask shelter. Often in a single day, over one hundred tables were set for strangers—in a true spirit of *hospitality*. Provisions frequently gave out, and even on feast-days they were scant. A rule rigidly observed by the brethren was never to sit down themselves to food until all strangers had been served.

At one time Theodosius was forced into exile by imperial edict because he signed a protest to the emperor Justinian, declaring that in matters of faith the Church stood above the State. Theodosius had the spirit of an apostle and the temper of an enthusiast. "I care not for life nor for dominion," he wrote, "and neither exile, poverty, nor chains can bind me." The emperor was killed by lightning a year later and Theodosius returned to preside again over his great community.

Especially broad and beautiful seems to





have been the provision for spiritual needs in this city of life on the shores of the Dead Sea. In three separate churches services were held daily, in the Greek, the Armenian, and the Arabic languages, and in a fourth church prayers were read, in "simple language," for the recovery of the insane. The divine message was thus preached to each worshipper in the tongue that he best understood. For participation in the Sacrament, the multitude assembled once every week, in joint body, in the great Greek Church, thus giving a fine example to the world of unity without uniformity.

Moving along a few centuries another type is St. Bathildis, whose name should be writ large in the history of Europe as a woman who helped make history in the seventh century.

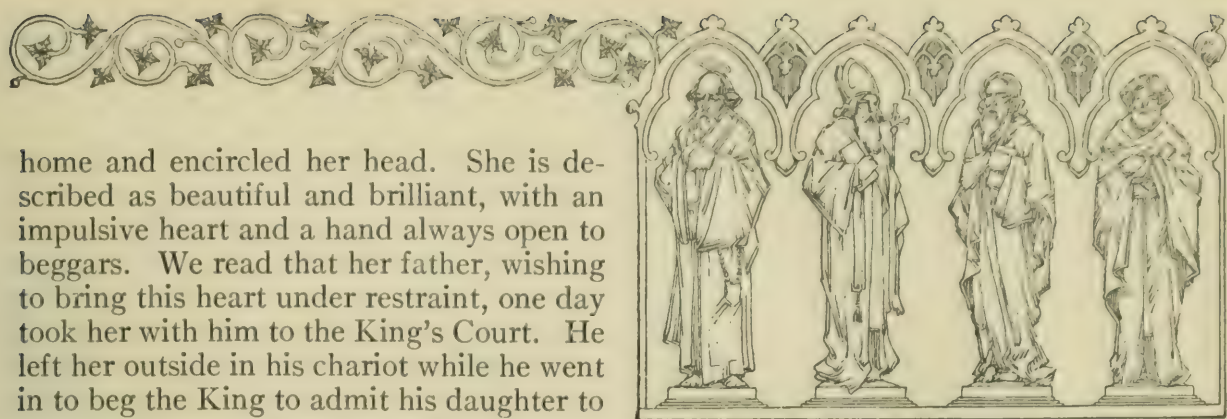
Bathildis was a fair-haired Anglo-Saxon slave in the kitchen of a French mayor in the year 648. She must have been attractive, for first the mayor and then the king offered her a hand in marriage. At the age of nineteen she became the wife of King Clovis II and was the mother of three later kings of France—Clotaire III, Childeric II, and Thierry I. Her great heart and mind soon found scope for action. She guided a willing and devoted husband to enact many merciful laws and endeared herself to his people by personal contact with the poor as a self-trained nurse. After six years of happy married life Clovis died, A.D. 655, and his widow became regent during the minority of her eldest son, then five years old. As queen her best powers were put forth to carry out a long-cherished wish—the abolition of slavery in France.

Sufficient wisdom was hers to appreciate that such a step should not be taken suddenly. Slavery had become deeply rooted because the Gauls, crushed under heavy taxes, were in the habit of selling their children. The queen's first step was to abolish yearly individual taxation sufficient in amount to equal the price paid for a child. As to slaves already in bondage, she believed that it would be unjust toward their masters, from a property point of view, to declare them free. So for these slaves she slowly paid a ransom out of her privy purse. Fearing that temptation might come to her people to sell their children abroad, now that the home market was closed, she enacted a fugitive-slave law. Emissaries were sent by her to all the courts of Europe, to inform them of the new order in France, and to give warning that French subjects sold as slaves to foreigners would be pronounced free should they succeed in escaping back to native soil.

When Bathildis's duties as regent were ended, she retired, universally regretted and beloved, to the convent of Cella near Paris. She died in the year 680 and was buried in the cathedral of Notre Dame. Have her services as an earthly ruler been forgotten because of her elevation to the saints' sculptured niche with a scroll of history in her hand, the stone pages of which never turn back?

Among the patron saints of nations is one whose hold is especially strong upon an impressionable people—St. Bridget of Ireland. Bridget, the "Virgin of Kildare," has a history in which truth and poetry, will and wilfulness are blended with a sparkle and charm distinctly Irish. What we know about her is largely from oral traditions. Her origin is uncertain, but it is supposed that some drops of royal blood coursed through her veins from the Scotch Kings of Timoria. Tradition says that already in childhood signs of her future holiness were frequent; that a curious glow-light and often fiery sparks shone over her





home and encircled her head. She is described as beautiful and brilliant, with an impulsive heart and a hand always open to beggars. We read that her father, wishing to bring this heart under restraint, one day took her with him to the King's Court. He left her outside in his chariot while he went in to beg the King to admit his daughter to the royal service, confessing frankly that her excessive charity made it too costly for him to keep her at home. While he was inside, a beggar approached and Bridget, finding nothing else to give, presented to him her father's sword, a gift from the King. When her parent, accompanied by his majesty, came out from the castle he exclaimed angrily: "Child, why didst thou give away the royal sword?" She answered calmly: "If beggars asked of me even my father and my King, and I had nothing else, I would give them both away." Truly, a characteristic story of Irish heart impulse.

Bridget was one day driving her car across a newly tilled field; she ran it into a hedge and was thrown out. When picked up by a man who had remonstrated against her careless driving, she said smiling: "Yes, better to have gone around; short cuts make broken bones."

When Bridget finally consecrated her fermented spirits and her energies to the service of God, she took up her abode in a cell under an oak-tree, thence called "Kildara," or the cell of an oak. Out of this small beginning, like the growth of the mustard seed, grew during her lifetime and because of her initiative, a large town of sacred buildings. Her wisdom in counsel and her radiant beneficence drew all people to her. Her great convent, in which for centuries after the nuns kept a flame always burning, was called the "House of Fire." Bridget died in the year 528, in the seventieth year of her age. She was buried at Down Patrick, in a triple vault, with St. Patrick and St. Columba. In the days of Henry VIII her remains were taken to Vienna; then, by the gift of Emperor Ru-

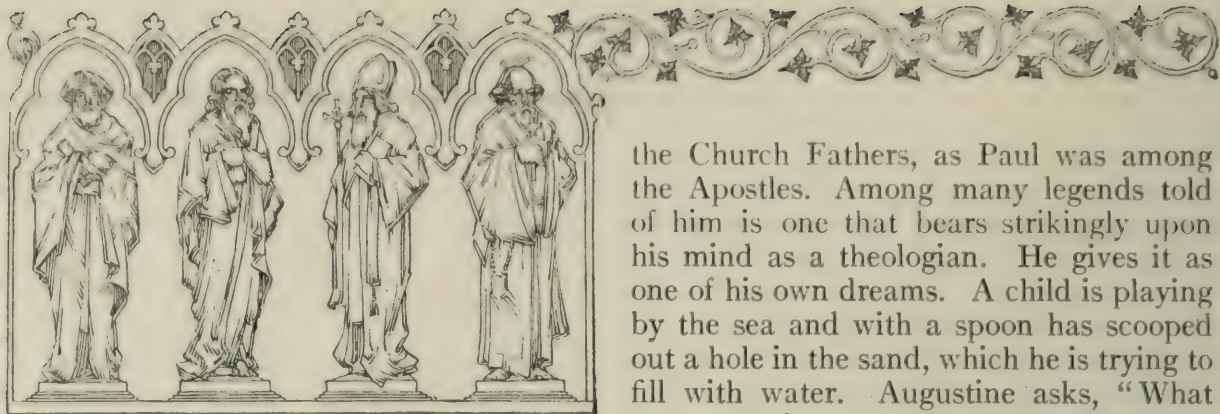
dolph II of Austria, to the church of the Jesuits at Lisbon, Portugal.

It would seem as though all that was earthly of this bright saint of Erin (often called the "Isle of Saints") should have been allowed to rest forever beneath its own green sod. In ancient art, St. Bridget is depicted with a flame of fire above her head and at her side a flock of wild geese—for she is said often to have called these to her to enliven her hermit solitude. She also carries a sheaf of wheat or a cornucopia of fruit, for as a mystic and semi-deified personage, she was thought to hold prosperity and plenty in her hand.

Even the saints whose glory is associated with intellectual predominance—the great churchmen and scholars of their time—have nearly always an appealing humanity and vitality. Such a one was St. Augustine, one of "the four great Fathers of the Church." He was born November 13, A.D. 354, at Hippo, Africa. His father was a heathen. His mother, Monica, a Christian, stands in history and in art as the type of the Christian mother, praying for a wayward son. Augustine, alas, was such a son, and during youth, while his wit and wisdom grew astonishingly, so did also his profligacy and defiance of moral laws. Love of the stage and of the poets was said to have been the cause of his ruin. But looking backward, may it not have been just this passion of the emotions which later in life, when under higher control, made him one of the most individual, interesting, and lovable of men?

The stages of Augustine's moral climb to goodness and his conversion fill many eccle-





siastical folios. It is natural that holy men delighted to dwell upon them as a means of leading others upward. But it is Augustine's own words that we prefer to quote. "I was sitting in a garden one day, under a fig-tree, reading about the hermit-saints, when I suddenly sprang up and asked myself. 'Cannot you do as much as they did? How and when? To-morrow, to-morrow, why not to-day?' At this moment, I heard the sweet voice of a youth in a neighboring garden say, 'Take and read.' I then remembered that this was what St. Anthony had done. He had read the Evangelists. And so directly I opened the Epistle (Romans 13:13): 'Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.' A ray of light suddenly penetrated to the centre of my being and with it came peace."

Augustine's first step was to hurry, with a friend, Alypius, to his mother at Milan. With his newly found joy came also the revelation of what her sufferings and longings for him must have been. We have a detailed account of his baptism on Easter Eve, in a chapel near the church of St. Ambrose. Ambrose was still alive and performed the rite. It is written in some martyrologies and disputed in others, that, bursting with wonder and joy, Ambrose called out "Te Deum laudamus," and that Augustine replied, "Te Dominum confitemur," and that thus the glorious chant originated.

From this time on, Augustine became the most persuasive, fiery, and zealous of

the Church Fathers, as Paul was among the Apostles. Among many legends told of him is one that bears strikingly upon his mind as a theologian. He gives it as one of his own dreams. A child is playing by the sea and with a spoon has scooped out a hole in the sand, which he is trying to fill with water. Augustine asks, "What are you trying to do?" The child replies, "I wish to put the ocean into this hole." When the saint laughingly points out that this is to try to do the impossible, the child replies, "It is easier to put the ocean into this hole than to crowd into the small space of the human understanding the mystery of the doctrine of the Trinity."

Augustine had a strong trait of mysticism in his nature. While the Greek Church occupied itself exclusively with dogma regarding the Trinity, the nature of Christ and the Person of the Godhead, wishing to measure everything accurately by means of intellectual argument, Augustine brought into the Western Church that trait of mystic longing, which in deepest humility looks up to the eternal. It is this that lies at the foundation of all the poetry and holiness of the Middle Ages. Augustine was the most marked personality as a poet, philosopher, and theologian of the early Christian Church. His was a flaming torch, from which smaller torches borrowed light. He is the patron saint of theologians.

Among the most beloved saints is Agnes, one of the four great virgin martyrs. She was born at Rome, of a patrician family, and was both beautiful and good. The son of a Roman prefect fell hopelessly in love with her, and to such a degree of madness that his father went to the girl and implored her to marry him. But she firmly refused, saying that she was already affianced to a heavenly bridegroom whom she loved, meaning Jesus Christ. She was then told that if she would have no earthly husband, she must become a vestal virgin. She refused with scorn the care and worship of images. Then it was ordered



that she be subjected to fearful outrage; soldiers stripped off her garments, but suddenly her hair was lengthened so that it covered, like a cloak, her naked body. Angels appeared in a cloud of light, bringing to her garments of shining whiteness. When the prefect saw this he was awed and tried to save her, but the populace shouted: "She is a sorceress, let her die." So she was condemned to be burned. An executioner ascended the pile, but the flames separated and left her unscorched. A sword was then plunged into her breast and, gazing steadfastly toward heaven, she fell dead on the pile. She was but *thirteen years old!*

Mrs. Jameson says: "St. Agnes is the favorite saint of Roman women; the traditional reverence paid to her memory is kept alive by the two famous churches bearing her name. The first stands on the very spot where stood the house to which soldiers dragged her. The chamber that was filled with heavenly light has become to-day—from the change in level all over Rome—a subterranean cell, and is now a chapel of especial sanctity, into which you descend by torchlight. The steps of this church are often crowded with kneeling worshippers at matins and vespers, principally women of the lower orders, with their distaffs and market-baskets, who come to pray, through the intercession of their patron saint, for the gifts of meekness and chastity—gifts not abounding in those regions."

The lamb is the inseparable attribute of St. Agnes, as the patroness of maidenly purity. Yearly on January 21, her fête-day, a living lamb of purest white is selected and with high ceremony, receives the papal benediction. From its wool the pope's palliums are made.

St. Agatha is another martyr of somewhat similar history. Agatha (Greek—the Gentle One) was born in Sicily A.D. 251 of noble lineage. She was beautiful and possessed the high qualities that are so willingly associated with beauty. But alas! these advantages brought to her no good



fortune. In girlhood they attracted the passionate admiration of the governor of Sicily, which, when she refused his hand, turned into black hatred. He was a pagan and she a Christian, and so this hatred found both its excuse and its weapon in the cruellest forms of torture. Agatha was cast into prison, was chained and grilled and sword-cut, but all to no purpose. She clung steadfastly to her faith and died of her torments in sweetness and serenity. She was buried at Catania, Sicily.

Agatha also is one of the most beloved among the early saints. Her courage, her resplendent beauty, and the belief in her power of protection against catastrophe, early made her a semi-deified personage among the simple people of the Mediterranean shores. Her intervention is said to have saved Malta from invasion by the Turks in 1551.

In Sicily there has always existed a firm belief that the eruptions of Mt. Ætna, which are a constant menace to Catania, have been prevented by the holy veil of St. Agatha. This comes from the tradition that when, at the time of her martyrdom, she was thrown upon hot coals, everything was burned except the veil, which she had drawn closely around her body, and which assumed from the fire a roseate hue. Her tomb is a sacred spot, and when Mt. Ætna threatens eruption, a silken veil is taken, fixed upon a lance, and carried in solemn procession to meet the lava, which is said to cease to flow at its approach.

In the Black Forest, Germany, the same solemn procession is still formed occasionally, when fire threatens devastation. In

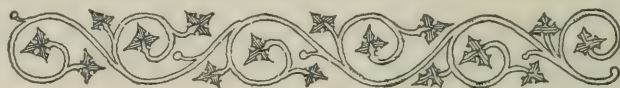




ancient cities the statue of St. Agatha was often placed at the city gates, as insurance, or assurance, against fire.

On January 15, 1909, a message, coming from sorely stricken Sicily, read: "During the past two days the populace of Catania has been in a state of great excitement over the report that an apparition of St. Agatha has been seen on the summit of Mount Ætna. Those who beheld it describe the saint as enveloped in vaporous clouds, with rays of dazzling light encircling her, with one hand extended in pity and supplication over Catania. The belief has spread among the people that worse calamity has been averted through her intercession. Groups are assembling in the square and on the house-tops, gazing eagerly at Ætna for the vision to reappear. Many say that when the smoke from the volcano is densest and the sun shining strongest on the glittering snow, they see St. Agatha upon her knees. And so they, too, kneel in prayer."

These few examples will serve to indicate how real and how human were the men and women who helped to guard, guide, and inspire the world until after the Middle Ages. The great tidal wave of Reformation and Protestation, which swept over the civilized world in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose breakers tore away many anchors and cables of attachment from the historic Church of the past, left desolation and wreckage behind. Mediæval art was whitewashed off from the walls of churches, pictures of the Madonna and the saint were mutilated, stained-glass smashed, and sculptures overturned. It was in those days that many fair saints were swept away, storm-driven, into what the dweller in the mystic desert calls the "further lands." Anger born of scorn inevitably reacts toward justice and moderation. If these vanished figures do not return to us, may we not at times, with enrichment to ourselves, turn back to them?



CRAIGIE HOUSE

By C. A. Price

STILL stands the old clock on the stair,
As when the Poet saw it there,
And to the world interpreted
The pauseless message that it said:—
Forever! never!

And still he knows, who bends to hear,
The question and the answer clear;
Sweetly the words together run,
Because the meaning is but one:
Forever! never!

As one might ask: Can Love forget?
As one should answer: Sooner let
The sun be darkened in the sky
Than that wherein we live and die!
Forever! never!

As one might say: But Fame may dim?
And the same breath should answer him:
Not so, until the stars grow pale
And darkness over dawn prevail.
Forever! never!

Poet of every gentle heart,
While such yet beat, secure thy part,
Time cannot blot their heritage
In thy serene, immortal page.
Forever! never!

A CURE BY AEROPLANE

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHAN



AVIATION had become such a commonplace that special details of police were no longer necessary to guard Danbury Rodd's aerodrome. At one end of what had been a vacant city block on Harlem Heights was a long shed for housing aeroplanes which took wing on the sanded level in front of it. Sweeping over Riverside Drive, they circled above the Hudson like homing pigeons before setting out in arrow flight for any destined point of the compass.

From the machine shop one still August morning came the steady cicadae burr of a lathe, the chinging monotone of a patent bellows, and the rap of hammers. Some of the men were overhauling the *Albatross*, which was back from a moonlight junket with a honeymoon pair to Niagara. Others were putting the *Feather*, in which Denman, the first disciple and chief assistant, had just made an ascent, back into her berth. When Rodd arrived, Denman could tell by the way he bolted from the taxicab that no office routine was to fetter his mood that day.

"Bring out the *Falcon*!" he shouted, with an eagerness which injected oxygen into the humid, depressing air.

Late the previous evening he had telephoned for Denman to get the final word of the aeronautic division of the Government Weather Bureau about conditions for a run to the St. Lawrence. Ordinarily this message might have had no other significance than a pleasure ride for some tired business man who could afford the tariff. By Rodd's call for the *Falcon*, which no one except himself ever used, Denman knew that the "boss" was going to make the trip in person.

"Perfectly clear," Denman reported, "with no disturbances in prospect except light showers in the Champlain region. I ran up a thousand feet at dawn and had our station at Albany do the same. There's a

favoring wind at an altitude of five hundred all the way to the Mohawk watershed."

"Good! I can ride that and then, by keeping low, I ought to escape anything worse than the undertow of the southeasterly from Labrador. Denman the faithful, listen. I'm going for a holiday of four weeks!"

"When only yesterday you said—" Yes, Rodd had said that he would keep to the task of tabulating his observations, as registered by his new instrument for determining drift in storms, until the manuscript was ready for the printer. Denman protested earnestly. That unimaginative, loyal mechanic thought of himself as the balance wheel of genius. His only consolation for Rodd's tangent adventures, which had nothing to do with the scientific development of aviation, was the perfect fury of work with which Rodd made up for lost time when he returned.

"Yesterday!" said Rodd, his eyes beaming with the break of bubbles overflowing from within. "Yesterday I had not talked with Dr. Branders and I had not seen Grace Barr with brave tears of sacrifice and determination in her eyes. This is the greatest yet, and you are to help. You are to open the clutch, faithful one, when we take the Pasha to the skies on the magic carpet driven by gasoline. Oh, Abou Ben Denman, we are to—" now he whispered, lest the men should hear something which made that matter-of-fact Denman aghast; and Denman was used to ideas born overnight to be carried out on the winds of heaven the next day.

"Don't look so glum!" Rodd rallied him. "Behold us a pathological factor! We'll be on the prescription lists and in the medical journals yet."

"Or in jail," Denman rejoined gloomily. "It's a pretty serious business."

"Yes, I know it is, faithful one. I don't think I would have undertaken what was my own suggestion if I didn't hope thereby to consummate the most beautiful love story in the world."

"Oh, it's more sentiment than medicine, then!" growled Denman. In that case, he knew that argument was vain. The only balm for that restless spirit was to put its latest conception in folly to the test. "Yes, I'll release the clutch if it's orders," he assented. He would have jumped into boiling water, after filing logical objection to the act, at the word of command.

Rodd now began one of those fond, intimate inspections of the *Falcon* of which he seemed never to tire. He patted the drum-taut cloth of the planes as a rider pats his horse's neck before the race; ran his discerning thumbnail along the edges of the cloth where it was laced to the frame; tested the joints of the light, rigid rods; bent over to bring a half-closed, sighting eye to bear on all the lines to see if they were true; and played the motor through the scale from a hundred to the five thousand revolutions a minute which the latest development in steel crank shafts was able to bear.

The use of a tuning-fork to ascertain if his good ship were in tune would have been in keeping with the refinement of the preparations by one of the young masters of the air courses to receive one of the masters of the land courses who had built up the Gulf Coast and Superior from tangent subserviency to trunk line autocracy.

There was no mistaking the owner of the automobile, its brass gleaming, its fresh paint shining, driven with judicial care and high speed, which flashed around the street corner and came straight over the curb and across the sand level, stopping within a few feet of where Rodd stood. A pale, thin reed of a man, with a head too large for that bundle of nerves, his body, alighted. Wall Street said that "Slim John Barr" could not cast a shadow, and yet no one had ever seen through him. The more boards of directors that fell under his rule, the more boards of doctors sat on the state of his pulse. He was wearing out his life in a moneytized treadmill from which he could not lift his feet. How could he take a vacation when half a dozen men controlled more miles of rail than he? Chicago was to be the great manufacturing centre of America and the G. C. S. was to spread through the Southern States, a fan-shaped distributor, with a branch line running into Mexico. The natural trade route of the continent was north and south and not

across the alkali and over the Rockies, as he told the transcontinental giants.

"Now, Mr. Rodd," he explained defensively, as if he suspected that some one wanted to sell him an aerial flotilla, "I have just five minutes to spare and I don't want to go up. It would never do for a man with my responsibilities to be speared by the Metropolitan tower."

"If you will step aboard," Rodd told him, "I'll start the motor. In that way you will get a far better idea of the principle of flying than through any amount of explanation."

Mr. Barr looked at Rodd so sharply that Rodd made a point of being indifferent to his scrutiny. Then Mr. Barr looked sharply at the holding clutch.

"Is it perfectly strong?" he asked Denman.

"Yes, sir," answered Denman, stolidly.

That conscientious adjutant, to his own surprise, had not the slightest sense of guilt. Temptation to see a leader of the land forces in the element of the air forces was as compelling as a diamond in a show window to the vanity of a woman.

"Very good," said Mr. Barr, as he mounted to the passenger's seat.

Rodd's glance spoke triumph to Denman as he started the motor and took the driver's seat.

"You do get power, don't you, just from pushing the air," Mr. Barr began, as the *Falcon* strained at her leash like a hawser-bound torpedo destroyer with the engines going. The sentence ended with an explosive "What!" scarcely heard above the cylinder's hum, as Denman released the holding clutch and the aeroplane, a bird out of hand, embraced her element. The unusual shock of the starting took Mr. Barr's breath away. He was still unsuspecting of Rodd's intentions when he recovered it.

"Why didn't you look to your clutch, you bungler?" he shouted, frantically.

It was another example of the inefficiency of humanity that cursed the waking hours of his high-voltage mind. He thought that everybody ought to be as capable as he was and at the same time obey him. His ruling passion, uppermost even in danger, was suffering from another ghastly instance of human imperfectibility, when he ought to be at the office correcting the errors of his

own captains and lieutenants in the continuous battle formation of his forces. He was not frightened, for fear was not in his make-up.

"Take me down! Take me down!" he commanded. "I can't afford to be up here!"

Rodd, busy with his levers in bringing the *Falcon* to the higher levels, did not answer, and Mr. Barr for an instant was absorbed in his first experience of winged exhilaration, which took even the egoism of the master of five thousand miles of rail out of itself. He seemed to be tobogganing on glass as transparent as desert air, five hundred feet above the earth. The speed with which they passed a motor boat on the Hudson recalled him to the fact that his orders—yes, *his* orders were being disobeyed.

"Take me down!" he screamed. "Good heavens! Don't you know how?—and you talk of taking the fast mail business away from the railroads! You want the post-office to establish a special delivery service for a line of aeroplanes!"

Rodd now had time to be polite to his guest.

"Yes, I do know how," he said, "and I might remind you that I've never lost a passenger and that you are perfectly safe."

Conviction swiftly followed awakening suspicion. Mr. Barr saw that he had been kidnapped. Words of blue rage tumbling over one another wedged in his throat. Now Rodd understood what Wall Street meant by alluding to Mr. Barr's ever-increasing tempers and Dr. Branders by "hot boxes in the nerve-centres," and he guessed what a pleasant time some of the traffic managers of the Gulf Coast and Superior had on occasion. But he recalled that he was dealing with the abnormal, and in face of the abuse spoke soothingly.

This was the last straw for Mr. Barr. He whirled fiercely and launched all his force in a blow against Rodd's side. Fighting with tigerish ferocity against the aviator's superior strength, he tried to get control of the levers himself. The trim of the *Falcon* was somewhat affected by the motion of the conflict and more by Rodd's purposeful lowering of the left plane. She dove flut-teringly sidewise, like a bird changing direction on the wing at the whistle of a shot. Mr. Barr had to cling to his seat to keep his balance.

"You see, we're descending, as you

wished," Rodd observed, nettled by the smarting of his ribs, "but the Palisades are a pretty rocky place to fall on. I advise you to leave mechanical details to me."

"You scoundrel!" groaned Barr. "You've got me! Yes, you've got me hung up in the air in your little monkey aeroplane!"

A modern Jove, with thousands of trains and many more thousands of employees, a well-oiled organism doing his will, and with all manner of servants, from judicial and dextrous chauffeurs to valets, ministering to his wishes, had been snatched into the skies by a vagrant Mercury.

"It's a trick of the bears! It's those C. & R. people! They knew I was going to bag their line this week!" he cried.

"Why, I thought you stated in the newspapers that you didn't want the C. & R."

"Naturally!" snapped Mr. Barr. Then seeing that an unprecedented situation had made him unprecedentedly frank, he demanded in his most business-like tone, which was a verbal substitute for the pendant "Time is money" motto over an executive's desk: "Well, what is it all about? Where are we going?"

Rodd was in the position of a diplomat having to justify a highwayman's exploit. He kept thinking of the affair of Grace and Fosdick, rather than the cure which was the object of his mission. Grace was Mr. Barr's only child. Surfeited with money, having ideas of her own, she measured life by other than financial criterions. Fosdick had been one of Rodd's supporters in the dark ages of yesterday, when the legs of men were in danger of cracking if they were a dozen feet above the earth in anything heavier than air. His candor in disapproving many of the G. C. & S. methods, his loyalty and the reliability of his judgment had promoted him to the part of a confidential legal adviser always at Mr. Barr's elbow. When Grace and Fosdick fell in love, the quality of the pair and of their devotion made a commonplace story eloquent. It put a velvet tip to the rapier point of middle-aged cynicism.

When Mr. Barr learned the truth he broke into one of those storms which all his physicians said privately—Dr. Branders alone had the courage to tell him so to his face—must culminate in a breakdown. But he

had a way of making his rages serve an end. This spasm was so prolonged that finally Grace and Fosdick promised, in answer to his fractious pleading, never to marry without his consent, which he remarked, with sardonic promptness after gaining his point, would be given about the time that the Sphinx burst into song.

In primitive, heavy-father fashion—for he was a primitive man and used primitive forces—he forbade Fosdick his home and office. Fosdick went on with his practice, winning clients and meeting Grace frequently. If he was invited by a mutual friend to dinner, he was certain to find Grace present. An experience in its inception as delightful as robbing peach orchards lost its novelty when they began to appreciate that they had either to break a promise, which honor would not permit, or they would get no further than pacing round and round a charmed circle of social conspiracy.

"I am going to take you on a long journey," Rodd told Mr. Barr, good-naturedly.

"You are, eh? No, you're not!" Mr. Barr retorted. Another storm seemed due. It failed to break because he suddenly made the acquaintance of philosophy, the first pathological effect of flight. "You are, eh?" he repeated, in quite a different tone, which veiled a sneer. The gasoline must run out eventually, he thought, and then they would have to land. Once on the ground, nothing could prevent his escape, and at worst he would have lost only a business day.

Newburgh's irregular house-tops scrambling up the hill shot under them; they skimmed the buildings of West Point, forming a parallelogrammic frame for the gray formation of the cadets at parade. The winding Hudson narrowed like the tail of a snake. But the little man had no use for rivers. He saw only the land courses.

"You do get a corking view of the railroads," he admitted, in suppressed enthusiasm. "Look at the West Shore and the Central! I tell you, an even grade with no curves is man's most glorious achievement. And look at that road yonder, sneaking around the hills like a miserable worm! Gould watered the stock without improving the property. That's rain without cultivation. You need both!"

The *Falcon* was going sixty an hour. They were free of the earth's trammels; the smell of its heated surface was out of their nostrils. Soft and pure, the upper atmosphere had the thrill of chilled foam breaking on their faces. It whipped color into the pale cheeks of the passenger, now surrendering himself to the sensation.

They kept to a pathway directly above the Hudson, a pathway requiring neither buoys, nor dredging, nor sandbar-wise pilots. What the white pillar of a lighthouse is by day to the ship, the looming mass of the capitol at Albany was to the aeroplane, which snapped a shadow over State Street and flew precisely between the two towers. A half hour later it was over the Adirondacks, a billowy sea of green mottled by the lighter tone of the deciduous trees and the darker tone of the firs, a setting in which flashed the lakes like so many great diamonds.

"How far can you go before your gasoline runs out?" Mr. Barr asked. The casualness of his inquiry covered his increasing apprehension.

"Why, to Labrador," answered Rodd.

"What!" Mr. Barr ceased to be casual. "To Labrador? What!" He rapped out the words in a volley.

"Yes, but we are not going that far. We'll soon arrive."

Mr. Barr fell back in his seat. It angered him that he should have lost his temper with this pawn, though he had to admire the daring of the principals in a plot to get him out of Wall Street for a day.

"Come on, now, who hired you?" he asked at length, ingratiatingly. If he could learn, then he would know who to pay back with interest for the trick.

"I was not to tell that till you land," answered Rodd.

The southeasterly was running high and not strong. They were still flying over the deep tints of the garment of wood with which Nature hides her culpability for the barren soil of this northern land. Slipping between two peaks bristling with small pines among gray elbows of rock, they caught the edge of a local squall that buffeted them in monstrous playfulness with cat's-paw licks. They rose above this obstacle on the aerial road as readily as a carriage passes around a mud puddle. Later, they dipped so near a summer hotel

that the parasols of the women on the walks were as large as toadstools. The next glimpse was of farmers loading hay, and the next of a woman on a doorstep spanking a small boy, and the next of the flash of a jangling tinware cart on a country road.

Twinkles of water here and there in the distance, speed welded together at first into a chain and finally into a ribbon, which broadened to a swath brilliant as mercury under the unrestrained glare of the sun. Out of its bosom to the westward rose the tufted forms, decoratively various in configuration and size, of the myriad islands. The *Falcon* turned away from them, bearing eastward toward an oblong stretch of verdure, with a reach of sand at the base of rock masses, isolated and in the centre of a grand sweep of the stream.

"Why, this is my island!" Barr exclaimed. "I know it by those boulders! I bought it when I went by in my yacht, five or six years ago, but I've never had time to come back and look it over. No, no vacation for me," he added, irritably. "I've given up hope of getting any one who can run my business for even a week."

"What a very poor opinion of the rest of humanity," said Rodd, softly, as he threw out the clutch.

Gently and easily the *Falcon* descended toward the beach. Her runners came to a stand-still on the sand not far from some camp supplies, evidently freshly landed, which were the only sign of any human visitation in this jewel of primitive wilderness in the St. Lawrence galaxy. Mr. Barr's foot touched earth again with an electric effect on his being. Jove was restored to his element. His eyes flashed. He was imperious.

"Now for a boat, quick!" he commanded, quite as if he considered Rodd an assistant. "Maybe they've driven G. C. & S. down ten points! If they have they'll hear from me when I get in action to-morrow morning!"

"There is no boat, Mr. Barr." Rodd tried to explain this soothingly. "But wait," he added, to prevent an outburst, as he took an envelope out of his pocket. "I have a prescription for you from Dr. Branders"; and he passed a paper to Mr. Barr.

"You have consulted all the famous

physicians of Europe," the doctor wrote, "and every one has said that you must rest."

"Yes! I've paid them thousands—wasted thousands," interjected Mr. Barr, savagely, "to tell me what any cross-roads sawbones could have told me—when they know I haven't time to rest!"

"The only hope is to cut you off from the wire and from all thought of business," Dr. Branders's note continued. "Demanding universal discipline, you are the most majestically undisciplined man in America, who refuses to obey his doctor in order to save his own life. You are going straight toward an abyss. One day you will be carried from your office to spend the rest of your years in pain and restless futility. The progress of aviation has provided the final alternative. This plan of kidnapping you has the hearty consent of the one who loves you best—your daughter. You need have no fears of over-exercise. Though you have used up four or five strong constitutions, you still have the physical basis on which to build another. Your heart is perfectly sound. Eat whatever you find palatable whenever you are hungry. Put up your tent, fell trees for a cabin, cook your own food, and for one month be a sheerly physical human being again, and return to us a well man."

The twitching muscles of Mr. Barr's face convulsing in a twinge as the truth that he was a prisoner flashed on him, knotted themselves at the close in grim indignation. He crumpled the strange prescription rigidly in his slim, bony, white hand. After a brief silence he turned to Rodd with a pleasant nod of acquiescence, which Rodd thought simulated. They said in Wall Street that what John Barr could not gain in one way he would in another.

"Well, young man," he said, quizzically, "so you're to be my camp mate." He nodded toward the pile of supplies: "And this is our house and food. Let's have a look at it."

He asked Rodd about putting up a camp stove, and when his cunning had Rodd's attention distracted in assembling the parts he was off with a catlike bound to the aeroplane, planning to go as he had come and turn the tables on his captor. Rodd's adventurous soul had to admire the courage which, after watching the machine

in a single fair weather flight, was ready to undertake such a hazard.

"It's no use. I put the spark plugs in my pocket," Rodd called, without stirring.

Mr. Barr swung around commandingly, changing his policy from strategy to threats and from threats to ridicule and laughter.

"It is too silly, too childish!" he concluded. "Why, all the world will know of my absence before to-morrow. The bulls will send a relief expedition. Then it's jail for you—yes, State's prison, you whipper-snapper gymnast of the clouds!"

"All that has been provided for. Your business will go on just the same. No one is to know of your absence!"

"My business without me for a month and no one the wiser!" Mr. Barr viewed the suggestion as some aerial joke. It was incomprehensible in any other light.

Rodd had to smile at the picture of magnificent egoism, warrantable as a habit grown out of the power that ego had built. He had to smile when he wished to be as sympathetic and assuring as a physician entering a sick room.

"I come to the part which the others asked me to explain," he said. "You are piling up millions, and for what? Not for Miss Barr, by her wish. She would trade them all for your recovery. Yes, for what?"

Mr. Barr was as quick as a telegraph key with telling his answer.

"Do you aeroplane just for pay?" he asked. "Or is it the game—the game to beat some other aeroplanist, to conquer matter?"

"True," Rodd admitted. "But if the indispensable man goes over the abyss, with no one trained to take his place, is it to be 'after me the deluge'? Will the trains stop running and all the travellers stay at home and the freight rot in the warehouses? You are the builder, the inventor of a system which may fall with you if you provide no engineer to run the machine. Those who love you think of these things, if you do not.

"All your personal interviews for a month to come have been cancelled. Miss Barr and Fosdick are going with your sister to your country place. There, Fosdick, who everybody agrees knows your work best, will act for you over the long distance, when action is necessary."

The audacity of the plan, worthy of the

daughter of a man who had amazed a nation by the creative boldness of his manœuvres, struck its object spellbound for an instant. When the storm did break, there was a tornado roar of words, with flashes of lightning from the piercing eyes used to seeing through the motives of strong and subtle adversaries.

"Fosdick! The beggar! I invited him into my house and he made love to my daughter! *He* run my affairs! Monstrous! Outrageous! My own blood turns against me! And you—you! Fosdick! Yes, it's Fosdick at the bottom of everything! I'll get even with him!"

Thus his rage ran on till it ran down. Recovering himself, he reversed his part and became as delightful and winning as ever he was in his twenties, when soaring ambition with worlds to conquer sought patronage.

"You have a great career before you, Mr. Rodd. Now, I am in a position to—" but something chill and enlightening in Rodd's glance warned him not to prejudice his cause by trying any sort of bribe. "Come, now," he said, taking another tack, that of sympathetic persuasion between thinking men, "let me go to New York for one day, just to settle up some affairs. There's that Alabama case and that matter of a terminal in New Orleans hanging fire. Only one day, and I'll promise to come back to the island and serve my term."

Rodd had to steel himself to resist the flow of magnetism from the slim fingers which were playing a soft, compelling tattoo on his arm.

"But they say you sometimes forget promises which you have made in the heat of desire," he hinted.

"Yes," and Mr. Barr's face flushed with something for which retribution may be a broad synonym.

"I can agree to no form of compromise," Rodd added.

Mr. Barr called on reason, good fellowship, and gods long evicted from his domain. He pleaded and wheedled.

"Think of the frolic of the bears! They'll drive G. C. & S. down to par" (it was then 130) "*my* G. C., which I have built up from fifty—*my* G. C.!" He was as pitiful as a poor woman twisting the corner of a frayed shawl and begging the judge to be easy on her boy.

"Fosdick may do better than you imagine," Rodd suggested.

"Fosdick!" That name was acid to Mr. Barr's raw nerves. He went into a paroxysm. "Hypocrite! Interloper! He's probably in with the bears, playing margins with my life! What does he know about manipulating a market? He only knows a little bit about how to run a railroad! Rot!"

"You never can tell," answered Rodd, hopefully.

"Humph!" grumbled Mr. Barr, his temper simmering into disgust.

Standing in the shadow of streaked granite decked with ferns set in the cups of softer strata which the rains of time had worn, he stared across the two miles of swift current separating him from the mainland where his kingdom lay, with train schedules, traffic managers' reports, the ticker's nightmare, and banking plans for capitalizing more conquests the distant vanities of another sphere.

"Worth fifty millions and marooned on my own island by my own family!" he ejaculated. He ran his hand over his brow thoughtfully. When he let it fall he yielded a glance of admiration to the aeroplane. At least, it was a machine, not a man which had beaten him.

"Well," he said, smiling sardonically at Rodd, "let's have something to eat before we put up the tent."

For the first time in many months, John Barr, switched by varying medical advice from one diet to another, which chefs had strained to serve palatably to a dull appetite, knew the pangs of hunger. He seated himself on a flour sack and began to munch crackers and sausages.

The size of the field need not limit one's activities. We are told that Napoleon, applying himself to detail, was as busy at Elba as at Paris. Mr. Barr organized the wilderness. He felled trees for a cabin and laid out a model camp, with sanded walks, and the tin dipper always in place on the forked stick by the spring. He boasted that he was a better cook than Rodd and took his turn at washing dishes cheerfully. Unreasoning irascibility and peevishness, due to malnutrition, disappeared. His outbursts of temper, increasingly rare, were harmless, as they had a new object which threw his mind off old sources of irritation.

In his boxing bouts with Rodd he put a will and a cunning into his blows which forced his adversary to a careful guard. He ran races and inaugurated games, of which he kept score, with results all in his favor, thanks to his gift of bargaining for a handicap which he could always just overcome. Caught in a trick in order to win, he confessed that it was due to his manipulative habit and declared he would be a "good fellow" yet. He counted the number of different trees and ferns and birds and worried over his inability to work them into some system under his command. Nature was a wonderful artificer; the island was as busy as the nation with nature's war for the survival of the fittest. He discovered many things which were so new to him that he thought they must be new to everybody.

His appetite grew in response to expanding muscle and tissue. But he would not admit that he was getting well. Biding his time, he looked forward to making things lively for the allies in his Paris once he was away from his Elba. Under his outward affability to Rodd burned the steady fire of his resentment toward Fosdick.

"The highwayman! I'll attend to him!" he would say as he turned a flapjack or to the tune of frizzling bacon; "and that Branders!"

Winged with the unbroken sleep of still nights as the sweet reward of physical labor from dawn to dark, time flew as swiftly as the landscape had under the *Falcon's* planes. On the day before the one which was to be the last of duress he was singularly quiet, visiting all his favorite haunts and dwelling with affectionate eyes on the landmarks of his work, which, after all, was fuel to his egoism, now returning to its own.

"It's a good camp," he said. "I could make a better one, with more economy of working costs" (his favorite phrase)—"I mean, of muscle cost. It shows what industry will do in a month. If I ever have the time—and I would if I could find anybody to take part of the burden off my shoulders—I'd bring my friends up here to show them that the secret of success is the same everywhere. I have played the game as I found it, eh, Mr. Rodd? No use of beating your head against a stone wall. But to-morrow, yes, to-morrow—" he glared at Rodd imperiously.

How long would the cure last under the strain of a return to his old habits? After a relapse, how would his family overcome his sharpened suspicions and isolate him again? As the *Falcon* rose the next morning and pointed southward he was in a fever of apprehension, of mighty projects and wearing responsibilities, with an account to settle against some petty beings who had crawled out of the wrinkles of his Olympus to occupy the throne in his absence.

"I've got the strength now," he said, "and I'll make up for lost time. Watch me give the bears a squeeze that'll force a drop in the fur market! Branders will hear from me in short order! A kidnapper calling himself a doctor! Prescribing incarceration instead of medicine! Oh, they'll all smart for this—all of them! And Fosdick"—there he chortled so villainously that Rodd would have laughed if the faith of a devoted pair were not bound up in a foolish promise—"wait till I get at Fosdick! He's the real instigator of it all. Oh, wait till I get at Fosdick!"

They rode with the drive of the southeasterly and scaling the Champlain watershed sailed low. Faster, faster was the passionate purpose of that centred, surging mind, crying for work on which to feed its fresh and hungry energy. His eyes had no interest in the details of telescoping hills. He stared greedily ahead toward their destination, his estate in the Connecticut highlands. Out of the area of irregular farms of which it was made to order in a hurry rose the fashioned park of European precedent, under the restraint of pastures and woodlands, left unchanged by Grace's desire, on its outer circle.

"That mountain road seems finished," Mr. Barr remarked. "Cost me \$50,000. I'm going up to have a look at it some day as soon as the rush of work is over—and I've settled Fosdick's case."

They drew near the stone mansion, in which grand simplicity had been contrived by an abandon of expenditure under a knowing hand, and lighted on the terrace overlooking a Versailles pattern in the budding, which the contrast of flight made exotic and cramped. Some servants ran out and in spite of their training gaped at the spectacle. Mr. Barr hurried past them up the steps and into the library, where he dropped into that capacious leather chair

of ease, which had never meant ease for him, beside the telephone. He put his hand on the receiver and then paused, as still as some lay figure glued to the position. Now he was to know what had happened to his property in the last month. A word and he would be in touch with his empire. The culminating weight of his suspense transfixed him for a moment.

"How is G. C.?" he asked finally, his voice trembling.

"One hundred and eighty," came from the other end of the line.

"Eighty, you mean! Come! No joking! This is I—it's John Barr himself!" he called back in a sudden return to his best autocratic style.

"Yes, Mr. Barr. I hope you are much better," said the secretary of the corporation, who was in the secret. "Yes, one hundred and eighty is right. You see, Mr. Fosdick thought that the public was the best partner and his action about that Alabama case and the New Orleans terminal matter won the investors. Quotations have risen to a figure in keeping with the income of G. C. as a conservative, well-managed road."

Mr. Barr spasmodically dropped the receiver into place. He blinked. He stared at the dull square of clean blotter set on the shining mahogany of his cleared desk as if it were the mocking sign of the deserted world of his indispensability. There had been no eruption on Olympus; not even a landslide. The sun's course reversed without his consent, the schedule of seasons went on without help or advice from him. He would have been happier if G. C. had fallen to par.

When he looked up he noticed Grace and Fosdick standing in the doorway, where they had paused timidly. All that they saw in their delight was his healthy coat of tan. How long they had been there or how long since he had heard the secretary's last word he could not tell. The sight of Fosdick, so calm and radiant, roused him. Here was the gloating archfiend of his humiliation. His wounds now smarted with the pepper of injured vanity. With a lurch he rose, all his storm signals flying.

"You—you!" he raged to Fosdick. "I've been waiting for you—" and there something caught in his throat. Grudgingly, he housed the storm signals one by one. He



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Worth fifty millions and marooned on my own island by my own family."—Page 723.

bowed with a certain Titanic and appealing dignity in his defeat. With his rigid fingers on the desk edge, he steadied his wavering body: a pitiful figure, this man who had built mansions and gardens for others to enjoy and a pinnacle of loneliness for himself in the world.

In silence the others respected his silence. Sympathetically they understood his thoughts. At length he raised his head with the same smile with which he had greeted Rodd on the island. It was to Rodd that he turned now, with an affectionate touch of his hand.

"You and I camped together. We cooked our own grub, we felled trees, we built a cabin," he said. "We were men on our own resources, against nature together. That is the way to find each other out, isn't it? I wasn't so bad a fellow, I hope. As busy with your work as I was with mine, you took a month away from it out of fondness for that pair—that pair!" He looked over to Grace and Fosdick with the breaking light of a still greater thought on his face, as he spoke to them. "What you did was out of pure love for me, wasn't it?" A hint of surprise ran through the question,

as if he were startled by the idea that anybody should love him unselfishly; that, indeed, his daughter was more than a human unit, by convention his heir, in the machinery of life where he had fought single-handed, making everybody and everything play their part in bringing his projects to issue. "You see," he concluded, breaking the strain of his seriousness, "I knew I wasn't indispensable, but it hurt like the dickens to be found out."

One so used to Rubicons did not splash the water in further display of the deed. He passed over to the other side in high good humor. He laughed at himself as a heavy father joining the hands of Grace and Fosdick. He joked them and asked when they were going to stop this fool courting and get the honeymoon nonsense over so he could take a holiday.

"And what about lunch?" he called, finally. "I'm famished. Fosdick, go camping and then you'll learn what a lot of fun there is in just eating. A porterhouse rare and hashed brown potatoes for mine!"

The chef gasped when he heard the order. But like the Six Hundred, he obeyed blindly, without reasoning why.

SORCERY

By Frank Dempster Sherman

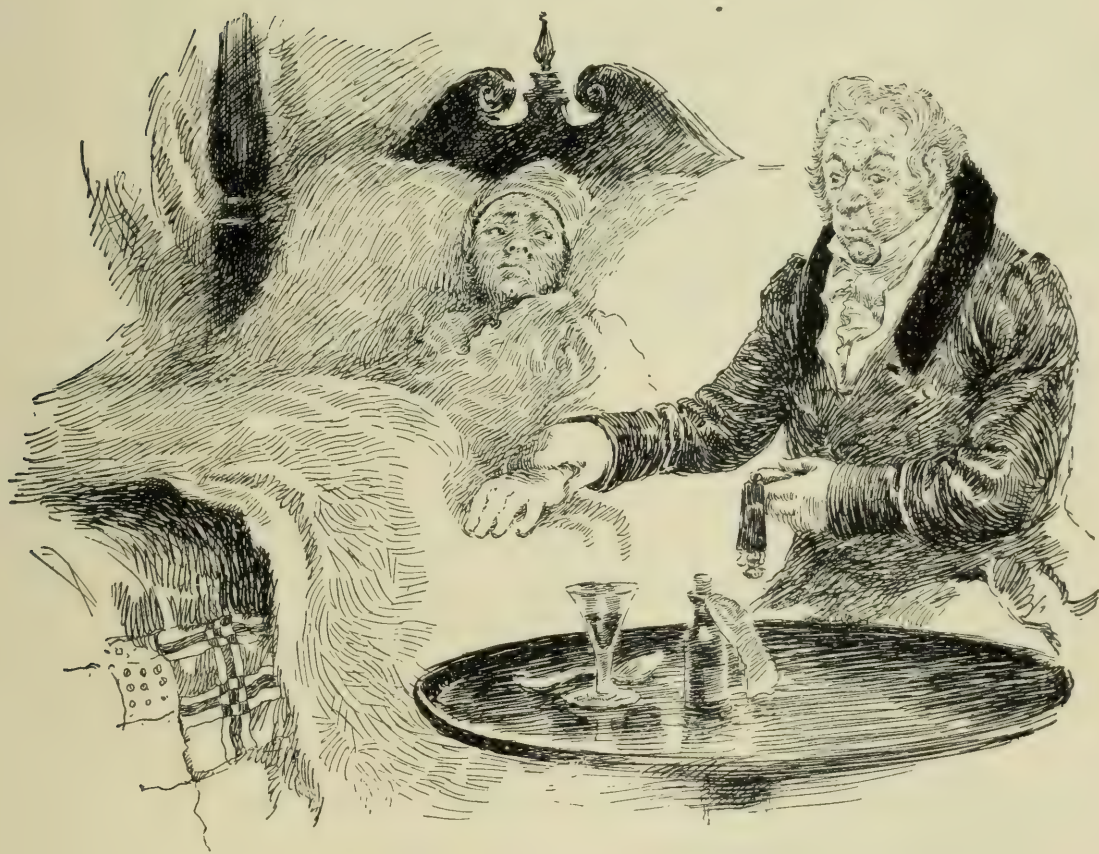
AT Autumn's end, in ease before my fire
 I sat and listened to the voice of doom—
 The golden glory crumbling in the gloom—
 The north wind's challenge and the summons dire:
 Upon the hearthstone sang the friendly choir
 Remembered melodies of bud and bloom,
 Until it seemed that April filled the room,
 Bringing her dreams of beauty and desire.

Then fainter grew the songs that came to me:
 Soft slumber held me captive for the night;
 And when the Morning with her magic key
 Unlocked the door,—O memorable sight!—
 A silent world of wizard sorcery,—
 The Winter's camp, immaculately white!

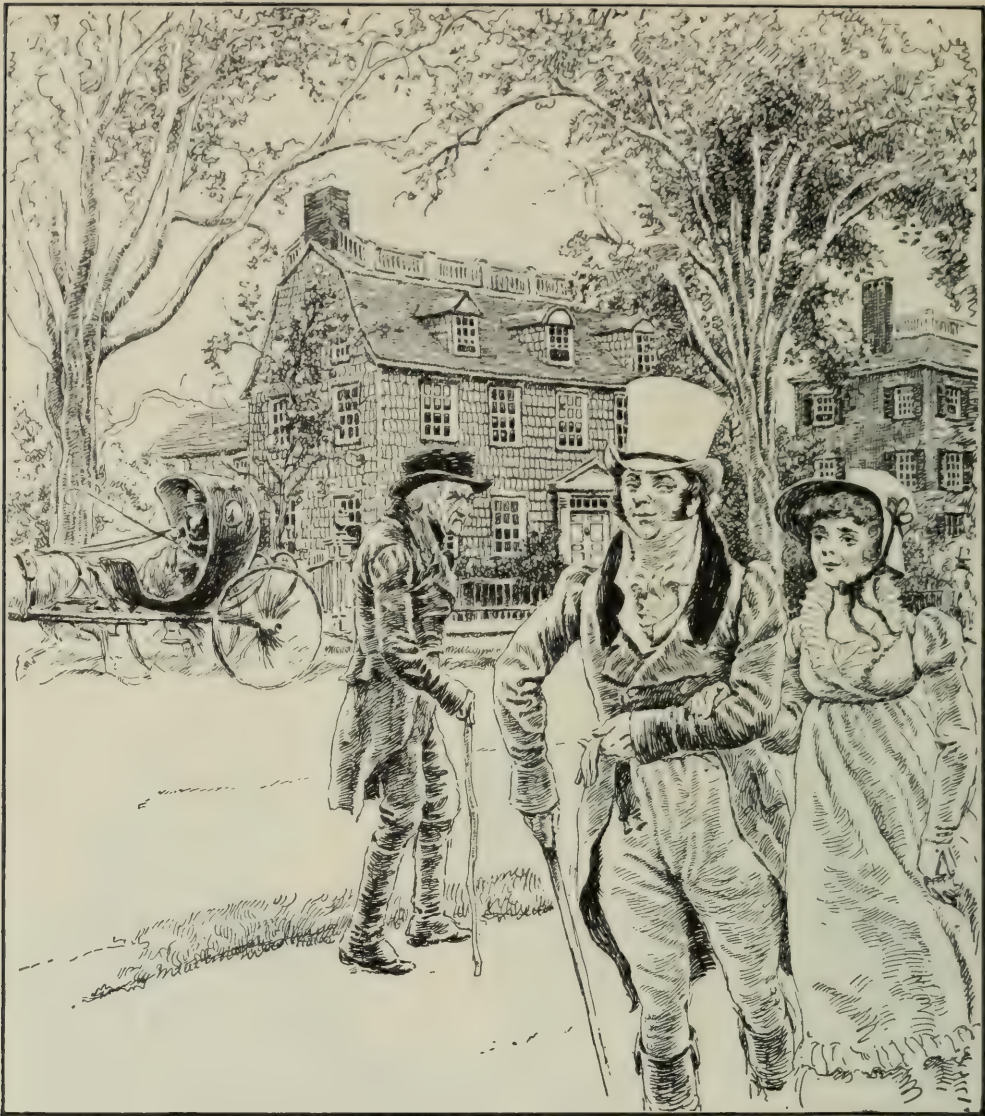
HEARKEN Ye SPRIGHTLY.

an
Old New England Hymn
by
REUBEN PEASLEE

Illustrated by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



Hearken ye sprightly, and attende ye vain ones.
Pause in your mirth, adversity consider,
Learn from a friend's pen truths that are most painfull.
A sick-bed reflection.



Healthfull and gay like you I spent my moments.
Fondly my heart said, joy shall last forever,
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments
But by permission.

Sudden and awfull, from the heights of pleasure,
By pain and sickness thrown upon a death-bed,
Vain in its softness to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.

Hopes of recov'ry my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my case was desp'rate,
Death was approaching.



Twenty-five years I've spent without considering
Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment,
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispell it.



SOME WOMEN ETCHERS

By Frank Weitenkampf

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MATERIAL IN THE PRINT DEPARTMENT OF THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY



THE woman etcher of serious achievement is in the main and essentially a product of the late nineteenth century. She is not numerously represented, this type of artist who happens to be a woman, with which fact her art has not *per se* anything to do, and who makes no appeal on the score of sex nor by choice of sentimental subjects or manner. There are a few striking and particularly noteworthy examples of this quasi-sexless attitude, and a somewhat larger number who come in a good second. All of which does not imply that few women have etched. On the contrary, the list is long and extends far back in time.

In the eighteenth century, the professional woman engraver was more in evidence than in these days of female emancipation. The amateur also was not wanting: engraving was a fashionable pastime with Madame de Pompadour and others. But the formal precision and hampered movement of the graver would probably not appeal to the *dilettante* as invitingly as the free play of the etching-needle, and to etching many of these fine ladies turned in their dalliance with art. Weakness characterizes many of the earlier productions, so that a plate like the reversed copy of Rembrandt's "Landscape with an Obelisk," by Marie Le Comte, Watelet's friend, *la meunière du moulin joli*, stands out somewhat by contrast, though amateurishly hasty in execution.

The delicacy possible to the etched line, after all, makes it no more a vehicle for light dilettantism than any other. Art of amiable limitations always finds its level, and the distinct and strong individuality as surely stands out.

In the nineteenth century more workmanlike products are encountered, such as the heads which Marie Ellenrieder etched in the vein of G. F. Schmidt after Rembrandt. She takes us into the ranks of professionals, too; letters from her exist, setting prices on her plates and limiting editions. Or, there

are the figures and heads by Madame Frédérique O'Connell, catalogued by Burty, marked by a certain unctuous richness in their curved cross-hatchings.

It is interesting, too, to note such examples of influenced production as Gabrielle Niel's *Eaux-Forbes sur Vieux Paris*, of one of which the late Russell Sturgis wrote: "This, with its expressive rendering of the old buildings, and the ability shown to retain luminous shadows, within which details of the architecture can be made out, shows that Beraldi . . . had some internal evidence for the statement that she was a pupil of Meryon."

So, some progress in artistic emancipation is seen, but on the whole, the record is not a remarkable one until the last quarter of the century is reached. Even then there are not many women etchers of undoubted prominence, but those few deserve praise unmodified by any reference to sex and supposed weakness. And our own country holds an honorable place.

One of the earlier ones to come to mind is the late Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran, whose etchings are marked by energetic emphasis and bold directness rather than delicacy or smoothness. Her touch was "nervous, vigorous, and rapid," as it was well put by the late S. R. Koehler, who noted a certain restlessness in her etchings, as well as a vivid suggestion of color, and characterized her "Twilight" as "a plate of extraordinary power and beauty." She used various technical methods to obtain effects. Thus, this same "Twilight, Easthampton," has some rouletting and much tint produced by roughening the copper plate with the "Scotch stone" (a substance used to reduce plates). And in "Old Bridge Over Hook Pond at Easthampton" and "Between the Gloaming and the Mirk," there is much rouletting and *retroussage*, which, together with the brown ink used, adds a peculiar richness. (*Retroussage* is a certain handling of the rags used in wiping a plate clean after inking, by which some ink is lifted out of the etched lines onto the sur-

face of the plate.) Again, in "The Old Mill," *retroussage* is used in the foreground to throw the more delicate background into relief. On the other hand, in "Summer at Easthampton," dependence is placed almost altogether on the pure etched line, the foreground deeply furrowed by the acid, the background more delicately etched. A film of ink left on the plate in certain places supplies necessary tones or re-enforcement and accent.

The impression given by the totality of Mrs. Moran's work is that of force and swing; it is painter etching with the accent

Not all noteworthy work was this, but there was much of it in which a certain pleasing quality was at least not sentimental amateurishness, but rather a technical facility in securing pretty effects, a showing of grace rather than strength. Among these exhibitors were Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, who was inclined to transpose to the copper the technic of her interesting pen-and-ink sketches of "Old New York," in terms a bit fumbling though delicate, Edith Penman, Mrs. J. H. Twachtman, Ellen Oakford (whose view of the Yale campus had a certain popularity), Margaret W. Lesley



"The Road to the Beach," at Nonquitt, Mass. By Mrs. Edith Loring Pierce, née Getchell.

on "painter." She never lost herself in petty delight over technic for technic's sake. It is the pictorial effect which occupied her. In some of her plates this appears in a manner of framing a more distant view by near-by foliage—as in "Summer Day" and "Willows on the Bushkill, Easton, Pa." Usually the outlook is unbroken, however. But, always, the result is a picture. In "The Goose Pond," the quiet landscape contrasts with the swirling clouds above, and one feels here, as elsewhere, the influence of her husband, Thomas Moran. This influence is shown not in the choice of subject but in a certain big outlook on nature, even when nature in her quieter aspects is treated. Yet one comes across a print such as "Autumn, Edge of Georgica Pond, Easthampton," of a sunny lightness.

Mrs. Moran was one of a score of women whose work was frequently seen at the exhibitions of the New York Etching Club in the eighties, and at the special displays of etchings by women shown at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in 1887 and at the Union League Club, New York City, in the following year.

(later Mrs. H. K. Bush-Brown), Gabrielle D. Clements, and various others.

A dainty touch is shown by Miss Edith Loring Pierce (later Mrs. Getchell), an exhibition of whose etchings was held at the Worcester Art Museum in December, 1908, and whose vistas of moor and coastland, with gnarled trees by placid pools, show a pleasing craftsmanship and a clever use of tints of ink, an effect produced in the printing. There is Blanche Dillaye, too, with a penchant for odd nooks and narrow alleys—a "Quebec Sail Loft," for instance—which she pictures in plates unassuming in subject and treatment. Her "Lights of Venice," with its delicate view of the city in the distance, is perhaps her best effort in summary suggestion.

One of the very few women in this country who have etched the human figure is Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt. Her work is somewhat unequal in style and value, but in her best portraits, such as those of Agassiz, her husband, Henry Merritt, and Sir Gilbert Scott, the broad treatment of clothes and background brings out the more delicate lines on the face, illustrating both



"Between the Gloaming and the Mirk," by Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran.



"The Stocking." Dry-point by Mary Cassatt.

her technical ability and the freedom of handling with which the completeness of effect is attained.

Once or twice, in the catalogues of the

Etching Club exhibits in the old Academy building on Twenty-third street, in New York City, there appeared the name of Mary Cassatt. Since then, she has placed

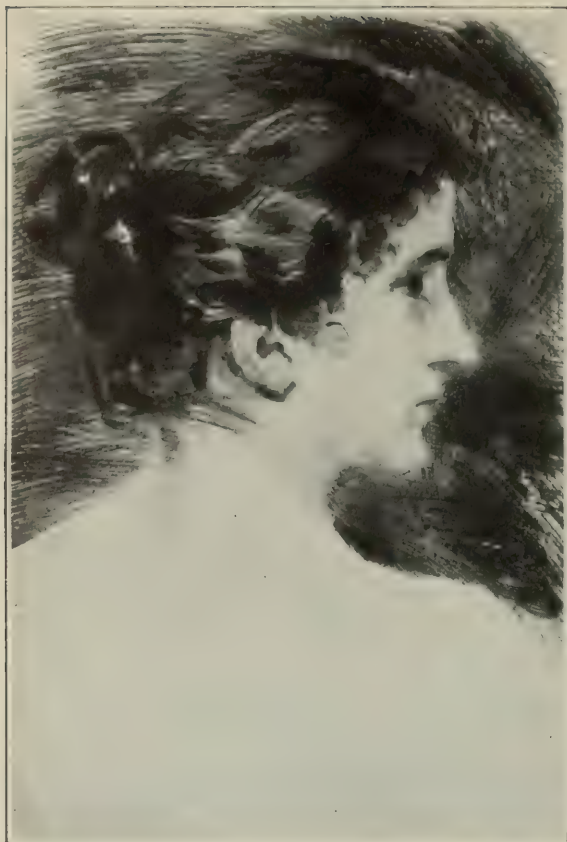


"Mother and Baby." Dry-point by Mary Cassatt.

many plates to her credit, mostly dry-points.

Miss Cassatt's etchings and dry-points show the not too common quality which

marks the best work accomplished with the needle and the copper plate—a full appreciation (sensitive, notwithstanding a robustness often emphasized by the models



Dry-point sketch by Cornelia Paczka, née Wagner.

used by her) of the nature of the medium, a recognition of its possibilities and its limits. This adaptation of manner to process is one of the most important factors in any art. Miss Cassatt's work shows a wise reticence in linear expression, the "tact of omission" as Walter Pater, speaking of Watteau, happily characterizes it in his "Imaginary Portraits." The secret of compressed statement is hers, of condensed significance. The synthesis which, consciously or unconsciously, we look for in the painter etching. (I remember meeting a man who, knowing nothing about etchings, never having heard of Whistler, immediately appreciated the latter's etchings because they "told so much with such few lines.") In its forceful technic, its firmness, its spontaneous vitality, its succinct straight-forward manner of statement, its judicious and effective economy of line, her work forms an admirable model in the art of etching. With all their apparent robust vigor in subject and execution, these plates on closer study, reveal a sensitive suavity of line, which, while never sweet for the sake of sweetness, deftly caresses the form which it indicates. Her subjects in black

and white (as in painting) are usually women and children. There are not wanting those who wonder why she selects homely models. One has but to get a little below the uncompromising realism of this absolute truthfulness in presentation to see the beautiful expression of relationship under this homely exterior. Her sympathy with her subject, free from the weak sentimentality that pervades so many "mother and child" pictures, is shown in deft and subtle records of fleeting expression of face and quickly shifting pose or characteristic gesture. She reveals the beauty of the relation between mother and child without calling in the aid of a superficially pleasing prettiness which, after all, has nothing to do with the matter. Perfectly natural caresses, instinctive movements of childhood, changing expressions of the eye, attitudes and movements full of significance are observed with a complete understanding of child nature; noted with a penetrating insight into its different manifestations of character and temperament and mood. Here are babies feeding (little gluttons), in the bath, accepting caresses with the lordly air that their plump highnesses not infrequently display. We who study these pictures enter into full enjoyment of the intimacy, the simple tenderness



Etching by Madame Frédérique O'Connell.

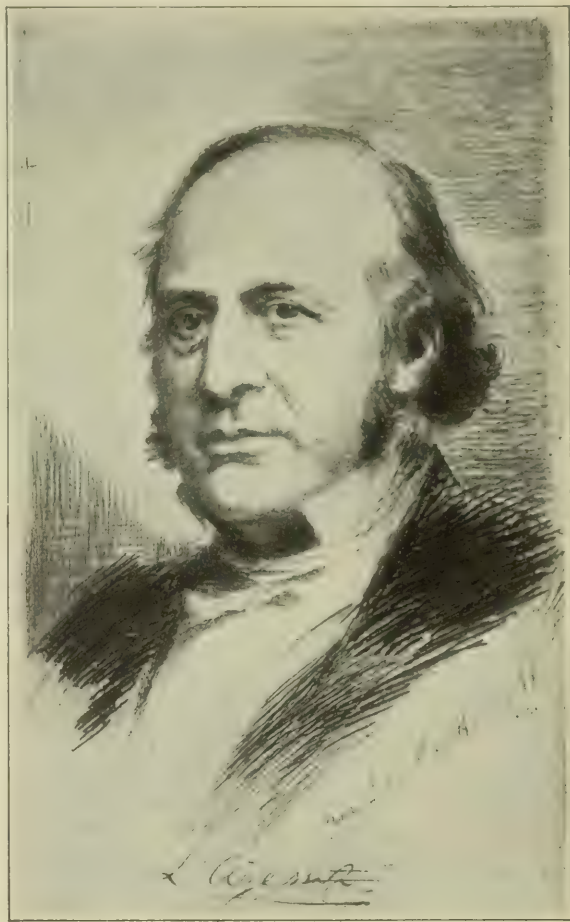
of these scenes of home life. And the appeal to our human sympathies is stronger and deeper and fuller by reason of the knowledge which makes this appeal solely on the merits of the case.

Miss Cassatt, by the way, has done a set of etchings in colors, of which she says: "I drew the outlines in dry-point and laid on a grain where color was to be applied, then colored *à la poupée*. . . . The set of ten plates was done with the intention of attempting an imitation of Japanese methods." These prints, with their well-balanced color schemes, are interesting particularly from a technical stand-point, but her black-and-white work is best known and forms the freer expression of her matured individuality. Recognition has come to her particularly in France, where she was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor a few years ago, and where this pupil of Delgas, this "painter of childhood," as Gustave Geffroy called her, is held in highest estimation.

So absolute a personality is not common. It is in Germany that another striking individuality is encountered, another such note of modernity in work by a woman. With Frau Käthe Kollwitz, grace of form and charm of line, the pleasing flow of submission to contour, are wanting. She works with an intense vigor, with an energy which seems to seek expression without much attention to niceties of technic; certainly without any emphasis on refinement of craftsmanship for its own sake. She makes no appeal through sweetness or suavity.

Her style is elemental rather than finished. Strong lines tell her story in the directest way. There is no light caressing of subtle curvatures, no gentle modulation. All is terse, direct, emphatic. Her etchings illustrate the truism, often lost to sight, that in art, as in life, acquaintance and sympathetic study are necessary in order to understand a personality worth while. That you have to understand the artist and his intentions in order to understand and appreciate his work. With her, all is subordinated with stern, almost fierce, energy to the directest expression of the idea. And the idea here is usually the delineation of the soul of poverty and of its revolt against existing conditions. In rigid lines, with no deviation into pleasing curves, she tells stories of uprising. So in the picture of re-

bellious peasants with scythes and other weapons accentuating the straight lines of the composition, striding on in a dull determination, broken here or there by an ecstatic outbreak of gesture, as they follow a flag at the front, near which hovers a personification of the spirit of revolt. Or,



Portrait of L. Agassiz. By Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt.

there are the striking weavers (echoing Gerhart Hauptmann's sad Silesian drama) moving on with clenched fists, roused out of their listless despair into an emotion as near to fury as is possible to their impotent, crushed natures. And those dreadful, dishevelled women in "La Carmagnole," dancing to the drumming of a half-witted boy, around a guillotine. The weirdness of this last scene is underscored by the dismal, half-lighted alleys running deep between high, crazy buildings. But she can depict the laborer also without revolutionary intent. There is a little plate by her done in a few lines, entitled "Workman's Family," published in *Pan*, a workingman holding his child, the mother standing by. A masterly little presentation of simple hap-



"Road by a Pool." By Miss C. M. Nichols.

piness and contentment, a bit of humanity felt and pictured with a sympathy that needed the aid of no sentimental story.

That she has not simply forced her manner upon the copper without thought of the process is shown by her head of a peasant woman, done in lithography and printed in blue ink. This evidences her subjection of method to tool. Here the latter, the "grease crayon" instead of the metallic needle, imposes the propriety of a less rigid vigor, and the nature of the crayon in her hands finds full expression in the firm yet soft modelling of the face. So the manner is softened somewhat, here. But while respecting the medium she remains true to herself, which two qualities form a basis inevitable in good art of any kind.

While the almost aggressively vigorous personality of Frau Kollwitz does not find its counterpart among other German and Austrian women artists, yet some of them have produced interesting work, marked by the dignity of serious endeavor joined to technical knowledge and force. Cornelia Paczka, née Wagner, best known by her *algraphies* (lithographs on aluminium) has done a "Dry-Point Sketch," a head of a woman, in a manner that seems to suggest

rapid, broad brushmarks. Marie Stein won a prize in 1898 for a male portrait done in dry-point (diamond point on copper), somewhat in the style of Helleu, with good characterization and a fluent command of the medium. A head of a woman for which she won another prize six years later showed that she had evidently emancipated herself and was going her own way, though that way implied a certain hardness of touch, a rigidity suggesting archaism.

Hermine Laukota, in the only two plates by her which I have seen, shows a noteworthy versatility. Quite different in handling, the one, "The Microscopist," is firmly yet lightly produced in pure line, with an effect of bright sunlight, while the other, "Rainstorm," with aquatint tones of varied richness in the dark sky, gives rain effect without loss of atmosphere, without recourse to the cheap effect of a uniform gray tone. Aquatint plays a prominent part in the color etchings of Baroness Hedwig von Lekow. The American, Helen Hyde, at last accounts in Japan, also used aquatint in depicting "A Rainy Day" in the land of the Mikado; and the aquatint is etched in flat tints of various intensities of gray.



"Strike of the Weavers." By Käthe Kollwitz.

The print recalls, in black and white, the wood-cuts after the Japanese manner, printed in subdued and harmonious colors, which form her most important work and that by which she is best known.

Respectable achievement, far above the idle-hour art of other days, may be noted elsewhere, too. In England, where Miss Catherine M. Nichols, Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, has happily utilized the rich softness of the "burr" that dry-point yields, in her "Reeds," or the yet better "Road by a Pool," the latter printed by her friend Goulding, the noted printer, who died early in 1909. In Holland, where Therese Schwartze was one of the founders, in 1885, of the *Nederlandische Etsclub*, we encounter the work of Etha Fles and B. E. van Houten, respectively characterized by C. E. Taurel as "betraying a timid female hand" and "remarkably vigorous and effective." And in the sister-land, Belgium, royalty, in the person of the Countess Marie of Flanders, played an active rôle as member of the *Société d'Aquafortistes*, founded in 1881—I have seen landscapes by her, with a certain breadth and feeling for contrasts of light and shade—while Louise van der Kerkhove, sister of the artist prodigy known as the *Enfant de*

Bruges, etched some very small plates which "have some of that delicate force which Lalanne knew so well how to get into little prints." In Denmark, Miss Luise Ravn Hansen is a noteworthy figure in a group of etchers whose art is in good taste if somewhat conservative.

The temptation to mention many names is naturally great, and the degeneration of what is to be a study of a few types into a sort of annotated catalogue takes place all too easily. Yet some indication of a field that has possibilities of much pleasure does not seem amiss. Those who will may see for themselves. Print rooms in Boston, Washington, New York, and elsewhere exist for the public and exist to be used.

The point may be repeated here that the best work by women may stand on its own merits without being classified separately from etchings by men, without being treated as a curiosity instead of an achievement. Furthermore, in some of these recent productions, such as those by Cassatt and Kollwitz, dissimilar in style, there is felt an intense seriousness in the expression of an artistic personality, with no trace of the weak grace once apt to be associated with the female artist.



THE WIND OF DREAMS.

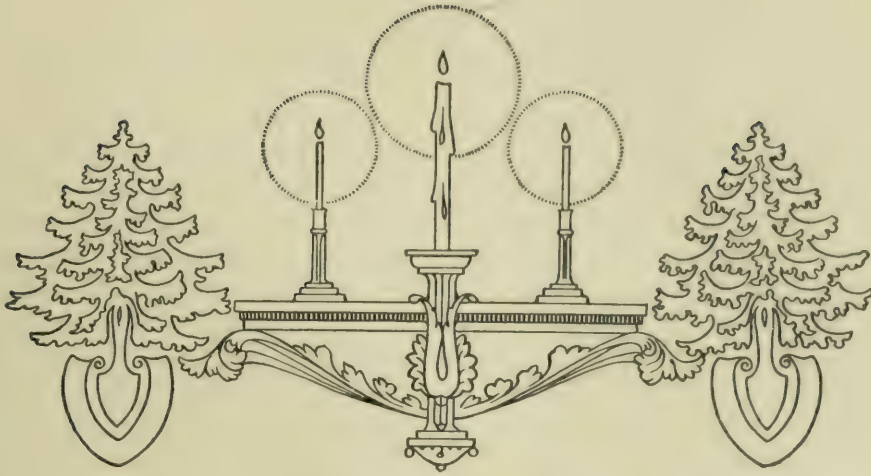
By ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

WIND of the Downs, from upland spaces blowing,
Salt with the fragrance of the southland sea,
Sweet with wild herbs in smoothest greensward growing,
You bring the harvest of my dreams to me.

Wraiths that the scented breath of summer raises,
Ghosts of dead hours and flowers that once were fair. . . .
Sorrel and nodding-grass and white-moon daisies . . .
Glimmer and fade upon the fragrant air.

I hear the harvest-wagons homeward driven
Through dusky lanes by hedgerows dark with leaves . . .
The low gold moon, hung in a sapphire heaven,
Looks on the wide fields and the gathered sheaves.

Wind of the Downs—from cloud-swept upland spaces,
Moorland and orchard-close and water-lea,
You bring the voices and the vanished faces—
Dreams of old dreams and days long lost to me.



THE McDERMOTT TWINS

By Bradley Gilman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

HER name, "Hypatia," admirably fitted her: she had an air of distinction, a quality of leadership, as she moved leisurely about the library—her "den"—and glanced, at times, through the mullioned windows into the snow-dotted air.

The trophies about the room indexed her many victories: the fox's brush, the two silver cups, the three blue ribbons, the inkstand (made from a horse's hoof), and the tiny pair of antlers over the bookcase—all declared for triumphs won, in somewhat masculine fields of sport, often against masculine competitors.

Even her husband, who drooped in an easy-chair by the fireplace, was a "trophy." She had twice elaborately explained to him, as lover, the merely sisterly quality of her regard for him; then, because the Polish countess at Newport drew him away—and boasted—she whistled him back and married him.

That had happened three years before; she had never regretted her action; nor had gentle, affectionate Tom Fenderson. His clingingly conventional nature rested in the atmosphere of her self-reliance, and he frankly admired her intrepid spirit. He was now well "broken"—indeed, had been from the first; it had come true, as watchful friends had softly prophesied at the

wedding: in a couple of months she had him "eating out of her hand."

One insuperable obstacle she had met in these three years of married life, one hurdle which she could not "take," one rival whom she could not defeat: Death had "entered" and carried away her baby girl, and her fierce mother-heart rebelled, and still tore at its stinging wound, while she met life, outwardly, with high forehead, challenging eyes, and a caustic tongue.

Hypatia had been a spirited, wilful girl, a capricious, fascinating bride, a passionately devoted mother, and now was a melancholy, childless wife. None of her former diversions now interested her; horses, house-parties, concerts, women's clubs—all failed to distract her; and she brooded ceaselessly upon her great bereavement. Both she and her husband loved their rural life; but while he enjoyed, passively, its peace and beauty, she found in it a field for her restless energy in directing household and estate; activity had always been her chief source of happiness, only child that she was of a successful inventor and railway projector.

This dull afternoon of the day before Christmas bored her immeasurably; her tall, erect form sank listlessly into an arm-chair opposite her husband; the very fire-

place seemed to yawn at her from ennui; she probed mechanically the glowing embers and stared absently through the window at the samite snow-flakes which fell from the dark gray vault like bright new coins transmuted out of a baser metal by some mysterious celestial alchemy.

Presently her listless gaze, straying about the walls of the room, rested on a full-length portrait of a smiling little girl. Hypatia felt her husband's hand seek and tightly hold her own, and knew that his gaze had followed hers; his ever-present sympathy was always welcome to her, although she rarely responded openly to his child-natured advances of affection; abrupt silence was her usual sign of assent, and cessation from attack her sole form of capitulation. This reticence was due, in part, to a sensitiveness which she hated and repressed; sometimes, in a letter, she used a warmth and wealth of tenderness which quite confounded her correspondent; and her next meeting with that friend was likely to be more constrained and icier than ever.

She held her husband's hand, and he felt a sharp tremor in her fingers, and knew that she was fighting off the softer, tenderer mood; then she withdrew her hand and remarked, in a hard, nonchalant tone, "Christmas is such a bore; only a farce to everybody over ten." And, after a moment, she added even more cynically, "It is a sham; better if it were blotted out of the calendar, or treated like other days."

Her discreet, peace-loving husband never differed from her; although sometimes, as now, his assent was less distinct and immediate than at other times. He was glad when, after a few moments of silence, she mused in a mellower tone, "That was a sweet little Christmas Tree which we had for Pet last year, and a capital idea of yours, Tom, to set it out afterward; how readily it rooted, too!" Then a new and sudden purpose laid hold of her impulsive nature, and she sprang up, exclaiming, "Come! Let's go out and look at it! It will be so beautiful, all powdered with the snow."

Glad to see his brooding wife's attention diverted—even though but slightly—he was prompt to second her suggestion, and they threw on a few wraps and went out into the twilight and the silence, amid the softly groping snow-flakes.

A short walk carried them through the new pergola, past the Byzantine sun-dial; and there, at the end of the lawn, they should have come to a sturdy little fir tree—their child's Christmas Tree of one year before. But they both stopped short and stared, perplexed; then Hypatia cried out in surprise and anger, for the little tree was gone; only a mutilated stump, a foot tall, met their astonished gaze; and the snow, all about, was trampled and discolored.

"Oh, the Vandals!" she cried indignantly, scanning the trodden snow. "Boys, probably; men would have known better." And the hot blood mounted to her pale cheeks and gave them a glow which they had not known for many months. Her husband's own face tinged with color as he saw this recrudescence of her old-time spirit; and he was almost thankful for the vandalism which had so transformed her.

"The poor little thing!" she ejaculated, gazing with pity on the mutilated stump, as if upon an injured human creature. Then her anger reasserted itself and she broke forth again: "The Vandals! I know who it was; it was those McDermott twins; I know them well; 'Mickey' and 'Mackey' the other town children call them; 'Micmacs' for short; regular little Indians they are, too, and pests of the neighborhood; they ought to be punished for this; I'll telephone at once to the town constable; I'll see. . . ."

Suddenly a new idea seized her, and she exclaimed abruptly, "Come, Tom! we can track the little scamps in the snow, and make sure they are the thieves; come at once, before their footprints are covered up!" And she drew her tactful, compliant husband after her, dominating him in the old, imperious way he had so admired.

They skirted the lawn, circled the group of poplars where their little one had often played with her nurse, then down the hill toward the village. The footprints—diminutive in size—were easily followed. Hypatia—with something of the zest with which she had formerly followed the hounds at Stockbridge—bent to the trail, commenting as she moved swiftly along: "Two of them, I think; those McDermott twins, without doubt! The lawless little wretches!"

Then, as the plain trail of feet and tree swung around the base of the hill, and led straight toward a bare, dilapidated home-

stead at the edge of a stubby, melancholy cornfield, she stopped to catch her breath, and reiterated, even more angrily, "Yes, I knew it was those wretched vagrants, and I'll see that they——"

The quiet man beside her interposed in a deprecatory way, "They are quite young, my dear; mere babies."

"I certainly don't consider them babies," she retorted, frowning. "Six years and a half old they are; old enough to know better. The people in the village tell me they are always in mischief. Their mother ought to be—but there! She is an untidy, spiritless creature, with no control over her brats."

"She has a great deal to do, dear," ventured her husband gently. "She has another child, hasn't she? A lame girl, a few years older?"

"Yes," came his wife's reply curtly. "She is about twelve. 'Constantina' they call her. Think of that! And one of the twins is 'Hildebrand.' I forget the other's name; something equally grand! What high-sounding names such people usually give to their children!"

"Not a bad plan!" countered her husband cheerfully. "It's about all they have to give." Then a more serious look came into his eyes as he added, "It is an expression, I think, of the idealism which is forever cropping out in human nature of all sorts and conditions."

"I see more humor than idealism in it," Hypatia responded crisply and added, moving forward again, "See! The trail leads straight to their door; but if we go and ask openly about the theft, the parents will deny it. Such low people always aid and abet their progeny in evil ways."

"I think you are not quite just to the McDermotts; really, my dear, you are not," interposed the husband, with more than his usual insistence. "They're not such a bad sort, from what I hear. He is an unfortunate chap who broke down, over day-books and ledgers, at the Shawmut Bank, and removed here to this old farm, hoping to regain his health; they are having a hard time with poverty. The 'wolf at the door' is very real to them, I'm told. Luckily the wife is——"

Hypatia threw out her hand impatiently. "Now, Tom, don't! You are going to eulogize that easy-going hussy; don't!"

"But with three children and one of them a cripple!" suggested Tom; "and only her two hands to do all the work!"

"There, there! Don't let's stand like two idiots," exclaimed Hypatia, with increasing anger, "arguing until we are black in the face. But come over to that window! That's their parlor; I notice a light moving inside. I'll warrant that we shall see proof enough with our own eyes."

They left the trail and moved, in the deepening darkness, toward the parlor window; they picked their way carefully across the dooryard—littered with fragments of barrels, a remnant of a buggy, and some empty cans and bottles—and sniffed protestingly as they came to the leeward of the pigpen. Through it all Hypatia's face expressed utter scorn, and her husband's a mixture of anxiety and amusement; presently they climbed the tumble-down turf bank, which surrounded the house, and peered cautiously in.

There, indeed, was the purloined fir tree; and as Hypatia's gaze fell upon it she uttered an inarticulate sound, half pity and half rage. Then the two watched, with deepening interest, the scene within.

The little parlor had not that stiff, bare character usually seen, and felt, in rural New England homes; evidently it was the "living room" of the family, and a distinctly decorative purpose was evident in it; but the adornments were touchingly meagre and elemental. The walls within held several frameless pictures, evidently cut from magazines; also a certificate of Mr. McDermott's membership in some fraternal order, and two diplomas which testified to Constantina's graduation from one and another school; on the mantel above the air-tight stove stood two gaudy little statuettes, and a shell-covered box which had shed its shells during several years, to the peril of active little McDermotts on exploration and adventure bent. Over the door hung a framed photograph of a little girl—Mrs. McDermott's oldest child, no longer living—and over the other door, in a similar frame, hung a silver plate, surrounded by a wreath of white wax-flowers; the plate was inscribed with the name of a McDermott, and, with the ghastly wax-flowers, had once rested, for a brief day, upon the lid of a tear-stained coffin, but had been rescued and preserved by

loving hands, and made to serve as an ever-present memorial of the beloved dead.

The fir tree was indeed there; it formed the "high-light" of the scene—psychologically, though not optically; on it all pairs of eyes in the parlor were fastened with admiration; but its six candles were "home-made"—from tallow run in candle-moulds by Constantina—and were dim and uncertain; and they sent tiny rivulets of grease down upon the newspapers spread below. Still the twins danced about the little tree with beaming faces, and when—in process of explaining exactly why the candles "guttered"—Mrs. McDermott declared enthusiastically that they were "the best ever," and (shading her eyes with her big red hand) she was "really dazzled by the great light they gave," the wan face of the sick girl lighted up with joy at these reassuring words, and she looked across at her mother tenderly and gratefully.

In addition to the candles, strings of popped corn were festooned among the branches, and Mr. McDermott, under his daughter's directions, had cut up some tomato-cans and ingeniously hammered out half a dozen of their fragments into little stars and hearts; and these, suspended by pieces of plain brown string, shone gayly amid the dark green foliage, looking—as little "Mic" loudly declared—"just as fine as real silver." And little "Mac," straightening, added, in even louder tones, "that they beat silver all hollow." Not that penny-pinched "Mic" and "Mac" knew much about silver from experience; a copper cent, now and then, was their maximum of wealth. In addition to the festoons of popped corn and the glittering stars and hearts, a score and more cranberries, strung on white thread, were distributed among the branches; yet, when Hypatia saw them and must have known that they came from her own meadow, apparently the discovery caused her no irritation, for her husband heard her murmur that it was a pity they were so shrivelled and dull in color.

Several figures of dolls and cows and birds, cut from the red and blue labels of boxes and cans by Constantina's deft fingers, completed the abundant and resplendent decorations of the little tree; certainly it made a brave showing, and seemed proudly to reflect the joy and echo the gladness of the happy faces and voices about it.

The two spectators at the window uttered no sound, but clung to their position, constrained though that position was, on the sloping, slippery bank; the woman's face was pale and unexpressive; yet, at times, a faint suggestion of self-distrust crossed the rigid features, as if she had lost her confident poise of unqualified condemnation. As for the husband, his mobile, kindly, round little face showed unmistakable signs of tenderness and pity.

But his generous, compassionate outgoing of spirit was unwarranted, and would have been almost inexplicable to the happy group in the parlor. Mr. McDermott's pale, drawn features had relaxed into an expression of gladness very unusual for that despondent, anxious man; and Mrs. McDermott, who always radiated joy and content from her large red face, therefore could only add one or two more creases of jollity to those already beside her full, generous lips, and double the contagious twinkles of merriment which usually flashed from her cheerful brown eyes. With sleeves rolled to her elbows and arms akimbo, she stood back near the kitchen door, bestowing unstinted praise upon the product of her daughter's skilful hands and loving heart. "Oh, ain't it lovely!" she exclaimed, turning her head with difficulty—on her short, full neck—at various angles, to gain various views of the entrancing sight. "It's jest lovely; I never, never seen a better," she repeated whole-heartedly; and this judgment she expressed, like a musical cadence, in several keys, while her husband added, with concise corroboration, at the close of each outburst, "That's so!" as if he sounded a concluding chord.

But the gifts themselves—what were they? First, there were two parti-colored and much-soiled lamp-mats, made from "spool-work"—evidently the product of severe toil and exhaustive concentration by the grimy-fingered twins; Mr. McDermott, quite cheery in countenance, even now was taking the mats from the tree and putting them into Constantina's white, sensitive hands; and she read the names on their slips of paper as carefully as though she had never seen them and knew not their destination. One was for "Father" and the other was for "Mother," and when both parents showed great surprise, and wondered and wondered who could have



A bare, dilapidated homestead at the edge of a stubby, melancholy cornfield.—Page 743.

sent them these beautiful gifts the seething "Micmacs"—smudgy-faced and spluttering with their self-restraint—bestowed upon each other sundry hard nudges and nearly burst with delight.

The redoubtable twins also gave and received gifts between themselves; although such an exchange was almost like an exchange between a right hand and a left. "Mic" bestowed on his brother a somewhat battered tin flageolet, which had long been the envy of "Mac," and had been graciously loaned to him at times, for very brief periods, as a reward for services rendered. If the player knew how to cover deftly the gash between the second and third holes, several varieties of noise could

be evoked, and "Mac" was entirely adequate to such skilled manipulation.

"Mac's" gift to "Mic" had at least the merit of novelty: it was a raw sweet-potato, and it lay, in plebeian nudity, on the spread newspaper beneath the tree and received, at regular intervals, half-molten rivulets from one of the guttering candles, so that it looked like an imperfectly basted roasting turkey; but the sturdy "Micmacs" never let trifles stand between them and a desired goal; the tallowy tuber was a coveted object, and "Mac" eyed it uneasily, and half regretted the burst of generosity in which he had committed it to Constantina's charge, to be duly ticketed with his brother's name.

Among the other presents were some spiral lamplighters, skilfully rolled by the sick girl's slender fingers—themselves hardly thicker or ruddier than the white spirals they fashioned—and some turgid, viscid squares of molasses candy, made by the "Micmacs," ostensibly for their father, but predestined and foreordained to reach—after much show of eating and enjoying on Mr. McDermott's part—the eager palates and elastic stomachs of his two sons; at such times "Mic" always stood sympathetically in front of his parent, and manifested deep interest in the various stages of deglutition. "How does it taste, father?" "There! Take the rest of that piece!" "Say, Mac, see how it chews! Jes' like gum!" All this, and more, uttered with hands nervously fidgeting behind his back and eyes narrowly watching every motion of the parental hands and mouth. Always the invariable result followed: Mic received sundry specimens of the edible, and straightway shared, evenly, with Mac, his *alter ego*.

A joint present from the twins to their sister was a robin's egg; Mic had "boosted" Mac up to the limb of the old apple tree, and their united resolution it had been to take only one of the three eggs in the nest; because, as Mac quoted, with no thought of questioning it, "Teacher said it was mean an' crool to clean out a poor bird's nest."

McDermott's gift to his wife was an egg-beater, which he had taken in part payment for auditing the local storekeeper's books; Mrs. McDermott knew perfectly well what was in the odd-shaped parcel, because one of the twins had indulged his curiosity about it, and had not re-tied the package successfully; but not until officially informed of its destination did she appear to notice it, and then she made a vociferous display of eager curiosity, ending with a burst of admiration and gratitude. "Jest the very thing I wanted!" she exclaimed. "Suits me to a 't'! Couldn't a hit my case better!" And she threw her big red arms about her tall, thin husband and enveloped him in a mighty hug of affection.

Of course the paper boats were for the twins, and of course they were made by Constantina; and the two red apples and two of the five corn-balls went to the same destination; in fact, a large part of the other three corn-balls eventually went in

that direction. And the warm socks went to Mr. McDermott; and many other gifts there were, too numerous to mention, but all clearly noted by the two pairs of eyes, still peering eagerly through the window. Not the least important feature of the joyous occasion was the poem, written and read by Constantina, who had given a valedictory in verse when she graduated from the grammar-school in Boston the year before. It had several sweet little lines about "Mother" and "Father" and sundry indirect references—of a good-natured yet critical character—to the twins, who swelled with pride and periodically exploded with a yeasty joy, and exchanged many innocuous digs with thumbs and proddings with elbows. The poem being not a creation of "Art for Art's sake," but a charming expression of a sweet and devout personality, closed with lines which enjoined all listeners to be grateful to the Heavenly Father for their blessings, and not to forget those less fortunate than themselves.

Hearing this appeal (from the midst of nipping, biting Penury, for a possibly poorer than itself), Hypatia's grasp tightened on her husband's arm, and he understood. "Oh, the beauty and yet the pathos of it!" he responded under his breath. Then came a little refrain, at the very end, which had been used twice before in the course of the poem: "That spirit of Love the whole world shall fill—The Christmas Spirit of 'Peace and Good-will.'" And, at this final repetition, Hypatia uttered a sound—half sigh and half sob—ejaculated "Come!" and peremptorily led the way back across the dooryard and the field, and up the hill, not bending eagerly forward as she had come, but with rigid form, head erect, and cold, white face defying the whiter, colder snow-flakes.

Her husband silently followed. As they reached the stump of the little fir tree, she seemed to hold her breath, and passed it with face resolutely averted. When they were once more within their "den," and Hypatia had absently warmed her chilled hands at the fire, she glanced about the room, then said sadly, almost savagely, "Those who seem to have least, often have most." And Thomas thus traced the hidden progress of her thought, as one traces, across a wheat-field, the progress of some



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

She stood back near the kitchen door, bestowing unstinted praise.—Page 744.



He glanced through the window and saw stout Mrs. McDermott and the irrepressible twins.

moving creature below by the ripple among the heads of wheat above.

About a week later, on a clear, cold afternoon, Thomas Fenderson was aroused from his work in the library by voices outside the front door. He glanced through the window and saw stout Mrs. McDermott and the irrepressible twins.

Although surprised, he instinctively hastened to the door to take the burden of this visit—whatever its nature might be—upon himself; he feared lest the combination of his wife and the McDermotts should produce, chemically, an “explosive mixture.” He prepared, therefore, to explain her absence; he instantly suspected that Hypatia, in some way, had put herself in touch with these people, who, manifestly, had aroused her deep interest.

From what he had seen of Mrs. McDermott, in the unrestraint of her own home, on Christmas Eve, he anticipated a voluble

and even boisterous outpouring of some sort; but, with that adaptability so generally found among Americans, the good woman, arrayed in her bare best, accepted the rôle of guest on equal terms with him, her host, and evinced a quietness of demeanor and a poise of self-respect quite admirable.

First, she carefully adjusted her restless sons to their unaccustomed environment, seating them in chairs; and she lifted an admonitory finger, mustering as severe a frown as she could on her round, good-natured face. Their hands and feet moved ceaselessly, but automatically and harmlessly; for their minds were busy cataloguing and classifying the novel impressions received through keen, watchful eyes.

Mrs. McDermott, showing no more perturbation than a nervous clasping and unclasping of her honest, red hands on her ample lap, thanked Mrs. Fenderson, through

her husband, for the "lovely New Year's present" which had been sent to the McDermott home. "It's a picture," said she; "and a grand one; large, with a lovely frame; yes, it's fine. I never saw a finer; at least not close to."

So Hypatia had thus expressed her involved self, reflected Thomas; then he wondered, and asked what the picture itself was; for the good, grateful creature before him seemed far more impressed with the size and apparent costliness of the gift than with its æsthetic significance.

Mrs. McDermott now halted somewhat in her description. "It's a picture—of—a woman," she began. "Not a dressed-up woman, you know, but just ordinary like; and she is standing in a field; and, and—she holds a sort of sickle in one hand, and she is looking in the air—so." And Mrs. McDermott suited action quite dramatically to word. "And she ain't pretty, you know; not at all pretty; that is to say, I don't call her so, nor does my husband; but Constantina declares, most positive, that she is lovely. And Constantina says, too, that the woman is looking at a bird up in the air, and—and——"

Then Thomas Fenderson knew that Hypatia had sent the McDermott's a copy of Jules Breton's "Skylark"; and for the moment he was not sure whether the gift was absurd or was singularly felicitous. But, even as he was mentally debating the problem Mrs. McDermott burst out, with more confidence and with increasing warmth: "And then, sir, the lovely letter your lady sent! So sweet and touching! Why it was fit to have come right out of the pages of

the Bible. Constantina, we think, is pretty good at writing, but she can't hold a candle to Mrs. Fenderson."

It was all so frank and sincere and grateful, that Thomas took it, with all its crudity, unconventionally, at its full heart value; but he became anxious as his visitor continued: "We intend to keep that lovely letter most careful; we may have it framed, sometime, if we can afford it, and hang it up in the parlor under the lovely big picture."

Upon this, Thomas glanced uneasily at the hallway; he had thought he heard a door creak on the floor above; he hoped, earnestly, that Hypatia was not listening, and rising, nervously, he interposed in a loud voice: "I understand; I understand perfectly. You are very kind; very kind, indeed, to come over and say these pleasant words; I—I thank you for Mrs. Fenderson." Then, by a happy inspiration, he bethought him of the twins, silent but observant, and only a word of formal inquiry was needed to send their devoted mother off in a dissertation upon their condition—physical, mental, and moral.

By this diversion the delegates of the grateful McDermott family were lured toward the door and soon took their leave. After he had closed the door, Thomas Fenderson stood, with hand on knob, several moments, reflecting deeply.

He did not, however, mention the visit to Hypatia; and he could not clearly decide, from his wife's manner, whether or not she had overheard their visitor's enthusiastic tribute to her generosity, tenderness, and epistolary skill. One never could tell, with Hypatia.



LINES TO A HERMIT THRUSH

By Olive Tilford Dargan

DWELLER among leaves
 And shining twilight boughs that fold
 Cool arms about thine altar-place,
 What deity receives
 Thy fluent tribute-gold?
 What joyous race
 Of gods dost serve, whose service gives
 Thee heart to sing as thou hadst passed no way
 Save beauty's since the unsleeping Wand
 Tipped thee with life, and overfond
 Gave thee the perfect woodland lay?
 Wouldst weave a spell
 Of time-fringed memories?
 An age-unbroken charm
 Of slumbering, ancient trees,
 Of star-sweet fragrances no day defiled?
 Of bowering nights innumerable,
 When thou didst nestle warm
 Upon a nymph's unfettered heart
 That sleeping yet was wild
 With dream-beat that thou mad'st a part
 Of thy dawn-fluting?—ay, and keep'st it still
 Down to these sober days of godless woods.
 Dost strive, so late, to fill
 This long unhaunted dell
 With life that poured its forest floods
 In seasons through thine undefeated strain,
 And in one hour build the old world again?
 Wast thou found singing when Diana drew
 Her skirts from the first night,
 And morn and earth met wondering and new?
 Didst feel the sun-breath when the valleys grew
 More warm and loved the light
 Till blades of flower-lit green gave to the wind
 The mystery that made sweet
 The earth forever—strange and undefined
 As life, as God, as this thy song complete
 That holds with me twin memories
 Of time ere men,
 And ere our ways
 Lay sundered with the abyss of air between?

*List, I will lay
 The world in a song
 Deep in the heart of day,—
 Day that is long*

*As the ages may dream or the stars delay!
 Keep thou from me,
 Sigh-throated man,
 Forever to be
 Under the songless wanderer's ban!
 I am of time
 That counteth no dawn,
 Thy æons yet climb
 The skies I have won,
 Seeking for aye an unrisen sun!*

Soft as a shadow slips
 Before the moon, I creep beneath thy trees,
 Even to the boughs whose lowest, circling tips
 Whisper with the anemones
 Thick-strewn as though a cloud had made
 Its drifting way through bough and leafy braid
 And sunk with unremembering ease
 To humbler heaven upon the mossy heaps.
 Here, near thy heart, a warmer flow
 Urges thy melody, yet keeps
 The cool of forest deeps;
 As might a rose blush through
 Its unrelinquished dew
 And dream itself aglow;
 Or beauteous heart that knows not woe
 Put on the robe of sighs, and fain
 Would hold in soft surmise a neighbor's pain.
 Nay, I have wronged thee, sprite!
 So tenderly thy song is sped,
 Floating, sailing o'er my head
 In sweet, reluctant flight,
 I dream of time when thou hast gone
 With gleaning wing o'er human years,
 And met, ay, made thine own
 The sigh of men who pray, the tears
 That hide the woman's star,
 The brave ascending fire
 That is youth's beacon and too soon his pyre,
 Yea, all the longings that outbreathe
 From silent bosoms and enwreath
 Our way to Heaven, Heaven being
 The goal our striving, bateless and unseeing,
 Builds each day new
 Deep in time's unattainèd blue,
 Yet fairer, farther, ever fleeing
 The dream that ever must pursue.

*Heart-need is sorest
 When the song dies;
 Come to the forest,*

*Brother of the sighs!
Heart-need is song-need,
Brother, give me thine:
Song-meed is heart-meed,
Brother, take mine!*

*I go the still way,
Cover me with night:
Thou goest the will-way
Into the light.
Here have I treasure—
Life in a song—
Gift none may measure
For thy journey long!*

O, little pagan with the heart of Christ,
I go bewildered from thine altar-place,
These brooding forest wings
Of twilight pine, and beech gray-lit
As dream had fashioned it,
Nor know if thou deniest
My destiny and race,
Man's goalward falterings,
And sing'st the perfect joy that lay
Along the path we missed somewhere,
That led thee to thy home in air,
Whilst we, soil-creepers, bruise our way
Through murk and fen
To heights and sunrise bounds
That wings may know, nor feet may win
For all their scars, for all their wounds,
Or have I heard within thy strain
Not sorrow's self, but sorrowing
For that thou went the way more sweet
Nor took with us the trail of pain
That endeth not, e'er widening
To footstep of the worlds that beat
A path unto the Infinite,
And ere thou fall'st to silence long,
Would golden parting fling:

*Go, man, through death unto thy star:
I journey not so far:
My wings must fail e'en with my song.*



THE CARROLLS' FORMAL GARDEN

By Jesse Lynch Williams



WHEN Fred and Molly Carroll finished the building and furnishing of their celebrated country house there was no money left for what they had always counted upon most of all—the garden. Though scarcely half as extensive as the “rambling old” manor house they had frequently fashioned in their dreams and had actually designed in their studio with plans carefully drawn to scale, the placid little home they now lived in had innocently swallowed more than double the amount of their original “appropriation,” as their combined available assets had been lightly termed by Nelson Peters who was once their trusted friend, since turned their arch-architect, and with whom they were at present upon a footing of noticeable politeness, far more formal than any garden of theirs would ever care to be.

For, as may be found elsewhere in the annals of the illustrious Carroll family when it came to the apportioning of their share of the world and the problem had reduced itself to a choice between a tennis court for Fred or a garden for Molly, his wife, they decided to compromise upon the tennis court because exercise was a necessity, whereas gardening was a mere luxury. “Besides,” as Molly added to clinch the matter, for she, as has been recorded, advocated the tennis court because she knew Fred preferred it, just as he insisted upon a garden because he knew how she longed for it—“Besides, I can play on the court, but you would *never* work in the garden.” So Fred laughed and good-naturedly gave in, not willing to appear unreasonable in the matter. Wives are wonderful wheedlers.

Now, otherwise, it should be understood, the house had proved a notable success—“despite that man Peters,” as Carroll would say, with a reminiscent smile at his wife, when week-end guests seemed to appreciate the Carroll estate or made a well-meaning effort in that direction by saying “so artistic!”

“The *good* features of the house were all

Fred’s ideas,” Molly would always say in answer to his smile, readily recognizing her cue, as all true women should learn to do if they would succeed as wives, actresses, or in any other womanly sphere.

But though so eminently comely and comfortable, though as much like their dream of a house in the country as anything so grossly material and expensive as a house could hope to be, the house could never become a home, it seems, would remain a mere house, so long as it lacked an out-door room to smile back at the in-door rooms, a shadowy place, secluded, unimagined even, from the public road; a place to stroll in in the cool of the evening according to the precedent established in the garden of Eden, and followed with some interruption by the descendants ever since; a place to work in at play hours and mayhap to play in at what ought to be work hours.

A few flower borders Molly possessed and plenty of shrubs, properly planted along the edges of things or massed in corners in accordance with the orthodox outlines of the landscape architect whom Carroll had employed—when that man Peters had at last finished making a mess—on the commendable principle of its paying “in the long run” to start right. (“We’ll save money in the end by spending a little more now,” said Fred, trying to look practical as he quoted the expert landscape opinion. “But do you suppose we’ll ever reach the end!” asked Molly). Planting here and there, however correctly, however successfully, did not compose a garden. This was not an out-door room. These more or less interesting bits were not a structural part of the habitation. Indeed, some of Molly’s more recent flower-beds looked rather lonely and detached as if they were camping out—a very good thing in its way, Carroll said, but not the only way or the best for civilized living. The best place for beds is within the walls of a room, though a hammock or two outside will do no harm if placed unobtrusively.

Indeed, as the seasons rolled by and the Carroll’s vines and children grew, the truth

was borne in upon Molly that this yearning for a garden was not a mere luxury, as she had supposed, but a necessity, an organic need of her nature; that her otherwise good and useful life could never be complete, that she could never "really live" until she had a garden. Some women feel the same way about children. She pondered the matter in her heart and wondered if her husband ever felt this void in their lives, but she did not like to broach the subject of her secret sorrow. He was a Carroll, and the Carrolls are all so reserved. It was such a delicate matter. We all have hidden depths in our natures where even our dearest dare not enter.

Now, as it happened, they had done very well in the way of children—or were doing, we might more accurately state, since they were still young and healthy parents—very well indeed, considering the present price of food and clothing which a wise civilization allows young parents to pay for the privilege of supplying well-reared future citizens. Nearly all the rooms they had designed for guests had been permanently appropriated by offspring. Perhaps if the Carrolls had not been so long on future citizens—but why should public spirit and private gardens go together? . . .

Frederick Carroll, watching solicitously, knew and understood what the noble woman who bore his name was suffering in silence; with mingled feelings of shame and tenderness, of sympathy and perhaps aversion he understood as well as a man can understand a woman's yearnings. So, in a man's blundering but well-meaning way, he would draw near, pat her hand tenderly and say, "Let's play tennis."

And it was noticed at such times that he was very thoughtful and solicitous, serving easily to her and cheating himself conscientiously in the score.

Yes, sometimes she felt that he understood. Once she had caught him surreptitiously measuring off spaces on the sloping lawn below the south terrace, and when she asked him as women will, "What are you doing, dearest?" he started and answered gruffly, "Oh, nothing darling," and hid the tape measure. And one day when, supposed to be out upon social duties, she entered the studio unexpectedly, her heart gave a great bound of primal joy, for there upon the easel (where he was supposed to

be turning out a money-maker) she beheld the very vision of her dreams: A silent, silvery pool gleaming in twilight shadows, reflecting serenely a pair of stately cypresses in the background, one a little taller than the other; a broad flight of easy steps in the foreground, half hidden in the shadow, a little crumbling perhaps at the edges, half choked by flowers at the bottom; a single white stone bench at the far end, strongly marked against the deep black green of evergreens beyond, and surrounding it all an old stone wall, very tall, very mellow, nearly hidden by vines and completely covered by the tone of time as Fred could suggest so well, so much better than any painter of his day.

"What's that you are taking down?" asked Molly, framed in the doorway in her calling clothes. She tried to make the question sound casual, unemotional. To have remained silent would have been more significant, embarrassing.

"Oh, nothing," said Fred with the well-known Carroll reserve. He was blushing furiously. He hid the canvas abruptly in a drawer and turned the key, quite as once long ago when he had come upon Molly in the sewing room she had abruptly hid some of her "work" in a lowest bureau drawer, also blushing furiously. Only she had laughed on that occasion and he did not on this, for he was a Carroll.

"It looked very nice," said Molly, ignoring the Carroll reserve. The Carrolls were rather proud of it, but it always irritated her unmeasurably.

"Just a pot boiler."

"Let me see it."

"Now, Molly, you know I never like to show things until I've finished them. How pretty your new dress is. I always like you in those half tints. Did you find everybody out?—made a clean score, eh? Great luck."

She looked at him a moment until his gaze fled from hers. Then she knew and understood that he, too, alas, had a vacant place in the hidden recesses of his deep, strong and reserved nature. Their sorrow though unspoken, was shared.

II

FRED, deeply absorbed in the finishing of a canvas, was pondering over certain minute details which, perhaps, would not make

a great deal of difference to the progress of civilization one way or the other, and were undoubtedly delaying the start of a lot of other work which was to make money to pay for keeping a house, a wife, four children, and three dogs, not to speak of other luxuries with which it is said artists should not encumber the free and gladsome expression of their own individualities.

But he was not thinking about the flight of time nor the progress of civilization or any of his other obligations. He never did while at work (only when he got through and could not sleep), though he had placed his studio with one of its windows in full view of the drive so that the morning procession of butchers, grocers, plumbers and other daily callers would remind him of what he was there for.

This tendency was called temperament, and it was something to be proud of, though, "My dear, it's a dreadful thing to keep in the house," Molly confided to her dearest friend over the tea cups. "It's worse than a skeleton in a family's closet until you get used to it."

Molly was getting used to it. She was seated in the studio now near by him to watch his genius burn. She was not working. It is not a woman's place to work. She was merely mending a few dozen garments of varying sizes and descriptions belonging to future citizens who at the present moment were seeing how close a tennis ball could be thrown to their loving father's studio window without penetrating the glass. Fred did not mind; he had become used to it. So long as the ball did not go through the glass, he rather liked it—they might do so many worse things. He had also become used to having Molly around while he was working. She had taught him—it took years. She seldom bothered him and always admired his work. She had wonderful taste.

She even helped him, though he did not know that. He thought she was merely asking him eager, child-like questions as when he was a young and precocious lecturer at the League and she was a young and precocious pupil. Judging from her questions she was quite intelligent for a woman. He told her so.

To-day, however, she asked a banal one, one she had asked before, and should have had intelligence and taste enough not to

ask again. But it distressed her to see him working himself into pale exhaustion over something which was already beautiful enough and might be rendered less beautiful now that he was stale and sick of it. "Oh," she burst out, threading a needle, "why don't you just dash it off, and let it go at that." She made a striking gesture, thimble and all.

He came back startled from his tantalizing vision of things as they ought to be, always hovering just out of reach. He came back just in time to see the gesture. It interested him. He would have liked to dash off a study of that. Then he heard her words, realized the proportions and the curious arrangements of a real world, felt guilty, ashamed, and then irritated. He knew all that as well as she did, but it was a wife's duty to understand and be sympathetic. He took his pipe out of his mouth. "Let's see you—just dash it off," he replied imitating her gesture with his pipe, not having a thimble. Then he smiled indulgently and bent over his work again until the very last of his daylight was gone, which meant, as the month was June, after the Carroll's usual dinner hour, and this not only caused a cold, stiff dinner, but made the waitress give notice, for she had a lover waiting down the lane, and not even waitress's lovers ought to be kept waiting, any more than artists ought to get married.

Molly had been a great artist herself, or was going to be, when Fred had come along and spoiled her life. So it was rather rubbing it in to jeer at her, even in fun. But then, she had spoiled his life, too, as she often reminded him. Each, it seems, had succeeded in making a complete negative of the other's life when they affirmed their intention of taking each other for better or worse. It was very sad.

When first married she had wanted to be "just an old-fashioned wife," because that seemed to be what Fred wanted. And now she had to be something of that sort, whether she wanted to or not. It seemed too bad. So many women could produce children, but there have been so few great artists of that sex.

Well, a few days later, Molly ordered her husband out of the house and sent him off to the city to rest and have a good time with friends at the club. For she had learned that it was best not to let him get at a new

piece of creative work when in the exhausted state immediately succeeding a finished product of creation. For he had finally finished it—at least, he wanted to fuss with it some more, only she smilingly but firmly refused, took it away from him, in fact, as she sometimes took a toy away from Frederick, Jr., when he became tired of its proper normal functions and tried to suck the paint off.

"But I've got a new slant on the thing entirely," pleaded Frederick, Sr., the morning he was to start.

"It's too late," said his smiling mentor, "I've expressed it to MacPherson's. It will make a hit." And sure enough it did, being one of the most charming and characteristic Carroll's now in existence. It is worth thousands—though that does not help the Carrolls much, as they accepted mere hundreds for it. It is a hard world for creators too.

Having got rid of her husband, Molly, with a quiet glow in her determined eyes, sent her elder offspring in charge of the governess across the sloping meadow to the woods for a picnic by the spring. Anything with Guava jelly in it was a picnic. Then having conferred with the cook, given incisive orders to butcher's and grocer's boys, answered half a dozen telephone calls, consulted with the gardener about the Irises (they had an excellent gardener, even though they had no real garden), written three or four letters for Fred—he often let her do that much, it made her feel that she was of some use; and helped make half a dozen beds, moving with light staccato footsteps about her immaculate and glistening house, she suddenly, stealthily darted into Fred's studio, picked up brushes and palette and began to "dash off" an oil of that portion of the Carroll estate bounded by the studio window—a graceful bit of trellis with large grape leaves in sun and shadow framing an old gate (erected last year). She was still a child and did not like to take dares.

But just as she was well started upon her dash, young Frederick, Jr., aged three, bleating loudly for her, tracked her down, found her out, regarded her reproachfully and reproved her for deserting him. Apparently this healthy male shared the common masculine prejudice against a woman's going out of her sphere. Woman was made

for man. He did not in the least approve of her gazing with such rapt eyes out of the window of her happy home. Why should she when she could look at him? That ought to be enough for any true woman.

But the training of women has made them very adaptable, some would say deceptive. When she saw that what she was doing failed to coincide with his beautiful ideal of sweet femininity she put him in a chair (before the window) and began to paint *him*. He did not know that, but he saw that he had her undivided attention, and this pleased him very well. She told him how wonderful he was—and she looked as if she meant it. She admired his work (sucking his thumb). She asked him intelligent questions. She laughed gayly at his witticisms. He thought he was filling her life. He complacently believed that he had put an end to her nonsense. What they do with their soft little feminine hands does not matter so long as they gaze admiringly at us. It is just as well to let them play with fancy work, beads, baubles, what not; it gives them something to do, and keeps them out of mischief against the return of the superior sex.

Molly painted rapidly, not being hampered by a temperament. She was obliged to. He had gone to sleep looking contented and adorable. It was a chance she had often wanted. She was painting him so with the background of out-doors. The pose might not last long. He might wake up and want to go off to the city or the sand pile. And yet she had the impudence to jeer while she took this unfair advantage. "How furious you would be," she smiled at the poor duped male, "if you only knew what a joke I have on you, you angel! You thought you were interfering—you are *helping* me!" There was a gleam of triumph in her eye. This was an achievement. Any woman of intelligence may regard a mere fatuous father as so much putty in her hands, but it takes unusual gifts to get ahead of his child of three.

And yet these females assume a guileless wonder that we seek to keep them in the home, where they should be securely locked. They even pretend, in order to dupe us, that the motive we allege is chivalric. It is not that we wish to protect them, but ourselves, and they know it, even when we do not. For the first law

of nature makes itself felt and obeyed even among the blind.

By the time the children had wandered back from their picnic and Fred had returned from town, weary from too much smoking and weighted down with gossip and shop talk from the club (but refreshed all the same and glad to be back), Molly had finished her creative dash and had hidden it carefully away (in the lowest bureau drawer where she kept other things) and, dressed all in white—Fred loved her “all in white”—she was seated serenely before the white wicker tea table upon the cool green terrace to welcome him, looking as sweet and guileless and fresh as the terrace itself or Freddie, Jr., who was also in white and who knew no more of what had happened or of what its consequences would be than Frederick, Sr.

“You poor dear boy, it must have been *dreadfully* hot in town,” she said kissing him. “Boys, bring the reclining chair for your father. There, sit down—here’s your tea—now tell me *a-all* about *everything*.”

And he did, adding beamingly, “And how have things gone with you, dear?”

“Very smoothly. The children have been perfect angels all day. And Freddie has helped his mother wonderfully—haven’t you, my adorable?”

The unsuspecting namesake had been hugging one of her fair hands; this he now kissed, being fond of her. It was the very hand that had betrayed him.

III

FOR fear it might worry him, it had been Molly’s intention to let her husband remain in ignorance of her faithlessness so long as possible. That is always the best way to do it. The fiction about women and secrets is one of the traditions men fatuously enjoy handing down from generation to generation of males, while women listen patiently and enjoy men’s believing it. The female is the only sex which can keep important secrets, being trained to do so from infancy. It is only that so few we consider important they consider important enough.

But when one day a month or two later an express package of familiar shape was brought into the studio Fred, without noticing the “Mrs.” prefixed to his own cele-

brated name, and supposing that it contained the original of one of his own works of art returned after reproduction for publication, opened the package and gazed first in perplexity, then in admiration at a certain dashing style in the vigorous brush work, then in astonishment at recognizing a portrait of his own flesh and blood, and finally, in utter bewilderment, at seeing the modest signature of his small and beloved wife. Next, recovering his breath, he clamored loudly for his helpmeet. “Molly! Molly! come quick!” he called as if something had happened to one of the children—and something assuredly had. His namesake had been immortalized.

Trembling like Bluebeard’s wife, Fred’s soon stood in his presence. The evidence of her guilt was before her eyes, and now in her cheeks.

“When did you do it?” It was clear from his excited tone and the light in his eyes that her work had found favor in his sight.

“I am sorry,” she said. “I did not mean you to know——”

“Sorry! Look at it. I didn’t know you had it in you.”

“Oh, it’s just a little thing I dashed off in an idle moment——”

But he did not feel this thrust. He was gazing and chuckling with delight again at the canvas. It was not an excellent portrait of Frederick, Jr. It was something better. It was a baby, The Baby, all babies; bland, bulging babyhood with its well-fed complacency, its healthy individualism, its smug disdain of worry, its voluptuous content; as well as also, more commonly portrayed, often more sentimentally piled on, its soft fragrant cuddlesomeness, so terrifying to most men, so intoxicating to most women (not all!), causing them to beam and say, “Ah!” in that tone which betokens not only maternal tenderness but a sort of self-satisfied expertness of appreciation to which man can never hope to attain.

“I didn’t know you had it in you,” Fred repeated. There were crudities; it was not professional work; but it had charm, and it had the easy flowing confidence of virginal ignorance. Fred knew too much about his job to work so easily. “I wish I could have done that,” he said sincerely.

“Oh, don’t be sarcastic,” she answered,

glowing at his praise, trying in vain to conceal her joy of it. "So you're really not offended at my trying?"

"Offended?" He looked perplexed. He had forgotten his prejudices for the moment. "Why, that's good work, I tell you." Art, it seems, is sexless.

Molly was surprised, a little taken aback. Somehow the big, blundering brutes do at times show a generous fairness which rather shames and confuses the petty sex. We have taught them much, but not sportsmanship. But Fred had gone on, talking of the merits of the work and some of its demerits, to show sincerity, in the masterly manner men talk shop to women, making queer movements with his thumb and head as many artists seem to feel relief in doing. "And the background—the trellis frame, the big leaves—the kid's head against the green gate. You have the decorative instinct, Molly, rare in women. This sketch might make a successful special cover for a magazine—reproduce well, too. But of course they didn't see that. Too bad they returned it." He covered it up with its wrappings, to go on with his day's work. He could be genuinely sorry for his wife, and at the same time feel a slight pang of relief for himself. He did not mind other women's being strenuous and "artistic"—but not his wife.

It was Molly's supreme moment. "They *had* to return it," she said, casually, "because I sold only the rights of reproduction, dear, just as you do."

"What! They took it?" He forgot about his day's work.

"They did not take *it*. It took one of those prizes they offered for covers for the woman's number." She said it as if accustomed to doing such things.

"Only the second prize," she added modestly.

"Why, that's the very contest I told you of—they asked me to act as one of the judges in that contest."

"Yes, dear."

"Is that why you advised me *not* to act?"

"Yes, dear."

Fred burst out laughing. It was one of those moments when a husband realizes that he does not know his wife so thoroughly as he had supposed, and likes her more for it.

"Oh, it wasn't much," she added, "not

half as much as you get for your things, you know."

"Molly," he declared after a smiling pause, half-jocular, half-earnest, "I always said I spoiled a good painter when I married you. Now I'm sure of it. But, you *would* marry me."

Her smiling answer took him unawares. "I can live it down, my dear," she said innocently, pushing back her hair. "It is not too late yet. They have asked to 'see more of my work.'"

The artist looked up at his wife, artist no longer, all husband now. Art may be sexless, but marriage is not. "Do you mean, you are thinking of drawing for the magazines—regularly?—that sort of thing?"

"Why not? if I can make money at it."

The so-called civilized instincts, dormant for the moment in the unworldly artist enthusiasm, were now awakened. Somehow he could not like it. He showed it in his scowl. It was not jealousy, of course, nor was it the desire to absorb all her time and attention. He believed in women's doing things—but not for money.

He thought this due entirely to the instinct for protecting his mate. He thought that the instinct for displaying his masculine power to do so before the gaze of other males had nothing to do with it. But even artists, it seems, who see themselves upon enlightened heights far above the burrowings and jostlings of the sordid horde, professing to despise the absurd ideals of our great and glorious pecuniary culture, sometimes show that they, too, are touched and tempered by the pecuniary canons of taste and respectability derived therefrom.

It is all right to allow the soft and clinging creatures to do a little real work now and then, some of them do rather good work, winning, even commanding, the respect of the superior sex. But they should not be paid for it. The only thing they should be paid for is living with a man. Men will give them as much as they can afford, or at any rate as much as they, in their superior judgment, see fit. That is the only right and respectable economic sphere for the female. Others are sometimes necessary, to be sure, but they are compromises with man's lofty ideal of womanhood. Man so decreed it when the supply of women was scarce. Women have graciously accepted this ennobling ideal and have sought to per-

petuate it ever since—all but a few strange, unsexed creatures.

"See here, Molly," he said, trying sympathetically to think in feminine terms, "are you—'unhappy?'"

She looked at his easel. "But are *you*?"

"Oh, but that's different; I'm a man. I have my work to do in the world."

"'Artist' can be either masculine or feminine—or neither."

He looked interested, amused, alert, and finally laughed indulgently. They will get these crazy notions now and then, when you forget to kiss them or something. "So the kids and I aren't enough, eh?"

"Enough! I really don't feel the need of any more husbands or children."

He laughed, as she had intended that he should; but she could tell that he was serious from the slangy manner in which he asked: "Oh, come, wouldn't you really rather take care of kids than paint 'em?"

Molly took a dance step toward him, raised her impudent face to his and shook a small capable finger under his nose, "Oh, but I can do *both*, you see," and she swagged across the room from him. It was the New Woman Rampant—most adorably so.

Fred chuckled from sheer delight in her, and catching her by her waist, still attractively slender, kissed her mouth, still eminently kissable. For this still seemed to him the best way to end an argument with a woman, though he avoided, so far as possible, arguments with other men's wives.

Molly, though a new woman, liked to be caught and kissed by the man she loved. It is said that the soft yielding creatures seldom get over it. Perhaps it is not inconsistent with the new womanhood. Men, while still given to catching and kissing in sturdy man fashion, have been known to succeed in other ways at the same time.

But that did not end the argument. Frederick, Jr. ended it by a summons from the throne room. Molly ran with cheerful loyalty. But even that did not settle the question of the proper limitations of her sphere. It settled itself, as such things usually do. . . .

Molly's triumph was to be kept a secret in the family until the day when it should burst upon the world in the shape of the magazine itself, a worthy journal devoted to the interests of women, *true* women for the most part. Molly did not tell a soul.

But Fred did. He told everybody, man-like. He boasted of it to all their friends—under the transparent guise of merely telling the joke upon himself, "Why don't you just dash it off—" and "Let's see you do it"—especially to those who still considered Molly merely a cunning little thing, because she took her clothes more seriously than her clubs. He seemed, indeed, more proud of his wife's achievements than of his first picture in the salon in his bachelor days.

It was the money that appealed most to Molly, the sordid little parasite. She was an economic entity at last. It made her self-respecting. It gave her a superior, elated sensation. It is not every woman who can be an economic entity. "It's the first money I ever earned in my life," she said, beginning on the heels of the tenth pair of stockings.

"I see," said Fred, who didn't. He was painting, swingingly this morning. Therefore he was happy. "Quite a capitalist, aren't you? What are you going to do with it all?"

"I suppose I really ought to turn half of it over to my husband," she said demurely.

"He might spend it foolishly," said Fred. "Husbands are so unbusiness-like."

"I think I shall invest it," she said seriously. She seemed rather impressed with her new responsibility.

"Where—or is that something a husband oughtn't to bother his little head about?"

"In the savings bank for little Fred. You see, I can have the glory—except what you get as the husband of Mrs. Carroll. So it is only fair that he should have the money. He earned it. Besides, he hasn't a cent in the world, poor darling." It was too true. The earlier children, whether namesakes or not, had fared pretty well among grandparents and unpatriotic uncles on both sides of the house, but toward the end of the string the recurrence of new little dears became an old story and rather expensive. Besides there was now considerable competition among the various in-laws, and even grand-parents can become *blasé*.

"Poor little cuss," said Fred, "but you will do nothing of the sort. He's my namesake. I will put the proceeds of one of these money-makers to his credit. You must get something pretty for yourself with your dollars. Nothing useful, something

extravagant. You haven't blown yourself since we built the house."

Molly's darning needle worked in silence for a moment. "I do need a new evening dress," she began tentatively, then seeing a faint frown on her husband's brow—"do you think me horribly selfish?"

"Yes, I've often noticed that," he said with his nicest look. "We'll go to town next week. I'll help you pick out some decent clothes."

They were indeed decent, and almost as costly as those of the early days when Fred had only Molly and himself to clothe. "But it's your own money," urged Fred, when the frugal habit of later years knitted her brows. "You earned it. You deserve it."

When the wonderful things at last came home, the bill with them was receipted. Fred ducked his head into the newspaper palpably.

"Do you think this a fair, a manly thing to do?" she asked. "Was it thoughtful? Was it Christian? Was it kind?" All this with orthodox interludes according to ancient conjugal custom.

"You needed some new things," he said gruffly, "you never would have got decent ones otherwise." Then he turned to the newspaper again. The Carrolls are *so* reserved.

"It seems to me I have *some* rights," Molly complained. "It's my own money. I earned it. I used to think that if I could only earn some for myself I would not feel so degraded, but—what *will* you let me spend it on!" She looked desperate and determined.

Fred liked the look. It entertained him. He put down the newspaper, arose, ap-

proached and took her by the shoulder. "What do you want most in all the world?"

She looked up into his eyes, then sprang off the floor into his arms. "Our garden at last!"

"No, *yours*. I've got a tennis court."

IV

NEVERTHELESS, Molly, though a new woman, felt a little badly about it's not being *our* garden, until Fred made that all right by showing her the plans—he had scores of them. "I design it, and you merely pay for it. I have already put in more time upon the job than your money can possibly cover, and I'll probably put in a lot more."

He did, as it turned out, and not only time, but a couple of his own pictures as well as Molly's went into the garden. Even then it was not like their dream garden. But it was a garden, and their own, and they loved it.

"You see that is the new way," he had gone on; "the new woman supplies the money, tosses over a check with an abstracted scowl—'try to make that last the month out,' she says, and goes on with her more important affairs. The other merely supplies the time, taste and intelligence. It is all right. We are merely a little in advance of our generation."

Molly looked up at him soberly. She had derived an idea from his fooling. "It doesn't really matter so much, which does which, Fred, does it, so long as they do them *together*."

It seemed to be a good enough idea for the present.



· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

ON a certain page of a certain novel of the week—there is no need of a more definite citation—the young author summons in fancy the Chosen Few into his study and tells them briefly what they ought to read. He warns them against too much fiction, advising just enough; he commends some very commendable poets; and he urges the reading now and again of science and philosophy. This solemn duty done

Taking One's
Self Seriously

he resumes his narrative. It was the sort of thing that always occasions the impulsive remark that "he takes himself too seriously," which when you come to think of it is quite absurd. For obviously the good young creature did not take himself half seriously enough. What he actually did of course was to lay too serious and paternal hands on us.

Advice of this sort is commonly given in a spirit of utter self-abandonment. Readers are seized in the midst of their reading with a mad Chautaukative philanthropy, and disdaining their own digestions tell us what to read. I am constantly receiving advice as to my book consumption from people who look starved. "Culture" is always preoccupied with my conversion. There are writers for the *London Weekly Bombardinian* who have never read a line except for the discipline of me. *Sic vos non vobis* is too manifestly their motto. In my own country there is the literature of the helping hand, more active than the Salvation Army. Unselfish men running back and forth all their lives between their books and me; devoted women telling me how to approach poets who are by no means fugitive; engines of literary "uplift," ably manned or womaned, from heavy, hoisting academic derrick to smoothest of ladies' escalators; societies formed to make me feel as if I had read what I have not; road houses on the way to every well-known author for the pilgrims who never quite arrive. In England the duty which the man who has read something owes to the man who has not is tinged, to be sure, with a certain sternness. The Briton with a bit of literary knowledge in him makes it a class distinction, accentuating the ignominy of the man who has it not, pointing more unmercifully than we do to the horrid gap between them—but always for that vulgar

person's good. With us there are more who lend a hand or smooth the pillow. But common to this abounding helpfulness is the tendency to begin too soon. Too soon does the thought of others extrude all other thoughts. Too early and devotedly do readers plunge into the care of all minds but their own. The self-indulgent partaker is rare; the toil-spent, ill-nourished eleemosynary book-executive or taste-commissioner is almost the rule.

I forbear to add any reflections of my own to the vast body of expository or satiric comment on this familiar democratic tendency, but I do protest against the view that even the most solemn of these missionaries are people who take themselves in the least seriously. They are swept away from themselves on waves of premature benevolence. In a humanitarian era they are clean gone into other-mindedness, having no private tastes, only ministerial instincts, no personal pleasures, only social subsidiary utilities. These are not the cases of yourself-serious person. The more seriously he took himself, the more lightly would he be apt to take the duties of this literary motherhood. He would leave us to make our way as best we might into Meredith or toward Dante or under Shakespeare or around Browning. No sign-posts from him, or guide-books, pathfinders, step-ladders, "aspects," "appreciations," central thoughts, dominant notes, real messages, helps to, peeps at, or glimpses of; in short, none of the apparatus of literary approach, and none of the devices for getting done with authors. For what should he care—that seriously selfish man—about our propinquities and juxtapositions, our first views and early totterings? *Sauve qui peut* would be his feeling in these matters, coupled with no especial unwillingness to see us hanged.

A foolish phrase, that of taking one's self too seriously, and doubly so when applied to writers, accusing them, as it does, of quite incredible excesses—thinking too long, feeling too keenly, enjoying too heartily, living too much. And, as is well known, true literature is compact of very lordly egoisms, the work of men preoccupied with self-delight. Never a philosopher without his own first egotistic certainties, or a poet who was not the first adorer of his dreams,

or a humorist whose own earliest and private laughter was not the nearest to his heart. Never a good fisher of men in these waters who had not first landed himself, taken himself so very seriously that we cannot mistake him for anybody else, maintained his egotism in a masterpiece—that most unblushing, self-interested device ever yet achieved for the preservation of a personal identity.

I AM bound, however, to say that it does not appear as if, of late times, endowment was the real soul of the matter. The English, for example, are the richest people for endowments on the face of the earth in their universities; and it is a remarkable fact that since the time of Bentley you cannot name anybody that has gained a great name in scholarship among them, or constituted a point of revolution in the pursuits of men in that way." The reference to England would alone suffice to stamp this extract as old-fashioned. It is, in fact, from Carlyle's famous inaugural address

at Edinburgh, delivered just a generation ago. To-day the reference would be to America, which has so far surpassed the Old-World precedents in this as in other forms of munificence. With the exception of Cecil Rhodes's bequest, so well meant and, so far as we can as yet judge, so well doing, there is no English modern instance of benefaction in the way of endowments which is comparable to the gifts of any one of several American citizens. There are, to be sure, those who explain that some of the American gifts may have been intended as a propitiation by the givers of a victimized public. To which purpose there is a delightful inscription on the gates of Memorial Hall at Harvard, where it is set forth, with very questionable Latinity, that Blank, of 1871, built them "with his own" money." But, as the gates were set up in 1876, it is unlikely that the inscription was so prophetic as to be invidious.

Quite waiving, with Vespasian, the "taint" of the money, one would say that the endowment of research was at once one of the most valuable and one of the most difficult of the uses to which affluent benevolence could "shake the superflux." It is, at any rate, one of the least commercial. The commercial desire for "quick returns" underlies many munificent procedures in no other respect commercial. M. Paul Bourget has put it both accu-

ately and neatly in saying that the rich and generous American "is willing to spend anything but time." The object of his beneficence must embody itself and take shape before him. He has nothing of the patience of the old Roman, planting that others may reap, and exclaiming "*Immortalibus diis sero*" as he holds one plough handle while Death holds the other. Hence the complaint of the colleges that he will rather build a dormitory than endow a "chair." The complaint overlooks not only the natural tendency of the munificent millionaire to see of the travail of his bank account and be satisfied. It also overlooks the natural tendency of the occupant of the chair to pad it with reference to the security of his own slumbers. Even in these days, one hard-working professor said of another, not notorious for zeal: "He has got a professorship which is secured to him, irrespectively of his own exertions, and if anything will quiet a man, that will." Historically, one need not go back to Gibbon's testimony to know how "quietly" the incumbents of Oxonian "soft things" devote themselves to a still further softening of the things; how few Bentleys are likely to arise out of the British system of "endowments." One cannot expect that this system should commend itself to the American millionaire, with his proclivity to immediate and visible results, that he should be satisfied with the performance of his protégé before his protégé had been "quieted." He has a right to expect periodical and repetitious proofs of the diligence of his endowed researcher after the endowment begins.

But is there any way of making sure of such results? Is there any effectual or satisfactory substitute in endowments for "private means"? Take the case of Gibbon, by far the most distinguished Oxford man of his time. Suppose Gibbon had had no "private means." In that case, pretty surely, the "*Decline and Fall*" would still remain unwritten. To be sure, it was published volume by volume, but one can imagine a state of things in which a council of the university would have "sat" on each volume as it appeared, and decided that the author had or had not "made good." Unfortunately, as to the particular example, such a council, if of Oxford, would doubtless have decided, in every generation from the publication of the first volume even to our own, that the author's heterodoxy effaced his research, and that the university could not afford to sanction so scandalous a production by con-

tinuing the livelihood of the author. Or take a more modern instance. If Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution" had had to be written out of leisure secured by some "endowment of research," it is fairly clear that it also never would have been written at all. If the author had had to be supported by some endowment, for the use of which he would have been called to a periodical accounting, and upon the income of which he would have had to live while he was writing, can one really imagine that he would have devoted himself to this subject so unreservedly and so long? While the "endowment of research" is, in a way, the most attractive and promising object to which the benevolent billionaire can devote his spare money, it seems that he must be content to have the bulk of his benefactions waste their sweetness on the desert air, which is to say, "the still air of delightful studies," without any tangible results, and that he must get his satisfactions out of the one case in ten or in twenty in which his munificence may prove to have been the enablement of epoch-making works.

I TRUST that no one will misunderstand, or will think that I cherish uncleanness, when I confess that I deeply regret the advance made by modern science in bacteriology. It is not that I love disease, or fail to share the enthusiasm of those who would banish it, but the knowledge tending to prolong life has made life in many ways so much less worth living that some of us would rather go back to shorter and merrier days. I am all compassion for a piteous childhood, brought up no longer in the fear of the Lord, but in the fear of the Germ. A young friend of mine, not long since, told me of her little sister, aged five, who came home daily from the park full of enthusiasm over a new acquaintance made there, a little girl of about her own size. The family, interested, pressed her with inquiries about her friend, very naturally asking her name. The youngster bore the questioning for some time, but at last burst into tears with, "I don't know her last name, but her first name is Dorothy, and she hasn't got any germs!"

The story made me recall a tiny niece, all too young for such horrid thoughts, disciplining a still younger sister on a railway train for having put a splinter from the porter's whisk-broom into her mouth. The infant's idea of

what might be on that whisk-broom appalled me: "Worms, and wriggly, crawly things that will get inside you and eat you up." I remember, too, the four-year-old daughter of a friend who resolutely refused to kiss her sick mother because, the little monster averred, she was afraid of getting sick herself. Are these bacteriologists in miniature to be endured? What shall be done with a childhood, robbed of its legitimate fear of bogie and hobgoblin, and left to construct from distorted facts such an unattractive mythology of its own? Are not erling and witch wife as true as many a bacillus legend, and far more enticing?

If the minds of those on the very threshold of life are thus overshadowed, what shall be said of the mind of eld? Uneasy age, waking to the import of recent discoveries, finds wretchedness in the place of long comfort. Isolated facts hit hard when used as missiles, and the younger generations do not hesitate to hurl them as fast as they can pick them up. Heaven help the unprotected old gray heads! Like a sword the thought of microbes cuts down between grandfather and grandchild; puts enmity between mother and son; separates sister and brother; comes between you and your faithful hound. My dog leaps toward me with the old look of affection, but, unless he has been lately scrubbed with antiseptic soap, I dare not touch him. He looks at me with grieved eyes, for he does not understand; neither do I. I only pretend to. My cat used to make me think of beautiful things, Egypt, and endless, unseen deserts. It was as if the Sphinx herself were coming to meet me more than half-way, would even jump upon my knee, feigning intimacy, while all the time the untold secret lurked in the depth of her beautiful eyes. Soft fur and flashing yellow tail no longer bring me comfort, but only fear, and to the Goddess of the Nile I have naught to say but "Scat!" Can it be that ancient prophecy about the house being divided against itself, father against son, mother against daughter, mother-in-law against daughter-in-law is being fulfilled, and in this way?

Doubtless my ignorant recognition of the unseen terror comes largely from being associated from time to time with two women physicians. My experiences with them on both sides of the water have made me realize what exceeding loss has come from their gain in knowledge. They can see nothing but their grim, invisible fellow travellers, feel nothing else, talk of nothing else. Show them the

glories of Florence; they are aware only of the bacilli lurking on the Luca della Robbias and on the Baptistry gates, dismally speculating as to the length of life of this or that species. Take them to ancient Rome; they tread in gingerly fashion, thinking, not how many aspects of an immortal past they are confronting, but to how many kinds of disease they are exposed. Art history and the glory of the earth are to them but germ beds; these creatures infest all their subjects of conversation and multiply in every noun and verb. My learned friends rival Jeremy Taylor in enumeration of the countless risks one takes in accepting life. "Death meets us everywhere, and enters in by many doors; by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star and the stink of a mist, by the emissions of a cloud and the meeting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling at a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine or watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, . . . by a hair or a raisin, . . . by everything in providence and everything in manners, . . . by everything in nature and everything in chance. *Eripitur persona, manet res.*" With all due deference to Jeremy and the Jeremiad, this does not seem to me the best or the bravest way of facing the great danger of being at all. In similar mood, though with different mental processes, my associates enumerate our ways of being taken off. They suffer all contagious diseases at once, and die daily a thousand deaths. To undergo at one moment and always the pangs of cancer, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, grippe, and all the rest is surely beyond the intention of nature in her most malignant mood. As for me, I am ready to die

the death singled out for me, but not the deaths prepared for each and every other person.

"What is the death rate here?" the census man asked in a New England village.

"Same as anywhere," was the gruff answer; "one death to each person." Surely this is the divine allotment; surely this suffices.

This mental obsession makes me wonder if some phases of our great gain in physical matters have not come at too great expense to the spirit. I am ready to admit that noxious bacteria are everywhere, infest everything; how can one help it in the presence of such prolonged and triumphant demonstration of the innumerable host that swarm in a pin-point of space? But I am not yet ready to admit that nothing else exists. Rather would I side with Thales of Miletus in affirming that the primary substance of all things is water, or with Anaximenes, pupil of Anaximander, in conceiving the principle of the universe to be unlimited, all-embracing, ever-moving air, before I would accept the monstrous cosmology of these scientists. I draw the line at the Universal Germ! They who are aware but of bacilli have made but a doubtful step forward. I am willing to entertain these creatures in any part of me—it is the common lot—except my mind. That threshold I defend stubbornly. I should like to think of this innermost me as sacred, immaculate, to be forever kept apart from these creeping things, which swarm, millions strong, to every atom of gray matter of those who know too much about them. As to the occupancy of blood and bones by these minute destroyers I have no choice; I will suffer them and, in time, succumb to them, but I will not think of them. I banish them resolutely—it is the last resort of the idealist—from my immortal spirit.



· THE FIELD OF ART ·

PORTRAITS AS DECORATION

PORTRAIT-PAINTING has so long been regarded from the point of view of sentiment merely, so long been looked upon as a means of perpetuating the personalities of those held in affection or esteem by their contemporaries, that an important aspect of the art has been well-nigh overlooked in the long period of its practice.

The very fact of its possessing an intimate and human interest has led the mind away from its æsthetic possibilities, and this, besides being harmful to portraiture, has deprived the world of much that is legitimately ornamental; for, owing to the fact that portraits have not been considered as a means of decoration, they have at times lost much of the pictorial element that properly belongs to them. There is, however, so much in good portraits that may be utilized in this way that it is being borne in upon the knowing few thus to employ them.

Precedent is such a difficult thing to depart from, usage is so powerful, that the very name of decoration calls up a certain style of ornament which for ages has conformed to the hard-and-fast limitations assumedly imposed by the architect. If there be a side wall or ceiling to embellish, the artist must respect the conditions already existing of heavy or light wainscot, mouldings, sunken panelling or flush surfaces of the actual finish of the room or corridor, or hall that is to be treated. In reality, and if the architect and artist work together, such matters might be beneficently arranged; the architect having first created an interior of well-considered proportions, and intelligently lighted. Even if the room already exist without collusion with the painter, there is still more solicitude than necessary concerning the conventional and traditional manner of treating the spaces to be filled by form and color.

Too much has perhaps been made of the claim for the preservation of architectonic qualities in the pictured surfaces of interiors. Perhaps, after all, the work is worthy if it really ornaments—beautifies. In any case we are quite sure we can name instances where so-called architectural integrity in the way of supporting surfaces has been ignored by the

artist, which still have proved by no means unsatisfactory as decoration.

If this be true, and if this condition of things will insure to the painter more latitude, greater originality, and to art more vitally interesting results, let us, by all means, have more of it.

It is certain that there are other topics than pseudo-classic ones which may be made use of, and successfully, to enrich interiors provided by the architect.

At a period of the world when god-peopled Parnassus was a theme of more real significance than now, when the world was so near the splendid art of Greece that noble forms, both in the human figure and in drapery, were the natural expression of the artist, classical themes in conjunction with architecture were fitting and beautiful; but that this style has so inevitably survived through the ages—with the perhaps unique exception of that eighteenth-century period when Watteau, Boucher and Fragonard frolicked with irresistible blitheness and gayety over interiors that were of the sentiment of their time—must be regarded as both a solecism and a mystery.

We can imagine conditions even in the present when such practice may be permissible—as, for instance, when the architect and painter unite to revive or create, in a happy artistic conspiracy, some perfect example of Greek precedent to which scholarship and research have lent their aid. I should say that it would be delightful to see this kind of thing done. At present, however, not this, but something else, is done constantly, inveterately and without regard to fitness or to buildings.

Now I say this state of things has so long obtained that nearly all other kinds of decoration, fitting, interesting and of the time, have been overruled, outlawed, ignored.

Are there no other periods or subjects that offer opportunities for fine forms, intelligent spacing, effective quantities? I think so. Quite as much surely as those of classic myths and Greek draperies.

It is the custom of banks, hospitals, universities, schools of medicine, and public buildings such as city halls, state houses and federal halls to collect portraits of their representative leaders, whether known as presidents, direc-

tors, benefactors, or originators of measures which have marked them in some special way as friends of the institution or of the State. These individuals are commemorated frequently enough in these various organizations, by portraits that tend to keep their memory green. How are these portraits placed? Do they serve any æsthetic purpose? None what-

descendants of the originals, and pique the curiosity of the student of character in tracing attributes of some past representative through inherited lineaments or mien.

This is no less interesting when these portrayals represent not family only but race; achievements of rulers, law-makers, or in the professions. These become doubly impressive and significant when used as embellishments of hereditary homes, palaces, or public buildings.

To mention an instance where such treasures could be effectively utilized, we give here a portrait of Charles Anthon, LL.D., author of the well-known classical dictionary and former professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University. This is one of many portraits of the professors and trustees owned by the university which by some ornamental treatment would greatly enhance the fine halls of the newly raised structures on Columbia Heights.

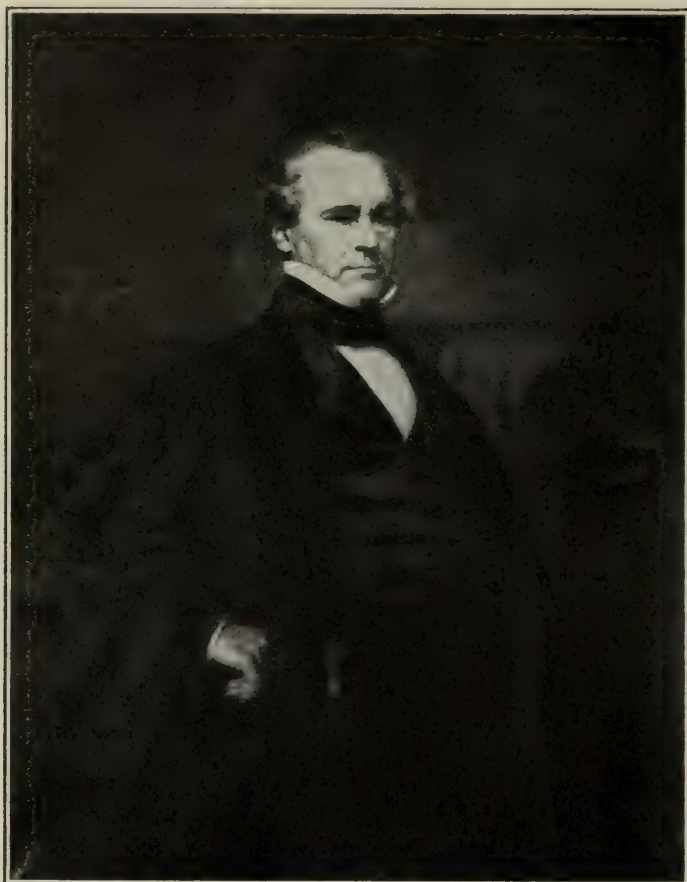
May not bar associations, city halls, and other buildings we have mentioned be similarly enriched?

There are collections of portraits owned by municipal and State buildings which could be readily made available for really handsome decoration by removing the frames, which are often ugly objects in themselves, and with an architectural purpose arranging these pictures as a frieze above a high wainscoting, as seen in the accompanying illustration.

The empanelling in a cartouche over a chimney-piece, or forming

some centre, is very effective. An example of the kind may be seen in the accompanying reproduction of a design by Galland, a French decorator, for the setting of a portrait of Emperor Napoleon III; and one recalls also the picture of Diane de Poitiers in the palace at Fontainebleau.

To further my contention concerning the decorative possibilities of portraits, and to prove that the fact is being entertained by some minds, I will mention that an acquaintance who is planning a country house tells me that he is really building his house around the portrait, which he highly prizes, of his father. It is placed, set in, over the dining-room fireplace, and may be approached through a suite of rooms and seen at a distance of ninety or one hundred feet.

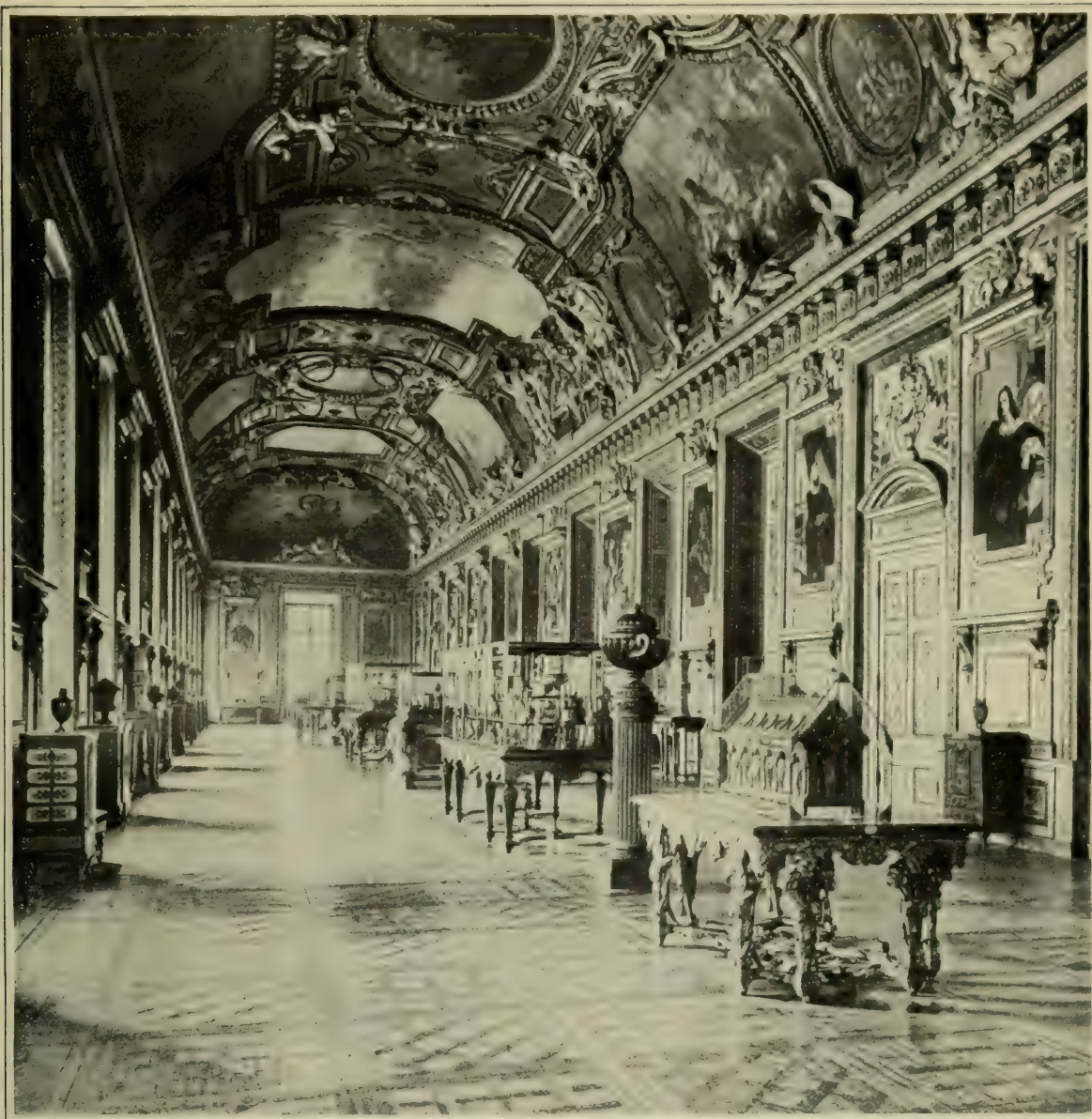


Charles Anthon.

From a painting by J. W. Ehninger, in Columbia University.

ever—but they may do so. Would not these buildings gain in dignity and beauty if the portraits were given a mural setting that contributed to the enrichment of the halls and chambers of the structure?

English country houses, guild halls, college buildings at Oxford and elsewhere, as well as many palaces on the Continent, have successfully employed this kind of decoration. It may be owing to a kind of divination of future greatness that first impelled the English to encourage portrait-painting, and it remains a fact that the country is particularly rich in portraits. These are preserved with much care and become, in some cases, a feature of decoration in great houses, pointed to with pride. They stir the imagination, foster a sense of dignity in the



Gallery of Apollo, Louvre, looking south

Such a distinction for the former head of the house takes nothing from, but rather adds to, the filial sentiment, and nothing can be urged regarding the misuse of an intimate work of art—it is in its proper place and contributes to the ornamentation, the decoration of the house.

With the increase in wealth and consequent large estates that are coming into existence throughout the country, it seems peculiarly fitting that provision of this kind should be made for the dignified adornment of these stately places.

Portraits are records of the time; they become historical and, with the flight of years, take on an ethnological interest that gives them permanency of value not only to the family but to the race. Made use of in this manner, they need no longer be restricted in area; but full-

length groups portraying not merely the individuals themselves, but the environment in which they lived, the pleasant paths they sauntered in, the acres they trod, may be depicted, so that there springs into existence a veritable ornament as legitimate for decoration, if properly empanelled, as some tapestry would be.

Something of this kind has been done by the early English portraitists, unembarrassed as they were concerning the ultimate placing of the canvas; for it was intended to beautify the home and contribute to the prestige of the family it represented. The increasing splendor of modern building, especially in rural America, sooner or later will call for works of this description, and it will become the part of the architect to make suitable provision for these pictured spaces.

The scale of living has so expanded that one's surroundings must assume something of stateliness—we must outgrow our satisfaction in small or belittling objects—our minds must be appealed to by dignified forms, and nothing petty should be tolerated. Our outlook is widened, is more spacious; travel and cultivation have so broadened our views and made us so familiar with things of real beauty that we have become, or are rapidly becoming, fastidious in our demand for fitness in interior decoration. Numberless gilt frames of questionable design confuse the mind as well as the eye and disturb the mental attitude which even works of genius call for in order to be rightly appreciated. Breadth, simplicity, and just proportions must become the study of the architect who would fill acceptably the rôle of designer of public buildings or private homes. This fact is a very real one, as the practising architect can verify by his experience. No more will portraits or other works of art, even by men of acknowledged genius, be permitted to mar the balanced proportions of a room which should rest the mind through its intelligent and well-studied design. Whatever goes into it of portable art production will be in its place, and contribute to the general purpose of the whole—that of a room in which to live and be happy. And as our theme is the value of portraits thus utilized, we may see, I think, that they are eminently suited for such a destiny—they stimulate the sentiments, recall great factors in the various activities of the world, incite emulation, stir ambition, and provide food for thought. This is particularly the case where they are found in seats of learning, like Oxford, Cambridge, and universities in every land. Let them be so placed, the appropriate chamber for them so well chosen, that they fulfil the double purpose of effective lesson and appropriate furnishing. The mind will be surely better taught through the restrained taste displayed in this kind of

ornamentation than by the often none too intellectual conception of a classical theme which to many a thoughtful student falls far short of his own imaginings of the subject as it may have appealed to him in the course of his studies.

This is a plea for improvement in decoration, for more variety, a freer play of mind when the problem presents itself. There is much else available for the purpose, but this paper is intended to show the possibilities of the human element of portraiture when thus employed. The scale on which many English portraits are painted seems to call for this character of setting; and the opportunities for inventive design on the part of the architect are many, according with the official, semi-official, or domestic class of subject to be empanelled.

In recalling the multitudinous frames that disfigure the side walls of many institutions that are conserving with commendable pride the pictured presences of former of-

ficers, it seems most desirable that these halls, many of them of splendid and dignified proportions, should be so treated, still retaining their treasures of portraiture, so studied, with a view of best displaying their possessions, as to augment the beauty and impressiveness of the interior. This may be done, for the material is there.

When will military academies, naval academies, chambers of commerce, universities, bar associations, State houses, banks, colleges and schools be brought to the consideration of this eminently decorative and eminently practical scheme?

The few examples I have given to illustrate my contention may serve as hints for the more serious consideration of the subject; and I feel convinced that, as the civilized construction of buildings progresses, there will be increased demand for the application of the idea I have here but briefly suggested.

FRANK FOWLER.



A design by P. V. Galland, for the setting of a portrait of Napoleon III.

Reproduced in tapestry by the Gobelins manufacturers.

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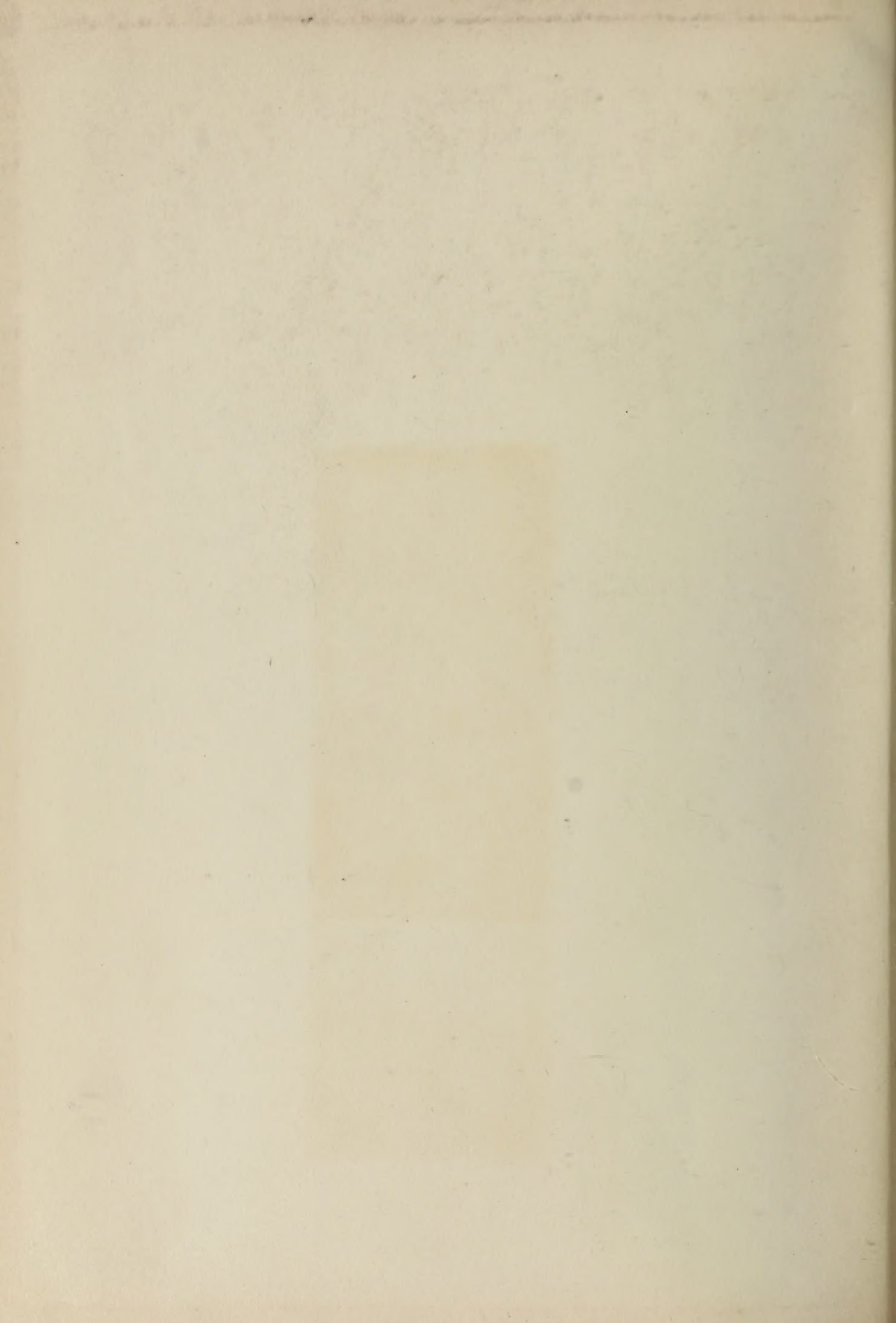
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